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THE WORKS

OF

HESIOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

THOMAS COOKE.

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE

JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH, *&c.*

My Lord,

As this is the only method by which men of genius and learning, though ſmall perhaps my claim to either, can ſhow their eſteem for perſons of extraordinary merit, in a ſuperior manner to the reſt of mankind, I could never embrace a more favourable opportunity to expreſs my veneration for your Grace, than before a tranſlation of ſo ancient and valuable an author as Heſiod. Your high deſcent, and the glory of your illuſtrious anceſtors, are the weakeſt foundations of your praiſe; your own exalted worth attracts the admiration, and I may ſay the love of all virtuous and diſtinguiſhing ſouls; and to that only I dedicate the following work. The many circumſtances which contributed to the raiſing you to the dignities which you now enjoy, and which render you deſerving the greateſt favours a prince can beſtow; and, what is above all, which fix you ever dear in the affection of your country, will be no ſmall part of the Engliſh hiſtory, and ſhall make the name of Argyll ſacred to every generation; nor is it the leaſt part of your character, that the nation entertains the higheſt opinion of your taſte and judgment in the polite arts.

You, my Lord, know how the works of genius lift up the head of a nation above her neighbours, and give it as much honour as ſucceſs in arms; among theſe we muſt reckon our tranſlations of the claſſics; by which, when we have naturalized all Greece and Rome, we ſhall be ſo much richer than they were by ſo many original productions as we ſhall have of our own. By tranſlations, when performed by able hands, our countrymen have an opportunity of diſcovering the beauties of the ancients, without the trouble and expence of learning their languages; which are of no other advantage to us than for the authors who have writ in them; among which the poets are in the firſt rank of honour, whoſe verſes are the delightful channels through which the beſt precepts of morality are conveyed to the mind; they have generally ſomething in them ſo much above the common ſenſe of mankind; and that delivered with ſuch dignity of expreſſion, and in ſuch harmony of numbers, all which put together, conſtitute the *os divinum*, that the reader is inſpired with ſentiments of honour and virtue, he thinks with abhorrence of all that is baſe and trifling; I may ſay, while he is reading, he is exalted above himſelf.

You, my Lord, I ſay, have a juſt ſenſe of the benefits ariſing from works of genius, and will therefore pardon the zeal with which I expreſs myſelf concerning them: and great is the bleſſing, that we want not perſons who have hearts equal to their power to cheriſh them: and here I muſt beg leave to pay a debt of gratitude to one, who, I dare ſay, is as highly thought of by all lovers of polite learning as by myſelf, I mean the Earl of Pembroke; whoſe notes I have uſed in the words in which he gave them to me, and diſtinguiſhed them by a particular mark from the reſt. Much would I ſay in commendation of that great man; but I am checked by the fear of offending that virtue which every one admires. The ſame reaſon makes me dwell leſs on the praiſe of your Grace than my heart inclines me to.

The many obligations which I have received from a lady, of whoſe virtues I can never ſay too much, make it a duty in me to mention her in the moſt grateful manner; and particularly before a tranſlation, to the perfecting which I may with propriety ſay ſhe greatly conduced, by her kind ſolicitations in my behalf, and her earneſt recommendation of me to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. I believe your Grace will not charge me with vanity, if I confeſs myſelf ambitious of being in the leaſt degree of favour with ſo excellent a lady as the Marchioneſs of Annandale.

I ſhall conclude without troubling your Grace with any more circumſtances relating to myſelf, ſincerely wiſhing what I offer was more worthy your patronage; and at the ſame time I beg it may be received as proceeding from a juſt ſenſe of your eminence in all that is great and laudable. I am,

My Lord,
with the moſt profound reſpect,
your Grace's
moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,
THOMAS COOKE.

January 1728.

TWO DISCOURSES
ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HESIOD.

ON THE LIFE OF HESIOD.

Sect. 1. *The Introduction.*

THE lives of few perſons are confounded with ſo many uncertainties and fabulous relations as thoſe of Heſiod and Homer; for which reaſon, what may poſſibly be true, is ſometimes as much diſputed as the romantic part of their ſtories. The firſt has been more fortunate than the other, in furniſhing us, from his writings, with ſome circumſtances of himſelf and family; as the condition of his father, the place of his birth, and the extent of his travels; and he has put it out of diſpute, though he has not fixed the period, that he was one of the earlieſt writers of whom we have any account.

2. *Of his own and father's country, from his writings.*

He tells us in the ſecond book of his Works and Days, that his father was an inhabitant of Cuma, in one of the Æolian iſles; from whence he removed to Aſcra, a village in Bœotia, at the foot of mount Helicon; which was doubtleſs the place of our poet's birth, though Suidas, Lilius Gyraldus, Fabricius, and others, ſay he was of Cuma. Heſiod himſelf ſeems, and not undeſignedly, to have prevented any miſtake about his country; he tells us poſitively, in the ſame book, he never was but once at ſea, and that in a voyage from Aulis, a ſea port in Bœotia, to the iſland Eubœa. This, connected with the former paſſage of his father ſailing from Cuma to Bœotia, will leave us in no doubt concerning his country.

3. *Of his quality, from his writings.*

Of what quality his father was we are not very certain; that he was drove from Cuma to Aſcra, by misfortunes, we have the teſtimony of Heſiod. Some tell us he fled to avoid paying a fine; but what reaſon they have to imagine that I know not. It is remarkable that our poet, in the firſt book of his Works and Days, calls his brother διον γενος. We are told indeed that the name of his father was Dios, of which we are not aſſured from any of his writings now extant; but if it was, I rather believe, had he deſigned to call his brother of the race of Dios, he would have uſed Διογενης or Διι γενος; he muſt therefore by διον γένος intend to call him of race divine. Le Clerc obſerves, on this paſſage, that the old poets were always proud of the epithet divine; and brings an inſtance from Homer, who ſtyled the ſwineherd of Ulyſſes ſo. In the ſame remark he ſays, he thinks Heſiod debaſes the word in his application of it, having ſpoke of the neceſſitous circumſtances of his father in the following book. I have no doubt but Le Clerc is right in the meaning of the word διον; but at the ſame time I think his obſervation on it trifling: becauſe, if his father was reduced to poverty, we are not to infer from thence he was never rich, or, if he was always poor, that is no argument againſt his being of a good family; nor is the word divine in the leaſt debaſed by being an epithet to the ſwineherd, but a proof of the dignity of that office in thoſe times. We are ſupported in this reading by Tzetzes: and Valla and Friſius have took the word in the ſame ſenſe, in their Latin tranſlations of the Works and Days.

—Frater ades (ſays Valla) generoſo e ſanguine Perſe.

And Friſius calls him Perſe divine.

4. *A judgment of his age and quality from fiction.*

The genealogy likewiſe which the author of the contention betwixt Homer and Heſiod, gives us, very much countenances this interpretation. We are told in that work, that Linus was the ſon of Apollo, and of Thooſe the daughter of Neptune; King Pierus was the ſon of Linus, Oeagrus of Pierus and the nymph Methone, and Orpheus of Oeagrus and the Muſe Calliope; Orpheus was the father of Othrys, Othrys of Harmonides, and Harmonides of Philoterpus; from him ſprung Euphemus the father of Epiphrades, who begot Menalops the father of Dios; Heſiod and Perſes were the ſons of Dios by Pucamede the daughter of Apollo; Perſes was the father of Mæon, whoſe daughter Crytheis bore Homer to the river Meles. Homer is here made the great grandſon of Perſes the brother of Heſiod. I do not give this account with a view it ſhould be much depended on; for it is plain from the poetical etymologies of the names, it is a fictitious generation; yet two uſeful inferences may be made from it; firſt, it is natural to ſuppoſe the author of this genealogy would not have forged ſuch an honourable deſcent, unleſs it was generally believed he was of a great family; nor would he have placed him ſo long before Homer, had it not been the prevailing opinion he was firſt.

5. *Of his age, from Longomontanus, and the Arundelian marble.*

Mr. Kennet quotes the Daniſh aſtronomer Longomontanus, who undertook to ſettle the age of Heſiod from ſome lines in his Works and Days; and he made it agree with the Arundelian marble, which makes him about thirty years before Homer

6. *From Herodotus.*

Herodotus assures us that Hesiod, whom he places first in his account, and Homer, lived four hundred years and no more before himself; this must carry no small weight with it, when we consider it as delivered down to us by the oldest Greek historian we have.

7. *From his writings.*

The pious exclamation against the vices of his own times, in the beginning of the iron age, and the manner in which the description of that age is wrote, most of the verbs being in the future tense, give us room to imagine he lived when the world had but just departed from their primitive virtue; just as the race of heroes was at an end, and men were sunk into all that is base and wicked.

8. *The opinions of Justus Lipsius, and Ludolphus Neocorus confuted.*

Justus Lipsius, in his notes to the first book of Velleius Paterculus, says, "there is more simplicity, and a greater air of antiquity in the works "of Hesiod than of Homer," from which he would infer he is the older writer: and Fabricius gives us these words of Ludolphus Neocorus, who writ a critical history of Homer: "if a judgment of "the two poets is to be made from their works, "Homer has the advantage in the greater simplicity and air of antiquity in his style. Hesiod "is more finished and elegant." One of these is a flagrant instance of the random judgment which the critics and commentators often pass on authors, and how little dependence is to be laid on some of them. In short, they are both in an error; for, had they considered through how many hands the Iliad and Odysses have been since they came from the first author, they would not have pretended to determine the question, who was first by their style.

9. *Dr. Clarke's and Sir Isaac Newton's opinions considered.*

Dr. Samuel Clarke (who was indeed a person of much more extensive learning and nicer discernment than either Neocorus or Lipsius) has founded an argument for the antiquity of Homer on a quantity of the word κακος: in his note on the 43d verse of the 2d book of the Iliad, he observes, that Homer has used the word κακος in the Iliad and Odyssey above two hundred and seventy times, and has in every place made the first syllable long; whereas Hesiod frequently makes it long, and often short: and Theocritus uses it both long and short in the same verse; from which our learned critic infers that Hesiod could not be cotemporary with Homer (unless, says he, they spoke different languages in different parts of the country) but much later; because he takes it for granted, that the liberty of making the first syllable of κακος short was long after Homer; who uses the word above two hundred and seventy times, and never has the first syllable short. This is a curious piece of criticism, but productive of no certainty of the age of Homer or Hesiod. The Ionic poets, Dr. Clarke observes, had one fixed rule of making the first syllable in κακος long: the Attic poets Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, in innumerable places, he says, make it short; the Doric poets do the same: all therefore that can be inferred from this is, that Homer always used it in the Ionic manner, and Hesiod often in the Ionic, and often in the Doric. This argument of Dr. Clarke's, founded on a single quantity of a word, is entirely destructive of Sir Isaac Newton's system of chronology; who fixes the time of Troy being taken but thirty-four years before Hesiod flourished. Troy, he says*, was taken nine hundred and four years before Christ, and Hesiod, he says, flourished eight hundred and seventy. This shows Sir Isaac Newton's opinion of the age of Hesiod in regard to his vicinity to Homer: his bringing the chronology of both so low as he does, is to support his favourite scheme of reducing all to scripture chronology.

10. *A thousand years before Christ.*

After all, it is universally agreed he was before, or at least cotemporary with Homer; but I think we have more reason to believe him the older; and Mr. Pope, after all the authorities he could find in behalf of Homer, fixes his decision on the Arundelian marble. To enter into all the disputes which have been on this head, would be endless and unnecessary; but we may venture to place him a thousand years before Christ, without exceeding an hundred, perhaps, on either side.

11. *Some circumstances of his life from his writings.*

Having thus far agreed to his parents, his country, and the time in which he rose, our next business is to trace him in such of his actions as are discoverable; and here we have nothing certain but what occurs to us in his works. That he tended his own flocks on mount Helicon, and there first received his notions of poetry, is very probable from the beginning of his Theogony; but what he there says of the muses appearing to him, and giving him a sceptre of laurel, I pass over as a poetical flight. It likewise appears, from the first book of his Works and Days, that his father left some effects, when he died, on the division of which his brother Perses defrauded him, by bribing the judges. He was so far from being provoked to any act of resentment by this injustice, that he expressed a concern for those poor mistaken mortals, who placed their happiness in riches only, even at the expence of their virtue. He lets us know, in the same poem, that he was not only above want, but capable of assisting his brother in time of need; which he often did after the ill usage he had met with from him. The last passage, relating to himself, is his conquest in a poetical contention. Amphidamas, king of Eubœa, had instituted funeral games in honour of his own memory, which his sons afterwards saw performed; Hesiod here was competitor for the prize in poe-

* *In his chronology of ancient kingdoms amended.*

try, a tripod, which he won, and, as he tells us himself, consecrated to the muses.

12. *From Plutarch, &c.*

Plutarch, in his Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, makes Periander give an account of the poetical contention at Chalcis; in which Hesiod and Homer are made antagonists: the first was conqueror, who received a tripod for his victory, which he dedicated to the muses, with this inscription:

Ησιοδος Μουσαις Ελικωνισι τονδ' ανεθηκεν,
Τμνω νικησας εν χαλκιδι θειον Ομηρον.

This Hesiod vows to th' Heliconian nine,
In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

This story, as related by Plutarch, was doubtless occasioned by what Hesiod says of himself, in the second book of his Works and Days; which passage might possibly give birth to that famous treatise, Αγων Ομηρε και Ησιοδε, mentioned in the fourth section of this discourse. Barnes, in his Prelocium to the same treatise, quotes three verses, two from Eustathius, and the third added by Lilius Gyraldus, in his life of our poet, which inform us, that Hesiod and Homer sung in Delos to the honour of Apollo.

Εν Δηλω ποτε πρωτον εγω και Ομηρος, αοιδοι,
Μελπομεν, εν νεαροις υμνοις ρωψαντες αοιδην,
Φοιβον Απολλωνα χρυσαορον ον τεκε Λητω.

Homer, and I, in Delos sung our lays,
There first we sung, and to Apollo's praise;
New was the verse in which we then begun
In honour to the god, Latona's son.

But these, together with the contention betwixt these two great poets, are regarded as no other than fables; and Barnes, who had certainly read as much on this head as any man, and who seems, by some expressions, willing to believe it if he could, is forced to decline the dispute, and leave it in the same uncertainty in which he found it. The story of the two poets meeting in Delos, is a manifest forgery: because, as I observed before, Hesiod positively says he never took any voyage but that to Chalcis; and these verses make his meeting in Delos, which is contrary to his own assertion, precede his contention at Chalcis. Thus have I collected, and compared together, all that is material of his life; in the latter part of which, we are told, he removed to Locris, a town near the same distance from mount Parnassus, as Ascra from Helicon. Lilius Gyraldus, and others, tell us he left a son, and a daughter; and that his son was Stesichorus the poet; but this wants better confirmation than we have of it. It is agreed by all that he lived to a very advanced age.

13. *His Death.*

The story of his death, as told by Solon, in Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, is very remarkable. The man, with whom Hesiod lived at Locris, ravished a maid in the same house. Hesiod, though entirely ignorant of the fact, was maliciously accused, as an accomplice, to her brothers, who barbarously murdered him with his companion, whose name was Troilus, and throwed their bodies into the sea. The body of Troilus was cast on a rock, which retains the name of Troilus from that accident. The body of Hesiod was received by a shoal of dolphins as soon as it was hurled into the water, and carried to the city Molicria, near the promontory Rhion: near which place the Locrians then held a solemn feast, the same which is at this time celebrated with so much pomp. When they saw a floating carcase, they ran with astonishment to the shore, and finding it to be the body of Hesiod, newly slain, they resolved, as they thought themselves obliged, to detect the murderers of a person they so much esteemed and honoured. When they had found out the wretches who committed the murder, they plunged them alive into the sea, and afterwards destroyed their houses. The remains of Hesiod were deposited in Nemea; and his tomb is unknown to most strangers; the reason of it being concealed, was because of the Orchomenians, who had a design, founded on the advice of an oracle, to steal his remains from thence, and to bury them in their own country. This account of the oracle, here mentioned by Plutarch, is related by Pausanias, in his Bœotics. He tells us the Orchomenians were advised by the oracle to bring the bones of Hesiod into their country, as the only means to drive away a pestilence which raged among them. They obeyed the oracle, found the bones, and brought them home. Pausanias, say they, erected a tomb over him, with an inscription to this purpose on it:

Hesiod, thy birth is barren Ascra's boast,
Thy dead remains now grace the Minyan coast;
Thy honours to meridian glory rise,
Grateful thy name to all the good and wise.

14. *Monuments, &c. of him.*

We have the knowledge of some few monuments which were raised in honour to this great and ancient poet: Pausanias, in his Bœotics informs us, that his countrymen the Bœotians erected to his memory an image with a harp in his hand: the same author tells us, in another place, there was likewise a statue of Hesiod in the temple of Jupiter Olympicus. Fulvius Ursinus, and Boissard, in his Antiquities, have exhibited a breast with a head, a trunk without a head, and a gem, of him: and Ursinus says, there is a statue of him, of brass, in the public college of Constantinople. The only original monument of him besides, now remaining, or at least known, is a marble buste in the Pembroke collection at Wilton. "What Fulvius Ursinus has published resembles that, but is only a basso relievo. From the manner of the head being cracked off from the lower part, which has some of the hair behind, it appears that both the parts are of the same work and date."

15. *His character.*

For his character we need go no farther than his Works and Days. With what a dutiful affection he speaks of his father, when he proposes him

as a pattern to his brother. His behaviour, after the unjuſt treatment from Perſes and the judges, proves him both a philoſopher and a good man. His moral precepts, in the firſt book, ſeem to be as much the dictates of his heart as the fruits of his genius; there we behold a man of the chaſteſt manners, and the beſt diſpoſition.

He was undoubtedly a great lover of retirement and contemplation, and ſeems to have had no ambition but that of acting well. I ſhall conclude my character of him with that part of it which Paterculus ſo juſtly thought his due: "perelegantis ingenii, et moliſſimâ dulcedini carminum memorabilis; otii quietiſque cupidiſſimus:" of a truly elegant genius, and memorable for his moſt eaſy ſweetneſs of verſe; moſt fond of leiſure and quietude.

ON THE WRITINGS OF HESIOD.

Sect. 1. *The Introduction.*

Of all the authors who have given any account of the writings of our poet, I find none ſo perfect as the learned Fabricius, in his Bibliotheca Græca. He there ſeems to have left unread no work that might in the leaſt contribute to the completing his deſign: him I ſhall follow in the ſucceeding diſcourſe, ſo far as relates to the titles of the poems, and the authorities for them.

2. *The Theogony.*

I ſhall begin with the Theogony, or Generation of the Gods, which Fabricius puts out of diſpute to be of Heſiod: nor is it doubted, ſays he, that Pythagoras took it for his, who feigned he ſaw the ſoul of our poet in hell chained to a brazen pillar; a puniſhment inflicted upon him for the ſtories which he invented of the gods. This doubtleſs is the poem that gave Herodotus occaſion to ſay that Heſiod, with Homer, was the firſt who introduced a theogony among the Grecians; the firſt who gave names to the gods, aſcribed to them honours and arts, giving particular deſcriptions of their perſons. The firſt hundred and fifteen lines of this poem have been diſputed; but I am inclined to believe them genuine; becauſe Pauſanias takes notice of the ſceptre of laurel, which the poet ſays, in thoſe verſes, was a preſent to him from the muſes; and Ovid, in the beginning of his Art of Love, alludes to that paſſage of the muſes appearing to him; and Heſiod himſelf, in the ſecond book of his Works and Days, has an alluſion to theſe verſes.

3. *The Works and Days.*

The Works and Days is the firſt poem of its kind, if we may rely on the teſtimony of Pliny; it being very uncertain, ſays Fabricius, whether the poems attributed to *Orpheus* were older than *Heſiod*; among which the critics and commentators mention one of the ſame title, with this of our poet. Pauſanias, in his Bœotics, tells us he ſaw a copy of this wrote in plates of lead, but without the firſt ten verſes with which it now begins. The only diſpute about this piece has been concerning the title, and the diviſion into books. Some make it two poems; the firſt they call Ἔργα, works, and the ſecond Ἡμέραι, days; others call the firſt Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, works and days, and the ſecond Ἡμέραι only, which part conſiſts of but ſixty-four lines: where I mention the number of verſes in this diſcourſe, I ſpeak of them as they ſtand in the original. We find, in ſome editions, the diviſion beginning at the end of the moral and religious precepts; but Grævius denies ſuch diſtinctions being in any of the old manuſcripts. Whether theſe diviſions were in the firſt copies ſignifies little; for as we find them in ſeveral late editions, they are very natural, and contribute ſomething to the eaſe of the reader, without the leaſt detriment to the original text. I am ready to imagine we have not this work delivered down to us ſo perfect as it came from the hands of the poet, which I ſhall endeavour to ſhow in the next ſection. This poem, as Plutarch in his Sympoſiacs aſſures us, was ſung to the harp.

4. *The Theogony, and Works and Days, the only undoubted poems of Heſiod now extant.*

The Theogony, and Works and Days, are the only undoubted pieces of our poet now extant; the ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέους, the ſhield of Hercules, is always printed with theſe two, but has not one convincing argument in its favour by which we may poſitively declare it a genuine work of Heſiod. We have great reaſon to believe thoſe two poems only were remaining in the reign of Auguſtus. Manilius, who was an author of the Auguſtan age, in the ſecond book of his Aſtronomy, takes notice, in his commendation of our poet and his writings, of no other than the Theogony, and Works and Days. The verſes of Manilius are theſe:

Heſiodus memorat divos, div'umque parentes,
Et chaos enixum terras, orbemque ſub illo
Infantem, * primum, titubantia ſidera, corpus,
Titanaſque ſenes, Jovis et cunabula magni,
Et ſub fratre viri nomen, ſine fratre parentis,
Atque iterum patrio naſcentem corpore Bacchum,
Omniaque immenſo volitantia numina mundo:

* *Dr. Bentley, whoſe Manilius was publiſhed ten years after the firſt edition of this diſcourſe, gives* primos titubantia ſidera partus: *the old copies, he ſays, have* primos, *and* partus *is ſupplied by his own judgment: but* primos partus *for* titubantia ſidera *is not conſiſtent with the genealogy of theſe natural bodies in the Theogony of Heſiod: an exact genealogical table to which I have given at the end of my notes to that poem. I muſt, with great deference to the ſuperior knowledge of that learned critic, prefer the common reading* primum corpus: *Dr. Bentley's chief objection to this reading is founded on making* primum *to be underſtood* firſt *in point of time; therefore, ſays he* quomodo vero ſidera primum erant corpus, cum ante ille extiterint chaos, terræ, orbis? *Very true; but* primum *muſt be taken as I have uſed it in my explanation of it.*

Quinetiam rutis cultus, * legeſque rogavit,
Militiamque Soli, quos colles Bacchus amaret,
Quos fœcunda Ceres campos, quod † Bacchus utriumque,
Atque arbuſta vagis eſſent quod adultera pomis,
Sylvarumque deos, ſacrataque numina nymphas;
Pacis opus, magnos naturæ condit in uſus.

Thus tranſlated by Mr. Creech:

—— Heſiod ſings the gods immortal race;
He ſings how chaos bore the earthy maſs;
How light from darkneſs ſtruck did beams diſplay,
And infant-ſtars firſt ſtagger'd in their way;
How name of brother veil'd an huſband's love,
And Juno bore unaided by her Jove, [thigh,
How twice-born Bacchus burſt the thund'rer's
And all the gods that wander through the ſky:
Hence he to fields deſcends, manures the ſoil,
Inſtructs the plowman, and rewards his toil;
He ſings how corn in plains, how vine in hills,
Delight, how both with vaſt increaſe the olive fills,
How foreign grafts th' adult'rous ſtock receives,
Bears ſtranger fruit, and wonders at her leaves;
An uſeful work when peace and plenty reign,
And art joins nature to improve the plain.

The obſervation which Mr. Kennet makes on theſe lines is, "that thoſe fine things which the "Latin poet recounts about the birth of the gods, "and the making the world, are not ſo nearly al- "lied to any paſſage in the preſent Theogony as "to juſtify the alluſion." An author, who was giving an account of an ancient poet, ought to have been more careful than this biographer was in his judgment of theſe verſes because ſuch as read him, and are at the ſame time unlearned in the language of the poet, are to form their notions from his ſentiments. Mr. Kennet is ſo very wrong in his remark here, that in all the ſeven lines which contain the encomium on the Theogony, I cannot ſee one expreſſion that has not an alluſion, and a ſtrong one, to ſome particular paſſage in that poem. I am afraid this gentleman's modeſty made him diſtruſt himſelf, and too ſervilely follow this tranſlation, which he quotes in his life of Heſiod, where he ſeems to lay great ſtreſs on the judgment of the tranſlator. Mr. Creech has in theſe few lines ſo unhappily miſtook his author, that in ſome places he adds what the poet never thought of, leaves whole verſes untranſlated, and in other places gives a ſenſe quite different to what the poet deſigned. I ſhall now proceed to point out theſe paſſages to which Manilius particularly alludes. His firſt line relates to the poem in general, the Generation of the Gods; though we muſt take notice that he had that part of Heſiod's ſyſtem in view where he makes matter precede all things, and even the gods themſelves; for by *div'um parentes* the Latin poet means chaos, heaven, earth, &c. which the Greek poet makes the parents of the gods. Heſiod tells us, verſe 116, chaos brought forth the earth her firſt offſpring; to which the ſecond line here quoted has a plain reference; and *orbemque ſub illo infantem*, which Mr. Creech has omitted, may either mean the world in general, or, by *ſub illo* being annexed, hell, which, according to our poet, was made a ſubterranean world. *Primum titubantia ſidera, corpus*, which is here rendered, *and infant-ſtars firſt ſtagger'd in their way*, are the ſun and moon; our poet calls them Ηελιον τε μεγαν, λαμπρην τε σεληνην, the great ſun, and the bright moon; the Roman calls them the wandering planets, the chief bodies in the firmament, not the firſt works of heaven, as is interpreted in the Dauphine's edition of Manilius. The fourth verſe, which refers to the birth of Jove, and the wars of the giants and the gods, one of the greateſt ſubjects of the Theogony, the Engliſh tranſlator has left untouched. I am not ignorant of a various reading of this paſſage, viz.

"Titanaſque juviſſe ſenis cunabula magni,"

which has a ſtronger alluſion to the battle of the gods than the other reading, *ſenis cunabula magni*, meaning the ſecond childhood or old age of *Saturn*. The next verſe, which is beautifully expreſſed in theſe two lines,

How name of brother veil'd an huſband's love,
And Juno bore unaided by her Jove,

plainly directs to Jupiter taking his ſiſter Juno to wife, and Juno bearing Vulcan, ᾳ φιλοτητι, μιγεισα, by which Heſiod means without the mutual joys of love. The ſucceeding line has a reference to the birth of Bacchus, and the ſeventh to the whole poem; ſo that he may be ſaid to begin and end his panegyric on the Theogony, with a general alluſion to the whole. The Latin poet, in his ſix verſes on the Works and Days, begins as on the Theogony, with a general obſervation on the whole poem: "Heſiod," ſays he, "inquired into "the tillage and management of the country, and "into the laws or rules of agriculture." I do not queſtion but Manilius, in *legeſque rogavit*, had his eye on theſe words of our poet Ουτος τοι πεδιων πελεται νομος, this is the law of the fields. What the Roman there ſays of Bacchus loving hills, and of grafting, has no alluſion to any part of the preſent Works and Days; but we are not to infer from thence that this is not the poem alluded to, but that thoſe paſſages are loſt; of which I have not the leaſt doubt, when I conſider of ſome parts of the Works and Days which are not ſo well connected as I wiſh they were. I think it is indiſputable that Heſiod writ more of the vintage than we have now extant, and that he likewiſe laid down rules for the care of trees: this will appear more clearly, if we obſerve in what manner Virgil introduces this line,

"Aſcræumque cano, Romana per oppida, carmen."

This is in the ſecond book of the Georgics; the chief ſubjects of which book are the different me-

* *For* legeſque rogavit *Dr. Bentley gives* legeſque novandi, *on the authority of no copy, but from a diſlike to the expreſſion of* rogavit cultus *and* rogavit militiam; *but, as the old reading* rogavit *is agreeable to my conſtruction of it, I am for keeping it in.*

† *For* Bacchus utrumque *Dr. Bentley gives* Pallas utrumque; *and in that ſenſe Mr. Creech has tranſlated it; which would be the more eligible reading, if Heſiod had treated of Olives.* Bacchus utrumque *is a fooliſh repetition, as Dr. Bentley obſerves.*

thods of producing trees, of tranſplanting, grafting, of the various kinds of trees, the proper ſoil for each kind, and of the care of vines and olives; and he has in that book the very expreſſion Manilius applies to Heſiod. Bacchus *amat colles*, ſays Virgil; *rogavit quos colles Bacchus amaret*, ſays the other of our poet, he inquired after what hills Bacchus loved.

I ſhould not have uſed Mr. Creech and Mr. Kennet with ſo much freedom as I have, had not the tranſlation of the one, and the remark of the other, ſo nearly concerned our poet; but I hope the clearing a difficult and remarkable paſſage in a claſſic, will, in ſome meaſure, atone for the liberties I have took with thoſe gentlemen.

5. *The Shield of Hercules.*

We have now aſcribed to Heſiod a poem under the title of Ασπις Ηρακλεους, the Shield of Hercules; which Ariſtophanes the grammarian ſuppoſes to he ſpurious, and that it is an imitation of the Shield of Achilles in Homer. Lilius Gyraldus, and Fabricius, bring all the teſtimonies they can for it being writ by Heſiod; but none of them amount to a proof. Fabricius gives us the opinion of Tanaquil Faber, in theſe words: I am much ſurpriſed that this ſhould formerly have been, and is now, a matter of diſpute; thoſe who ſuppoſe the Shield not to be of Heſiod, have a very ſlender knowledge of the Greek poetry. This is only the judgment of one man againſt a number, and that founded on no authority. I know not what could induce Tanaquil Faber ſo confidently to aſſert this, which looks, if I may uſe the expreſſion, like a ſort of bullying a perſon into his opinion, by forcing him into the dreadful apprehenſion of being thought no judge of Greek poetry, if he will not come in: I ſay, I know not what could induce him to aſſert this; for there is no manner of ſimilitude to the other works of our poet: and here I muſt call in queſtion the judgment of Ariſtophanes, and of ſuch as have followed him, for ſuppoſing it to be an imitation of the Shield of Achilles. The whole poem conſiſts of four hundred and four ſcore verſes; of which the deſcription of the Shield is but one hundred and four ſcore: in this deſcription are ſome ſimilar paſſages to that of Achilles, but not ſufficient to juſtify that opinion: there are likewiſe a few lines the ſame in both; but after a ſtrict examination, they may poſſibly appear as much to the diſadvantage of Homer, as to the author of this poem. The other parts have no affinity to any book in the two poems of Homer. The poet begins with a beautiful deſcription of the perſon of Alcmena, her love to Amphitryon, and her amour with Jupiter; from thence he proceeds to the characters of Hercules and Iphiclus, and goes on regularly to the death of Cygnus, which concludes the poem; with many other particulars, which, as I ſaid before, have no relation to any part of Homer. Among the writings of our poet which were loſt, we have the titles of Γυναικων, or Ηρωιδων, Καταλογος, and of Γυναικων Καταλογος, or Ηοιαι Μεγαλαι: both theſe titles are likely to belong but to one poem, and to that which Suidas mentions, the Catalogue of Heroic Women, in five books: that he compoſed ſuch a work, is probable, from the two laſt verſes of the Theogony, and it being often mentioned by ancient writers: we have an account of another poem, under the title of Ηρωγονια, the Generation of Heroes. The favourers of the Shield of Hercules would have that poem received as a fragment of one of theſe; and all that Le Clerc ſays in defence of it, is, ſince Hercules was the moſt famous of heroes, it is not abſurd to imagine the Shield to be a part of the Ηρωγονια, though it is handed down to us as a diſtinct work; and yet it is but a fragment of it. Thus we ſee all their arguments, both for it being genuine, and a fragment of another poem, are but conjectures. I think they ought not to ſuſpect it a part of another work, unleſs they could tell when, where, or by whom, the title was changed. It is certainly a very ancient piece, and well worth the notice of men of genius.

6. *Poems which are loſt.*

Beſides the pieces juſt mentioned, we find the following catalogue in Fabricius attributed to Heſiod, but now loſt.

Παραινεσις, or Τροθηκαι χειρωνος. This was concerning the education of Achilles under Chiron; which Ariſtophanes, in one of his comedies, banters as the work of Heſiod.

Μελαμποδια, or εις τον Μαντιν Μελαμποδα: a poem on divination. The title is ſuppoſed to be took from Melampus, an ancient phyſician, ſaid to be ſkilled in divination by birds. Part of this work is commended by Athenæus, book 13.

Αστρονομια μεγαλη, or Αστρικη βιβλος: a treatiſe of aſtronomy. Pliny ſays, according to Heſiod, in whoſe name we have a book of aſtrology extant, the early ſetting of the Pleiades is about the end of the autumn equinox. Notwithſtanding this quotation, Fabricius tells us, that Athenæus and Pliny, in ſome other place, have given us reaſon to believe they thought the poem of aſtronomy ſuppoſititious.

Επικηδειος εις Βατραχυν. This is mentioned by Suidas, with the addition of τινα τερμενον αυτω, a funeral ſong on Batrachus, whom he loved.

Περι Ιδαιων Δακτυλων. This was of the Idæi Dactyli, who, ſays Pliny, in his ſeventh book, are recorded by Heſiod as diſcoverers of iron in Crete. This is likewiſe in the catalogue of Suidas.

Επιθαλαμιος Πελεως και Θετιδος: an epithalamium on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis; two verſes of which are in the Prolegomena of Iſaac Tzetzes to Lycophron.

Γης περιοδος. This book of geography is mentioned by Strabo.

Αιγιμιος: a poem on one Ægimus. This, Athenæus tells us, was writ by Heſiod, or Cecrops; a wretch, whoſe name is now remembered only for being to Heſiod what Zoilus was to Homer.

Θησεως εις τον αιδην καταβασις: the deſcent of Theſeus into hell. This is attributed to Heſiod, by Pauſanias, in his Bœotics.

Επη μαντικα και εξηγησεις επι περασιν: on prophecies, or divination, with an expoſition of pro-

digies, or portents. This is likewiſe mentioned by Pauſanias.

Θειοι λογοι: divine ſpeeches; which Maximus Tyrius takes notice of in his ſixteenth diſſertation.

Μεγαλα ἐργα: great or remarkable actions. We find the title of this work in the eighth book of Athenæus.

Κηυκος γαμος: the marriage of Ceyx. We have an account of this poem, both by Athenæus, and Plutarch, in his Sympoſiacs.

Of all theſe labours of this great poet, we ſee nothing but the titles remaining, excepting ſome fragments preſerved by Pauſanias, Plutarch, Polybius, &c. We are told that our poet compoſed ſome other works, of which we have not even the titles. We are aſſured, from diverſe paſſages in Pliny, that he wrote of the virtues of herbs; but here Fabricius judiciouſly obſerves, that he might, in other poems, occaſionally treat of various herbs; as in the beginning of his Works and Days, he ſpeaks of the wholeſomeneſs of mallows, and the daffodil, or aſphodelos. Quintilian, in his fifth book, denies the fables of Æſop to have been written originally by him, but ſays the firſt author of them was Heſiod; and Plutarch informs us that Æſop was his diſciple: but this opinion, though countenanced by ſome, is exploded by others.

When we reflect on the number of titles, the poems to which are irreparably loſt, we ſhould conſider them as ſo many monuments to raiſe our concern for the loſs of ſo much treaſure never to be retrieved. Let us turn our thoughts from that melancholy theme, and view the poet in his living writings; let us read him ourſelves, and incite our countrymen to a taſte of the politeneſs of Greece. Scaliger, in an epiſtle to Salmaſius, divides the ſtate of poetry in Greece into four periods of time: in the firſt aroſe Homer and Heſiod; on which he has the juſt obſervation that concludes my diſcourſe: this, ſays he, you may not improperly call the ſpring of poeſy; but it is rather the bloom than infancy.

GENERAL ARGUMENT TO THE WORKS AND DAYS.

FROM THE GREEK OF DANIEL HEINSIUS.

The poet begins with the difference of the two contentions; and rejecting that which is attended with diſgrace, he adviſes his brother Perſes to prefer the other. One is the lover of ſtrife, and the occaſion of troubles: the other prompts us on to procure the neceſſaries of life in a fair and honeſt way. After Prometheus had by ſubtlety ſtole the fire clandeſtinely from Jove (the fire is by the divine Plato, in his alluſion to this paſſage, called the neceſſaries, or abundance of life; and thoſe are called ſubtle, who were ſolicitous after the abundance of life), the god created a great evil, which was Pandora, that is Fortune, who was endowed with all the gifts of the gods, meaning all the benefits of nature: ſo Fortune may from thence be ſaid to have the diſpoſal of the comforts of life; and from that time care and prudence are required in the management of human affairs. Before Prometheus had purloined the fire, all the common neceſſaries of life were near at hand, and eaſily attained; for Saturn had firſt made a golden age of men, to which the earth yielded all her fruits ſpontaneouſly: the mortals of the golden age ſubmitted to a ſoft and pleaſant death, and were afterwards made demons; and honour attended their names. To this ſucceeded the ſecond, the ſilver age, worſe in all things than the firſt, and better than the following; which Jupiter, or Fate, took from the earth, and made happy in their death. Hence the poet paſſes to the third, the braſen age; the men of which, he ſays, were fierce and terrible, who ignobly fell by their own folly and civil diſcord; nor was their future fate like to the other, for they deſcended to hell. This generation is followed by a race of heroes, Eteocles and Polynices, and the reſt who were in the firſt and oldeſt Theban war, and Agamemnon and Menelaus; and ſuch as are recorded by the * poet to be in the Trojan war; of whom ſome periſhed entirely by death, and ſome now inhabit the iſles of the bleſſed. Next he deſcribes the iron age, and the injuſtice which prevailed in it. He greatly reproves the judges, and taxes them with corruption, in a ſhort and beautiful fable. In the other part of the book, he ſets before our eyes the conſequences of juſtice and injuſtice; and then, in the moſt ſagacious manner, lays down ſome of the wiſeſt precepts to Perſes. The part which contains the precepts, is chiefly writ in an irregular, free, and eaſy way; and his frequent repetitions, which cuſtom modern writers have quite avoided, bear no ſmall marks of his antiquity. He often digreſſes, that his brother might not be tired with his precepts, becauſe of a too much ſameneſs. Hence he paſſes to rules of economy, beginning with agriculture. He points out the proper ſeaſon for the plough, the harveſt, the vintage, and for felling wood; he ſhows the fruits of induſtry, and the ill conſequences of negligence. He deſcribes the different ſeaſons, and tells us what works are proper to each. Theſe are the ſubjects of the firſt part of his Economy. In proceſs of time, and the thirſt of gain increaſing in men, every method was tried to the procuring riches; men begun to extend their commerce over the ſeas; for which reaſon the poet laid down precepts for navigation. He next proceeds to a recommendation of divine worſhip, the adoration due to the immortal gods, and the various ways of paying our homage to them. He concludes with a ſhort obſervation on days, dividing them into the good, bad, and indifferent.

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* *I ſuppoſe Heinſius means Homer.*

COOKE'S HESIOD.

WORKS AND DAYS*.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book contains the invocation to the whole, the general propoſition, the ſtory of Prometheus, Epimetheus, and Pandora; a deſcription of the golden age, ſilver age, braſen age, the age of heroes, and the iron age; a recommendation of virtue, from the temporal bleſſings with which good men are attended, and the condition of the wicked, and ſeveral moral precepts proper to be obſerved through the courſe of our lives.

SING, muſes, ſing, from the Pierian grove;
Begin the ſong, and let the theme be Jove;
From him ye ſprung, and him ye firſt ſhould praiſe;
From your immortal ſire deduce your lays;

* *The ſcholiaſt Tzetzes tells us, this poem was firſt called the Works and Days of Heſiod, to diſtinguiſh it from another on the ſame ſubject, and of the ſame title, wrote by Orpheus. How much this may be depended on I cannot ſay; but Fabricius aſſures us from Pliny, book* 18. *chap.* 25. *that Heſiod was the firſt who laid down rules for agriculture. It is certain, that of all the pieces of this nature which were before Virgil, and extant in his days, this was moſt eſteemed by him, otherwiſe he would not have ſhowed that reſpect to our author which he does quite through his Georgic. In one place he propoſes him as a pattern in that great work, where, addreſſing to his country, he ſays,*

——tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes;
Aſcræumque cano, Romano per oppida, carmen.
Lib. 2.

For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in ancient days,
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan verſe in Roman cities ſing.
DRYDEN.

He begins the Georgic with an explanation of the title of the Works and Days.

Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, quo ſidere terram
Vertere, &c.
What makes a plenteous harveſt, when to turn
The fruitly ſoil, and when to ſow the corn.
DRYDEN.

for by Works is meant the art of agriculture, and by Days the proper ſeaſons for works. See farther in my Diſcourſe on the Writings of Heſiod.

To him alone, to his great will we owe,
That we exiſt, and what we are below.
Whether we blaze among the ſons of fame,
Or live obſcurely, and without a name,
Or noble or ignoble, ſtill we prove
Our lot determin'd by the will of Jove.
With eaſe he lifts the peaſant to a crown,
With the ſame eaſe he caſts the monarch down;
With eaſe he clouds the brighteſt name in night,
And calls the meaneſt to the faireſt light;
At will he varies life through ev'ry ſtate,
Unnerves the ſtrong, and makes the crooked ſtrait.
Such Jove, who thunders terrible from high,
Who dwells in manſions far above the ſky.
Look down, thou pow'r ſupreme, vouchſafe thine aid,
And let my judgment be by juſtice ſway'd;
O hear my vows, and thine aſſiſtance bring,
While truths undoubted I to Perſes ſing.
As here on earth we tread the maze of life,
The minds divided in a double ſtrife;
One by the wiſe is thought deſerving fame,
And this attended by the greateſt ſhame,
The diſmal ſource whence ſpring pernicious jars,
The baneful fountain of deſtructive wars,
Which, by the laws of arbitrary fate,
Who follow, though by nature taught to hate;
From night's black realms this took its odious birth
And one Jove planted in the womb of earth,
The better ſtrife, by this the ſoul is fir'd
To arduous toils, nor with theſe toils is tir'd;
One ſees his neighbour with laborious hand,
Planting his orchard, or manuring land;
He ſees another with induſtrious care,
Materials for the building are prepare;

Idle himſelf he ſees them haſte to riſe,
Obſerves their growing wealth with envious eyes,
With emulation fir'd, beholds their ſtore.
And toils with joy who never toil'd before:
The artiſt envies what the artiſt gains,
The bard the rival bard's ſucceſsful ſtrains.
Perſes attend, my juſt decrees obſerve,
Nor from thy honeſt labour idly ſwerve;
The love of ſtrife, that joys in evils, ſhun,
Nor to the forum from thy duty run.
How vain the wranglings of the bar to mind,
While Ceres, yellow goddeſs, is unkind!
But when propitious ſhe has heap'd your ſtore,
For others you may plead, and not before;
But let with juſtice your contentions prove,
And be your counſels ſuch as come from Jove;
Not as of late when we divided lands,
You graſp'd at all with avaricious hands;
When the corrupted bench, for bribes well known,
Unjuſtly granted more than was your own.
Fools, blind to truth! nor knows their erring ſoul
How much the half is better than the whole,
How great the pleaſure wholeſome herbs afford,
How bleſs'd the frugal, and an honeſt board!
Would the immortal gods on men beſtow
A mind, how few the wants of life to know,
They all the year from labour free might live
On what the bounty of a day would give,
They ſoon the rudder o'er the ſmoke would lay,
And let the mule and ox at leiſure ſtray:
This ſenſe to man the king of gods denies,
In wrath to him who daring rob'd the ſkies;
Dread ills the god prepar'd, unknown before,
And the ſtol'n fire back to his heav'n he bore;
But from Prometheus 'twas conceal'd in vain,
Which for the uſe of man he ſtole again,
And, artful in his fraud, brought from above,
Clos'd in a hollow cane, deceiving Jove:
Again defrauded of celeſtial fire,
Thus ſpoke the cloud-compelling god in ire:
Son of Iäpetus, o'er ſubtle, go,
And glory in thy artful theft below;
Now of the fire you boaſt by ſtealth retriev'd,
And triumph in almighty Jove deceiv'd;
But thou too late ſhall find the triumph vain,
And read thy folly in ſucceeding pain;
Poſterity the ſad effect ſhall know,
When, in purſuit of joy, they graſp their woe.
He ſpoke, and told to Mulciber his will,
And, ſmiling, bade him his commands fulfil,
To uſe his greateſt art, his niceſt care,
To frame a creature exquiſitely fair,
To temper well the clay with water, then
To add the vigour and the voice of men,
To let her firſt in virgin luſtre ſhine,
In form a goddeſs, with a bloom divine:
And next the ſire demands Minerva's aid,
In all her various ſkill to train the maid,
Bids her the ſecrets of the loom impart,
To caſt a curious thread with happy art.
And golden Venus was to teach the fair,
The wiles of love, and to improve her air,
And then, in awful majeſty, to ſhed
A thouſand graceful charms aroud her head:

Next Hermes, artful god, muſt form her mind,
One day to torture, and the next be kind,
With manners all deceitful, and her tongue
Fraught with abuſe, and with detraction hung.
Jove gave the mandate; and the gods obey'd.
Firſt Vulcan form'd of earth the bluſhing maid;
Minerva next perform'd the taſk aſſign'd,
With ev'ry female art adorn'd her mind.
To dreſs her Suada, and the Graces join;
Around her perſon, lo! the di'monds ſhine.
To deck her brows the fair treſs'd ſeaſons bring!
A garland breathing all the ſweets of ſpring.
Each preſent Pallas gives it proper place,
And adds to ev'ry ornament a grace.
Next Hermes taught the fair the heart to move,
With all the falſe alluring arts of love,
Her manners all deceitful, and her tongue
With falſehoods fruitful, and detraction hung.
The finiſh'd maid the gods Pandora call,
Becauſe a tribute ſhe receiv'd from all:
And thus, 'twas Jove's command, the ſex began,
A lovely miſchief to the ſoul of man.
When the great ſire of gods beheld the fair,
The fatal guile, th' inevitable ſnare,
Hermes he bids to Epimethus bear.
Prometheus mindful of his theft above,
Had warn'd his brother to beware of Jove,
To take no preſent that the god ſhould ſend,
Leſt the fair bribe ſhould ill to man portend;
But he, forgetful, takes his evil fate,
Accepts the miſchief, and repents too late.
Mortals at firſt a bliſsful earth enjoy'd,
With ills untainted, nor with cares annoy'd;
To them the world was no laborious ſtage,
Nor fear'd they then the miſeries of age;
But ſoon the ſad reverſion they behold,
Alas! they grow in their afflictions old;
For in her hand the nymph a caſket bears,
Full of diſeaſes and corroding cares,
Which open'd, they to taint the world begin,
And hope alone remains entire within.
Such was the fatal preſent from above,
And ſuch the will of cloud-compelling Jove:
And now unnumber'd woes o'er mortals reign,
Alike infected is the land and main;
O'er human race diſtempers ſilent ſtray,
And multiply their ſtrength by night and day:
'Twas Jove's decree they ſhould in ſilence rove:
For who is able to contend with Jove!
And now the ſubject of my verſe I change;
To tales of profit and delight I range;
Whence you may pleaſure and advantage gain,
If in your mind you lay the uſeful ſtrain.
Soon as the deathleſs gods were born, and man,
A mortal race, with voice endow'd, began,
The heav'nly pow'rs from high their work behold,
And the firſt age they ſtyle an age of gold.
Men ſpent a life like gods in Saturn's reign,
Nor felt their mind a care, nor body pain;
From labour free, they ev'ry ſenſe enjoy;
Nor could the ills of time their peace deſtroy;
In banquets they delight, remov'd from care;
Nor troubleſome old age intruded there:
They die, or rather ſeem to die, they ſeem
From hence tranſported in a pleaſing dream;

The fields, as yet untill'd, their fruits afford,
And fill a ſumptuous, and unenvy'd board:
Thus, crown'd with happineſs their ev'ry day,
Serene and joyful, paſs'd their lives away.
When in the grave this race of men was laid,
Soon was a world of holy demons made,
Aërial ſpirits, by great Jove deſign'd,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Inviſible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
Th' immortal ſpies with watchful care preſide,
And thrice ten thouſand round their charges glide:
They can reward with glory, or with gold;
A pow'r they by divine permiſſion hold.
Worſe than the firſt, a ſecond age appears,
Which the celeſtials call the ſilver years.
The golden age's virtues are no more;
Nature grows weaker than ſhe was before;
In ſtrength of body mortals much decay;
And human wiſdom ſeems to fade away.
An hundred years the careful dames employ,
Before they form'd to man th' unpoliſh'd boy;
Who when he reach'd his bloom, his age's prime,
Found, meaſur'd by his joys, but ſhort his time.
Men, prone to ill, deny'd the gods their due,
And by their follies, made their days but few.
The altars of the bleſs'd neglected ſtand,
Without the off'rings which the laws demand;
But angry Jove in duſt this people laid,
Becauſe no honours to the gods they paid.
This ſecond race, when clos'd their life's ſhort ſpan,
Was happy deem'd beyond the ſtate of man;
Their names were grateful to their children made;
Each paid a rev'rence to his father's ſhade.
And now a third, a brazen people riſe,
Unlike the former, men of monſtrous ſize:
Strong arms extenſive from their ſhoulders grow,
Their limbs of equal magnitude below;
Potent in arms, and dreadful at the ſpear,
They live injurious, and devoid of fear:
On the crude fleſh of beaſts they feed alone,
Savage their nature, and their hearts of ſtone;
Their houſes braſs, of braſs the warlike blade,
Iron was yet unknown, in braſs they trade:
Furious, robuſt, impatient for the fight,
War is their only care, and ſole delight,
To the dark ſhades of death this race deſcend,
By civil diſcords, an ignoble end! [ed might,
Strong though they were, death quell'd their boaſt-
And forc'd their ſtubborn ſouls to leave the light.
To theſe a fourth, a better race ſucceeds,
Of godlike heroes, fam'd for martial deeds;
Them demigods, at firſt, their matchleſs worth
Proclaim aloud all through the boundleſs earth,
Theſe, horrid wars, their love of arms deſtroy,
Some at the gates of Thebes, and ſome at Troy.
Theſe, for the brothers fell, deteſted ſtrife!
For beauty thoſe, the lovely Grecian wife!
To theſe does Jove a ſecond life ordain,
Some happy ſoil far in the diſtant main,
Where live the hero-ſhades in rich repaſt,
Remote from mortals of a vulgar caſt:
There in the iſland of the bleſs'd they find,
Where Saturn reigns, an endleſs calm of mind;
And there the choiceſt fruits adorn the fields,
And thrice the fertile year a harveſt yields.
O! would I had my hours of life began
Before this fifth, this ſinful race of man;
Or had I not been call'd to breathe the day,
Till the rough iron age had paſs'd away:
For now, the times are ſuch, the gods ordain,
That every moment ſhall be wing'd with pain;
Condemn'd to ſorrows, and to toil we live;
Reſt to our labour death alone can give;
And yet, amid the cares our lives annoy,
The gods will grant ſome intervals of joy:
But how degen'rate is the human ſtate!
Virtue no more diſtinguiſhes the great;
No ſafe reception ſhall the ſtranger find;
Nor ſhall the ties of blood or friendſhip bind;
Nor ſhall the parent, when his ſons are nigh,
Look with the fondneſs of a parent's eye,
Nor to the ſire the ſon obedience pay,
Nor look with rev'rence on the locks of gray,
But O! regardleſs of the pow'rs divine,
With bitter taunts ſhall load his life's decline.
Revenge and rapine ſhall reſpect command,
The pious, juſt, and good, neglected ſtand.
The wicked ſhall the better man diſtreſs,
The righteous ſuffer, and without redreſs;
Strict honeſty, and naked truth, ſhall fail,
The perjur'd villain in his arts prevail.
Hoarſe envy ſhall, unſeen, exert her voice,
Attend the wretched, and in ill rejoice.
At laſt fair modeſty and juſtice fly,
Rob'd their pure limbs in white, and gain the ſky,
From the wide earth they reach the bleſt abodes,
And join the grand aſſembly of the gods,
While mortal men, abandon'd to their grief,
Sink in their ſorrows, hopeleſs of relief.
While now my fable from the birds I bring,
To the great rulers of the earth I ſing.
High in the clouds a mighty bird of prey
Bore a melodious nightingale away;
And to the captive, ſhiv'ring in deſpair,
Thus, cruel, ſpoke the tyrant of the air.
Why mourns the wretch in my ſuperior power?
Thy voice avails not in the raviſh'd hour;
Vain are thy cries; as my deſpotic will,
Or I can fet thee free, or I can kill.
Unwiſely who provokes his abler foe,
Conqueſt ſtill flies him, and he ſtrives for woe.
Thus ſpoke th' enſlaver with inſulting pride.
O! Perſes, juſtice ever be thy guide:
May malice never gain upon thy will,
Malice that makes the wretch more wretched ſtill.
The good man, injur'd, to revenge is ſlow,
To him the vengeance is the greater woe.
Ever will all injurious courſes fail,
And juſtice ever over wrongs prevail;
Right will take place at laſt, by fit degrees;
This truth the fool by ſad experience ſees.
When ſuits commence, diſhoneſt ſtrife the cauſe,
Faith violated, and the breach of laws,
Enſue; the cries of juſtice haunt the judge,
Of bribes the glutton, and of ſin the drudge.
Through cities then the holy demon runs,
Unſeen, and mourns the manners of their ſons,

Disperſing evils, to reward the crimes
Of thoſe who baniſh juſtice from the times.
Is there a man whom incorrupt we call,
Who ſits alike unprejudic'd to all,
By him the city flouriſhes in peace,
Her borders lengthen and her ſons increaſe;
From him far-ſeeing Jove will drive afar
All civil diſcord, and the rage of war.
No days of famine to the righteous fall,
But all is plenty, and delightful all;
Nature indulgent o'er their land is ſeen,
With oaks high tow'ring are their mountains green,
With heavy maſt their arms diffuſive bow,
While from their trunks rich ſtreams of honey flow;
Of flocks untainted are their paſtures full,
Which ſlowly ſtrut beneath their weight of wool;
And ſons are born the likeneſs of their ſire,
The fruits of virtue, and a chaſte deſire:
O'er the wide ſeas for wealth they need not roam,
Many and laſting are their joys at home.
Not thus the wicked, who in ill delight,
Whoſe daily acts pervert the rules of right,
To theſe the wiſe diſpoſer, Jove, ordains,
Repeated loſſes, and a world of pains:
Famines and plagues are, unexpected, nigh:
Their wives are barren, and their kindred die;
Numbers of theſe at once are ſweep'd away;
And ſhips of wealth become the ocean's prey.
One ſinner oft provokes th' avenger's hand;
And often one man's crimes deſtroy a land.
Exactly mark, ye rulers of mankind,
The ways of truth, nor be to juſtice blind;
Conſider all ye do, and all ye ſay,
The holy demons to their god convey,
Aërial ſpirits, by great Jove deſign'd,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Inviſible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
Th' immortal ſpies with watchful care preſide,
And thrice ten thouſand round their charges glide.
Juſtice, unſpotted maid, deriv'd from Jove,
Renown'd, and reverenc'd by the gods above,
When mortals violate her ſacred laws,
When judges hear the bribe, and not the cauſe,
Cloſe by her parent-god behold her ſtand,
And urge the puniſhment their ſins demand.
Look in your breaſts, and there ſurvey your crimes,
Think, O ye judges! and reform betimes,
Forget the paſt, nor more falſe judgments give,
Turn from your ways betimes, O turn and live!
Who, full of wiles, his neighbour's harm contrives,
Falſe to himſelf, againſt himſelf he ſtrives;
For he that harbours evil in his mind,
Will from his evil thoughts but evil find;
And lo! the eye of Jove, that all things knows,
Can, when he will, the heart of man diſcloſe;
Open the guilty boſom all within,
And trace the infant thoughts of future ſin.
O! when I hear the upright man complain,
And, by his injuries, the judge arraign,
If to be wicked is to find ſucceſs,
I cry, and to be juſt to meet diſtreſs.
May I nor mine the righteous path purſue,
Ut int'reſt only ever keep in view:
But by reflection better taught, I find
We ſee the preſent, to the future blind.
Truſt to the will of Jove, and wait the end,
And good ſhall always your good acts attend.
Theſe doctrines, Perſes, treaſure in thy heart,
And never from the paths of juſtice part:
Never by brutal violence be ſway'd;
But be the will of Jove in theſe obey'd.
In theſe the brute creation men exceed,
They, void of reaſon, by each other bleed,
While man by juſtice ſhould be keep'd in awe,
Juſtice of nature, well ordain'd, the law.
Who right eſpouſes through a righteous love,
Shall meet the bounty of the hands of Jove;
But he that will not be by laws confin'd,
Whom not the ſacrament of oaths can bind,
Who, with a willing ſoul, can juſtice leave,
A wound immortal ſhall that man receive;
His houſe's honour daily ſhall decline:
Fair flouriſh ſhall the juſt from line to line.
O! Perſes, fooliſh Perſes, bow thine ear
To the good counſels of a ſoul ſincere.
To wickedneſs the road is quickly found,
Short is the way, and on an eaſy ground.
The paths of virtue muſt be reach'd by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged ſoil,
Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the proſpect plain,
Far does the man all other men excel,
Who, from his wiſdom, thinks in all things well,
Wiſely conſid'ring, to himſelf a friend,
All for the preſent beſt, and for the end:
Nor is the man without his ſhare of praiſe,
Who well the dictates of the wiſe obeys;
But he that is not wiſe himſelf, nor can
Harken to wiſdom, is a uſeleſs man.
Ever obſerve, Perſes, of birth divine,
My precepts, and the profit ſhall be thine;
Then famine always ſhall avoid thy door,
And Ceres, fair-wreath'd goddeſs, bleſs thy ſtore.
The ſlothful wretch, who lives from labour free,
Like drones, the robbers of the painful bee,
Has always men, and gods, alike his foes;
Him famine follows with her train of woes.
With cheerful zeal your mod'rate toils purſue,
That your full barns you may in ſeaſon view.
The man induſtrious ſtranger is to need,
A thouſand flocks his fertile paſtures feed;
As with the drone with him it would not prove,
Him men and gods behold with eyes of love.
To care and labour think it no diſgrace,
Falſe pride! the portion of the ſluggard race:
The ſlothful man, who never work'd before,
Shall gaze with envy on thy growing ſtore,
Like thee to flouriſh, he will ſpare no pains;
For lo! the rich virtue and glory gains.
Strictly obſerve the wholeſome rules I give,
And, bleſs'd in all, thou like a god ſhalt live.
Ne'er to thy neighbour's goods extend thy cares,
Nor be neglectful of thine own affairs.
Let no degen'rate ſhame debaſe thy mind,
Shame that is never to the needy kind;
The man that has it will continue poor;
He muſt be bold that would enlarge his ſtore.

But raviſh not, depending on thy might,
Injurious to thyſelf, another's right.
Who, or by open force, or ſecret ſtealth,
Or perjur'd wiles, amaſſes heaps of wealth,
Such many are, whom thirſt of gain betrays,
The gods, all ſeeing, ſhall o'ercloud his days;
His wife, his children, and his friends, ſhall die,
And, like a dream, his ill-got riches fly:
Nor leſs, or to inſult the ſuppliant's cries,
The guilt, or break through hoſpitable ties.
Is there who, by inceſtuous paſſion led,
Pollutes with joys unclean his brother's bed;
Or who, regardleſs of his tender truſt,
To the poor helpleſs orphan proves unjuſt;
Or, when the father's fatal day appears,
His body bending through the weight of years,
A ſon who views him with unduteous eyes,
And words of comfort to his age denies,
Great Jove vindictive ſees the impious train,
And, equal to their crimes, inflicts a pain.
Theſe precepts be thy guide thro' life to ſteer:
Next learn the gods immortal to revere:
With unpolluted hands, and heart ſincere,
Let from your herd, or flock, an off'ring riſe;
Of the pure victim burn the white fat thighs;
And to your wealth confine the ſacrifice.
Let the rich fumes of od'rous incenſe fly,
A grateful ſavour, to the pow'rs on high;
The due libation nor neglect to pay,
When ev'ning cloſes, or when dawns the day:
Then ſhall thy work, the gods thy friends, ſucceed;
Then may you purchaſe farms, nor ſell through need.
Enjoy thy riches with a lib'ral ſoul,
Plenteous the feaſt, and ſmiling be the bowl;
No friend forget, nor entertain thy foe,
Nor let thy neighbour uninvited go.
Happy the man with peace his days are crown'd,
Whoſe houſe an honeſt neighbourhood ſurround;
Of foreign harms he never ſleeps afraid,
They, always ready, bring their willing aid;
Cheerful, ſhould he ſome buſy preſſure feel,
They lend an aid beyond a kindred's zeal;
They never will conſpire to blaſt his fame:
Secure he walks, unſully'd his good name:
Unhappy man, whom neighbours ill ſurround,
His oxen die oft' by a treach'rous wound,
Whate'er you borrow of your neighbour's ſtore,
Return the ſame in weight, if able, more;
So to yourſelf will you ſecure a friend;
He never after will refuſe to lend.
Whatever by diſhoneſt means you gain,
You purchaſe an equivalent of pain.
To all a love for love return: contend
In virtuous acts to emulate your friend.
Be to the good thy favours unconfin'd;
Neglect a ſordid, and ungrateful mind.
From all the gen'rous a reſpect command,
While none regard the baſe ungiving hand:
The man who gives from an unbounded breaſt,
Though large the bounty, in himſelf is bleſs'd:
Who raviſhes another's right ſhall find,
Though ſmall the prey, a deadly ſting behind.
Content, and honeſtly enjoy your lot,
And often add to that already got;
From little oft' repeated, much will riſe,
And of thy toil the fruits ſalute thine eyes.
How ſweet at home to have what life demands,
The juſt reward of our induſtrious hands,
To view our neighbour's bliſs without deſire,
To dread not famine, with her aſpect dire!
Be theſe thy thoughts, to theſe thy heart incline,
And lo! theſe bleſſings ſhall be ſurely thine.
When at your board your faithful friend you greet,
Without reſerve, and lib'ral be the treat:
To ſtint the wine a frugal huſband ſhows,
When from the middle of the caſk it flows.
Do not, by mirth betray'd, your brother truſt,
Without a witneſs, he may prove unjuſt:
Alike it is unſafe for men to be,
With ſome too diffident, with ſome too free.
Let not a woman ſteal your heart away,
By tender looks, and her apparel gay;
When your abode ſhe languiſhing inquires,
Command your heart, and quench the kindling fires;
If love ſhe vows, 'tis madneſs to believe,
Turn from the thief, ſhe charms but to deceive:
Who does too raſhly in a woman truſt,
Too late will find the wanton proves unjuſt.
Take a chaſte matron, partner of your breaſt,
Contented live, of her alone poſſeſs'd;
Then ſhall you number many days in peace,
And with your children ſee your wealth increaſe;
Then ſhall a duteous careful heir ſurvive,
To keep the honour of the houſe alive.
If large poſſeſſions are in life thy view,
Theſe precepts with aſſiduous care purſue.

NOTES ON THE FIRST BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. ARISTARCHUS, and ſome others, are for having this exordium left out, as not a part of the poem. Praxiphanes, a ſcholar of Theophraſtus, ſays, he had a copy which begun from this verſe.

As here on earth we tread the maze of life.

The reaſon which Proclus aſſigns for it not being writ by Heſiod, is, that he who begun his Theogony, with an invocation to the muſes from Helicon, and who was himſelf brought up at the foot of that mountain, would never call on the Pierian muſes. A weak objection, and unworthy a critic! the diſtinction is as follows. The muſes are ſaid

to be the daughters of Jove, that is, of that power by which we are enabled to perform. Pieria is ſaid to be the birth-place of the muſes, and the ſeat of Jove, that is, the mind, whence all our conceptions ariſe. Helicon is a place of reſidence to the muſes, where they celebrate the praiſes of their father, and ſearch into the knowledge of antiquity. In this work Heſiod inſtructs his brother in the art of tillage and morality, all which doctrines proceed from his own experience, his own natural ſentiments, and therefore he invokes the muſes from Pieria: his account of the Generation of the Gods, being received, partly from books, and partly from oral tradition, he invokes them from Helicon. Tzetz. Here the Scholiaſt talks as if he did not doubt theſe lines being genuine.

Ver. 13. This exordium was certainly admired by Horace, who, in one of his odes, has elegantly tranſlated this part of it.

Valet ima ſummis
Mutare, et inſignem attenuat, deus,
Obſcura promens.

I muſt acknowledge, after all, what Pauſanias ſays, in his Bœotics. that this beginning was not in the copy which he ſaw in lead, is a great argument againſt thoſe who think it of Heſiod: and Plutarch likewiſe, in his Sympoſiacs, begins this poem according to Pauſanias.

Ver. 23. The words of Heſiod are theſe; "there "is not one kind of contention only on earth, but "there are two, which divide the mind." In the Theogony he makes but one contention, and that ſprung from night, ſoon after the birth of the fates, and other evil deities, which are of the ſame parent. From contentioo ſprung all that is hurtful to gods and men, as plagues, wars, ſecret bloodſhed, ſlander, &c. The ſecond contention, emulation, which was planted in the womb of earth by Jove, muſt be after the invention of arts; for before was no room for emulation. The contention firſt mentioned, was before the wars of the giants. Of that ſee farther in the notes to the Theogony.

Ver. 29. The truth of this will plainly appear, when we conſider the neceſſity of many of our actions, which, though involuntary, are rendered neceſſary by the cauſe. By involuntary I do not mean without the conſent of the will, becauſe it is certain that muſt precede the action, but what we had rather we had no occaſion to do.

Ver. 43. Hear Plato on this paſſage; his words are theſe: "And ſo it is neceſſary," ſays Heſiod, or according to Heſiod, "it ſhould be among all "of the ſame profeſſion, that they may be filled with envy, and contention." Plato certainly miſtakes the poet in this, when he imagines that Heſiod thinks it abſolutely neceſſary for the better government of the world. All that he means is, he finds it ſo in nature; and, from our appetites natural to us, we cannot avoid it. The reſt of the note by Mr. Theobald. Ariſtotle in his ſecond book of Rhetoric, in the chapter on envy, quotes this paſſage of Heſiod, though he does not name the author, with this introduction, "becauſe men "contend, for honour's ſake, with their rivals; "and with all who have paſſions and deſires like "themſelves, there is a neceſſity that they muſt "envy ſuch;" hence it has been ſaid, *και κέραμευς κεραμεῖ κοτεει.*

Ver. 55. The ſin of Perſes was reckoned by the ancients one of the moſt heinous. Seneca begs he may know to divide with his brother, as if he eſteemed it one of the moſt neceſſary duties of man. This cuſtom of dividing the father's patrimony by lot among all the children, is likewiſe alluded to in the Odyſſes of Homer, Book 14.

Ver. 59. What a noble triumph is this over the avarice and injuſtice of his brother, and the partiality of the judges! How much like a philoſopher is this greatneſs of ſoul, in his contempt of ill got riches! What a conqueſt has he gained, though he loſt the cauſe, and ſuffered by the wickedneſs of his adverſary! He not only ſhows himſelf a happy man, but teaches him by whom he is moſt injured to be ſo too. I have taken the liberty to add this line, which is not in the original, as an explanation of this famous paſſage of our poet, which, and no other, I am certain muſt be his meaning:

How bleſs'd the frugal, and an honeſt board.

The *μαλαχη* and *ασφοδελος*, the firſt of which we generally render in Engliſh the mallows, and the latter the daffodil, the names of which I have not tranſlated, being of no conſequence to the beauty of this paſſage. Plutarch, in his Banqnet of the Seven Wiſe Men, commends as the wholeſomeſt of herbs; he mentions the *ανθερικος*, which Le Clerc tells us is a part of the *ασφοδελος*: the ſame critic alſo obſerves, from Scaliger, that it appears from this verſe that the ancients did eat the daffodil, or *ασφοδελος*.

Ver. 67. What the poet means by this, and the preceding lines, is, if we knew how few things are neceſſary for the ſupport of life, we ſhould not be ſo ſolicitous about it as we are; we ſhould not ſpend ſo much time in agriculture and navigation as we do. This expreſſion of laying the rudder over the ſmoke, alludes to the cuſtom of laying it to harden over the ſmoke at thoſe times in which they did not uſe it. Says Grævius on this verſe, it was cuſtomary to hang the rudders in the ſmoke, when the ſeaſon for ſailing was paſſed; by which they believed they were preſerved from rotting, and kept ſolid till the next ſeaſon. This we find likewiſe among the precepts in the ſecond book of this poem.

And o'er the ſmoke the well made rudder lay.
Ver. 327.

Which rule alſo Virgil has laid down in his Georgic, in his direction for tools of huſbandry:

Et ſuſpenſa focis explorat robora fumus. Lib. 1.

Ver. 69. Hear the Scholiaſt on this paſſage, on the invention of arts; men, ſays he, were at firſt ſimple and unexperienced; the art of agriculture, and all other, were entirely unknown; they knew not diſeaſes, nor the pangs of death; when they

died they expired on the ground, as if they knew not what they ſuffered. They enjoyed the fruit of the earth in common among them. Then were no rulers: for all were lords of themſelves: but when men grew προμηθεστεροι, which is the ſignification of Prometheus, more cunning, more apt to contrive, they departed from their primitive temperance, and conſequently their ſerenity. Then the uſe of fire was diſcovered, which was the ſource of all mechanical arts. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 71. It is beyond diſpute, that with the invention and improvement of arts, the luxury of men increaſed, and that diſeaſes were the effects of luxury.

And the ſtol'n fire back to the ſkies he bore.

This paſſage of the fable, moſt of the commentators have left untouched, as not knowing what to make of it. I think it muſt allude to the decay of arts and ſciences; which the ſucceeding verſe will farther explain.

Ver. 73. By Prometheus is ſurely meant, as before, προμηθεστεροι, wiſer men, who were as forward to recover or revive loſt arts, as to invent new.

Ver. 76. The original is εν κοιλω ναρθηκι; which expreſſion is uſed again in the Theogony, verſe 567 of the original, and 847 of my tranſlation: there is a curious comment on this paſſage in Tourneſort's account of the iſland of Skinoſa, in his voyage into the Levant; which I ſhall here give as near a tranſlation of as I can. "This "iſland abounds with the *ferula* of the ancients; "the old name of which is preſerved by the mo- "dern Greeks, who call it Nartheca, from Ναρθηξ: "it has a ſtalk five feet in height, and three inch- "es thick: every ten inches it has a knot that is "branchy, and covered with a hard bark: the "hollow of the ſtalk is full of white marrow, "which, when dry, takes fire like a match; which "fire continues a long while, and conſumes the "marrow by ſlow degrees, without doing any da- "mage to the bark; for which reaſon this plant "is uſed for carrying fire from one place to ano- "ther: our ſailors laid in a large ſtore of it: this "uſe of it is derived from early antiquity; and "may contribute to the explanation of a paſſage "in Heſiod, who, ſpeaking of the fire which Pro- "metheus ſtole from heaven, ſays, that he brought "it in ναρθηκι, *i. e.* in Latin *ferula*; this fable "doubtleſs ariſes from Prometheus diſcovering the "uſe of ſteel in ſtriking fire from the flint: and "Prometheus moſt probably made uſe of the mar- "row of the *ferula*, and inſtructed men how to "preſerve fire in the ſtalk of this plant.'

Ver. 112. "* The original is ορμους χρυσειους "εθεισάν χροΐ. They placed about her body orna- "ments of gold. A ſtrict regard ought always to "be paid to the original meaning of the ancient "author; if a liberty is took by the tranſlator, "for the better embelliſhing the poem, it is pro- "per to have a remark on that occaſion. The "danger ariſing from ſuch an omiſſion, is, that "the reader who depends on the tranſlation may "be miſled in facts; as from this paſſage he would "take it for granted, diamonds were in the days "of Heſiod, which does not appear from ορμους "χρυσειους. This obſervation will be good in "greater points." * How far I may be indulged in the liberty I have taken with this paſſage I know not; but I am ſure this part of her dreſs contributes more towards the beauty of the whole, than a golden necklace, which Valla has given her in his following tranſlation:

Aurea candenti poſuere monilia collo.

Ver. 121. To paſs over the poetical beauty of this allegory, let us come to the explication of it. To puniſh the crime of Prometheus, Jupiter ſends a woman on earth. How agreeable in the whole is the ſtory conducted! Vulcan firſt moulds her to form; that is after the uſe of fire was found out, of which Vulcan is called the god, by art men begun to embelliſh the works of nature: then all the inferior arts, which are meant by the other deities, conſpire to render the beauties of nature ſtill more charming. By theſe means the deſires of men grew ſtronger and impetuous, and plunged them on to ſuch exceſſive indulgence of their ſenſes, as brought on them the miſeries which the poet afterwards mentions.

Ver. 125. How admirable is the fable continued! Here is a virgin made of all the charms of art and nature, to captivate the eyes, and endowed with all the cunning of the ſex to gain on the heart, for that is the meaning of her being ſent by Hermes. Thus formed, παν δωρον, "having received a tribute from all the gods" to complete her, well may the poet call her δυλον αμηχανον, "a temptation that no art can withſtand." Here Prometheus, that is the wiſe man, who foreſees the event of things, warns his brother Epimetheus, that is, the man who is wiſe too late, to avoid the ſight of ſuch an aſſemblage of graces. Of Iäpetus, Prometheus, &c. and the deities here mentioned, ſee farther in the Theogony.

Ver. 140. Pandora's box may properly be took in the ſame myſtical ſenſe, with the apple in the book of Geneſis; and in that light the moral will appear without any difficulty.

Ver. 146. With what a ſorrowful ſolemnity theſe lines run, anſwerable to the ſenſe contained in them:

Αλλα δε μυρια λυγρα κατ' ανθρωπους αλαλησι,
Αλεη μεν γαρ γαια κακων, πλεη δε θαλασσα.

Some think the ſtory of Pandora, and the account we have from Moſes of the fall of man, were took from the ſame tradition. The curſe, indeed, pronounced againſt Adam, in the third chapter of Geneſis, is the ſame with this in the effect; but what weight this imagination may carry with it, I ſhall not undertake to determine. This ſtory is imitated, and in ſeveral lines tranſlated by Quillet, in his Callipædia, and by the late Dr. Parnell, in his poem, called, The Riſe of Women.

Ver. 160. It is certain, from this paſſage, that, according to the ſyſtem of our author in this poem, the golden age preceded the creation of woman, ſhe being ſent by Jupiter, who had then the

government of heaven. And agreeable to this, is the description of the felicity of human state, before Epimetheus had knowledge of Pandora. We must observe, that this does not coincide with his account in the Theogony, where, after Saturn's revenge on his father, the Furies, Contention, and all the consequences of it, immediately appear.

Ver. 173. The notion of guardian angels has prevailed among many in almost all ages, and all countries. Passages of the like nature are frequent in both the Old and New Testament, and in Homer also; and, as Mr. Addison observes, Milton doubtless had an eye on this part of Hesiod, where he says,

> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. *Paradise Lost.*

I cannot help taking particular notice of the beauty and use of our author's doctrine of guardian angels; he makes them παντη φοιτωντες επ' αιαν, "wandering all over the earth;" φυλασσουσι τε δικας, και χετλια εργα, "they keep an account of actions, both just and unjust." These sentiments grafted in the minds of the people, and received as a point of faith by them, would make them always on their guard; and there being πλουτοδοται, "the disposers of riches," would be sufficient to induce them to good actions. The making them the instruments of Providence, to reward men according to their merits to each other in his life, is a doctrine so amiable, that if the truth of it cannot be proved, it ought never to be publicly argued against. Here the poet endeavours to deter his brother from any future injustice, by telling him all his actions are recorded; and that according to their merits, he shall be rewarded.

Ver. 185. Men of the former age were made of the earth, and the first elements, therefore more strong of body than these of a mixed seed. The word φυη, here made use of for nature, is a metaphor taken from trees and plants. The verb is φυω, to plant, &c. *Tzetz.* Not much unlike this is the account we have from Moses of the different generations of man in earlier times.

Ver. 206. All the commentators which I ever saw, seem to have entirely mistook the sense of this line; nor have Valla and Frisius entered into the meaning of the poet in their translations: the first translates εκ μελιαν

> ——— Dryadumque creata
> Sanguine———

sprung from the blood of the dryads, or wood-nymphs: and Frisius has it "quercubus ex duris," from hard oaks. I shall use the comment which Mr. Theobald has furnished me with on this occasion, and in the same words in which he gave it to me.

> Ζευς δε πατηρ τριτον αλλο γενος μεροπων ανθρωπων
> Καλκειον ποιησ', ουκ αργυρω ουδεν ομοιον,
> Εκ μελεαν, δεινον τε καὶ ομβριμον οισιν αρηος
> Εργ' εμελε στονοεντα καὶ υβριες.

I think I may venture to affirm, from the comments they have given it, that none of all the Greek commentators rightly understood this passage. I believe I may say the same of the Latin critics: Grævius, Le Clerc, and Hiensius, have passed the difficulty over in silence. Screvelius falls into the interpretation of the Greek scholiasts; and Guietus, it is plain, saw nothing of what I apprehended to be the meaning of the poet; because he makes an alteration of the text itself, changing εκ μελιαν into εκ τε μελες, *absonum inordinatum:* this, too, he borrows from one of the conjectures of Tzetzes; who first, together with Moscopylus and Proclus, tells us, that by εκμελιαν (for they all make but one word of it), the poet intends to inform us, that this race was made out of ashen-trees; that is to say, of a firm and unperishable make: but was the same generation brazen and wooden too? It might much more reasonably been called the wooden age, if Jupiter had formed the people out of trees. Hesiod, I am persuaded, had no thought of obtruding such a generation on us: besides, as neither in the description of the golden or silver age, the poet has given us any account of what materials the men were formed, why should he do it here? In short, let us rectify the pointing of the whole passage, and take the context along with us, and a very little sagacity, I hope, will restore us the author's true meaning. I have a great suspicion the verses ought to be pointed thus:

> Ζευς δε πατηρ τριτον αλλο γενος μεροπων ανθρωπων
> Καλκειον ποιησ', ουκ αργυρω ουδεν ομοιον,
> Εκ μηλιαν δεινον τε καὶ ομβριμον, οισιν αρηος
> Εργ' εμελε στονοεντα καὶ υβριες.

So εκ μελιαν δεινον τε και ομβριμον, will be "potent and dreadful at the spear." Εκ μελιαν, is the Doric genitive, instead of εκμελιων. Μελια is not only the ash-tree, but is metaphorically used by Homer, and other poets, for the spear: so Iliad 2. in the description of the Abantes.

> Τωδ' αμ αβαντες εποντο θοοι οπιθεν κομοωντες,
> Αικμηται, μημαωντες ορηκτησι μελιησι
> Θωρηκας ρηξειν δηϊων αμφι στηθεσσι.

> Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair,
> Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air,
> But with protended spears, in fighting fields,
> Pierce the tough corslets, and the brazen shields.
> POPE.

The Scholiast on the place, explains μηλιησι by the words δορασιν απο ωελιας ζυλου γενομενοις. "spears made out of the ash tree" so in our poet, εκ μελιαν δεινον I take to be no more than δια των μελιων, or ταις μελιαις δεινον, "terrible with spears." Both the prepositions are indifferently used, in the same manner, by the best prose writers, as well as the poets: so in Thucydides we have εκ των οπλων, for δια των οπλων *by* force of *arms.* It may not be unworthy a remark, and to strengthen this conjecture, that Ovid, who had an eye on Hesiod, in the description of the four ages, soon as he names

the brazen age, likewiſe diſtinguiſhes it by this propenſity to arms.

Tertia poſt illas ſucceſſit aënea proles,
Sævior ingeniis, et ad horrida promptior arma.

Ver. 208. Here the poet, ſpeaking of the giant race, ſays, ουδι τι σιτον ησθιον, of which Schrevelius, Tzetzes, and other commentators, ſay they feed not on bread, or meat dreſſed, but tore and eat the limbs of beaſts.

Ver. 210. That there was a time when brazen arms were uſed, we may learn from Plutarch; who tells us, when Cimon, the ſon of Miltiades, carried the bones of Theſeus from the iſle of Scyros to Athens, he found interred with him a ſword, and the head of a ſpear, made of braſs.

Pauſanias, who mentions this fact, tells us, that iron was then begun to be uſed in war; but for brazen arms in heroical times, he gives the inſtances of Pyſander's ax, and the dart of Meriones, both from Homer. He likewiſe alleges the authority of the ſpear of Achilles, preſerved in the temple of Minerva at Phaſelis, and the ſword of Memnon, all of braſs, in the temple of Æſculapius in Nicomedia. Lucretius is a voucher, almoſt in the words of our author, for the antiquity and uſe of braſs before that of iron.

Poſteriùs ferri vis eſt æriſque reperta,
Sed priùs æris erat, quam ferri, cognitus uſus.

The remarks from Pauſanias and Lucretius, are by Mr. Theobald. See farther in the obſervation on line 253d of the Theogony.

Ver. 218. Exactly the ſame is the diſtinction Moſes makes in Geneſis: ſays he, "There were "giants in the earth in thoſe days;" and alſo after that, "when the ſons of God came unto the daugh- "ters of men, and they bare children to them, "the ſame became mighty men, which were of "old, men of renown. Chap. vi. ver. 4.

Here are plainly the age of giants, and the age of heroes.

Ver. 230. The fortunate iſlands, by the Greeks thought to be the ſeats of good men. Homer, Lycoperon, Plutarch, Philoſtratus, and Dion, as well as Heſiod, have mentioned, and unanimouſly agree, that they are fragrant fruitful fields, and meadows, as lovely to the eye as the mind of man can imagine. *Tzetz.* Agreeable to this, is that beautiful deſcription of Elyſium in the Æneis of Virgil.

Devenere locus lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas. Lib. vi.

——————They took their way,
Where long extended plains of pleaſure lay,
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below. DRYDEN.

Pindar, in his ſecond Olympic, comes nearer to our poet, in his deſcription of thoſe ſeats of the happy:

——————ενθα μακαρων
Νασον ωκεανιδες
Αυραι περιπνεουσιν.

"Where the gales from the ocean, breathe "through the iſland of the bleſſed." I muſt here obſerve that Homer, in his account of Elyſium, judged very wrong, when he made Achilles ſay to Ulyſſes, "he would rather ſerve the pooreſt on "earth, than rule over the departed." Od. B. 11. Speaking thus dreadfully of a future ſtate, and of the happieſt condition of it, is no encouragement to the living.

Ver. 231. The original of this is omitted in many editions, but Grævius is for reſtoring it from a manuſcript which he had ſeen.

Ver. 234. Here he cannot mention the vices of his age without ſhowing the utmoſt deteſtation to them. We ſee the ſame purity of manners, the ſame air of piety, running through all his works. See the Life.

Ver. 246. This paſſage Ovid has beautifully tranſlated in his Metamorphoſes; and indeed ſeveral parts of Heſiod are well improved by that fine poet. In the diviſion of the ages he differs from our author, and of five makes but four. "It is "the opinion of ſome, that it would have been "better, if Ovid had paid as great regard to the "hiſtorical relations, as to the beauties of thoſe "whom he imitates."

Ver. 268. Here the poet likens himſelf to the nightingale, and the judges to the birds of prey. *Tzetz.* This tranſition, from the five ages to the fable of the hawk and the nightingale, is a little abrupt. The remaining part of this book contains a beautiful, though ſmall body of moral philoſophy.

Ver. 316. By this antitheſis how lively is the ſtate of the righteous repreſented. This it is gives ſuch a beauty to the firſt and thirty-ſeventh Pſalms, where the natural ſtate of the juſt and unjuſt is truly deſcribed, and in many circumſtances like this of our poet.

Ver. 325. Examples of this may be found in hiſtory. When a vengeance of this kind happens, the execution of it depends on the degree of the perſon guilty, and the nature of the crime committed, and againſt whom, as that of Paris, who was the ſon of a powerful prince; and who, in breaking the laws of hoſpitality, offended a powerful people, by which he involved his country in ruin.

Ver. 326. He now turns the diſcourſe from his brother to the judges, by whom likewiſe he had been injured. He exhorts them to the purſuit of juſtice, on theſe two conſiderations; *firſt*, Becauſe the wicked man, who plots the deſtruction of another, at the ſame time works his own unhappineſs; and, *ſecondly*, Becauſe the gods are not only conſcious of all our actions, but our very thoughts.

Ver. 330. This repetition of the circumſpection of the guardian angels, and the puniſhment of the unrighteous, is to keep the crime of which they were guilty freſh in the memory of his brother and the judges. Repetitions of this nature are frequent in the Greek poets, and more particularly in Homer than any other.

Ver. 341. The original has it, that Juſtice reminds Jove of human wickedneſs, and ſolicits him that the people may be puniſhed for the offences of their rulers.

——————οφρ' αποτιση
Δημος αταθαλιας βασιληων——————

The Greek commentators are all satisfied with this sense. Monsieur Le Clerc indeed reasonably objects, that if the goddess, who presides over justice, obtains, that the public should suffer for the crimes of their rulers, which they dislike and condemn, where is the justice of it? And he quotes the well-known axiom of Horace, "Delirant reges, plectuntur achivi," and refers us to a foregoing passage of our own author; in which he says, a whole city is often destroyed for the guilt of a single person: but it is not obvious to me that this is the poet's meaning. Let us examine the sentiment with the context, and that will best determine us in the meaning here. "Justice (says he) sitting by her father Jove, when any one wrongs her, complains of the iniquity of man, that the people may suffer for the offences of their governors; therefore, ye governors, take heed of pronouncing unjust judgments, for every man's evil machinations fall on his own head." If a man's own ill devices fall on himself, it is most absurd for Justice to solicit that the vulgar should be punished for the crimes of their rulers. In short, though all the copies agree to support this argument, the alteration of a single letter will give it a turn of plain reason, and make all the parts consonant to each other. I propose this change only as a private suspicion; because, as it stands at present, I am at a loss how to satisfy myself in the sense. I would suppose that the author might have wrote it,

Και ῥ' οποτ' αν τις μιν βλαπτῃ, σκολιων ονοταζων,
Αυτικα, παρ δι πατρι καθεζομενη κρονιωνι,
Γηρυετ' ανθρωπων αδικον νοον, εφρ' αποτισῃ
Τημος αταθαλιας βασιληων.

The only change that is made in the text is, of δημος into τημος; but the change from thence in the sense, is very strong and signal: "When Justice is injured, she, sitting by Jove, immediately exclaims against human iniquity, that he might then, or at that instant, punish the enormities of the judges: therefore, ye judges, take heed to be more righteous: for the iniquity of every one falls upon his own head." The words so altered, certainly bear such a sense; and the Greek, I think, without any strain of the language, admits it. Τημος, then, is an adverb of time, which answers to ημος, when; the want of which is supplied by οποτε, which is the same sense with ημος, and by οφρα and αυτικα, by which the connection is entirely grammatical: and then αποτιω does not only signify *luo, pœnas do*, but likewise *punio, ulciscor*, and governs an accusative case, as Stephens, and other lexicon writers, take notice, and prove by authorities: but, as I said before, I only submit it to judgment. I will conclude this remark with an observation that will not a little strengthen it; which is, that the sense I would give this passage is exactly conformable to what our poet says but few verses before, which are, in your translation, these:

When suits commence, dishoneſt strife the cause,
Faith violated, and the breath of laws,
Ensue; the cries of justice haunt the judge.
[This whole note by Mr. Theobald.]

Ver. 354. Plutarch would have these lines left out as blasphemy, and unworthy Hesiod. I must beg leave to dissent from him. The poet here says, with the greatest solemnity, "may I nor mine be just, if to be so is to be unfortunate, and if to be wicked is to be successful," as we see in life it often happens. I think he takes a bold scope, and well solves the objection of Plutarch in this line:

Αλλα τα γ' ωπω εολπα τελειν δια τερπικεραυνον.

But this is my comfort, "I hope it is not by the consent of Jove." *Tzetz.*

Ver. 372. Here the poet has a regard to real merit, wisely considering that a good act is sometimes done, and the author of it ignorant of the good he does: therefore consequently void of the merit of it; as on the contrary, a man may commit a crime without the consent of his will, and is therefore guiltless.

Ver. 382. The beauty of this passage is admirable; and it will appear the more so, when we consider the truth of the doctrine in this poetical dress. The road to what he here calls wickedness is soon found; that is, our appetites are no sooner capable of enjoying their proper objects, but such objects are every day presenting themselves to us; the way to what he calls virtue, and which is really so, is truly rugged, because we must resist the dictates of nature, if we consider ourselves as mere sensual beings, and reject those things which would give us immediate pleasure.

Ver. 396. After the poet has endeavoured to excite his brother to acts of justice, by moral precepts, he reminds him of his birth, intimating that by acts of virtue the honour of a family is supported. *Tzetz.* See farther in the Life.

Ver. 424. How proper is this, after he had recommended boldness to his brother, lest he should mistake that which he designed as an honest resolution boldly pursued, and convert the best advice to the prejudice of others!

Ver. 448. The thighs were offered to the gods, because of the honour due to them, those parts being of greatest service to animals in walking, and generating; and thereby, says Tzetzes, they commended themselves, and their undertakings, to divine protection.

We find the same offerings ordained by the Levitical laws, though perhaps not just on the same occasion. How near the ceremonies agreed is uncertain; for here our author is deficient. We find the same strict command in Leviticus, that the victim should be pure. "And if his offering, for "a sacrifice of peace offering, unto the Lord, be "of the flock, male or female, he shall offer it "without blemish, Chap. iii ver. 6." There likewise the fat, and those parts which contribute most to generation, are more particularly appropriated to that use. "And he shall offer an offering "made by fire unto the Lord; the fat thereof, "and the whole rump, it shall he take off hard "by the back bone; and the fat that covereth "the inwards, and all the fat that is on the in-"wards. And the two kidneys, and the fat that "is on them, which is by the flanks, and the caul

" above the liver, with the kidneys, it ſhall he take " away. And the prieſt ſhall burn them on the " altar, it is the food of the offering made by fire, " for a ſweet ſavour. All the fat is the Lord's, " ver. 9, 15, 16." And in the ſame book are the offerings of frankincenſe, and drink offerings, inſtituted. In the Iliad of Homer, book i. the thighs are offered to Apollo, as likewiſe in the Odyſſes, book xxi. and in ſeveral other parts of theſe two poems.

Ver. 470. Our author in his rules of morality does not recommend an obſervation of the laws only, but all that may conduce to the true enjoyment of life, to ourſelves, our friends, and our neighbours, as liberality, a particular regard to good men, in our payments to return more than we borrow; none of which we are obliged to by any laws; all this, therefore, muſt proceed from a generous ſoul, from a knowledge of the world, and a juſt and prudent way of thinking. He likewiſe ſhows, that to be honeſt, to be liberal, is not only to indulge a noble paſſion, but to be friends to ourſelves; and the rule he lays down in one line is enforced by the reaſon in the next. What an elegant praiſe is that Tully gives our poet, when, to recommend this paſſage, he uſes the ſame words, as near as he can, which he ſo much admires.

" Illud Heſiodeum laudatur a doctis quod eâdem " menſurâ reddere juhet, quâ acciperis, aut etiam " cumulatiore, ſi poſſis.

" That paſſage of Heſiod is commended by men " of learning, becauſe he commands you never to " return leſs than you borrow, but more, if you " are able."

Ver. 498. The reaſon Tzetzes, and ſome other commentators give for this advice, is, that wine, when the caſk is firſt pierced, is ſmall, being next the air, and when low, troubled with dregs; at both which times, they ſay, Heſiod adviſes not to be ſparing, the wine not being of much value; but when it is about half out, it draws more pure; then is the time to be frugal. A poor compliment this to his gueſts! If ſo, all his former rules of liberality are deſtroyed; but theſe gentlemen muſt certainly miſtake his meaning. All that he would recommend is, not to let our liberality run to profuſeneſs; and, when the wine is ſtrong, not to drink to exceſs, by which we become enemies to ourſelves and friends.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this book, the poet inſtructs his countrymen in the arts of agriculture and navigation, and in the management of the vintage: he illuſtrates the work with rural deſcriptions, and concludes with ſeveral religious precepts, founded on the cuſtom and manners of his age.

When the Pleïades, of Atlas born,
Before the ſun's ariſe illume the morn,
Apply the ſickle to the ripen'd corn;
And when, attendant on the ſun's decline,
They in the ev'ning ether only ſhine,
Then is the ſeaſon to begin to plough,
To yoke the oxen, and prepare to ſow:
There is a time when forty days they lie,
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye,
But in the courſe of the revolving year,
When the ſwain ſharps the ſcythe, again appear.
This is the rule to the laborious ſwain,
Who dwells or near or diſtant from the main,
Whether the ſhady vale receives his toil,
And he manures the fat, the inland ſoil.
Would you the fruits of all your labours ſee,
Or plow, or ſow, or reap, ſtill naked be;
Then ſhall thy barns, by Ceres bleſs'd, appear
Full of the various produce of the year;
Nor ſhall the ſeaſons then behold thee poor,
A mean dependant on another's ſtore.
Though, fooliſh Perſes, bending to thy pray'rs,
I lately heard thy plaints, and eas'd thy cares,
On me no longer for ſupplies depend,
For I no more ſhall give, no more ſhall lend.
Labour induſtrious, if you would ſucceed;
That men ſhould labour have the gods decreed,
That with our wives and children we may live,
Without th' aſſiſtance that our neighbours give,
That we may never know the pain of mind
To aſk for ſuccour, and no ſuccour find:
Twice, thrice, perhaps, they may your wants ſupply;
But conſtant beggars teach them to deny;
Then wretched may you beg, and beg again,
And uſe the moving force of words in vain.
Such ills to ſhun, my counſels lay to heart;
Nor dread the debtor's chain, nor hunger's ſmart.
A houſe, and yoke of oxen, firſt provide,
A maid to guard your herds, and then a bride;
The houſe be furniſh'd as thy need demands,
Nor want to borrow from a neighbour's hands.
While to ſupport your wants abroad you roam,
Time glides away, and work ſtands ſtill at home.
Your bus'neſs ne'er defer from day to day,
Sorrows and poverty attend delay;
But lo! the careful man ſhall always find
Increaſe of wealth according to his mind.
When the hot ſeaſon of the year is o'er
That draws the toilſome ſweat from ev'ry pore,

When o'er our heads th' abated planet rolls
A ſhorter courſe, and viſits diſtant poles,
When Jove deſcends in ſhow'rs upon the plains,
And the parch'd earth is cheer'd with plenteous rains,
When human bodies feel the grateful change,
And leſs a burden to themſelves they range,
When the tall foreſt ſheds her foliage round,
And with autumnal verdure ſtrews the ground,
The hole is incorrupt, the timber good;
Then whet the ſounding ax to fell the wood.
Provide a mortar three feet deep, and ſtrong;
And let the peſtel be three cubits long.
One foot in length next let the mallet be,
Ten ſpans the wain, ſeven feet her axletree:
Of wood four crooked bits the wheel compoſe,
And give the length three ſpans to each of thoſe.
From hill or field the hardeſt holm prepare,
To cut the part in which you place the ſhare;
Thence your advantage will be largely found,
With that your oxen may long tear the ground:
And next, the ſkilful huſbandman to ſhow,
Faſt pin the handle to the beam below:
Let the draught-beam of ſturdy oak be made,
And for the handle rob the laurel ſhade;
Or, if the laurel you refuſe to fell,
Seek out the elm, the elm will ſerve as well.
Two ploughs are needful; one let art beſtow,
And one let nature to the ſervice bow;
If uſe or accident, the firſt deſtroy,
Its fellow in the furrow'd field employ.
Yoke from the herd two ſturdy males, whoſe
Mature ſecures them from each other's rage;
For if too young they will unruly grow,
Unfiniſh'd leave the work, and break the plough:
Theſe, and your labour ſhall the better thrive,
Let a good ploughman, year'd to forty, drive;
And ſee the careful huſbandman be fed
With plenteous morſels, and of wholeſome bread:
The ſlave, who numbers fewer days, you'll find
Careleſs of work, and of a rambling mind;
Perhaps, neglectful to direct the plough,
He in one furrow twice the ſeed will ſow.
Obſerve the crane's departing flight in time,
Who yearly fears to ſeek a ſouthern clime,
Conſcious of cold; when the ſhrill voice you hear,
Know the fit ſeaſon for the plough is near;
Then he, for whom no oxen graze the plains,
With aching heart, beholds the winter rains;
Be mindful then the ſturdy ox to feed,
And careful keep within the uſeful breed.
You ſay, perhaps, you will entreat a friend,
A yoke of oxen, and a plough to lend:
He your requeſt, if wiſe, will thus refuſe,
I have but two, and theſe I want to uſe;
To make a plough great is th' expence and care;
All theſe you ſhould, in proper time, prepare.
Reproofs like theſe avoid; and to behold
Your fields bright waving with their ears of gold,
Let unimprov'd no hour, in ſeaſon, fly,
But with your ſervants plough, or wet, or dry:
And in the ſpring again to turn the ſoil
Obſerve; the ſummer ſhall reward your toil,
While light and freſh the glebe inſert the grain;
Then ſhall your children ſmile, nor you complain.

Prefer with zeal, when you begin to plough,
To Jove terrene, and Ceres chaſte, the vow:
Then will the rural deities regard
Your welfare, and your piety reward.
Forget not, when you ſow the grain, to mind
That a boy follows with a rake behind;
And ſtrictly charge him, as you drive, with care,
The ſeed to cover, and the birds to ſcare.
Through ev'ry taſk, with diligence, employ
Your ſtrength; and in that duty be your joy;
And, to avoid of life the greateſt ill,
Never may ſloth prevail upon thy will:
(Bleſs'd who with order their affairs diſpoſe!
But rude confuſion is the ſource of woes!)
Then ſhall you ſee, Olympian Jove your friend,
With pond'rous grain the yellow harveſt bend;
Then of Arachne's web the veſſels clear,
To hoard the produce of the fertile year.
Think then, O think! how pleaſant will it be,
At home an annual ſupport to ſee,
To view with friendly eyes your neighbour's ſtore,
And to be able to relieve the poor.
Learn now what ſeaſons for the plough to ſhun:
Beneath the tropic of the winter's ſun
Be well obſervant not to turn the ground,
For ſmall advantage will from thence be found:
How will you ſigh when thin your crop appears,
And the ſhort ſtalks ſupport the duſty ears!
Your ſcanty harveſt then, in baſkets preſs'd,
Will, by your folly, be your neighbour's jeſt;
Sometimes, indeed, it otherwiſe may be;
But who th' effect of a bad cauſe can ſee?
If late you to the ploughman's taſk accede,
The ſymptoms theſe the later plough muſt ſpeed.
When firſt the cuckoo from the oak you hear,
In welcome ſounds, foretel the ſpring-time near,
If Jove, the ploughman's friend, upon the plains,
Three days and nights, deſcends in conſtant rains,
Till on the ſurface of the glebe the tide
Riſe to that height the ox's hoof may hide,
Then may you hope your ſtore of golden grain
Shall equal his who earlier turn'd the plain.
Obſerve, with care, the precepts I impart,
And may they never wander from thy heart;
Then ſhall you know the ſhow'rs what ſeaſons bring,
And what the buſ'neſs of the painted ſpring.
In that bleak and dead ſeaſon of the year,
When naked all the woods and fields appear,
When nature lazy for a while remains,
And the blood almoſt freezes in the veins,
Avoid the public forge where wretches fly
Th' inclement rigour of the winter ſky:
Thither behold the ſlothful vermin ſtray,
And there in idle talk conſume the day;
Half-ſtarv'd they ſit, in evil conſult join'd,
And, indolent, with hope buoy up their mind;
Hope that is never to the hungry kind!
Labour in ſeaſon to increaſe thy ſtore,
And never let the winter find thee poor:
Thy ſervants all employ till ſummer's paſt,
For tell them ſummer will not always laſt.
The month all hurtful to the lab'ring kine,
In part devoted to the god of wine,

Demands your utmoſt care; when raging forth,
O'er the wide ſeas, the tyrant of the north,
Bellowing through Thrace, tears up the lofty woods,
Hardens the earth, and binds the rapid floods.
The mountain oak, high tow'ring to the ſkies,
Torn from his root acroſs the valley lies;
Wide ſpreading ruin threatens all the ſhore,
Loud groans the earth, and all the foreſts roar:
And now the beaſt amaz'd, from him that reigns
Lord of the woods to thoſe which graze the plains,
Shiv'ring the piercing blaſt, affrighted, flies
And guards his tender tail betwixt his thighs.
Now nought avails the roughneſs of the bear,
The ox's hide, nor the goat's length of hair,
Rich in their fleece, alone the well cloth'd fold,
Dread not the bluſt'ring wind, nor fear the cold.
The man, who could erect ſupport his age,
Now bends reluctant to the north-wind's rage:
From accidents like theſe the tender maid,
Free and ſecure, of ſtorms nor winds afraid,
Lives, nurtur'd chaſte beneath her mother's eye,
Unhurt, unſully'd, by the winter's ſky;
Or now to bathe her lovely limbs ſhe goes,
Now round the fair the fragrant ointment flows;
Beneath the virtuous roof ſhe ſpends the nights,
Stranger to golden Venus, and her rites.
Now does the boneleſs polypus, in rage,
Feed on his feet, his hunger to aſſwage;
The ſun no more, bright ſhining in the day,
Directs him in the flood to find his prey;
O'er fwarthy nations while he fiercely gleams,
Greece feels the pow'r but of his fainter beams.
Now all things have a diff'rent face below;
The beaſts now ſhiver at the falling ſnow;
Through woods, and through the ſhady vale, they run
To various haunts, the pinching cold to ſhun;
Some to the thicket of the foreſt flock,
And ſome, for ſhelter, ſeek the hollow rock.
A winter garment now demands your care,
To guard the body from th' inclement air;
Soft be the inward veſt, the outward ſtrong,
And large to wrap you warm, down reaching long:
Thin lay your warp, when you the loom prepare,
And cloſe to weave the woof no labour ſpare.
The rigour of the day a man deſies,
Thus cloth'd; nor ſees his hairs like briſtles riſe.
Next for your feet the well hair'd ſhoes provide,
Hairy within, of a ſound ox's hide.
A kid's ſoft ſkin over your ſhoulders throw,
Unhurt to keep you from the rain or ſnow;
And for your head a well made cov'ring get,
To keep your ears ſafe from the cold and wet.
When o'er the plains the north exerts his ſway,
From his ſharp blaſts piercing begins the day;
Then from the ſky the morning dews deſcend,
And fruitful o'er the happy lands extend.
The waters by the winds convey'd on high,
From living ſtreams in early dew drops lie
Bright on the graſs; but if the north-wind ſwells
With rage, and thick and ſable clouds compells.
They fall in ev'ning ſtorms upon the plain:
And now from ev'ry part the lab'ring ſwain
Foreſees the danger of the coming rain;
Leaving his work, panting behold him ſcour
Homeward, inceſſant to outrun the ſhower.
This month commands your care of all the year,
Alike to man and beaſt the moſt ſevere:
The ox's provender be ſtinted now;
But plenteous meals the huſbandman allow;
For the long nights but tedious paſs away.
Theſe rules obſerve while night ſucceeds the day,
Long as our common parent, earth ſhall bring
Her various offſpring forth to grace the ſpring.
When from the tropic of the winter's ſun,
Thrice twenty days and nights their courſe have run,
And when Arcturus leaves the main to riſe
A ſtar, bright ſhining in the ev'ning ſkies,
Then prune the vine; 'tis dang'rous to delay
Till with complaints the ſwallow breaks the day.
When with their domes the ſlow-pac'd ſnails retreat,
Beneath ſome foliage, from the burning heat
Of the Pleïades, your tools prepare:
The ripen'd harveſt then demands your care.
Now fly the jocund ſhades, your morning ſleep,
And conſtant to their work your ſervants keep;
All other pleaſures to your duty yield;
The harveſt calls, haſte early to the field,
The morning workman always beſt ſucceeds;
The morn the reaper, and the trav'ler ſpeeds:
But when the thiſtle wide begins to ſpread,
And rears in triumph his offenſive head,
When in the ſhady boughs, with quiv'ring wings,
The graſſhopper all day continual ſings,
The ſeaſon when the dog reſumes his reign,
Weakens the nerves of man and burns the brain,
Then the fat fleſh of goats is wholeſome food,
And to the heart the gen'rous wine is good;
Then nature through the ſofter ſex does move,
And ſtimulates the fair to acts of love:
Then in the ſhade avoid the mid day ſun,
Where zephyrs breathe, and living fountains run;
There paſs the ſultry hours with friends away;
And frolic out in harmleſs mirth the day:
With country cates your homely table ſpread,
The goat's new milk, and cakes of milk your bread;
The fleſh of beeves, which broufe the trees, your meat;
Nor ſpare the tender fleſh of kids to eat;
With Byblian wine the rural feaſt be crown'd;
Three parts of water, let the bowl go round.
Forget not, when Orion firſt appears,
To make your ſervants threſh the ſacred ears;
Upon the level floor the harveſt lay,
Where a ſoft gale may blow the chaff away;
Then, of your labour to compute the gain,
Before you fill the veſſels mete the grain.
Sweep up the chaff, to make your work complete,
The chaff and ſtraw the ox and mule will eat.
When in the year's proviſion you have laid,
Take home a ſingle man and ſervant maid:
Among your workmen let this care be ſhewn
To one who has no man ſion of his own;
Be ſure a ſharp tooth'd cur well fed to
Your houſe's guard while you
The harveſt paſs'd, and thus
Unyoke the beaſt, and give your ſervant

Orion and the Dog, each other nigh,
Together mounted to the midmoſt ſky,
When in the roſy morn Arcturus ſhines,
Then pluck the cluſters from the parent vines;
Forget not next the ripen'd grapes to lay
Ten nights in air, nor take them in by day;
Five more remember, ere the wine is made,
To let them lie to mellow in the ſhade;
And in the ſixth briſkly yourſelf employ,
To caſk the gift of Bacchus, ſire of joy.
Next, in the round do not to plough forget,
When the Seven Virgins and Orion ſet:
Thus an advantage always ſhall appear,
In ev'ry labour of the various year.

If o'er your mind prevails the love of gain,
And tempts you to the dangers of the main,
Yet in her harbour ſafe the veſſel keep,
When ſtrong Orion chaſes to the deep
The Virgin ſtars; then the winds war aloud,
And veil the ocean with a ſable cloud:
Then round the bark, already haul'd on ſhore,
Lay ſtones, to fix her when the tempeſts roar;
But firſt forget not well the keel to drain;
And draw the pin to ſave her from the rain.
Furl the ſhip's wings, her tackling home convey,
And o'er the ſmoke the well made rudder lay.
With patience wait for a propitious gale,
And a calm ſeaſon to unfurl the ſail;
Then launch the ſwift wing'd veſſel on the main,
With a fit burden to return with gain.
So our poor father toil'd his hours away,
Careful to live in the unhappy day;
He, fooliſh Perſes, ſpent no time in vain,
But fled misfortunes through the wat'ry plain,
He, from Æolian Cuma, th' ocean paſs'd,
Here in his ſable bark arriv'd at laſt.
Not far from Helicon he fix'd his race,
In Aſcra's village, miſerable place!
How comfortleſs the winter ſeaſon there!
And cheerleſs Aſcra is thy ſummer air.

O Perſes, may'ſt thou ne'er forget thy ſire,
But let thy breaſt his good example fire:
The proper buſ'neſs of each ſeaſon mind;
And, O! be cautious when you truſt the wind.
If large the veſſel, and her lading large,
And if the ſeas prove faithful to their charge,
Great are your gains; but, by one evil blaſt,
Away your hopes are with your venture caſt.
If diligent to live from debtors free,
You raſhly are reſolv'd to trade by ſea,
To my inſtructions an attention pay,
And learn the courſes of the liquid way:
Though nor to build, nor guide a ſhip I know,
I'll teach you when the ſounding main to plough.

Once I have croſs'd the deep, and not before
Nor ſince, from Aulis to Eubœa's ſhore,
From Aulis, where th' aſſembled Greeks lay bound,
All arm'd for Troy, for beauteous dames renown'd:
At Chalcis, there the youth of noble mind,
For ſo their great forefather had enjoin'd,
The games decreed, all ſacred to the grave
Of king Amphidamas, the wiſe and brave;
A victor there in ſong the pride I bore,
A well ear'd tripod, to my native ſhore;
Which to the ſacred Heliconian nine
I offer'd grateful for their gift divine,
Where with the love of verſe I firſt was fir'd,
Where by the heav'nly maids I was inſpir'd;
To them I owe, to them alone I owe,
What of the ſeas or of the ſtars I know;
Mine is the pow'r to tell, by them reveal'd,
The will of Jove, tremendous with his ſhield;
To them who taught me firſt, to them belong
The blooming honours of th' immortal ſong.

When, from the tropic of the Tummer's ſun,
Full fifty days and nights their courſe have run,
Fearleſs of danger, for the voy'ge prepare,
Smooth is the ocean, and ſerene the air: [view,
Then you the bark, ſafe with her freight, may
And gladſome as the day the joyful crew,
Unleſs great Jove, the king of gods, or he,
Neptune, that ſhakes the earth, and rules the ſea,
The two immortal pow'rs on whom the end
Of mortals, good and bad, alike depend,
Should jointly or alone their force employ,
And in a luckleſs hour the ſhip deſtroy:
If, free from ſuch miſchance, the veſſel flies
O'er a calm ſea, beneath indulgent ſkies,
Let nothing long thee from thy home detain,
But meaſure, quickly meaſure back the main.
Haſte your return before the vintage paſt
Prevent th' autumnal ſhow'rs and ſouthern blaſt,
Or you, too late a penitent, will find
A ruffl'd ocean, and unfriendly wind.
Others there are who chooſe to hoiſt the ſail,
And plough the ſea, before a ſpring-tide gale,
When firſt the footſteps of the crow are ſeen
Clearly as on the trees the budding green:
But then, may my advice prevail, you'll keep
Your veſſel ſafe at land, nor truſt the deep;
Many, ſurpriſing weakneſs of the mind,
Tempt all the perils of the ſea and wind,
Face death in all the terrors of the main,
Seeking, the ſoul of wretched mortals, gain.
Would'ſt thou be ſafe, my cautions be thy guide;
'Tis ſad to periſh in the boiſt'rous tide.
When for the voy'ge your veſſel leaves the ſhore,
Truſt in her hollow ſides not half your ſtore;
The leſs your loſs ſhould ſhe return no more:
With all your ſtock, how diſmal would it be
To have the cargo periſh in the ſea!
A load, you know, too ponderous for the wain,
Will cruſh the axletree, and ſpoil the grain.
Let ev'ry action prove a mean conſeſs'd;
A moderation is in all the beſt.

Next to my counſels an attention pay,
To form your judgment for the nuptial day.
When you have number'd thrice ten years in time,
The age mature when manhood dates his prime,
With caution chooſe the partner of your bed:
Whom fifteen ſprings have crown'd, a virgin wed.
Let prudence now direct your choice; a wife
Is or a bleſſing or a curſe in life;
Her father, mother, know, relations, friends,
For on her education much depends:
If all are good, accept the maiden bride;
Then form her manners, and her actions guide:
A life of bliſs ſucceeds the happy choice;
Nor ſhall your friends lament, nor foes rejoice.

Wretched the man condemn'd to drag the chain,
What reſtleſs ev'ning his, what days of pain!
Of a luxurious mate, a wanton dame,
That ever burns with an inſatiate flame,
A wife who ſeeks to revel out the nights
In ſumptuous banquets, and in ſtol'n delights:
Ah! wretched mortal: though in body ſtrong,
Thy conſtitution cannot ſerve thee long;
Old age vexatious ſhall o'ertake thee ſoon;
Thine is the ev'n of life before the noon.
Obſerve in all you do, and all you ſay,
Regard to the immortal gods to pay.
Firſt in your friendſhip let your brother ſtand,
So nearly join'd in blood, the ſtricteſt ban;
Or ſhould another be your heart's ally,
Let not a fault of thine diſſolve the tie;
Nor e'er debaſe the friendſhip with a lie.
Should he offenſive, or in deed, or ſpeech,
Firſt in the ſacred union make the breach,
To puniſh him may your reſentments tend;
For who more guilty than a faithleſs friend!
But if, repentant of his breach of truſt,
The ſelf accuſer thinks your vengeance juſt,
And humbly begs you would no more complain,
Sink your reſentments, and be friends again;
Or the poor wretch, all ſorrowful to part,
Sighs for another friend to eaſe his heart.
Whatever rage your boiling heart ſuſtains,
Let not the face diſcloſe your inward pains.
Be your companions o'er the ſocial bowl
The few ſelected, each a virtuous ſoul.
Never a friend among the wicked go,
Nor ever join to be the good man's foe.
When you behold a man by fortune poor,
Let him not leave with ſharp rebukes the door:
The treaſure of the tongue, in ev'ry cauſe,
With moderation us'd obtains applauſe:
What of another you ſeverely ſay,
May amply be return'd another day.
When you are ſummon'd to the public feaſt,
Go with a willing mind a ready gueſt;
Grudge not the charge, the burden is but ſmall;
Good is the cuſtom, and it pleaſes all.
When the libation of black wine you bring,
A morning off'ring to the heavenly king,
With hands unclean, if you prefer the pray'r,
Jove is incens'd, your vows are loſt in air;
So all th' immortal pow'rs on whom we call,
If with polluted hands, are deaf to all.
When you would have your urine paſs away,
Stand not upright before the eye of day;
And ſcatter not your water as you go;
Nor let it, when you're naked, from you flow:
In either caſe 'tis an unſeemly ſight:
The gods obſerve alike by day and night:
The man whom we devout and wiſe may call
Sits in that act, or ſtreams againſt a wall.
Whate'er you do in amorous delight,
Be all tranſacted in the veil of night;
And when tranſported, to your wife's embrace
You haſte, pollute no conſecrated place;
Nor ſeek to taſte her beauties when you part
From a ſad fun'ral, with a heavy heart:
When from the joyous feaſt you come all gay,
In her fair arms revel the night away.
When to the rivulet to bathe you go,
Whoſe lucid currents never ceaſing, flow,
'Ere to deface the ſtream you leave the land,
With the pure limpid waters cleanſe each hand;
Then on the lovely ſurface fix your look,
And ſupplicate the guardians of the brook:
Who in the river thinks himſelf ſecure,
With malice at his heart, and hands impure,
Too late a penitent, ſhall find ere long,
By what the gods inflict, his raſhneſs wrong.
When to the gods your ſolemn vows you pay,
Strictly attend while at the feaſt you ſtay;
Nor the black iron to your hands apply,
From the freſh parts to pare the uſeleſs dry.
The bowl, from which you the libation pour
To heav'n, profane not in the ſocial hour:
Who things devote to vulgar uſe employ,
Thoſe men ſome dreadful vengeance ſhall deſtroy.
Never begin to build a manſion ſeat,
Unleſs you're ſure to make the work complete;
Leſt on th' unfiniſh'd roof, high perch'd, the crow
Croak horrid, and foretel approaching woe.
'Tis hurtful in the footed jar to eat,
Till purify'd: nor in it bathe your feet.
Who in a ſlothful way his children rears,
Will ſee them feeble in their riper years.
Never by acts effeminate diſgrace
Yourſelf, nor bathe your body in the place
Where women bathe; for time and cuſtom can
Soften your heart to acts beneath a man.
When on the ſacred rites you fix your eyes,
Deride not in your breaſt the ſacrifice;
For know, the god, to whom the flames aſpire,
May puniſh you ſeverely in his ire.
Sacred the fountains, and the ſeas eſteem,
Nor by indecent acts pollute their ſtream.
Theſe precepts keep, fond of a virtuous name,
And ſhun the loud reports of evil fame:
Fame is an ill you may with eaſe obtain,
And ſad oppreſſion to be borne with pain;
And when you would the noiſy clamours drown,
You'll find it hard to lay your burden down:
Fame of whatever kind, not wholly dies;
A goddeſs ſhe, and ſtrengthens as ſhe flies.

NOTES TO THE SECOND BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. I ſhall firſt obſerve that the poet very judiciouſly begins his inſtructions with a general direction when to ſow and to reap; which rule is contained in the two firſt lines, but lengthened

the tranſlation into ſeven. This firſt main precept is to reap when the Pleïades riſe, and to plough when they ſet.

After this he informs his countrymen in their ſeveral duties at home and in the fields. For the poetical and allegorical meaning of the Pleïades, I ſhall uſe the words of the Scholiaſt on this paſſage.

Pleïonebore to Atlas ſeven daughters; the names of which we find in the Phœnomena of Aratus. Alcyone, Merope, Celœno, Electre, Sterope, Taygete, and Maia; but ſix of which, ſays he, are ſeen. Theſe being purſued by Orion, who was in love with them, were changed into doves, and afterwards placed by Jupiter in the Zodiac. Thus much for the fabulous. By Atlas, who is ſaid to ſupport the heavens on his ſhoulders, is meant the pole, which divides and determinates the hemiſpheres; of whom the Pleïades, or ſeven ſtars, and all other ſtars, are ſaid to be born; becauſe, after the ſeparation of the hemiſpheres, they appeared. The riſing of the Pleïades is from the 9th of May to the 23d of June: the ſetting of them from the 8th of October to the 9th of December. *Tzetz.* What our author means by their riſing and ſetting, I have endeavoured to explain in my tranſlation.

Ver. 8 This is, ſays Tzetzes, partly in April and partly in May; which is occaſioned by the vicinity of the ſun to the Pleïades at that time. In April he paſſes through Aries, and in May through Taurus; in the middle of which ſign theſe ſtars are placed. Some, contrary to Tzetzes, date the riſing of theſe from the beginning of June; to which month quite through May, ſay they, the ſun paſſes through Taurus and Gemini.

Ver. 22. It is evident from theſe and other lines, that though Perſes had defrauded his brother of his right, he was ſoon reduced to want his aſſiſtance. It may not be impertinent here to obſerve, that Heſiod, in ſeveral of his moral precepts, had his eye on the preſent circumſtances of his brother; as in the firſt book, ver. 431, ſpeaking of the wicked,

—— like a dream his ill got riches fly.

Ver. 59. The wood that is felled at this time of the year may be preſerved imputrid, the moiſture having been dried away by the heat of the weather, which renders it firm and durable; but if felled with the moiſture in the trunk or bole, it rots. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 60. Some think this was for the ſame uſe of a mill: if ſo, an argument may be brought, from the invention of mills, for the antiquity of Heſiod, who does not mention one in any of his writings.

Ver. 76. On the ploughs here mentioned, αυλογυον και σπηλον, Grævius has a learned note, from the ſcholiaſt of Apollonius Rhodius; the firſt he and other commentators interpret a plough made of a wood that inclines, by nature, to a plough-tail: ſays one, "aratrum quod habet dentale ſolidum et adnatum, non affixum." Tzetzes takes no notice of this paſſage. See the View.

Ver. 94. The crane is a very fearful and tender bird, and ſoon ſenſible of cold and heat, and, through the weight of its body, eaſily feels the quality of the upper air, while flying; which occaſions her ſcreaming in cold weather, leſt ſhe ſhould fall. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 114. Heſiod keeps up an air of piety quite through his poem, which, as Mr. Addiſon obſerves in his Eſſay on the Georgic, ſhould be always maintained. Tzetzes tells us Ζευς χθονιος is Bacchus; and the reaſon for his being joined with Ceres, is becauſe they were in Egypt together, where they inſtructed men in the art of tillage, and planting. It is not unreaſonable to imagine, the poet ſhould invoke Bacchus and Ceres, who are the two deities which preſide over the harveſt and the vintage, two great ſubjects of this book: but the learned Grævius has put it out of diſpute that it is Pluto. Ζευς χθονιος, ſays he, is the infernal Jupiter; by χθονια the Greeks meaned καταχθονια, "what is under ground" This he illuſtrates by many authorities, and proves Χθονιοι Θεοι to be "infernal gods." We find many inſcriptions, continues he, ΧΘΟΝΙΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ, in other places Θεοις καταχθονιοις. We ſee in ancient monuments χθονιος Ερμης infernal Mercury, becauſe he drives the ſouls of the departed to the ſhades below. Æſchylus calls Pluto Ζευς κεκμηκοτων, the Jupiter of the dead; and Heſiod, likewiſe, in his Theogony, ſtyles him Θεος χθονιος; and the furies are called by Euripides, χθονιαι Θεαι "infernal goddeſſes." Now let us examine why Pluto is invoked by the huſbandmen; he was believed to be author of all the riches which come out of the earth. This we have in a hymn to Pluto aſcribed to Orpheus:

Πλουτοδοτων γενεην βροτειην καρποις ενικυτων.

"The giver of riches to human race in annual fruits:" and Cicero, *de Natura Deorum*, thus accounts for it, "quod recidant omnia in terras, et oriuntur è "terris," becauſe all things muſt be reduced to, and ariſe from, the earth. Thus far Grævius; and Valla, in his tranſlation, has took it in the ſame ſenſe: "Plutonem, in primis, venerare."

Ver. 128. Ει τελος αυτος οπιθεν Ολυμπιος εσθλον οπαζοι, is one line in the original; the conſtruction of which is, "if heaven ſhall afterwards grant you a good end." The natural interpretation of which is, that proper pains may be taken for the tillage; but, if an unlucky ſeaſon ſhould happen, the labour of the huſbandman is fruſtrated.

Ver. 137 After the poet has taught his countrymen what ſeaſons to plough and ſow in, he teaches them what to avoid: which are all the days in the winter tropic, or what the Latins call Solſtice. From the ſetting of Sagitta, and the riſing of Equus, to the riſing of the Pleïades, which is from the eighth degree of Aries to the ſeventh of Cancer, the vernal equinox begins and ends. From the riſing of the Pleïades, which is from the eighth degree of Cancer, to the riſing of Arcturus and Capricorn, is the ſummer ſolſtice, of one hundred and twenty-four days. From the riſing of Arcturus and Capricorn, to the ſetting of the Pleïades and Orion, is the autumn equinox, of fifty-ſix days. From the ſetting of the Pleïades and Orion, to the ſetting of Sagitta, and the riſing of Equus, is the winter ſolſtice of an hundred days. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 164. Grævius changes the common Latin tranſlation of this paſſage, *Æneam ſedem*, into *officinam ærariam*, or *ferrariam*, which is apparently right to all who underſtand the author. Theſe forges, with the λεσχαι, were places always open to poor people, where they uſed to ſleep. Proclus, in his remarks on this verſe, ſays, at one time in Athens were three hundred and ſixty of theſe public places. Θωκος is the ſame with δομος; in this ſenſe our poet uſes it in another place: Φευγειν δε σκιερους θωκους, fly the open houſes, or ſhady places: hence θωκειν ſignifies to loiter, or goſſip, in any place; and hence θωκει, καθηται, and ομιλεῖ, become ſynonimous. Dicæarchus gives this character of the Athenians: a people, ſays he, much inclined to vain prating; a lurking, ſycophantic crew, very inquiſitive after the affairs of other people. Thus much from Grævius. Theſe places, in one ſenſe, are not unlike the *tonſtrinæ*, or barbers-ſhops of the Romans, where all the idle people aſſembled; which were once remarkable, and are now, in ſeveral places among us, for being the rendezvous of idle folks. In this ſenſe, Friſius ſeems to take this paſſage: *fabrorum vitato focos, nugaſque calentes*, &c. This ſame cuſtom of loitering, and goſſiping, at a barber's ſhop, was notorious too at Athens, as we may learn from the Plutus of Ariſtophanes.

Ου πειθομαι
Και τοι λογος γ' ην, νη τ' Ηρακλεα, πολυς
Επι τοισι κουρειοισι των καθημενων.

"By Hercules, I would not believe it, if it was "the common talk among the idle fellows in the "barbers-ſhops."

The laſt part of this note, from Ariſtophanes, by Mr. Theobald.

Ver. 175. Here begins a lively and poetical deſcription. The coming of the north wind, the effect it has on the land, water, woods, man, and beaſt, is naturally and beautifully painted. The incidents of the ſheep, and the virgin, are ridiculed, by Mr. Addiſon, in his Eſſay on the Georgic, as mean. I muſt beg leave to diſſent from that great writer. The repreſentation of their comfortable condition ſerves to enliven the picture of the diſtreſs of the other creatures, who are more expoſed to the inclemency of the weather. All this is carried on with great judgment: the poet goes not out of the country for images: he tells us not of the havoc that is made in towns by ſtorms. That of the polypus, is a very proper circumſtance, and not foreign to a rural deſcription. Valla and Friſus differ in their names of this month; one will have it to be December, and the other January: be it either of which, it is plain from hence it was the month in which the Greeks celebrated the feaſt of Bacchus, Heſiod calls it Ληναιων, from one of the names of that deity.

Ver. 203. The original, which I have tranſlated Polypus, from the example of every Latin verſion, and commentator, is ἀνοστος, which ſignifies any thing that is boneleſs. The Scholiaſt tells us, from Pliny, book ix. the polypus in the ſevere winter ſeaſons keeps in his cave, and gnaws his feet through hunger: and Tzetzes ſays many of them have been found with maimed feet. From theſe accounts, we may reaſonably conclude what Heſiod calls ανοστος to be the ſame fiſh.

Ver. 215. Here is a deſcription of the old Grecian habit for men in winter. The ſoft tunic is an under garment, the other a ſort of a looſe coat to wrap round the body, which he informs you how to make. The warp is that part of the loom, when ſet, which the ſhuttle goes through; the woof is the thread which comes from the ſhuttle in weaving. To keep the neck warm, he adviſes to throw the ſkin of ſome beaſt croſs the ſhoulders. The covering for the head was a thick cap, which came quite over the ears. From his mentioning nothing elſe in particular, we may imagine the ſhoes completed the dreſs. Le Clerc, on this place, merrily obſerves, that the earneſt directions for making the winter dreſs, ſavour very much of old age in the poet: but I muſt beg leave to remark, that ſome allowance is to be made for the bad clime of his country, of which we find himſelf giving a wretched character.

Ver. 233. Hence we may learn the opinion of the ancients concerning the dew. Says Tzetzes, a cloud contracted from humid vapours extenuates into wind: if the vapours are thin, they deſcend into dew; but if thick, they condenſe and fall into rain.

I ſhall recommend to thoſe who would inform themſelves better in the nature of theſe bodies, and how they act on each other, Dr. Woodward's Natural Hiſtory of the Earth, in the third part of which theſe ſubjects are judiciouſly treated of.

Ver. 244. The reaſon the Scholiaſt gives for ſtinting the provender of the oxen at this time, is, becauſe the days are at the ſhorteſt; therefore they are not kept ſo much to labour as in ſome other parts of the year, but they ſleep moſt of their time away, and therefore are recruited by reſt. The caſe is not the ſame with the huſbandmen; their labour is not leſſened, and they require the more food, the more rigorous the weather.

Ver. 250. The ſetting of the Pleïades is from the 8th of October to the 9th of December. The winter ſolſtice continues an hundred days after; and, according to the poet, Arctutus riſes ſixty days after the winter ſolſtice. The uſe of pruning the vines at this time muſt be to cut off the leaves which ſhade the grapes from the ſun.

Ver. 255. The poet calls it παυδιωνις χελιδων, alluding to the ſtory of Progne and Philomela, the daughters of Pandion, king of Athens; the latter of which was married to Tereus, king of Thrace, who was in love with her ſiſter Progne, whom he debauched, and afterwards cut out her tongue. The ſtory is told at large by Ovid, in his Metamorphoſes, book vi.

Ver. 256. The Greek word, which I have tranſlated ſnails, is φερεοικος, which literally ſignifies any animal that carries its houſe about with it. The poet here ſays, it is time to begin the

harveſt when the ground is ſo exceſſive hot, that the ſnail, or φειδικος, cannot bear it

Ver. 269. It is remarkable, that Virgil, and other Latin poets, generally uſe the epithet *rauca* to *cicada*: whereas the Greeks deſcribe the τεττιξ as a muſical creature,—Τεττιγος; επει τογε φερτερον αδες. Theoc. Idyl. 1.

You ſing ſweeter than a graſhopper.

Μακαριζομεν σε, τεττιξ,
Οτι δενδρεων επ' ακρων,
Ολιγην δροσον πεπωκως,
Βασιλευς οπως, αειδεις.

ANACREON.

Graſhopper, we hail thee bleſs'd,
In thy lofty ſhady neſt,
Happy, merry, as a king,
Sipping dew, you ſip and ſing.

We have a fuller deſcription of this creature in the ſhield of Hercules:

The ſeaſon when the graſhopper begun
To welcome with his ſong the ſummer ſun;
With his black wings he flies the melting day
Beneath the ſhade, his ſeat a verdant ſpray;
He early with the morn exerts his voice,
Him mortals hear, and as they hear rejoice;
All day they hear him from his cool retreat;
The tender dew his drink, the dew his meat.

I muſt here take notice, that the graſhopper, in the original, is ηχετα τεττιξ.

* "The Greek poets, agreeing thus in their deſcription of this creature, give me reaſon to believe the common tranſlation of this word into "*cicada* is falſe. Henry Stephens, and others, "give us an account of the *cicada*, and *acheta*, "the latter of which, ſay they, is the finger." The following collection, concerning this creature, by Mr. Theobald. The ηχετα τεττιξ, or male ſinging graſhopper, has ſuch properties aſcribed to it, by the ancients, as ought to leave us greatly in doubt, whether it could be the ſame animal which we now call by that name. I will ſubjoin what I have met with in authors concerning it, and think the contents of ſuch extracts may ſtand for reaſons. Heſiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Ariſtophanes, &c. all concur to celebrate the ſweetneſs of its note: and the old Scholiaſt upon Ariſtophanes particularly acquaints us, that the Athenians, of the moſt early times, wore golden graſhoppers in their hair; becauſe, being a muſical animal, it was ſacred to Apollo, who was one of their tutelar deities. I can remember but a ſingle paſſage that contains any thing ſpoken in derogation of the melody of the τεττιξ, and that is from Simonides, as quoted by Atheneus. Ταν αμετροι τεττιγες, Lib. xv. cap. 8. Caſaubon renders it, "Quam cicadæ mo"dorum neſciæ;" and tells us, that the τεττιξ here ſtand for bad poets, or bad fingers. The utmoſt talent, I think, of our graſhoppers now known, is an acute, but not over grateful, chirping.

Ælian, in particular, *de Animal.* inſtances, among the preferences that nature gives to the male ſex in animals, the ſinging of the male graſhoppers: and, in another place, he ſeems to rank them with birds; for all the other birds that are vocal, ſays he, expreſs their ſound, like man, with the mouth; but the tone of the τεττιξ is by the verberation of a little membrane about the loins.

Ariſtotle does not give us much light upon the queſtion: he ſays περι ζωων, lib. v. there are two ſorts of τεττιγες, a larger and a ſmaller ſort; that the large and vocal ſpecies were called αχετα, but the ſmall τεττιγονια: and ſubjoins, that no τεττιγες are to be found, where no trees are; a point that will preſently fall under conſideration.

But we learn ſomething farther from Ælian, *Animal.* lib. xii., that theſe τεττιγες were not of more vocal than what are now met with, but a ſize big enough to be ſold for food; that there was likewiſe a ſea graſhopper, if we are to call it ſo, of the bigneſs of a ſmall crab or crayfiſh, which made ſome noiſe when ever it was taken, lib. xiii. Theſe, indeed, were ſeldom made uſe of for food, by reaſon of a ſingular ſuperſtition; for the Serephians paid them ſuch uncommon homage, as to bury, and weep over, any of them which died, becauſe they eſteemed them ſacred to Perſeus, the ſon of Jupiter. There is another circumſtance, aſſerted by a number of authors, in which the τεττιγες differed from our graſhoppers; and that is, of their ſitting and ſinging in trees. It is evident, ſays Euſtathius, *ad Iliad* iii., that the τεττιγες ſing aloft; for a great part of their ſongs come from the branches of trees, and not from the ground. This neceſſarily brings me to remember, ſays he, that ſymbolical threatening, which a certain prince ſent to his enemies, that he would make their τεττιγες ſing on the ground; meaning, that he would cut down their trees, and lay their country waſte. Ariſtotle περι ρητορικης, and Demetrius περι ερμηνειας, both record this expreſſion, but aſcribe it to different perſons: and that may be the reaſon Euſtathius names no particular perſon for it: nor did theſe τεττιγες ſing only upon ſhrubs and buſhes, but on the tops of the moſt lofty trees. Archias, in his epigram, *vid. Anthol. Græc.* mentions the τεττιξ ſitting upon the green boughs of the flouriſhing pitchtree; and Leonidas, in another which immediately follows, gives an epithet alluding to its neſting in the oak, δρυοκοιτα τεττιγι.

Laſtly, Another circumſtance, in which the τεττιγες alſo differed from our graſhoppers, is, that ours only hop and ſkip lightly, the other ſeem to have had a power of flying like birds. Ælian, *de Animal.* lib. v. gives us more than a ſuſpicion of this, or tells us a very ridiculous ſtory, if he did not believe it. He begins with informing us, that the τεττιγες both of Rhegium and Locri, if they were removed out of their own confines into the other, became entirely mute; a change, that nature only could account for. He ſubjoins to this, that as Rhegium and Locri are ſeparated by a ſmall river, though the diſtance from bank to bank was not, at moſt, above an acre's breadth, theſe τεττιγες never fly over [η διαπλουσι] to the oppoſite bank. Pauſanias, Ηλιακων ii. (who gives us the name of this river, Caecinus), puts a different turn

upon the ſtory of theſe memorable τεττιγες, that thoſe on the ſide of Locri were as ſhrill as any whatever, but that none of thoſe within the territories of Rhegium were ever vocal. So much for graſhoppers. I thought what is mentioned by our poet, concerning the ſweetneſs of their voice, and their perching on trees, might make this note neceſſary.

Ver. 284. The Scholiaſt tells us this wine took its name from a country in Thrace abounding with fine wines. Armenidas is of the ſame opinion; and Epicharmus ſays it is ſo called from the Byblian hills. This is mentioned in the catalogue of wines which Philinus gives us; viz. the Leſbian, Chian, Thaſian, Byblian, and Mendæan. Theocritus, in his fourteenth Idyllium, calls it the fine flavoured Byblian. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 285. The Greeks never accuſtomed themſelves to drink their wine unmixed. When Ulyſſes parted from Calypſo Homer tells us, he took with him "one veſſel of wine, and another large one of water." Meander ſays; τρεις ὑδατος' οινε δ' ἑνα μονον, "three of water; and but one of wine." Barnes's Homer. In the fourth book of the Iliad we find Agamemnon complimenting Idomeneus in this manner:

Though all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
POPE.

Ver. 292. This at firſt ſeems abſurd, to adviſe to ſweep up the chaff after they had threſhed it in a place where the wind blowed it away; but we are to take notice, that the time for threſhing is when a ſoft gale blows, ſufficient only to ſeparate the chaff from the corn.

Ver. 302. As the buſineſs of agriculture is to be minded from the riſing and ſetting of the Pleïades, that of the vintage is from the appearance of Arcturus; when it appears in the evening the vines are to be pruned, and when in the morning the grapes are to be gathered. This, according to the Scholiaſt, is ſometime after the ninth of Auguſt.

Ver. 312. Here the poet ends the labours of the year, ſo far as relates to the harveſt and the vintage, concluding with his firſt inſtruction founded on the ſetting of the Pleïades. For the ſtory of Orion, who was changed into a conſtellation, and the Pleïades, look on the note to the firſt line of this book.

Ver. 316. The directions for the management of the veſſels, to haul them on ſhore, to block them round with ſtones, to keep them ſteady, to drain the keel, &c. and the particular inſtructions for the voyage, ſhow their ſhips not to have been very large, nor their commerce very extenſive. The largeſt man of war, mentioned by Homer, in the Grecian fleet, carrying but one hundred and twenty men.

Ver. 336. The Æolian iſles took their name from Æolus their king, who was a great mathematician for his time, and ſkilful in marine affairs, for which he was afterwards called God of the Winds, *Tzetz.* It is not unlikely that Heſiod uſed this epithet Æolian, to diſtinguiſh this city where his father lived, from Cuma in Italy, famous for the birth of the ſybil of that name.

Ver. 339. Aſcra is mountainous and windy; where the ſnow that is on the mountains often melts, and overflows the country. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 356. When we conſider this poſitive declaration of his travels, which ſeems, as I obſerved before, as if he deſigned to prevent miſtakes, and that Bœotia and Eubœa are both iſlands, we cannot in the leaſt diſpute his being a Bœotian born.

Ver. 365. The honour here paid to poetry, is very great; for we find the tripod the reward only of great and conſiderable actions. Agamemnon, in the eighth book of the Iliad, ſeeing the gallant and wonderful exploits of Teucer, promiſes, if they take Troy, to give him a tripod, as the meed of his valour; and, among other things, the tripod is offered to Achilles, to regain his friendſhip, when he had left the field. Pauſanias, book 5. give us an account of the funeral games in honour of Pelias, viz. the chariot-race, the quoiting, the diſcus, the boxing with the cœſtus, &c. where Jaſon, Peleus, and other heroes of the age, contended, and the victor in each had a tripod for his reward. Tripods were for various uſes; ſome were conſecrated to the ſervice of religion; ſome uſed as ſeats, ſome as tables, and ſome as ornaments; they were ſupported on three feet, with handles to their ſides.

Ver. 383. Neptune is called Earthſhaker, becauſe water, according to the opinion of the ancients, is the cauſe of earthquakes. *Tzetz.* Here the names of Jupiter and Neptune, can be uſed with no other but a phyſical meaning, that is, for the air and the ſea; ſo that the end of mariners are juſtly ſaid to be in the hands of Jupiter and Neptune.

Ver. 419. The reaſon the Spartan lawgiver gave for adviſing men not to marry till ſuch an age, was becauſe the children ſhould be ſtrong and vigorous. Heſiod's advice, both for the age of the man and the woman, ſeems to be reaſonably grounded. A man at thirty is certainly as ſtrong in his underſtanding as ever he can be; ſo far at leaſt as will ſerve him to conduct his family affairs. A maid of fifteen comes freſh from the care of her parents, without any tincture of the temper of another man; a prudent huſband, therefore, may form her mind according to his own: for this reaſon he would have her a virgin, knowing likewiſe that the impreſſion a woman receives from a firſt love is not eaſily eraſed.

Ver. 474. Hector uſes almoſt the ſame words in which the precept is laid down:

Κερσι δ' ανιπτοισιν δι λειβειν αιθοπα οινον
Αζομαι. Il. z.

"I am afraid to pour libations of black wine to "Jove with unwaſhed hands."

I quote this, as I have other paſſages with the ſame view, only to ſhow that the ſame cuſtom was held ſacred in the time of the Trojan wars, according to Homer, as in the days of Heſiod.

Ver. 480. Some of the commentators, and Tzetzes among the reſt, would perſuade us, that the poet

had a secret meaning in each of these superstitious precepts, and that they are not to be took literally, but as so many allegories. In answer to them, we may as well imagine all the Talmud and Levitical laws to be the same. They might as well have said, that the poet would not have us piss towards the sun for fear we should hurt our eyes. I know not whether these and the following precepts favour most of the age of the poet, or of the poet's old age.

Ver. 492. This doubtless is a part of the superstition of the age, though the Scholiast would give us a physical reason for abstinence at that time; which is, lest the melancholy of the mind should affect the fruit of the enjoyment. Indeed, the next lines seem to favour this conjecture; and perhaps the poet endeavoured, while he was laying down a religious precept, to strengthen it by philosophy.

Ver. 530. These verses are rejected by Plutarch, whose authority Proclus makes use of, as not of our poet. *Guietus.*

BOOK III*.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet here distinguishes holidays from others, and what are propitious and what not, for different works; and concludes with a short recommendation of religion and morality.

Your servants to a just observance train
Of days, as Heav'n and human rites ordain;
Great Jove with wisdom o'er the year presides,
Directs the seasons, and the moments guides.
Of ev'ry month, the most propitious day,
The thirtieth, choose your labours to survey;
And the due wages to your servants pay.
The first of ev'ry moon, we sacred deem,
Alike the fourth throughout the year esteem;
And in the seventh Apollo we adore,
In which the golden god Latona bore;
Two days succeeding these extend your cares,
Uninterrupted in your own affairs;
Nor in the next two days, but one, delay
The work in hand, the bus'ness of the day,
Of which th' eleventh we propitious hold
To reap the corn, the twelfth to sheer the fold;
And then behold, with her industrious train,
The ant, wise reptile, gather in the grain;
Then you may see suspended in the air,
The careful spider his domain prepare;
And while the artist spins the cobweb dome,
The matron cheerful plies the loom at home.
Forget not in the thirteenth to refrain
From sowing, lest your work should prove in vain,
Though then the grain may find a barren soil,
The day is grateful to the planter's toil.

Not so the sixteenth to the planter's care;
A day unlucky to the new-born fair,
Alike unhappy to the marry'd then;
A day propitious to the birth of men:
The sixth, the same both to the man and maid;
Then secret vows are made, and nymphs betray'd;
The fair by soothing words are captives led;
The gossip's tale is told, detraction spread;
The kid of castrate, and the ram, we hold
Propitious now; alike to pen the fold.
Geld in the eighth the goat, and lowing steer;
Nor in the twelfth to geld the mule-colt fear.
The offspring male born in the twenty'th prize,
'Tis a great day, he shall be early wise.
Happy the man-child in the tenth day born;
Happy the virgin in the fourteenth morn;
Then train the mule obedient to your hand,
And teach the snarling cur his lord's command;
Then make the bleating flocks their master know,
And bend the horned oxen to the plough.
What in the twenty-fourth you do beware;
And the fourth day requires an equal care;
Then, then, be circumspect in all your ways,
Woes, complicated woes, attend the days.
When, resolute to change a single life,
You wed, on the fourth day lead home your wife;
But first observe the feather'd race that fly,
Remarking well the happy augury.
The fifths of ev'ry month your care require,
Days full of trouble, and afflictions dire:
For then the furies take their round 'tis said,
And heap their vengeance on the perjur'd head.
In the fev'nteenth prepare the level floor;
And then of Ceres thresh the sacred store;
In the same day, and when the timber's good,
Fell, for the bed-post and the ship, the wood.
The vessel, suff'ring by the sea and air,
Survey all o'er, and in the fourth repair.
In the nineteenth 'tis better to delay,
Till afternoon, the bus'ness of the day.

* *The precepts laid down in this book, concerning the difference of days, from the motion of the moon seem to be founded partly on nature, and partly on the superstition of the times in which they were writ. The whole is but a sort of an almanack in verse, and affords little room for poetry. Our author, I think, has jumbled his days too negligently together; which confusion, Valla, in his translation, has prevented by ranging the days in proper succession; a liberty I was fearful to take, as a translator, because almost every line must have been transposed from the original disposition: I have therefore, at the end of the notes, drawn a table of days in their successive order.*

Uninterrupted in the ninth purſue
The work in hand, a day propitious through;
Themſelves the planters proſp'rous then employ;
To either ſex, in birth, a day of joy;
The twenty-ninth is beſt, obſerve the rule,
Known but to few, to yoke the ox and mule;
'Tis proper then to yoke the flying ſteed;
But few, alas! theſe wholeſome truths can read;
Then you may fill the caſk, nor fill in vain;
Then draw the ſwift ſhip to the ſable main.
To pierce the caſk till the fourteenth delay,
Of all moſt ſacred next the twenty'th day;
After the twenty'th day few of the reſt
We ſacred deem, of that the morn is beſt.

Theſe are the days of which th' obſervance can
Bring great advantage to the race of man;
The reſt unnam'd indiff'rent paſs away,
And nought important marks the vulgar day:
Some one commend, and ſome another praiſe,
But moſt by gueſs, for few are wiſe in days;
One cruel as a ſtepmother we find,
And one as an indulgent mother kind.
O happy mortal! happy he, and bleſs'd,
Whoſe wiſdom here is by his acts conſeſs'd;
Who lives all blameleſs to immortal eyes,
Who prudently conſults the auguries,
Nor by tranſgreſſion works his neighbour pain,
Nor ever gives him reaſon to complain.

NOTES ON THE THIRD BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. That is, teach them how to diſtinguiſh lucky days from other. It was cuſtomary among the Romans to hang up tables, wherein the fortunate and unfortunate days were marked, as appears from Petronius, chap. 30. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 3. Jove may be ſaid to preſide over the year naturally, from the motion of the celeſtial bodies in the heavens, or, religiouſly, from his divine adminiſtration.

Ver. 10. Tzetzes endeavours to account for Apollo being born in the ſeventh day, by arguments from nature, making him the ſame with the ſun; which error Valla has run into in his tranſlation. The miſtake is very plain, if we have recourſe to the Theogony; where the poet makes Latona bring forth Apollo, and Artemis or Diana, to Jove; and in the ſame poem makes the ſun and moon ſpring from Thia and Hyperion: Heſiod therefore meaned it no otherwiſe than the birth-day of one of their imaginary gods. He tells us alſo the firſt, fourth, and twentieth, of every month are holidays; but he gives us no reaſon for their being ſo. If a conjecture may be allowed, I think it not unlikely but the firſt may be the feaſt of the new moon; which day was always held ſacred by the Jews: in which the people ceaſed from buſineſs. "When will the new moon be gone, that we may ſell corn," Amos. chap. viii. ver. 5: but Le Clerc will not allow ιερον ημαρ here to be a feſtival: yet the ſame critic tells us, from Dionyſius Petavius, that the Orientals, as well as the moſt ancient Greeks, went by the lunar month, which they cloſed with the thirtieth day.

Ver. 18. The poet here makes the ant and the ſpider ſenſible of the days; and indeed Tzetzes is of opinion that the ant is a creature capable of diſtinction from a ſenſe of the winds, and the influence of the moon: he likewiſe tells us, from Pliny, that the ants employ themſelves all the time of the full of the moon, and ceaſe at the change.

Ver. 24. Melancthon and Friſius tell us it is wrong to ſow at this time of the lunar month, becauſe of the exceſſive moiſture, which is hurtful to the corn-ſeed, and advantageous to plants juſt planted.

Ver. 54. I tranſlate it, "the feather'd race that fly," to diſtinguiſh what kind of augury the poet means. Tzetzes tells us, two crows, the halcyon, or king's-fiſher, the dark-coloured hern, a ſingle turtle, and a ſwallow, &c. are inauſpicious; the peacock, and ſuch birds as do no miſchief, auſpicious. I ſuppoſe he does not place the turtle as one of the miſchievous kind, but would have the misfortune be in ſeeing but one.

Ver. 60. He adviſes to threſh the corn at the time of the full moon, becauſe the air is drier than at other times; and the corn that is ſacked, or put up in veſſels, while dry, will keep the longer; but if the grain is moiſt, it will ſoon grow mouldy and uſeleſs.

In the preceding book, the poet tells us the proper month to fell wood in, and in this, the proper day of the month. *Melancthon and Friſius.*

Ver. 92. It is worth obſerving, that the poet begins and ends his poem with piety towards the gods; the only way to make ourſelves acceptable to whom, ſays he, is by adhering to religion; and, to uſe the phraſe of Scripture, by "eſchewing evil."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ANCIENT GREEK MONTH.

I BELIEVE it will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the following table, to ſet in a clear light the ancient Greek month, as we may reaſonably conclude it ſtood in the days of Heſiod, confining ourſelves to the laſt book of his Works and Days.

The poet makes the month contain thirty days, which thirty days he divides into three parts: the firſt he calls ιςαμενυ, or ιςαμένω μηνος, in the genitive caſe, becauſe of ſome other word which is commonly joined requiring it to be of that caſe; the root of which, εςημι or ιςαω, ſignifies I erect, I ſet up, I ſettle. &c. and Henry Stephens interprets the words ιςαμενυ μενος, *ineunte menſe*, the entrance of the month, in which ſenſe the poet uſes them; which entrance is the firſt decade, or firſt ten days. The ſecond he calls μεςυντος, which is from μησοω, I am in the midſt, meaning the middle decade of the month. The third part he calls φθονοντις, from φθινω, which is from φθιω, or φθεω, I waſte away, meaning the decline, or laſt decade of the month. Sometimes theſe words are uſed in the nominative caſe.

Before I leave theſe remarks I ſhall ſhow the manner of expreſſion of one day in each decade, from the laſt book of our poet, which will give a clear idea of all.

Εκτη δ' η μεοσση μαλ' ασυμφορος εςι φυτοισιν.
Ver. 18.

"The middle ſixth is unprofitable to plants."
That is the ſixth day of the middle decade.

πηφυλαξο δη θυμω
Τητραδ' αλευθαι φθινοντος θ' ιςαμενυ τε.
Ver. 33.

"Keep in your mind to ſhun the fourth of the entrance and end" of the month. That is the fourth of the entrance or firſt decade, and the fourth of the end or laſt decade.

It is proper to obſerve, that thoſe days which are blanks, are by our poet called indifferent days, days of no importance, either good or bad. It is likewiſe remarkable, that he makes ſome days both holidays and working days, as the fourth, fourteenth, and twentieth; but, to clear this, Le Clerc tells us, from our learned countryman, Selden, that ιερον ημαρ, though literally a holiday, does not always ſignify a feſtival, but often a day propitious to us in our undertakings.

A TABLE OF THE ANCIENT GREEK MONTH.

AS IN THE LAST BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS OF HESIOD.

DECADE I.

1. Day of Decade I. Holiday.
2.
3.
4. Holiday. Propitious for marriage, and for repairing ſhips. A day of troubles.
5. In which the furies take their round.
6. Unhappy for the birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, for gelding the kid and the ram, and for penning the ſheep.
7. The birth-day of Apollo. A holiday.
8. Geld the goat and the ſteer.
9. Propitious quite through. Happy for the birth of both ſexes. A day to plant in.
10. Propitious to the birth of men.

DECADE II.

1. Day of Decade II, or 11th of the month. To reap.
2. For women to ply the loom, for the men to ſheer the ſheep, and geld the mule.
3. A day to plant in, and not to ſow.
4. Propitious for the birth of women. Break the mule and the ox. Teach your dog and your ſheep to know you. Pierce the caſk. A holiday.
5.
6. A day unlucky for the marriage, and birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, and to plant.
7. Threſh the corn, and fell the wood.
8.
9. Luckieſt in the afternoon.
10. Happy for the birth of men. Moſt propitious in the morning. A holiday.

DECADE III.

1. Day of Decade III. or 21ſt of the month.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9. Yoke the ox, the mule, and the horſe. Fill the veſſels. Launch the ſhip.
10. Look over the buſineſs of the whole month; and pay the ſervants their wages.

Thoſe days which are called holidays in the Table, are in the original, ειρον ημαρ.

A VIEW OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

SECT. I. *The Introduction.*

Now we have gone through the Works and Days, it may poſſibly contribute in ſome degree to the profit and delight of the reader, to take a view of the poem as we have it delivered down to us. I ſhall firſt conſider it as an ancient piece, and, in that light, enter into the merit and eſteem that it reaſonably obtained among the ancients: the authors who have been laviſh in their commendations of it are many; the greateſt of the Roman writers in proſe, Cicero, has more than once expreſſed his admiration for the ſyſtem of morality contained in it; and the deference the greateſt Latin poet has paid to it, I ſhall ſhow in my compariſon of the Works and Days with the Latin Georgic; nor is the encomium paid by Ovid to our poet to be paſſed over.

Vive et Aſcræus, dum muſtis uva tumebit,
Dum cadet incurvâ falce reſecta Ceres.

While ſwelling cluſters ſhall the vintage ſtain,
And Ceres with rich crops ſhall bleſs the plain,
Th' Aſcræan bard ſhall in his verſe remain.

Eleg. 15. Book I.

And Juſtin Martyr*, one of the moſt learned fathers in the Chriſtian church, extols the Works and Days of our poet, while he expreſſes his diſlike to the Theogony.

SECT. 2. *Of the firſt book.*

The reaſon why our poet addreſſes to Perſes, I have ſhowed in my notes: while he directs himſelf to his brother, he inſtructs his countrymen in all that is uſeful to know for the regulating their conduct, both in the buſineſs of agriculture, and in their behaviour to each other. He gives us an account of the firſt ages, according to the common received notion among the Gentiles. The ſtory of Pandora has all the embelliſhments of poetry which we can find in Ovid, with a clearer moral than is generally in the fables of that poet. His ſyſtem of morality is calculated ſo perfectly for the good of ſociety, that there is ſcarcely any precept omitted that could be properly thought of on that occaſion. There is not one of the ten commandments of Moſes, which relates to our moral duty to each other, that is not ſtrongly recommended by our poet; nor is it enough, he thinks, to be obſervant of what the civil government would oblige you to; but to prove yourſelf a good man, you muſt have ſuch virtues as no human laws require of you, as thoſe of temperance, generoſity, &c. Theſe rules are laid down in a moſt proper manner to captivate the reader; here the beauties of poetry and the force of reaſon combine to make him in love with morality. The poet tells us what effect we are reaſonably to expect from ſuch virtues and vices as he mentions; which doctrines are not always to be taken in a poſitive ſenſe. If we ſhould ſay a continuance of intemperance in drinking, and of our commerce with women, would carry us early to the grave, it is morally true, according to the natural courſe of things; but a man of a ſtrong and uncommon conſtitution, may wanton through an age of pleaſure, and ſo be an exception to this rule, yet not contradict the moral truth of it. Archbiſhop Tillotſon has judiciouſly told us in what ſenſe we are to take all doctrines of morality; "Ariſtotle," ſays that great divine, "obſerved long ſince, that moral and proverbial ſayings "are underſtood to be true generally, and for the "moſt part; and that is all the truth that is to be "expected in them; as when Solomon ſays, Train "up a child in the way wherein he ſhall go, and "when he is old he will not depart from it. This "is not to be taken, as if no child that is piouſly "educated, did ever miſcarry afterwards, but that "the good education of children is the beſt way to "make good men."

SECT. 3. *Of the ſecond book, &c.*

The ſecond book, which comes next under our view, will appear with more dignity when we conſider in what eſteem the art of agriculture was held in thoſe days in which it was writ: the Georgic did not then concern the ordinary and middling ſort of people only, but our poet writ for the inſtruction of princes likewiſe, who thought it no diſgrace to till the ground which they perhaps had conquered. Homer makes Laertes not only plant, but dung his own lands; the beſt employment he could find for his health, and conſolation, in the abſence of his ſon. The latter part of this book, together with all the third, though too mean for poetry, are not unjuſtifiable in our author. Had he made thoſe religious and ſuperſtitious precepts one entire ſubject of verſe, it would have been a ridiculous fancy, but, as they are only a part, and the ſmalleſt part, of a regular poem, they are introduced with a laudable intent. After the poet had laid down proper rules for morality, huſbandry, navigation, and the vintage, he knew that religion towards the gods, and a due obſervance of what was held ſacred in his age, were yet wanted to complete the work. Theſe were ſubjects, he was ſenſible, incapable of the embelliſhments of

* *In his ſecond diſcourſe or cohortation to the Greeks.* TRANS. H.

poetry; but as they were neceſſary to his purpoſe, he would not omit them. Poetry was not then deſigned as the empty amuſement only of an idle hour, conſiſting of wanton thoughts, or long and tedious deſcriptions of nothing, but, by the force of harmony and good ſenſe, to purge the mind of its dregs, to give it a great and virtuous turn of thinking: in ſhort, verſe was then but the lure to what was uſeful; which indeed has been, and ever will be, the end purſued by all good poets; with this view, Heſiod ſeems to have writ, and muſt be allowed, by all true judges, to have wonderfully ſucceeded in the age in which he roſe.

This advantage more ariſes to us from the writings of ſo old an author: we are pleaſed with thoſe monuments of antiquity, ſuch parts of the ancient Grecian hiſtory, as we find in them.

Sect. 4. *A compariſon betwixt Heſiod and Virgil, &c.*

I ſhall now endeavour to ſhow how far Virgil may properly be ſaid to imitate our poet in his Georgic, and to point out ſome of thoſe paſſages in which he has either paraphraſed, or literally tranſlated, from the Works and Days. It is plain he was a ſincere admirer of our poet, and of this poem in particular, of which he twice makes honourable mention, and where it could be only to expreſs the veneration that he bore to the author. The firſt is in his third paſtoral.

In medio duo ſigna, Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit, radio, totum qui gentibus orbem,
Tempora quæ meſſor, que curvus arator, haberet?

Two figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear,
Conon, and what's his name who made the ſphere,
And ſhow'd the ſeaſons of the ſliding year?
DRYDEN.

Notwithſtanding the commentators have all diſputed whom this interrogation ſhould mean, I am convinced that Virgil had none but Heſiod in his eye. In the next paſſage I propoſe to quote the greateſt honour that was ever paid by one poet to another is paid to ours. Virgil, in his ſixth paſtoral, makes Silenus, among other things, relate how Gallus was conducted by a muſe to Helicon, where Apollo, and all the muſes aroſe to welcome him; and Linus, approaching him, addreſſed him in this manner:

——hos tibi dant calamos, en, accipe, muſæ,
Aſcræa quos ante Seni; quibus ille ſolebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

Receive this preſent, by the muſes made;
The pipe on which th' Aſtræan paſtor play'd;
With which, of old, he charm'd the ſavage train.
And call'd the mountain aſhes to the plain.
DRYDEN.

The greateſt compliment which Virgil thought he could pay his friend and patron, Gallus, was, after all that pompous introduction to the choir of Apollo, to make the muſes preſent him, from the hands of Linus, with the pipe, or calomos, *Aſcræa quos antè ſeni*, which they had formerly preſented to Heſiod; which part of the compliment to our poet, Dryden has omitted in his tranſlation.

To return to the Georgic. Virgil can be ſaid to imitate Heſiod in his firſt and ſecond books only: in the firſt is ſcarcely any thing relative to the Georgic itſelf, the hint of which is not taken from the Works and Days; nay more, in ſome places, whole lines are paraphraſed, and ſome literally tranſlated. It muſt indeed be acknowledged, that the Latin poet has ſometimes explained, in his tranſlation, what was difficult in the Greek, as where our poet gives directions for two ploughs:

Δοιαι δε ϑιϑαι αροτρα πονησαμενος κατα οικον
Αυτογυον και πηκτον.

by *αυτογυον* he means that which grows naturally into the ſhape of a plough, and by *πηκτον* that made by art. Virgil, in his advice to have two ploughs always at hand, has this explanation of *αυτογυον*:

Continuó in ſylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.
GEORG. I.

Young elms, with early force, in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
DRYDEN.

Thus we find him imitating the Greek poet in the moſt minute precepts. Heſiod gives directions for making a plough; Virgil does the ſame. Even that which has been the ſubject of ridicule to many critics, viz. "plough and ſow naked," is tranſlated in the Georgic; *nudus ara, ſere nudus*. Before I proceed any farther, I ſhall endeavour to obviate the objection which has been frequently made againſt this precept. Heſiod means to inſinuate, that ploughing and ſowing are labours which require much induſtry and application; and he had doubtleſs this phyſical reaſon for his advice, that where ſuch toil is required it is unhealthful, as well as impoſſible, to go through with the ſame quantity of clothes as in works of leſs fatigue. Virgil doubtleſs ſaw this reaſon, or one of equal force, in this rule, or he would not have tranſlated it. In ſhort, we may find him a ſtrict follower of our poet in moſt of the precepts of huſbandry in the Works and Days. I ſhall give but one inſtance more, and that in his ſuperſtitious obſervance of days:

——quintum fugæ; pallidus Orcus,
Eumenideſque ſatæ, &c.

——the fifths be ſure to ſhun,
That gave the furies, and pale Pluto birth.
DRYDEN.

If the judgment I have paſſed from the verſes of Manilius, and the ſecond book of the Georgic, in my Diſcourſe on the Writings of Heſiod, be allowed to have any force, Virgil has doubtleſs been as much obliged to our poet in the ſecond book of his Georgic, as in the firſt; nor has he imitated him in his precepts only, but in ſome of his fineſt deſcriptions, as in the firſt book deſcribing the effects of a ſtorm:

————quo, maxima, motu,
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, &c.

and a little lower in the same description:

Nunc nemora, ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt:

which is almost literal from Hesiod, on the power of the north wind:

————μεμυκε δε γαια και υλη, &c.

Loud groans the earth, and all the forests roar.

I cannot leave this head, without injustice to the Roman poet, before I take notice of the manner in which he uses that superstitious precept τεμπτης δ' εξαλεασθαι, &c. what in the Greek is languid, is by him made brilliant:

————quintum fuge: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque satæ: tum partu, terra, nefando,
Cœumq. Japetumq. creat, savumq. Typhœum,
Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres:
Ter sunt conati, &c.

————the fifths be sure to shun,
That gave the furies, and pale Pluto, birth,
And arm'd against the skies the sons of earth;
With mountains pil'd on mountains thrice they strove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove;
And thrice his lightning, and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin lay'd.
DRYDEN.

As I have showed where the Roman has followed the Greek, I may be thought partial to my author, if I do not show in what he has excelled him: and first, he has contributed to the Georgic most of the subjects in his two last books; as, in the third, the management of horses, dogs, &c. and, in the fourth, the management of the bees. His style, through the whole, is more poetical, more abounding with epithets, which are often of themselves most beautiful metaphors. His invocation on the deities concerned in rural affairs, his address to Augustus, his account of the prodigies before the death of Julius Cæsar, in the first book, his praise of a country life, at the end of the second, and the force of love in beasts, in the third, are what were never excelled, and some parts of them never equalled, in any language.

Allowing all the beauties in the Georgic, these two poems interfere in the merit of each other so little, that the Works and Days may be read with as much pleasure as if the Georgic had never been written. This leads me into an examination of part of Mr. Addison's Essay on the Georgic; in which that great writer, in some places, seems to speak so much at venture, that I am afraid he did not remember enough of the two poems to enter on such a task. Precepts, says he, of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Had he that part of Hesiod in his eye, where he mentions the temporal blessings of the righteous, and the punishment of the wicked, he would have seen that our poet took an opportunity, from his precepts of morality, to give us those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. How lovely is the flourishing state of the land of the just there described, the increase of his flocks, and his own progeny! The reason which Mr. Addison gives against rules of morality in verse is to me a reason for them; for if our tempers are naturally so corrupt as to make us averse to them, we ought to try all the ways which we can to reconcile them, and verse among the rest; in which, as I have observed before, our poet has wonderfully succeeded.

The same author, speaking of Hesiod, says, the precepts he has given us are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much. The poet, to prevent this, quite through his Works and Days, has stayed so short a while on every head, that it is impossible to grow tiresome in either; the division of the work I have given at the beginning of this view, therefore, shall not repeat it. Agriculture is but one subject, in many, of the work, and the reader is there relieved with several rural descriptions, as of the northwind, autumn, the country repast in the shades, &c. The rules for navigation are dispatched with the utmost brevity, in which the digression, concerning his victory at the funeral games of Amphidamas, is natural, and gives a grace to the poem.

I shall mention but one oversight more which Mr. Addison has made, in his Essay, and conclude this head: when he condemned that circumstance of the virgin being at home in the winter season, free from the inclemency of the weather, I believe he had forgot that his own author had used almost the same image, and on almost the same occasion, though in other words:

Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
Nescivere hyemem, &c. GEORG. I.

The difference of the manner in which the two poets use the image is this. Hesiod makes her with her mother at home, either bathing, or doing what most pleases her; and Virgil says, as the young women are plying their evening tasks, they are sensible of the winter season, from the oil sparkling in the lamp, and the snuff hardening. How properly it is introduced by our poet I have showed in my note to the passage.

The only apology I can make for the liberty I have taken with the writings of so fine an author as Mr. Addison, is, that I thought it a part of my duty to our poet, to endeavour to free the reader from such errors as he might possibly imbibe, when delivered under the sanction of so great a name.

Sect. 5. Of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

I must not end this view without some observations on the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, since Probus, Grævius, Fabricius, and other men of great learning, have thought fit to apply what has there

been generally ſaid to allude to the Cumœan ſybil to our poet:

Ultima Cumœi venit jam carminis ætas.

This line, ſay they, has an alluſion to the golden age of Heſiod; Virgil therefore is ſuppoſed to ſay, the laſt age of the Cumœan poet now approaches. By laſt, he means the moſt remote from his time; which Fabricius explains by *antiquiſſima*, and quotes an expreſſion from *Cornelius Severus*, in which he uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe, *ultima certamina* for *antiquiſſima certamina*. The only method by which we can add any weight to this reading, is by comparing the Eclogue of Virgil with ſome ſimilar paſſages in Heſiod. To begin, let us therefore read the line before quoted with the two following:

Ultima Cumœi venit jam carmina etas;
Magnus ab integro ſœclorum naſcitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Which will bear this paraphraſe. The remoteſt age mentioned in the verſe of the Cumœan poet now approaches; the great order, or round, of ages, as deſcribed in the ſaid poet, revolves; now returns the virgin Juſtice, which, in his iron age, he tells us, left the earth; and now the reign of Saturn, which is deſcribed in his golden age, is come again. If we turn to the golden and iron ages, in the Works and Days, we ſhall find this alluſion very natural.

Let us proceed in our connection, and compariſon, of the verſes. Virgil goes on in his compliment to Pollio on his new-born ſon:

Ille deum vitam accipiet.

He ſhall receive, or lead, the life of gods, as the ſame poet tells us they did in the reign of Saturn.

Ως τε θεοι δ' εζωον———
Νοσφιν ατερ τε πονων.———

They liv'd like gods, and entirely without labour.

———feret omnia tellus;
Non raſtros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robuſtus quoque jam tauris juga ſolvet arator.

The earth ſhall bear all things; there ſhall be no occaſion for inſtruments of huſbandry, to rake the ground, or prune the vine; the ſturdy ploughman ſhall unyoke his oxen, and live in eaſe; as they did in the reign of Saturn, as we are told by the ſame Cumœan poet.

———καρπον δ' ιφερε ζειδωρος αρουρα
Αυτοματη, πολλον τε και αφθονον,

The fertile earth bore its fruit ſpontaneouſly, and in abundance.

Here we ſee ſeveral natural alluſions to our poet, whence it is not unreaſonable, for ſuch as miſtake the country of Heſiod, to imagine, that all Virgil would ſay to compliment Pollio, on the birth of his ſon, is, that now ſuch a ſon is born, the golden age, as deſcribed by Heſiod, ſhall return; and granting the word *cumæi* to carry this ſenſe with it, there is nothing of a prophecy mentioned, or hinted at, in the whole eclogue, any more than Virgil's own, by poetical licenſe.

A learned prelate of our own church aſſerts ſomething ſo very extraordinary on this head, that I cannot avoid quoting it, and making ſome few remarks upon it: his words are theſe, "Virgil "could not have Heſiod in his eye in ſpeaking of "the four ages of the world, becauſe Heſiod makes "five ages before the commencement of the "golden." And ſoon after, continues he, "the "predictions in the prophet (meaning Daniel) of "four ſucceſſive empires, that ſhould ariſe in dif-"ferent ages of the world, gave occaſion to the "poets, who had the knowledge of theſe things "only by report, to apply them to the ſtate of "the world in ſo many ages, and to deſcribe the "renovation of the golden age in the expreſſions "of the prophet concerning the future age of the "Meſſiah, which in Daniel is the fifth kingdom." Bp. Chandler towards the concluſion of his Vindication of his Defence of Chriſtianity. What this learned parade was introduced for, I am at a loſs to conceive! Firſt, In that beautiful eclogue, Virgil ſpeaks not of the four ages of the world. Secondly, Heſiod, ſo far from making five ages before the commencement of the golden, makes the golden age the firſt. Thirdly, Heſiod could not be one of the poets who applied the predictions in the prophet Daniel to the ſtate of the world in ſo many ages, becauſe he happened to live ſome hundred years before the time of Daniel.

This great objection to their interpretation of *cumæi* ſtill remains, which cannot very eaſily be conquered, that Cuma was not the country of Heſiod, as I have proved in my Diſcourſe on the life of our poet, but of his father; and, what will be a ſtrong argument againſt it, all the ancient poets, who have uſed an epithet taken from his country, have choſe that of Aſcræus. Ovid, who mentions him as often as any poet, never uſes any other; and, what is the moſt remarkable, Virgil himſelf makes uſe of it in every paſſage in which he names him; and thoſe monuments of him, exhibited by Urſinus and Boiſſard, have this inſcription:

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ
ΔΙΟΤ
ΑΣΚΡΑΙΟΣ.

Aſcræan Heſiod, the ſon of Dius.

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THE THEOGONY;
OR, THE GENERATION OF THE GODS.

To the Most Honourable,

GEORGE MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE*.

My Lord,

The reverence I bear to the memory of your late grandfather, with whom I had the honour to be particularly acquainted, and the obligations I have received from the incomparable lady your mother, would make it a duty in me to continue my regard to their heir; but stronger than those are the motives of this address; since I have had the happiness to know you, which has been as long as you have been capable of distinguishing persons, I have often discovered something in you that surpasses your years, and which gives fair promises of an early great man; this has converted what would otherwise be but gratitude to them to a real esteem for yourself. Proceed, my Lord, to make glad the heart of an indulgent mother with your daily progress in learning, wisdom, and virtue. Your friends, in their different spheres, are all solicitous to form you; and among them, permit me to offer my tribute, which may be no small means to the bringing you more readily to an understanding of the classics: for on the theology of the most ancient Greeks, which is the subject of the following poem, much of succeeding authors depends. Few are the writers, either Greek or Roman, who have not made use of the fables of antiquity; historians have frequent allusions to them; and they are sometimes the very soul of poetry: for these reasons let me admonish you to become soon familiar with Homer and Hesiod, by translations of them: you will perceive the advantage in your future studies; nor will you repent of it when you read the great originals. I have, in my notes, spared no pains to let you into the nature of the Theogony, and to explain the allegories to you; and, indeed, I have been more elaborate for your sake than I should otherwise have been. While I am paying my respect to your Lordship, I would not be thought forgetful of your brother, directing what I have here said, at the same time, to him. Go on, my Lord, to answer the great expectations which your friends have from you; and be your chief ambition to deserve the praise of all wise and good men---I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect, and most sincere affection, your most obedient and most humble servant,

Thomas Cooke.

* *Lord George Johnston, when this was first published in the year* 1728.

THE ARGUMENT.

After the proposition and invocation, the poet begins the generation of the gods. This poem, besides the genealogy of the deities and heroes, contains the story of Heaven, and the conspiracy of his wife and sons against him, the story of Styx and her offsprings, of Saturn and his sons, and of Prometheus and Pandora: hence the poet proceeds to relate the war of the gods, which is the subject of above three hundred verses. The reader is often relieved, from the narrative part of the Theogony, with several beautiful descriptions, and other poetical embellishments.

Begin my song, with the melodious nine
Of Helicon, the spacious and divine:
The muses there, a lovely choir advance,
With tender feet to form the skilful dance,
Now round the sable font in order move,
Now round the altar of Saturnian Jove;
Or if the cooling streams to bathe invite,
In thee, Permessus, they awhile delight;

Or now to Hippocrene resort the fair,
Or Olmius to thy sacred spring repair.
Veil'd in thick air, they all the night prolong,
In praise of Ægis-bearing Jove the song:
And thou, O Argive Juno! golden shod,
Art join'd in praises with thy consort god:
Thee, goddess, with the azure eyes, they sing,
Minerva, daughter of the heav'nly king;
The sisters to Apollo tune their voice,
And Artemis, to thee whom darts rejoice;
And Neptune in the pious hymn they sound,
Who girts the earth, and shakes the solid ground:
A tribute they to Themis chaste allow,
And Venus charming with the bending brow,
Nor Hebe, crown'd with gold, forget to praise,
Nor fair Dione, in their holy lays;
Nor thou, Aurora, nor the day's great light,
Remain unsung, nor the fair lamp of night;
To thee, Latona, next the numbers range;
Iäpetus, and Saturn wont to change,
They chant; thee, Ocean, with an ample breast,
They sing, and Earth and Night in sable dress'd;
Nor cease the virgins here the strain divine;
They celebrate the whole immortal line.
E'er while as they the shepherd swain behold
Feeding, beneath the sacred mount, his fold,
With love of charming song his breast they fir'd;
There me the heav'nly muses first inspir'd;
There, when the maids of Jove the silence broke,
To Hesiod thus, the shepherd swain, they spoke:

Shepherds, attend, your happiness who place
In gluttony alone, the swain's disgrace;
Strict to your duty in the field you keep,
There vigilant by night to watch your sheep;
Attend, ye swains, on whom the muses call,
Regard the honour not bestow'd on all;
'Tis ours to speak the truth in language plain,
Or give the face of truth to what we feign.

So spoke the maids of Jove, the sacred nine,
And pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine,
To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
The laurel ensign, never-fading green:
I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd;
Before my eyes appears the various scene
Of all that is to come, and what has been.
Me have the muses chose, their bard to grace,
To celebrate the bless'd immortal race;
To them the honours of my verse belong;
To them I first and last devote the song:
But where, O where, enchanted do I rove,
Or o'er the rocks, or through the vocal grove!

Now with th' harmonious nine begin, whose voice
Makes their great sire, Olympian Jove, rejoice;
The present, future, and the past, they sing,
Join'd in sweet concert to delight their king;
Melodious and untir'd their voices flow;
Olympus echoes, ever crown'd with snow.
The heav'nly songsters fill th' ethereal round;
Jove's palace laughs, and all the courts resound:
Soft warbling endless with their voice divine,
They celebrate the whole immortal line:
From earth and heav'n, great parents, first they
The progeny of gods, a bounteous race; [trace
And then to Jove again returns the song,
Of all in empire, and command, most strong;
Whose praises first and last their bosom fire,
Of mortals, and immortal gods, the sire:
Nor to the sons of men deny they praise,
To such as merit of their heav'nly lays;
They sing the giants of puissant arm,
And with the wond'rous tale their father charm.

Mnemosyne, in the Pierian grove,
The scene of her intrigue with mighty Jove,
The empress of Eleuther, fertile earth,
Brought to Olympian Jove the muses forth;
Bless'd offsprings, happy maids, whose pow'rful art
Can banish cares, and ease the painful heart.
Absent from heav'n, to quench his am'rous flame,
Nine nights the god of gods compress'd the dame.
Now thrice three times the moon concludes her race,
And shows the produce of the god's embrace,
Fair daughters, pledges of immortal Jove,
In number equal to the nights of love;
Bless'd maids, by harmony of temper join'd;
And verse, their only care, employs their mind.
The virgin songsters first beheld the light
Near where Olympus rears his snowy height;
Where to the maids fair stately domes ascend,
Whose steps a constant beauteous choir attend.
Not far from hence the Graces keep their court,
And with the god of love in banquets sport;
Meanwhile the nine their heav'nly voices raise
To the immortal pow'rs, the song of praise;
They tune their voices in a sacred cause,
Their theme the manners of the gods, and laws:
When to Olympus they pursue their way,
Sweet warbling, as they go, the deathless lay,
Meas'ring to Jove, with gentle steps, the ground,
The sable earth returns the joyful sound.
Great Jove, their sire, who rules th' ethereal plains,
Confirm'd in pow'r, of gods the monarch reigns;
His father Saturn hurl'd from his command
He grasps the thunder with his conqu'ring hand,
He gives the bolts their vigour as they fly,
And bids the red-hot lightning pierce the sky:
His subject deities obey his nod,
All honours flow from him, of gods the god;
From him the muses sprung, no less their sire,
Whose attributes the heav'nly maids inspire:
Clio begins the lovely tuneful race,
Melpomene which, and Euterpe, grace,
Terpsichore all joyful in the choir,
And Erato to love whose lays inspire;
To these Thalia and Polymnia join,
Urania, and Calliope divine,
The first, in honour, of the tuneful nine;
She the great acts of virtuous monarchs sings,
Companion only for the best of kings.
Happy of princes, foster sons of Jove,
Whom at his birth the nine with eyes of love
Behold; to honours they his days design;
He first among the sceptre'd hands shall shine;
Him they adorn with ev'ry grace of song,
And soft persuasion dwells upon his tongue;
To him, their judge, the people turn their eye,
On him for justice in their cause rely,

Reason alone his upright judgment guides,
He hears impartial, and for truth decides:
Thus he determines from a sense profound,
And of contention heals the pois'nous wound.
Wise kings, when subjects grow in faction strong,
First calm their minds, and then redress their wrong,
By their good counsels bid the tumult cease,
And sooth contending parties into peace:
His aid with dutcous rev'rence they implore,
And as a god their virtuous prince adore:
From whom the muses love such blessings flow,
To them a righteous prince the people owe.
From Jove, great origin, all monarchs spring,
From mighty Jove of kings himself the king;
From the Pierian maids, the heav'nly nine,
And from Apollo, fire of verse divine,
Far shooting deity whose beams inspire,
The poets spring, and all who strike the lyre.
Blest'd whom with eyes of love the muses view,
Sweet flow his words, gentle as falling dew.
Is there a man by rising woes oppress'd,
Who feels the pangs of a distracted breast,
Let but the bard, who serves the nine, rehearse
The acts of heroes past'd, the theme for verse,
Or if the praise of gods, who pass their days
In endless ease above, adorns the lays,
The pow'rful words administer relief,
And from the wounded mind expel the grief;
Such are the charms which to the bard belong,
A gift from gods deriv'd, the pow'r of song.
Hail maids celestial, seed of heav'n's great king,
Hear, nor unaided let the poet sing,
Inspire a lovely lay, harmonious nine,
My theme th' immortal gods, a race divine,
Of earth, of heav'n which lamps of light adorn,
And of old sable night, great parents born,
And, after, nourish'd by the briny main:
Hear goddesses, and aid the vent'rous strain:
Say whence the deathless gods receiv'd their birth,
And next relate the origin of earth,
Whence the wide sea that spreads from shore to shore,
Whose surges foam with rage, and billows roar,
Whence rivers which in various channels flow,
And whence the stars which light the world below,
And whence the wide expanse of heav'n, and whence
The gods, to mortals who their good dispense;
Say how from them our honours we receive,
And whence the pow'r that they our wants relieve;
How they arriv'd to the ethereal plains,
And took possession of the fair domains:
With these, Olympian minds, my breast inspire,
And to the end support the sacred fire,
In order all from the beginning trace,
From the first parents of the num'rous race.
Chaos, of all the origin, gave birth
First to her offspring the wide-bosom'd earth,
The seat secure of all the gods, who now
Possess Olympus ever cloth'd with snow;
Th' abodes of Hell from the same fountain rise,
A gloomy land that subterranean lies;
And hence does Love his ancient lineage trace,
Excelling fair of all th' immortal race;
At his approach all care is chas'd away,
Nor can the wisest pow'r resist his sway;
Nor man, nor god, his mighty force restrains,
Alike in ev'ry breast the godhead reigns:
And Erebus, black sire, from Chaos came,
Born with his sister Night, a sable dame.
Night bore, the produce of her am'rous play
With Erebus, the sky, and cheerful day.
Earth first an equal to herself in fame
Brought forth, that covers all the starry frame,
The spacious heav'n, of gods the safe domain,
Who live in endless bliss, exempt from pain;
From her the lofty hills, and ev'ry grove,
Where nymphs inhabit, goddesses, and rove:
Without the mutual joys of love she bore
The barren Sea, whose whit'ning billows roar.
At length the Ocean, with his pools profound,
Whose whirling streams pursue their rapid round,
Of Heaven and Earth is born; Cœus his birth
From them derives, and Creus, sons of Earth;
Hyperion and Japhet, brothers, join:
Thea, and Rhea, of this ancient line
Descend; and Themis boasts the source divin
And thou, Mnemosyne, and Phœbe crown'd
With gold, and Tethys for her charms renown'd;
To these successive wily Saturn came,
As fire and son in each a barb'rous name.
Three sons are sprung from Heav'n and Earth's embrace,
The Cyclops bold, in heart a haughty race,
Brontes, and Steropes, and Arges brave,
Who to the hands of Jove the thunder gave;
They for almighty pow'r did lightning frame,
All equal to the gods themselves in fame;
One eye was plac'd, a large round orb, and bright,
Amidst their forehead to receive the light;
Hence were they Cyclops call'd; great was their skill,
Their strength, and vigour, to perform their will.
The fruitful Earth by Heav'n conceiv'd again,
And for three mighty sons the rending pain
She suffer'd; Cottus, terrible to name,
Gyges, and Briareus, of equal fame;
Conspicuous above the rest they shin'd,
Of body strong, magnanimous of mind,
Fifty large heads their lusty shoulders bore,
And, dang'rous to approach, hands fifty more:
Of all from Heav'n, their sire, who took their birth,
These were most dreadful of the sons of Earth;
Their cruel father, from their natal hour,
With hate pursued them, to his utmost pow'r;
He from the parent womb did all convey
Into some secret cave remote from day:
The tyrant father thus his sons oppress'd,
And evil meditations fill'd his breast.
Earth deeply groan'd for these her sons confin'd,
And vengeance for their wrongs employ'd her mind;
She yields black iron from her fruitful vein,
And of it forms an instrument of pain;
Then to her children thus, the silence broke,
Without reserve she deeply sighing spoke.

My sons, descended from a barb'rous sire,
Whose evil acts our breasts to vengeance fire,
Attentive to my friendly voice incline:
Th' aggressor he, and to revenge be thine.
The bold proposal they astonish'd hear;
Her words possest them with a silent fear;
Saturn, at last, whom no deceit can blind,
To her responsive thus declar'd his mind:
Matron, for us the throwing pangs who bore,
Much have we suffer'd, but will bear no more;
If such as fathers ought our will not be,
The name of father is no tie to me;
Patient of wrongs if they th' attempt decline,
Th' aggressor he, all to revenge be mine.
Earth greatly joy'd at what his words reveal'd,
And in close ambush from him all conceal'd;
Arm'd with the crooked instrument she made,
She taught him to direct the sharp-toothed blade.
Great Heav'n approach'd beneath the veil of Night,
Propoſing from his consort, Earth, delight;
As in full length the god extended lay,
No fraud suspecting in his am'rous play,
Out rush'd his son, complotter with his wife,
His right hand grasp'd the long, the fatal knife,
His left the channel of the seed of life,
Which from the roots the rough-toothed metal tore,
And bath'd his fingers with his father's gore;
He throw'd behind the source of Heav'n's pain;
Nor fell the ruins of the god in vain:
The sanguine drops which from the members fall,
The fertile earth receives, and drinks them all:
Hence at the end of the revolving year,
Sprung mighty giants, pow'rful with the spear,
Shining in arms; the Furies took their birth
Hence, and the Wood-nymphs of the spacious earth.
Saturn the parts divided from the wound,
Spoils of his parent god, cast from the ground
Into the sea; long through the watery plain;
They journey'd on the surface of the main:
Fruitful at length th' immortal substance grows,
Whit'ning it foams, and in a circle flows:
Behold a nymph arise divinely fair,
Whom to Cythera first the surges bear;
Hence is she borne, safe o'er the deeps profound
To Cyprus, water'd by the waves around:
And here she walks endow'd with every grace
To charm, the goddess blooming in her face;
Her looks demand respect, and where she goes
Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows;
And Aphrodite, from the foam her name,
Among the race of gods and men the same;
And Cytherea from Cythera came;
Whence, beauteous crown'd she safely cross'd the sea,
And call'd, O Cyprus, Cypria from thee;
Nor less by Philomedea known on earth,
A name deriv'd immediate from her birth:
Her first attendants to th' immortal choir
Where Love, the oldest god, and fair Desire:
The virgin whisper, and the tempting smile,
The sweet allurements that can hearts beguile,
Soft blandishments which never fail to move,
Friendship, and all the fond deceits in love,
Constant her steps pursue, or will she go
Among the gods above, or men below.
Great Heaven was wrath thus by his sons to bleed,
And call'd them Titans from the barbarous deed;
He told them all, from a prophetic mind,
The hours of his revenge were sure behind.
Now darksome Night fruitful begun to prove,
Without the knowledge of connubial love;
From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,
Death, Sleep, and num'rous Dreams, derive their date:
With Momus the dark goddess teems again,
And Care the mother of a doleful train;
Th' Hesperides she bore, far in the seas,
Guards of the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
From the same parent sprung the rig'rous three,
The goddesses of Fate and Destiny,
Clotho and Lachesis, whose boundless sway,
With Atropos both men and gods obey;
To human race they, from their birth ordain
A life of pleasure, or a life of pain;
To slav'ry or to empire, such their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour;
The crimes of men and gods the Fates pursue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due;
Nor can the greatest their resentment fly,
They punish e'er they lay their anger by:
And Nemesis from the same fountain rose,
From hurtful Night, herself the source of woes:
Hence Fraud and loose Desire the bane of life,
Old age vexatious, and corroding Strife.
From Strife pernicious painful labour rose,
Oblivion, famine, and tormenting woes;
Hence combats, murders, wars, and slaughters rise,
Deceits and quarrels, and injurious lies;
Unruly licence hence that knows no bounds,
And loss of spring, and sad domestic wounds;
Hence perjury, black perjury, began,
A crime destructive to the race of man.
Old Nereus to the Sea was born of Earth,
Nereus who claims the precedence in birth
To their descendants; him old god they call,
Because sincere and affable to all;
In judgment moderation he preserves,
And never from the paths of justice swerves.
Thaumas the great from the same parents came,
Phorcys the strong, and Ceto beauteous dame:
To the same sire did Earth Eurybia bear,
As iron hard her heart, a cruel fair.
Doris to Nereus bore a lovely train,
Fifty fair daughters, wand'rers of the main;
A beauteous mother she, of Ocean born,
Whose graceful head the comly'st locks adorn:
Proto, Eucrate, nymphs begin the line,
Sao to whom, and Amphitrite join;
Eudore, Thetis, and Galene, grace,
With Glauce, and Cymothoe, the race;
Swift-footed Spio hence derives her birth,
With thee, Thalia, ever prone to mirth;
And Melite, charming in mien to see,
Did the same mother bear Eulimene,
Agave too, Pasithea and thee;
From whom sprung Erato, Eunice you,
With arms appearing of a rosy hue;

Doto and Proto join the progeny.
With them Pherusa and Dunamene;
Nisea and Actea boast the same,
Protomedia from the fruitful dame,
And Doris honour'd with maternal name;
And hence does Panope her lineage trace,
And Galatea with a lovely face;
And hence Hippothoe who sweetly charms,
And thou Hipponoe with thy rosy arms:
And hence Cymodoce the floods who binds,
And with Cymatolege stills the winds;
With them the power does Amphitrite share,
Of all the main the lovely'st footed fair;
Cumo, Heïone, and Halimed
With a sweet garland that adorns her head,
Boast the same rise, joyful Glauconome,
Pontoporea, and Liagore;
Evagore, Laomedia join,
And thou Polynome, the num'rous line;
Autonoe, Lysianassa, name,
Sisters descended from the fertile dame;
In the bright list Evarne fair we find,
Spotless the nymph both in her form and mind,
And Psamathe of a majestic mien:
And thou divine Menippe there art seen;
To these we Neso add, Eupompe thee,
And thee Themisto next, and Pronoe;
Nemertes, virgin chaste, completes the race,
Not last in honour, though the last in place;
Her breast the virtues of her parent fire,
Her mind the copy of her deathless sire.
From blameless Nereus these, the fruits of joy,
And goodly offices the nymphs employ.
Of Ocean born, Electre plights her word
To Thaumas, and obeys her rightful lord;
Iris to whom, a goddess swift, she bears;
From them the Harpies, with their comely hairs,
Descend, Aëllo who pursues the wind,
And with her sister leaves the birds behind;
Ocypete the other; when they fly,
They seem with rapid wings to reach the sky.
Ceto to Phorcys bore the Graiæ, gray
From the first moment they beheld the day;
Hence gods and men these daughters Graiæ name;
Pephredo lovely veil'd from Ceto came,
And Enyo with her sacred veil: the same
To Phorcys bore the Gorgons, who remain
Far in the seat of night, the distant main,
Where, murm'ring at their task, th' Hesperides
Watch o'er the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
The number of the Gorgons once were three,
Stheno, Medusa, and Euryale;
Of which two sisters draw immortal breath,
Free from the fears of age as free from death;
But thou Medusa felt a pow'rful foe,
A mortal thou, and born to mortal woe;
Nothing avail'd of love thy blissful hours,
In a soft meadow, on a bed of flow'rs,
Thy tender dalliance with the ocean's king,
And in the beauty of the year the spring;
You by the conqu'ring hand of Perseus bled,
Perseus whose sword laid low in dust thy head;
Then started out when you began to bleed,
The great Chrysaor, and the gallant steed
Call'd Pegasus, a name not giv'n in vain,
Born near the fountains of the spacious main.
His birth will great Chrysaor's name unfold,
When in his hand glitter'd the sword of gold;
Mounted on Pegasus he soar'd above,
And sought the palace of Almighty Jove;
Loaded with lightning through he skies he rode,
And bore it with the thunder to the god.
Chrysaor, love the guide, Calliroe led,
Daughter of Ocean to the genial bed;
Whence Geryon sprung, fierce with his triple head;
Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,
In Erythea which the waves surround;
His oxen lowing round their master stand,
While he falls gasping from the conqu'ror's hand:
That fatal day beheld Eurytion fall,
And with him Orthus in a gloomy stall;
By his strong arm the dog and herdsmen slain,
The hero drove the oxen cross the main;
The wide-brow'd herds he to Tirynthus bore,
And safely landed on the sacred shore.
Calliroe in a cave conceiv'd again,
And for Ehidna bore maternal pain;
A monster she of an undaunted mind,
Unlike the gods, nor like the human-kind;
One half a nymph of a prodigious size,
Fair her complexion, and asquint her eyes;
The other half a serpent dire to view,
Large, and voracious, and of various hue;
Deep in a Syrian rock her horrid den,
From the immortal gods remote, and men;
There, so the council of the gods ordains,
Forlorn, and ever young, the nymph remains.
In love Echidna with Typhaon join'd,
Outrageous he, and blust'ring as the wind;
Of these the offsprings prov'd a furious race;
Orthus, the produce of the first embrace,
Was vigilant to watch his master's herd,
The dog of Geryon and a trusty guard:
Next Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, came,
Devouring direful of a monstrous frame;
From fifty heads he barks with fifty tongues,
Fierce and undaunted with his brazen lungs:
The dreadful Hydra rose from the same bed,
In Lerna by the fair-arm'd Juno bred,
Juno, with hate implacable, who strove
Against the virtues of the son of Jove;
But Hercules, with Iolaus join'd,
Amphitryon's race, and of a martial mind,
Bless'd with the counsel of the warlike maid,
Dead at his feet the horrid monster laid:
From the same parents sprung Chimæra dire,
From whose black nostrils issued flames of fire;
Strong and of size immense; a monster she,
Rapid in flight, astonishing to see;
A lion's head on her large shoulder's grew,
The goat's and dragon's terrible to view;
A lion she before in mane and throat,
Behind a dragon, in the midst a goat;
Her Pegasus the swift subdued in flight,
Back'd by Bellerophon a gallant knight.
From Orthus and Chimera, foul embrace,
Is Sphinx deriv'd, a monster to the race

Of Cadmus fatal; from the ſame dire veins
Sprung the ſtern ranger of Nemean plains,
The lion nouriſh'd by the wife of Jove,
Permitted lord of Tretum's mount to rove;
Nemea he, and Apeſas, commands,
Alarms the people, and deſtroys their lands;
In Hercules at laſt a foe he found,
And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound.
Ceto and Phorcys both renew'd their flame;
From which amour a horrid ſerpent came;
Who keeps, while in a ſpacious cave he lies,
Watchful o'er all the golden fruit his eyes.
Tethys and Ocean, born of heav'n, embrace,
Whence ſprings the Nile, and a long wat'ry race,
Alpheus, and Eridanus the ſtrong,
That riſes deep, and ſtately rolls along,
Strymon, Mæander, and the Iſter clear;
Nor, Phaſis, are thy ſtreams omitted here;
To the ſame riſe Rheſus his current owes,
And Achelous that like ſilver flows;
Hence Neſſus takes his courſe, and Rhodius,
With Haliacmon and Hepraporus;
To theſe the Granic and Æſapus join,
Hermus to theſe, and Simoïs divine,
Penëus, and the Caic flood that laves
The verdant margins with his beauteous waves;
The great Sangarius, and the Ladon, name,
Parthenius, and Evenus, ſtreams of fame,
And you, Ardeſcus, boaſt the fruitful line,
And laſtly you Scamender the divine.
From the ſame parents, fertile pair, we trace
A progeny of nymphs, a ſacred race;
Who, from their birth, o'er all mankind the care
With the great king Apollo jointly ſhare;
In this is Jove, the god of gods, obey'd,
Who grants the rivers all to lend their aid.
The nymphs from Tethys, and old Ocean, theſe,
Pitho, Admete, daughters of the ſeas,
Ianthe and Electra, nymphs of fame,
Doris and Prymno, and the beauteous dame
Urania, as a goddeſs fair in face;
Hence Hippo, and hence Clymene we trace,
And thou, Rodia, of the num'rous race;
Zeuxo to theſe ſucceeds Calliroe,
Clytie, Idya, and Paſithoe;
Plexaure here, and Galaxaure join,
And lovely Dion of a lovely nine;
Moloboſis and Thoe add to theſe,
And charming Polydora form'd to pleaſe,
Cerces whoſe beauties all from nature riſe,
And Pluto with her large majeſtic eyes;
Perſëis, Xanthe, in the liſt we ſee,
And Ianira, and Acaſte thee;
Meneſtho, nor Europa, hence remove,
Nor Metis, nor Petræa raiſing love;
Criſie and Aſia boaſt one ancient ſire,
With fair Calypſo, object of deſire,
Teleſtho, ſaffron-veil'd, Eurynome,
Eudore, Tyche, and Ocyroe,
And thou Amphiro of the ſource divine,
And Styx exceeding all the lovely line:
Theſe are the ſons firſt in the liſt of fame,
And daughters, which from ancient Ocean came,
And fruitful Tethys, venerable dame:
Thouſands of ſtreams which flow the ſpacious earth
From Tethys, and her ſons, deduce their birth;

Numbers of tides ſhe yielded to her lord,
Too many for a mortal to record;
But they who on or near their borders dwell,
Their virtues know, and can deſcribe them well.
The fruits of Thia and Hyperion riſe,
And with refulgent luſtre light the ſkies,
The great, the glorious ſun tranſcending bright,
And the fair ſplendid moon the lamp of night;
With them Aurora, when whoſe dawn appears,
Who mortal men and gods immortal cheers.
To Creus, her eſpous'd, a ſon of earth,
Eurybia gave the great Aſtræus birth;
Perſes from them, of all moſt ſkilful came,
And Pallas firſt of goddeſſes in fame.
Aurora brought to great Aſtræus forth
The weſt, the ſouth-wind, and the rapid north;
The morning-ſtar fair Lucifer ſhe bore,
And ornaments of heav'n ten thouſand more.
From Styx, the faireſt of old Ocean's line,
And Pallas ſprung a progeny divine,
Zeal to perform, and Vict'ry in her pace
Fair-footed, Valour, Might, a glorious race!
They hold a manſion in the realms above,
Their ſeat is always near the throne of Jove;
Where the dread thund'ring god purſues his way,
They march, and cloſe behind his ſteps obey.
This honour they by Styx their mother gain'd;
Which by her prudence ſhe from Jove obtain'd:
When the great pow'r that ev'n the gods commands,
Who ſends the bolts from his almighty hands,
Summon'd th' immortals, who obey'd his call,
He thus addreſs'd them in th' Olympian hall:
Ye gods, like gods, with me who dauntleſs dare
To face the Titans in a dreadful war,
Above the reſt in honour ſhall ye ſtand,
And ample recompence ſhall load your hand:
To Saturn's reign who bow'd, and unpreferr'd,
Void of diſtinction, and without reward,
Great, and magnificently rich, ſhall ſhine,
As right requires, and ſuits a pow'r divine.
Firſt, as her father counſell'd, Styx aſcends,
And her brave offſprings to the god commends;
Great Jove receiv'd her with peculiar grace,
Nor honour'd leſs the mother than her race;
Enrich'd with gifts ſhe left the bright abodes,
By Jove ordain'd the ſolemn oath of gods;
Her children, as ſhe wiſh'd, behind remain,
Conſtant attendants on the thund'rer's train:
Alike the god with all maintain'd his word,
And rules in empire ſtrong of lords the lord.
Phœbe with fondneſs to her Cœus cleav'd,
And ſhe a goddeſs by a god conceiv'd;
Latona, fable-veil'd, the produce proves,
Pleaſing to all of their connubial loves,
Sweetly engaging from her natal hour,
The moſt delightful in th' Olympian bow'r:
From them Aſterea ſprung, a nymph renown'd,
And with the ſpouſal love of Perſes crown'd;
To whom ſhe bore Hecate, lov'd by Jove,
And honour'd by th' inhabitants above,
Profuſely gifted from th' almighty hand,
With pow'r extenſive o'er the ſea and land,
And great the honour ſhe by Jove's high leave,
Does from the ſtarry vault of heav'n receive,

When to the gods the sacred flames aspire,
From human off'rings as the laws require,
To Hecate the vows are first preferr'd;
Happy of men whose pray'rs are kindly heard,
Success attends his every act below,
Honour, wealth, pow'r, to him abundant flow.
The gods who all from earth and heaven descend,
On her decision for their lots depend;
Nor what the earliest gods the Titans claim,
By her ordain'd, of honour or of fame,
Has Jove revok'd by his supreme command,
For her decrees irrevocable stand:
Nor is her honour less, nor less her pow'r,
Because she only bless'd the nuptial hour;
Great is her pow'r on earth, and great her fame,
Nor less in heav'n, and o'er the main the same,
Because Saturnian Jove reveres the dame:
The man she loves she can to greatness raise,
And grant to whom she favours public praise;
This shines for words distinguish'd at the bar;
One proudly triumphs in the spoils of war;
And she alone can speedy vict'ry give,
And rich in glory bid the conqu'rer live:
And where the venerable rulers meet
She sits supreme upon the judgment-seat:
In single trials or of strength or skill,
Propitious she presides o'er whom she will:
To honour she extends the beauteous crown,
And glads the parent with the son's renown,
With rapid swiftness wings the gallant steeds,
And in the race the flying courser speeds.
Who, urg'd by want, and led by hopes of gain,
Pursue their journey cross the dang'rous main,
To Hecate they all for safety bow,
And to their god and her prefer the bow.
With ease the goddess, venerable dame,
Gives to the sportsman's hand his wish'd-for game;
Or now the weary'd creature faintly flies,
And for a while eludes the huntsman's eyes,
Who stretches sure to seize the panting prey,
And bear the glory of the chase away,
Till by the kind protect'ress of the plains,
Her strength recovers, and new life she gains,
She starts, surprising, and outstrips the wind,
And leaves the masters of the chase behind.
With Mercury the watchful goddess guards
Of goats the straggling flocks, the lowing herds,
And bleating folds rich with the pond'rous fleece;
By her they lessen, and by her increase.
The only daughter of her mother born,
And her the gods with various gifts adorn:
O'er infants she, so Jove ordain'd, presides,
And the upgrowing youth to merit guides;
Great is the trust the future man to breed,
A trust to her by Saturn's son decreed.

Rhea to Saturn bore her brother god,
Vesta and Ceres: Juno golden shod,
And Pluto hard of heart, whose wide command
Is o'er a dark and subterranean land,
A pow'rful monarch, hence derive their birth,
With Neptune, deity who shakes the earth;
Of these great Jove, the ruler of the skies,
Of gods and men the sire, in counsel wise,
Is born; and him the universe adores,
And the earth trembles when his thunder roars.
Saturn from earth, and heav'n adorn'd with stars,
Had learn'd the rumour of approaching wars,
Great as he was, a greater should arise,
To rob him of the empire of the skies,
The mighty Jove, his son, in counsel wise:
With dread the fatal prophecy he heard,
And for his regal honours greatly fear'd,
And that the dire decree might fruitless prove,
Devour's his pledges, at their birth, of love:
Now Rhea, who her slaughter'd children griev'd,
With Jove, the sire of gods and men, conceiv'd;
To earth and heav'n she for assistance runs,
And begs their counsel to revenge her sons,
To guard her Jove from wily Saturn's ire,
Secret to keep him from a barb'rous sire:
They to their daughter lend a willing ear,
And to her speak the hour of vengeance near,
Nor hide they from her what the fates ordain
Of her great-minded son, and Saturn's reign:
Her safe to Crete the parent gods convey,
In Lyctus there, a fertile soil, she lay;
At length the tedious months their course had run,
When mighty Jove she bore, her youngest son;
Wide-spreading earth receiv'd the child with joy,
And train'd the god up from a new-born boy.
Rhea to Lyctus safely took her flight,
Protected by the sable veil of night;
Far in the sacred earth her son she laid,
On mount Ægæus ever crown'd with shade.
When the old king, who once could boast his reign
O'er all the gods, and the ethereal plain,
Came jealous of the infant's future pow'r,
A stone the mother gave him to devour;
Greedy he seiz'd th' imaginary child,
And swallow'd heedless, by the dress beguild;
Nor thought the wretched god of ought to fear,
Nor knew the day of his disgrace was near;
Invincible remains his Jove alive,
His throne to shake, and from his kingdom drive
The cruel parent, for to him 'tis giv'n
To rule the gods, and mount the throne of heav'n.
Well thriv'd the deity, nor was it long
Before his strength increas'd, and limbs grow'd strong.
When the revolving year his course had run,
By earth thy art and Jove his pow'rful son,
The crafty Saturn, once by gods ador'd,
His injur'd offsprings to the light restor'd:
First from within he yielded to the day
The stone deceitful, and his latest prey;
This Jove, in mem'ry of the wond'rous tale,
Fix'd on Parnassus in a sacred vale,
In Pytho the divine, a mark to be,
That future ages may astonish'd see:
And now a greater task behind remains,
To free his kindred heav'n-born race from chains,
In an ill hour by Saturn rashly bound,
Who from the hands of Jove their freedom found;
With zeal the gods perform'd a thankful part,
The debt of gratitude lay next their heart;
Jove owes to them the bolts which dreadful fly,
And the bright lightning which illumes the sky;
To him th' exchange for liberty they bore,
Gifts deep in earth conceal'd, unknown before;
Now arm'd with them, he reigns almighty Jove,
The lord of men below, and gods above.

Clymene, ocean-born, with beauteous feet,
And Japhet, in the bands of wedlock meet;
From whose embrace a glorious offspring came,
Atlas magnanimous, and great in fame,
Menœtius, thou with lasting honours crown'd,
Prometheus for his artifice renown'd,
And Epimetheus of unstedfast mind,
Lur'd to false joys, and to the future blind,
Who, rashly weak by soft temptations mov'd,
The bane of arts and their inventors prov'd,
Who took the work of Jove, the virgin fair,
Nor saw beneath her charms the latent snare.
Blasted by lightning from the hands of Jove,
Menœtius fell in Erebus to rove;
His dauntless mind that could not brook command,
And prone to ill, provok'd th' almighty hand.
Atlas, so hard necessity ordains,
Erect the pond'rous vault of stars sustains;
Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
Nor from the load retracts his head or hands:
Here was he fix'd by ove in counsel wise,
Who all disposes, and who rules the skies?
To the same god Prometheus ow'd his pains,
Fast bound with hard inexecrable chains
To a large column, in the midmost part,
Who bore his suff'rings with a dauntless heart;
From Jove an eagle flew, with wings wide spread,
And on his never-dying liver fed;
What with his rav'nous beak by day he tore
The night supply'd, and furnish'd him with more:
Great Hercules to his assistance came,
Born of Alcmena, lovely-footed dame;
And first he made the bird voracious bleed,
And from his chains the son of Japhet freed;
To this the god consents, th' Olympian sire,
Who, for his son's renown, suppress'd his ire,
The wrath he bore against the wretch who strove
In counsel with himself, the pow'rful Jove;
Such was the mighty thund'rer's will, to raise
To greatest height the Theban hero's praise.
When at Mecona a contention rose,
Men and immortals to each other foes,
The strife Prometheus offer'd to compose;
In the division of the sacrifice,
Intending to deceive great Jove the wise,
He stuff'd the flesh in the large ox's skin,
And bound the entrails with the fat within,
Next the white bones with artful care dispos'd,
And in the candid fat from sight enclos'd:
The sire of gods and men, who saw the cheat,
Thus spoke expressive of the dark deceit.
In this division how unjust the parts,
O Japhet's son, of kings the first in arts!
Reproachful spoke the god in council wise;
To whom Prometheus full of guile replies:
O Jove, the greatest of the powers divine,
View the division, and the choice be thine.
Wily he spoke from a deceitful mind;
Jove saw his thoughts, nor to his heart was blind;
And then the god, in wrath of soul, began
To plot misfortunes to his subject man:
The lots survey'd, he with his hands embrac'd
The parts which were in the white fat incas'd;
He saw the bones, and anger sat confess'd
Upon his brow, for anger seiz'd his breast:
Hence to the gods the od'rous flames aspire
From the white bones which feed the sacred fire.
The cloud compelling Jove, by Japhet's son
Enrag'd, to him in words like these begun:
O! who in mal-contrivance all transcend,
Thine arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end.
So spoke th' eternal wisdom, full of ire,
And from that hour deny'd the use of fire
To wretched men, who pass on earth their time,
Mindful, Prometheus, of thy artful crime:
But Jove in vain conceal'd the splendid flame;
The son of Japhet, of immortal fame,
Brought the bright sparks clandestine from above
Clos'd in a hollow cane; the thund'ring Jove
Soon from the bitterness of soul, began
To plot destruction to the peace of man.
Vulcan, a god renown'd, by Jove's command,
Form'd a fair virgin with a master hand,
Earth her first principle, her native air
As modest seeming as her face was fair.
The nymph, by Pallas, blue-ey'd goddess, dress'd,
Bright shin'd improv'd beneath the candid vest:
The rich wrought veil behind, wond'rous to see,
Fruitful with art, bespoke the deity;
Her brows to compass did Minerva bring
A garland breathing all the sweets of spring:
And next the goddess, glorious to behold,
Plac'd on her head a glitt'ring crown of gold,
The work of Vulcan by his master-hand,
The labour of the god by Jove's command;
There seem'd to scud along the finny breed;
And there the beasts of land appear'd to feed;
Nature and art were there so much at strife,
The miracle might well be took for life.
Vulcan the lovely bane, the finish'd maid,
To the immortal gods and men convey'd;
Graceful by Pallas dress'd the virgin trod,
And seem'd a blessing or for man or god:
Soon as they see th' inevitable snare,
They praise the artist, and admire the fair;
From her, the fatal guile, a sex derives
To men pernicious, and contracts their lives,
The softer kind, a false alluring train,
Tempting to joys which ever end with pain,
Never beheld with the penurious race,
But ever seen where lux'ry shows her face.
As drones oppressive habitants of hives,
Owe to the labour of the bees their lives,
Whose work is always with the day begun,
And never ends but with the setting sun,
From flow'r to flow'r they rove, and loaded home
Return to build the white, the waxen comb,
While lazy the luxurious race remain
Within, and of their toils enjoy the gain,
So woman, by the thund'rer's hard decree,
And wretched man, are like the drone and bee:
If man the galling chain of wedlock shuns,
He from one evil to another runs;
He, when his hairs are winter'd o'er with gray,
Will want a helpmate in th' afflicting day;
And if possessions large have bless'd his life,
He dies, and proves perhaps the source of strife;
A distant kindred, far allay'd in blood,
Contend to make their doubtful titles good;

Or ſhould he, theſe calamities to fly,
His honour plight and join the mutual tie,
And ſhould the partner of his boſom prove
A chaſte and prudent matron worthy love;
Yet he would find this chaſte, this prudent wife
The hapleſs author of a checquer'd life:
But ſhould he, wretched man, a nymph embrace,
A ſtubborn conſort, of a ſtubborn race,
Poor hamper'd ſlave, how muſt he drag the chain!
His mind, his breaſt, his heart, o'ercharg'd with pain!
What congregated woes muſt he endure!
What ills on ills which will admit no cure!
Th' omnipotence of Jove in all we ſee,
Whom none eludes, and what he wills muſt be;
Not thou, to none injurious, Japhet's ſon,
With all thy wiſdom, could his anger ſhun;
His rage you ſuffer'd, and confeſs'd his pow'r,
Chain'd in hard durance in the penal hour.
The brothers Briareus and Cottus lay,
With Gyges, bound in chains, remov'd from day,
By their hard-hearted ſire, who with ſurpriſe
View'd their vaſt ſtrength, their form, and monſtrous ſize:
In the remoteſt parts of earth confin'd
They ſat, and ſilent ſorrows wreck'd their mind,
Till by th' advice of Earth, and aid of Jove,
With other gods, the fruits of Saturn's love,
With Rhea beauteous dreſs'd, they broke the chain,
And from their dungeons burſt to light again.
Earth told them all from a prophetic light,
How gods encount'ring gods ſhould meet in fight,
To them foretold, who ſtood devoid of fear,
Their hour of vict'ry and renown was near;
The Titans, and the bold Saturnian race,
Should wage a dreadful war, ten years the ſpace.
The Titans brave on lofty Othyrs ſtand,
And glorioufly dare the thund'rer's hand:
The gods from Saturn ſprung, ally their pow'r;
(Gods Rhea bore him in a fatal hour):
From high Olympus they like gods engage,
And dauntleſs face, like gods, Titanian rage,
In the dire conflict neither party gains,
In equal balance long the war remains;
At laſt by truce each ſoul immortal reſts,
Each God on nectar and ambroſia feaſts;
Their ſpirits nectar and ambroſia raiſe,
And fire their generous breaſts to acts of praiſe;
To whom, the banquet o'er, in council join'd,
The ſire of gods, and men expreſs'd his mind:
Gods, who from earth and heav'n, great riſe, deſcend,
To what my heart commands to ſpeak attend:
For vict'ry long, and empire, have we ſtrove,
Long have ye battel'd in defence of Jove;
To war again, invincible your might,
And dare the Titans to the dreadful fight;
Of friendſhip ſtrict obſerve the ſacred charms,
Be that the cement of the gods in arms;
Grateful remember, when in chains ye lay,
From darkneſs Jove redeem'd ye to the day.
He ſpoke, and Cottus to the god replies:
O venerable ſire! in council wiſe,
Who freed immortals from a ſtate of woe,
Of what you utter well the truth we know:
Reſcu'd from chains and darkneſs here we ſtand.
O ſon of Saturn! by thy pow'rful hand;
Nor will we, king, the rage of war decline,
ill pow'r, indiſputable pow'r, is thine;
The right of conqueſt ſhall confirm thy ſway,
And teach the Titans whom they muſt obey.
He ends, the reſt aſſent to what he ſays;
And the gods thank him with the voice of praiſe;
He more than ever feels himſelf inſpir'd,
And his mind burns with love of glory fir'd.
All ruſh to battle with impetuous might,
And gods and goddeſſes provoke the fight.
The race that Rhea to her lord conceiv'd,
And the Titanic gods by Jove reliev'd
From Erybus, who there in bondage lay,
Ally their arms in this immortal day.
Each brother fearleſs the dire conflict ſtands,
Each rears his fifty heads, and hundred hands;
They mighty rocks from their foundations tore,
And fiercely brave againſt the Titans bore.
Furious and ſwift the Titan phalanx drove,
And both with mighty force for empire ſtrove:
The ocean roar'd from ev'ry part profound,
And the earth bellow'd from her inmoſt ground:
Heav'n groans, and, to the gods, conflicting bends,
And the loud tumult high Olympus rends.
So ſtrong the darts from god to god were hurl'd,
The clamour reach'd the ſubterranean world;
And where, with haughty ſtrides, each warrior trod,
Hell felt the weight, and ſunk beneath the god:
All Tartarus could hear the blows from far:
Such was the big, the horrid, voice of war!
And now the murmur of incitement flies,
All rang'd in martial order, through the ſkies;
Here Jove above the reſt conſpicuous ſhin'd,
In valour equal to his ſtrength his mind;
Erect and dauntleſs ſee the thund'rer ſtand,
The bolts red hiſſing from his vengeful hand;
He walks majeſtic round the ſtarry frame;
And now the lightnings from Olympus flame:
The earth wide blazes with the fires of Jove,
Nor the flaſh ſpares the verdure of the grove.
Fierce glows the air, the boiling ocean roars,
And the ſeas waſh with burning waves their ſhores;
The dazzling vapours round the Titans glare,
A light too pow'rful for their eyes to bear!
One conflagration ſeems to ſeize on all,
And threatens Chaos with the gen'ral fall.
From what their eyes behold, and what they hear,
The univerſal wreck of worlds is near:
Should the large vault of ſtars, the heav'ns, deſcend,
And with the earth in loud confuſion blend,
Like this would ſeem the great tumultuous jar:
The gods engag'd, ſuch the big voice of war!
And now the batt'ling winds their havoc make,
Thick whirls the duſt, earth, thy foundations ſhake;
The arms of Jove thick and terrific fly,
And blaze and bellow through the trembling ſky;
Winds, thunder, lightning, through both armies drove,
Their courſe impetuous, from the hands of Jove;
Loud and ſtupendous is the raging fight,
And now each warrior god exerts his might.
Cottus, and Briareus, who ſcorns to yield,
And Gyges panting for the martial field,

Foremoſt the labours of the day increaſe,
Nor let the horrors of the battle ceaſe : [throw,
From their ſtrong hands three hundred rocks they
And, oft repeated, overwhelm the foe;
They forc'd the Titans deep beneath the ground,
Caſt from their pride, and in ſad durance bound ;
Far from the ſurface of the earth they lie,
In chains, as earth is diſtant from the ſky;
From earth the diſtance to the ſtarry frame,
From earth to gloomy Tartarus, the ſame.
From the high heav'n a brazen anvil caſt,
Nine nights and days in rapid whirls would laſt,
And reach the earth the tenth, whence ſtrongly
hurl'd,
The ſame the paſſage to th' infernal world,
To Tart'rus ; which, a brazen cloſure bounds,
And whoſe black entrance threefold night ſur-
rounds,
With earth thy vaſt foundations cover'd o'er;
And there the ocean's endleſs fountains roar :
By cloud-compelling Jove the Titans fell,
And there in thick, in horrid darkneſs dwell :
They lie confin'd, unable thence to paſs,
The wall and gates by Neptune made of braſs;
Jove's truſty guards, Gyges and Cottus, ſtand
There, and with Briareus the paſs command.
The entrance there, and the laſt limits, lie
Of earth, the barren main, the ſtarry ſky,
And Tart'rus, there of all the fountains riſe,
A ſight deteſted by immortal eyes :
A mighty chaſm, horror and darkneſs here;
And from the gates the journey of a year;
Here ſtorms in hoarſe, in frightful murmurs play,
The ſeat of Night, where miſts exclude the day.
Before the gate the ſon of Japhet ſtands,
Nor from the ſkies retracts his head or hands;
Where night and day their courſe alternate lead;
Where both their entrance make and both recede,
Both wait the ſeaſon to direct their way,
And ſpread, ſucceſſive, o'er the earth their ſway :
This cheers the eyes of mortals with her light;
The harbinger of Sleep pernicious Night :
And here the ſons of Night their manſion keep,
Sad deities, Death and his brother Sleep;
Whom, from the dawn to the decline of day,
The ſun beholds not with his piercing ray :
One o'er the land extends, and o'er the ſeas,
And lulls the weary'd mind of man to eaſe ;
That iron-hearted, and of cruel ſoul,
Brazen his breaſt, nor can he brook controul,
To whom, and ne'er return, all mortals go,
And even to immortal gods a foe.
Foremoſt th' infernal palaces are ſeen
Of Pluto, and Perſephone his queen ;
A horrid dog, and grim, couch'd on the floor,
Guards, with malicious art, the ſounding door;
On each, who in the entrance firſt appears,
He fawning wags his tail, and cocks his ears :
If any ſtrive to meaſure back the way,
Their ſteps he watches, and devours his prey.
Here Styx, a goddeſs, whom immortals hate,
The firſt-born fair of Ocean, keeps her ſtate ;
From gods remote her ſilver columns riſe,
Roof'd with large rocks her dome that fronts the
ſkies :
Here, croſs the main, ſwift-footed Iris brings
A meſſage ſeldom from the king of kings ;
But when among the gods contention ſpreads,
And in debate divides immortal heads,
From Jove the goddeſs wings her rapid flight
To the fam'd river, and the ſeat of Night,
Thence in a golden vaſe the water bears,
By whoſe cool ſtreams each pow'r immortal ſwears.
Styx from a ſacred fount her courſe derives,
And far beneath the earth her paſſage drives ;
From a ſtupendous rock deſcend her waves,
And the black realms of Night her current laves :
Could any her capacious channels drain,
They'd prove a tenth of all the ſpacious main ;
Nine parts in mazes clear as ſilver glide
Along the earth, or join the ocean's tide ;
The other from the rock in billows rolls,
Source of misfortune to immortal ſouls
Who with falſe oaths diſgrace th' Olympian bow'rs,
Incur the puniſhment of heav'nly pow'rs :
The perjur'd god, as in the arms of death,
Lethargic lies, nor ſeems to draw his breath;
Nor him the nectar and ambroſia cheer,
While the ſun goes his journey of a year;
Nor with the lethargy concludes his pain,
But complicated woes behind remain :
Nine tedious years he muſt an exile rove,
Nor join the council, nor the feaſts of Jove ;
The baniſh'd god back in the tenth they call
To heav'nly banquets and th' Olympian hall :
The honours ſuch the gods on Styx beſtow,
Whoſe living ſtreams through rugged channels
flow,
Where the beginning, and laſt limits lie
Of earth, the barren main, the ſtarry ſky,
And Tart'rus; where of all the fountains riſe;
A ſight deteſted by immortal eyes.
Th' inhabitants through brazen portals paſs,
Over a threſhold of e'erlaſting braſs,
The growth ſpontaneous, and foundations deep ;
And here th' allies of Jove their captives keep,
The Titans, who to utter darkneſs fell,
And in the fartheſt parts of Chaos dwell.
Jove grateful gave to his auxiliar train,
Cottus and Gyges, manſions in the main ;
To Briareus, for his ſuperior might
Exerted fiercely in the dreadful fight,
Neptune who ſhakes the earth, his daughter gave,
Cymopolia, to reward the brave.
When the great victor god, almighty Jove,
The Titans from celeſtial regions drove,
Wide Earth Typhœus bore, with Tart'rus join'd,
Her youngeſt born, and bluſt'ring as the wind ;
Fit for moſt arduous works his brawny hands,
On feet as durable as gods he ſtands ;
From heads of ſerpents hiſs and hundred tongues,
And lick his horrid jaws, untir'd his lungs;
From his dire hundred heads his eye-balls ſtare,
And fire-like, dreadful to beholders glare ;
Terrific from his hundred mouths to hear,
Voices of ev'ry kind torment the ear ;
His utt'rance ſounds like gods in council full ;
And now he bellows like the lordly bull :
And now he roars like the ſtern beaſt that reigns
King of the woods, and terror of the plains ;

And now, surprising to be heard, he yelps,
Like, from his ev'ry voice, the lion's whelps;
And now, so loud a noise the monster makes,
The lofticst mountain from its basis shakes:
And now Typhœus had perplex'd the day,
And over men and gods usurp'd the sway,
Had not the pow'rful monarch of the skies,
Of men and gods the sire, great Jove the wise,
Against the foe his hotteſt vengeance hurl'd,
Which blaz'd and thunder'd through th' ethereal world;
Through land and main the bolts red hissing fell,
And through old Ocean reach'd the gates of Hell.
Th' almighty rising made Olympus nod,
And the earth groan'd beneath the vengeful god.
Hoarse through the cerule main the thunder roll'd,
Through which the light'ning flew, both uncontroul'd;
Fire caught the winds which on their wings they bore,
Fierce flame the earth and heav'n, the seas loud roar,
And beat with burning waves the burning shore;
The tumult of the gods was heard afar:
How hard to lay this hurricane of war!
The god who o'er the dead infernal reigns,
E'en Pluto, trembled in his dark domains:
Dire horror seiz'd the rebel Titan band,
In Tartarus who round their Saturn stand:
But Jove at last collected all his might,
With light'ning arm'd, and thunder for the fight.
With strides majestic from Olympus strode;
What pow'r is able now to face the god!
The flash obedient executes his ire;
The giant blazes with vindictive fire;
From ev'ry head a diff'rent flame ascends;
The monster bellows, and Olympus bends:
The god repeats his blows, beneath each wound
All maim'd the giant falls, and groans the ground,
Fierce flash the lightnings from the hands of Jove,
The mountains burn, and crackles ev'ry grove.
The melted earth floats from her inmost caves,
As from the furnace run metallic waves:
Under the caverns of the sacred ground,
Where Vulcan works, and restless anvils sound,
Beneath the hand divine the iron grows
Ductile, and liquid from the furnace flows;
So the earth melted: and the giant fell,
Plung'd by the arms of mighty Jove to hell.

Typhœus bore the rapid winds which fly
With tempests wing'd, and darken all the sky;
But from the bounteous gods derive their birth
The gales which breathe frugiferous to earth,
The south, the north, and the swift western wind
Which ever blow to profit human kind:
Those from Typhœus sprung, an useless train,
To men pernicious, bluster o'er the main;
With thick and sable clouds they veil the deep,
And now destructive cross the ocean sweep;
The mariner with dread beholds from far
The gathering storms, and elemental war;
His bark the furious blast and billows rend;
The surges rise, and cataracts descend;
Above, beneath, he hears the tempest roar;
Now sinks the vessel, and he fears no more:

And remedy to this they none can find,
Who are resolved to trade by sea and wind.
On land in whirlwinds, or unkindly show'rs,
They blast the lovely fruits and blooming flow'rs;
O'er sea and land the blust'ring tyrants reign,
And make of earth-born men the labours vain.

And now the gods, who fought for endless fame,
The god of gods almighty Jove proclaim,
As Earth advis'd: nor reigns Olympian Jove
Ingrate to them who with the Titans strove;
On those who war'd beneath his wide command
He honours heaps with an impartial hand.

And now the king of gods, Jove, Metis led,
The wisest fair one, to the genial bed;
Who with the blue-ey'd virgin fruitful proves,
Minerva, pledge of their celestial loves;
The fire, from what kind earth and heav'n reveal'd,
Artful the matron in himself conceal'd;
From her it was decreed a race should rise
That would usurp the kingdom of the skies:
And first the virgin with her azure eyes,
Equal in strength, and as her father wise,
Is born, the offspring of th' almighty's brain:
And Metis by the god conceiv'd again,
A son decreed to reign o'er heav'n and earth,
Had not the fire destroy'd the mighty birth:
He made the goddess in himself reside,
To be in ev'ry act th' eternal guide.

The Hours to Jove did lovely Themis bear,
Eunomie, Dice, and Irene fair;
O'er human labours they the pow'r possess,
With seasons kind the fruits of earth to bless:
She by the thund'ring god conceiv'd again,
And suffer'd for the fates the rending pain,
Clotho and Lachesis to whom we owe,
With Atropos, our shares of joy or woe;
This honour they receiv'd from Jove the wise,
The mighty sire, the ruler of the skies.

Eurynome, from ocean sprung, to Jove,
The beauteous graces bore inspiring love,
Aglaia, and Euphrosyne the fair,
And thou Thalia of a graceful air;
From the bright eyes of these such charms proceed
As make the hearts of all beholders bleed.

He Ceres next, a bounteous goddess led
To taste the pleasures of the genial bed;
To him fair-arm'd Persephone she bore,
Whom Pluto ravish'd from her native shore:
The mournful dame he of her child bereft,
But the wise sire assented to the theft.

Mnemosyne his breast with love inspires,
The fair-tress'd object of the god's desires;
Of whom the muses, tuneful nine, are born,
Whose brows rich diadems of gold adorn;
To them uninterrupted joys belong,
Them the gay feast delights, and sacred song.

Latona bore, the fruits of Jove's embrace,
The loveliest offsprings of th' ethereal race;
She for Apollo felt the child-bed throw;
And Artemis for thee who twang the bow.

Last Juno fills th' almighty monarch's arms,
A blooming consort, and replete with charms;
From her Lucina, Mars, and Hebe, spring;
Their sire of gods the god, of kings the king.

Minerva, goddefs of the martial train, [brain;
Whom wars delight, fprung from th' almighty's
The rev'rend dame, unconquerable maid,
The battle rouſes, of no power afraid.
Juno, proud goddefs, with her conſort ſtrove,
And ſoon conceiv'd without the joys of love:
Thee ſhe produc'd without the aid of Jove, 1281
Vulcan, who far in ev'ry art excel
The gods who in celeſtial manſions dwell.
To Neptune beauteous Amphitrite bore
Triton, dread god, who makes the ſurges roar;
Who dwells in ſeats of gold beneath the main,
Where Neptune and fair Amphitrite reign.
To Mars, who pierces with his ſpear the ſhield,
Terror and fear did Cytherea yield;
Dire brothers, who in war diſorder ſpread, 1290
Break the thick phalanx, and increaſe the dead;
They wait in ev'ry act their father's call,
By whoſe ſtrong hand the proudeſt cities fall:
Harmonia, ſprung from that immortal bed,
Was to the ſcene of love by Cadmus led.
Maia, of Atlas born, and mighty Jove,
Join in the ſacred bands of mutual love:
From whom behold the glorious Hermes riſe,
A god renown'd, the herald of the ſkies.
Cadmean Simile, a mortal dame, 1300
Gave to th' almighty's love a child of fame,
Bacchus, from whom our cheerful ſpirits flow,
Mother and ſon alike immortal now.
The mighty Hercules Alcmena bore
To the great god who makes the thunder roar.
Lame Vulcan made Aglaia fair his bride,
The youngeſt grace, and in her blooming pride.
Bacchus, conſpicuous with his golden hair,
Thee Ariadne weds, a beauteous fair,
From Minos ſprung, whom mighty Jove the ſage
Allows to charm her lord exempt from age. 1311
Great Hercules, who with misfortunes ſtrove
Long, is rewarded with a virtuous love,
Hebe, the daughter of the thund'ring god,
By his fair conſort Juno golden ſhod:
Thrice happy he ſafe from his toils to riſe,
And ever young a god to grace the ſkies!
From the bright ſon, and thee, Perſeïs, ſpring
Fam'd offſprings, Circe, and Æetes king.
Æetes thee, beauteous Idya, led, 1320
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed; [crown'd;
And with th' applauſe of heav'n your loves were
From whom Medea ſprung, a fair renown'd.
All hail Olympian maids, harmonious nine,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove divine,
Forſake the land, forſake the briny main,
The god and goddeſſes, celeſtial train;
Ye Muſes, each immortal fair record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord,
In whoſe illuſtrious offſprings all might trace
The glorious likeneſs of a godlike race. 1331
Jaſon, an hero through the world renown'd,
Was with the joyous love of Ceres crown'd;
Their joys they acted in a fertile ſoil [toil;
Of Crete, which thrice had bore the ploughman's
Of them was Plutus born, who ſpreads his hand,
Diſperſing wealth o'er all the ſea and land;
Happy the man who in his favour lives,
Riches to him, and all their joys he gives. 1339

Cadmus Harmonia lov'd the fair and young,
A fruitful dame from golden Venus ſprung;
Ino and Simile, Agave fair,
And thee, Autonoë, thy lover's care,
(Young Ariſtæus with his comely hair),
She bore; and Polydore completes the race,
Born in the walls of Thebes a ſtately place.
The brave Chryſaor thee, Calliroe led
Daughter of Ocean to the genial bed;
Whence Geryon ſprung fierce with his triple head;
Whom Hercules laid breathleſs on the ground,
In Erythia which the waves ſurround; 1351
By his ſtrong arm the mighty giant ſlain,
The hero drove his oxen croſs the main.
Two royal ſons were to Tithonus born,
Of thee, Aurora, goddeſs of the morn;
Hemathion from whom and Memnon ſpring,
Known by his brazen helm was Ethiop's king.
Pregnant by Cephalus the goddeſs proves,
A ſon of high renown rewards their loves;
In form like the poſſeſſors of the ſkies, 1630
Great Phaëthon, whom with deſiring eyes
Fair Aphrodite views: in blooming days
She to her ſacred fane the youth conveys;
Inhabitant divine he there remain'd,
His taſk nocturnal by the fair ordain'd.
When Peleis, haughty prince of wide command,
Of much th' atchiever with an impious hand,
Succeſs attending his injurious mind,
Gave the ſwell'd fails to fly before the wind,
Æſonides, ſuch gods were thy decrees, 1370
The daughter of Æetes croſs the ſeas
Rap'd from her ſire; the hero much endur'd
Ere in his veſſel he the fair ſecur'd;
Her to Iolcus in her youthful pride
He bore, and there poſſeſs'd the charming bride;
To Jaſon, her eſpous'd, the lovely dame
Medeus yields, pledge of the monarch's flame;
Whom Chiron artful by his precepts ſway'd:
Thus was the will of mighty Jove obey'd.
The Nereid Pſamathe did Phocus bear 1386
To Æacus, herſelf excelling fair.
To Peleus Thetis, ſilver-footed dame,
Achilles bore in war a mighty name.
Fair Cytherea, ever flush'd with charms,
Reſign'd them to a mortal hero's arms:
To thee, Anchiſes, the celeſtial bride
Æneas bore high in the ſhades of Ide.
Circe, the daughter of the ſun, inclin'd
To thee, Ulyſſes, of a patient mind;
Hence Agrius ſprung, and Hence Latinus came,
A valiant hero, and a ſpotleſs name. 1395
The ſacred iſles were by the brothers ſway'd;
And them the Tyrrhenes, men renown'd, obey'd.
Calypſo with the ſage indulg'd her flame;
From them Nauſithous and Nauſinous came.
Thus each immortal fair the nine record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord;
In whoſe illuſtrious offſprings all might trace
The glorious likeneſs of a godlike race:
And now, Olympian maids, harmonious nine,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove divine, 1401
In laſting ſong the mortal dames rehearſe;
Let the bright belles of earth adorn the verſe.

NOTES ON THE THEOGONY.

Ver. 1. I shall refer the reader to what I have said in the second and fourth sections of my Discourse on the writings of Hesiod, concerning the genuineness of the beginning of this poem, and the explanation of the Theogony. Our author here takes an occasion to celebrate the offices and power of the muses, and to give a short repetition of the greater deities. To what end is this grand assembly of divine personages introduced? To inspire the poet with thoughts suitable to the dignity of their characters; and by raising his imagination to such a height, as to believe they preside over his labours, he becomes the amanuensis of the gods. The muses, says the Earl of Shaftesbury, in his letter concerning enthusiasm, were so many divine persons in the heathen creed. The same noble writer has in that discourse elegantly showed the necessity and beauty of enthusiasm in poetry.

Ver. 2. A mountain in Bœotia, so called from the Phœnician word, *hhalik*, or *hhalikon*, which signifies a high mountain. Bochart, in his Chan. book i. chap. 16, shows that Bœotia was full of Phœnician names and colonies. *Le Clerc.* Pausanias, in his Bœotics, says Helicon excells all the mountains in Greece, in the abundance and virtues of the trees which grow on it: he likewise tells us it produces no leriferous herbs or roots.

Ver. 5. Grævius and Le Clerc both agree in this reading, and derive ιοειδης from ειδος ιω, having the dusky colour of iron; they likewise bring instances from Homer, and other poets, of the same word being used to the sea, rivers, and fountains; by which epithet, say they, they expressed the depth and plenty of the water.

Ver. 8 Pausanias, and Tzetzes after him, reads it *Termessus*; but this may proceed from their ignorance of the radix, which, says Le Clerc, is the Phœnician word *pheer-metso*; the interpretation of which is a pure fountain. The river is at the foot of Helicon.

Ver. 9. The Phœnician word, says Bochart, is *Hipphigran*, which signifies the eruption of a fountain: the word being corrupted into *Hippocrene*, gave rise to the story of the fountain of the horse. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 10. The Phœnician word is *hhol-maio*, sweet water. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 12. The historical and physical interpretation of the deities here mentioned, I shall defer till I come to them in the course of the Theogony.

Ver. 22 Some translate this passage *nigris oculis*, and Le Clerc chooses *blandis*: I would correct them, and have it arched or bending. Tzetzes entirely favours my interpretation of ελικοβλεφαρον, eye-brows arched into a circle; a metaphor taken, saye he, εκ των της αμπελου ελικων, from the curling of the vine.

Ver. 33. This extravagance in our poet has been the subject of satire to some; but Lucian has been the most severe in his dialogue betwixt himself and Hesiod. Ovid has an allusion to this passage in the beginning of his Art of Love; which Dryden has thus translated:

Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen.
As Hesiod saw them in the shady green.

This slight, however extravagant it may seem to some, certainly adds a grace to the poem; and whoever consults the nineteenth ode of the second book, and the fourth of the third book of Horace, will find this sort of enthusiasm carried to a great height.

Ver. 46. The poet here, from the mouth of the muse, prepares the reader for what he is to expect. Though he proposes to give an historical and physical relation of the generation of the gods, according to the received opinion, yet supplies from invention are necessary to make the work agreeable as a poem.

Ver. 50. Le Clerc has a long note on this verse, from Claud. Salmasius, proving the rhapsodists to be so called απο της ραβδου, from singing with a bough in their hands, in imitation of the ancient poets; which bough was of laurel: but why of laurel before any other? The Scholiast Tzetzes gave two very good reasons; first, says he, the poet makes the sceptre, which he received from the muses, of laurel, because Helicon, the place on which they presented it, abounds with that tree; secondly, as the laurel is ever green, it is the most proper emblem of works of genius, which never fade.

Ver. 59. Exactly the same is the flight in the fourth ode of the third book of Horace:

——an me ludit amabilis
Infania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ!

The sense of which, in short, is this: "Am I "agreeably deluded, while I seem to wander "through poetic scenes!" And again,

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum! Quæ in nemora, aut quos, agor, in specus,
Velox mente novâ! Lib. 3. Od. 25.

It is worth observing, that the best poets are generally most poetical in their invocations, or in other parts, where a deity is introduced; for then they seem to be overpowered with the inspiration; but here the fine imagination, and exalted genius, are most required, that while fancy takes her full stretch in fiction, it may seem the real "numinis "afflatus."

Ver. 68. Le Clerc judiciouſly obſerves, that the poets frequently make inanimate beings affected, or with joy or grief, when there is reaſon for either, that it may be ſaid, even inanimate beings are moved. This, I think, is a boldneſs ſeldom practiſed but by the beſt poets, and moſt frequently among the ancients. We find it with as much ſucceſs as any where in the poetical parts of the Old Teſtament.

" The vallies ſhall ſtand ſo thick with corn that " they ſhall laugh and ſing." Pſalm lvi. ver. 14.

εγελασσε δε γαια πελωρη,
Γηθησην δε βαθυς ποντος. Theognis.

" The wide earth laugh'd, and the deep ſea re- " joic'd."

Tibi rident æquora ponti. Lucret.

" To thee the waters of the ocean ſmile."

I give theſe three quotations to ſhow as the Latin were followers of the Greek poets, it is not unlikely the Greek might imitate the ſtyle of the eaſtern writers in many places.

Ver. 81. Mnemoſyne, the ſame with memory, is here made a perſon, and the mother of the muſes; which, with the etymology of the word *pieria*, which Le Clerc tells us, is, in the Phœnician tongue, fruitfulneſs, and the note to the firſt verſe of the Works and Days, will let us clearly into the poetical meaning of the parents and birthplace of the muſes. The ſame critic derives the word muſe from the Phœnician word *motſa*, the feminine for inventor. See farther in the Diſcourſe, &c.

It will now be proper to inquire into the reaſon of the poet making Mnemoſyne empreſs of Eleuther. Eleuther is a part of Bœotia, ſo called from a prince of that name: here, ſays Tzetzes, the poet endeavours to add a glory to his country; for though the muſes themſelves were born on Pieria, he makes their mother a Bœotian. Pieria is the name of a mountain, and a country lying beneath it, bounded on the north with Theſſaly, and on the ſouth with Macedon. Le Clerc derives the word Eleuther from the Phœnician word Halethir, a high place from which we ſee afar off, which word is a compound of *halah*, to aſcend, and *thour*, to ſee afar off. The reader muſt here obſerve, that great part of the art of this poem depends on the etymology of the words, and on the proſopopœias. Plutarch, in his rules for the education of children, has obſerved, that the mythologiſts have judiciouſly made Mnemoſyne the mother of the muſes, intimating that nothing ſo much cheriſhes learning as the memory.

Ver. 96. A mountain in Theſſaly, which, for the extraordinary height, is often uſed for heaven.

Ver. 99. The god of love and the graces are proper companions for the muſes; for the gifts of the muſes are of little value without grace and love: and at banquets, love and good manners, which are implied by the graces, compoſe the harmony. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 109. Le Clerc here raiſes a difficulty, and I think without reaſon; he ſays the poet ſo confounds the man Jupiter with the god, that he knows not how to account for it. The poet could here deſign no other but the Supreme Being; firſt for the honour of poetry, as appears from ſome following verſes; and ſecondly, becauſe God is the ſource of all wiſdom, he is the father of the muſes, who preſide over the principal arts

Ver. 119. The names of the muſes, and their derivations. Clio, from κλειω, to celebrate, to render glorious. Melpomene, from μελπομαι, to ſing or warble. Euterpe, from ευ and τερπω, to delight well. Terpſichore, from τερπω to delight, and χορος a choir. Erato, from εραω, to love. Thalia, from θαλιαι banquets, or θαλλω, to flouriſh. Polymnia, πολυς many, and υμνος a ſong or hymn. Urania, from ουρανος heaven. Calliope, from καλος beautiful, and οψ a voice. Our poet attributes no particular art to each muſe; but, according to him, poetry is the province of all. Calliope, indeed, is diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, as preſiding over the greater ſort of poetry. See the Diſcourſe on the Theology of the ancients, &c.

Ver. 134. Le Clerc tells us, from Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus, that, at firſt, all the cities in Greece looked on their kings as their judges to determine all controverted points; and he was eſteemed the beſt king who was the beſt judge, and the ſtricteſt obſerver of the laws: for the certainty of this, we need no better authority than our own poet, and particularly in his Works and Days: it is worth obſerving how very careful he is to inſpire his readers with ſentiments of reſpect and dignity towards their rulers; and to increaſe our reverence for them, he derives them from the great Ruler of the univerſe; and from the ſame origin are the muſes; all which muſt be thus underſtood, the prince owes all his regal honours and power to the Supreme Being, and no leſs than Almighty aid is neceſſary to make a good poet. I can add nothing more proper to what I have ſaid concerning princes, their office, and derivation of their power, than the firſt three verſes of the ſixth chapter of the Wiſdom of Solomon. " Hear, therefore, O ye " kings, and underſtand; learn ye that be judges " of the ends of the earth, give ear, you that rule " the people, and glory in the multitude of na- " tions; for power is given you of the Lord, and " ſovereignty from the higheſt, who ſhall try your " works, and ſearch out your counſels."

Ver. 156. This, and the nine following verſes, are by ſome attributed to Homer, among the fragments of that poet; where the miſtake lies, I cannot tell; but I ſhall here take an occaſion to account, in general, for ſeveral verſes in the Iliad, Odyſſes, the Works and Days, and the Theogony, being alike; they are either ſuch as where they mention the Pleïades, Hyades, and Orion, conſtellations which were moſt taken notice of by the old poets, and the names of which naturally run into an hexameter verſe; or ſuch as were common or proverbial ſayings of the times; which circumſtances render it very poſſible for divers to have wrote the ſame lines without one ever

ſeeing the works of the other. I am perſuaded that all or moſt of the ſimilar paſſages in theſe two poets are of this nature. If, therefore, ſome of the old ſcholiaſts and commentators had thoroughly conſidered this, they would not have had ſo many impertinencies in their remarks as they have.

Ver. 172. I know not how this is to be taken but phyſically; if we ſuppoſe all things to be the offſprings of Chaos, which are all natural beings, they may properly be ſaid to be nouriſhed by the main, that is by prolific humour. In this ſenſe Milton, in the ſeventh book of his Paradiſe Loſt, judiciouſly uſes the word, ſpeaking of the creation.

Over all the face of the earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour, ſoft'ning all her glebe,
Fermenting the great mother to conceive,

Ver. 190. In my interpretation of the generation of the deities I ſhall chiefly have regard to the phyſical meanings; ſuch paſſages as I leave unobſerved are what any reader with little trouble may clear to himſelf, after he has ſeen my explanations of the moſt material.

This fable, ſays Lord Bacon, in his Wiſdom of the Ancients, ſpeaking of Heaven, ſeems to contain an enigma of the origin of things, not much different from the truth of the divine word, which tells us of a deformed matter before the works of the ſix days. To this eternity of confuſed matter Milton alludes in the ſeventh book of his Paradiſe Loſt.

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn.

Ver. 191. Plato, in his Phedo, ſays the earth was the ſeat and foundation of the gods, αθανατων he calls them, to ſhow that the gods were once preſerved with pious men. *Tzetz.* This is ſtrange philoſophy, to imagine any beings to have a beginning, and yet immutable and immortal from their firſt riſe; but it is apparent that the poet makes matter precede all things, even the gods. Guietus judges the next verſe to be ſuppoſititious.

Ver. 194. Tartarus, or hell, is ſaid to be brought forth with the earth, becauſe it is feigned to be in the inmoſt receſſes of the earth. The word Tartarus is derived from the Phœnician *tarahhtarahh*, the radix of which is the Hebrew and Arabic *tarahh*, which ſignifies, he created trouble. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 196. This fable alludes to, and enters into the cradle of nature. Love ſeems to be the appetite, or ſtimulation, of the firſt matter; or, to ſpeak more intelligible, the natural motion of the atoms. *Lord Bacon.*

Ver. 202. It is rightly obſerved that darkneſs was over all till the ſky was illumined by the ſun and the ſtars; Chaos therefore brought forth darkneſs and night. *Tzetz.* Before any thing appeared all was *bereb* or *ereb*, darkneſs or night; the ſame is the account which Moſes gives us. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 204. I believe the word αιθηρ does not mean the chief, or material, part of the air, but is the ſame with αιθρια ſerenity. *Le Clerc.* So night and darkneſs are properly ſaid to be the parents of day and ſerenity.

Ver. 206. All that the poet means, is, that earth appeared before the firmament which ſurrounds it. Similar to this is the deſcription Milton gives of the offſprings of earth.

——————God ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear,

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds.

Book 6.

Let us now conſider the difference betwixt πελαγος or ποντος and ωκεανος, which I render the ſea and the ocean, and why the ſea is ſaid to be from earth only, and the ocean from earth and heaven. That part of the ocean is generally agreed to be called ſea which takes a name from any country or particular circumſtance; the ocean, Diodorus Siculus tells us, in his firſt book, comprehends, according to the opinion of the ancients, all moiſture which nouriſhes the univerſe; and Henry Stephens quotes many authorities to ſhow it was always uſed in that ſenſe; I ſhall content myſelf with one from Homer, and another from Pliny.

Εξ ουπερ παντες ποταμοι, και πασα θαλασσα,
Και πασαι κρηναι, &c.

From which are derived all rivers, every ſea, and all fountains.

The ocean, ſays Pliny, is the receptacle of all waters, and from which all waters flow; it is that which feeds the clouds and the very ſtars.

Ver. 214. Le Clerc is inclined to think that theſe names are ſome of real perſons, and ſome only poetical, as Themis and Mnemoſyne which are juſtice and memory. The ſame critic might have quoted Plutarch to countenance this opinion, who names for real perſons Cœus, Creus, Hyperion, and Japhet: nor is it unreaſonable to believe that the poet deſigned ſome as perſons: for, without ſuch to meaſure time, Saturn, or Κρονος, which ſignifies time, would be introduced with impropriety.

The etymology of the names of the Cyclops are literally expreſſive of their nature. The general name to all is from κυκλος a circle, and ωψ an eye, Brontes from βρονταω thunder; Steropes from αστεροπη brightneſs; Arges from αργος white, ſplendid, ſwift. Apollodorus varies from our poet in one of the names of the Cyclops; inſtead of Αργη he calls him Αρπη. It has been often remarked that Homer, Heſiod, Apollodorus, and other mythologiſts, frequently differ in names: I here give one inſtance, from many obſervations which I have made, of their not differing in ſenſe though in name; for as ſwift, or ſplendid, is a proper epithet for lightning; αρπη, a fork, is as ſignificant a name for one of the Cyclops as αργη.

Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus. Grævius will have theſe three to be men, and robbers; he ſays

the ancients intended, by the terrible deſcription of their many heads and hands, to expreſs their violence, ferocity, and injuſtice. The Scholiaſt Tzetzes ſays, they are turbulent winds; which phyſical interpretation ſeems moſt agreeable to me; their heads and hands well expreſs their rage; they being impriſoned by their father in the bowels of the earth, and relieved by their mother in proceſs of time, which is the meaning of Saturn releaſing them, is all pertinent to the winds. I am not inſenſible of an objection that may be ſtarted in this explication, from the manner in which they are made part of the war with the gods; but we are to conſider that the poet does not confine himſelf to direct phyſical truth; for which reaſon he prepared his readers for a mixture of fiction, from the mouth of the muſe, in the beginning of the poem.

Let us come to the explanation of the conſpiracy of Earth and Saturn againſt Heaven. Tzetzes, Guietus, and Le Clerc, have this conjecture likewiſe of the children which were confined by Heaven in the receſſes of the earth; they were the corn-fruits of the earth, which, in time, ſome perſon found to be of benefit to human kind: He diſcovered the metal of which he made a ſickle: the poſture of reaping is deſigned by his left hand applied to the members of his father, and his right to the inſtrument. The giants and nymphs, which are ſaid to ſpring from the blood of Heaven, are thoſe who had the advantages of the invention. The warlike giants and furies are wars and tumults, which were the conſequences of plenty and riches. Saturn throwing the members into the ſea, denotes traffic with foreign countries.

Venus, ſays Lord Bacon, is deſigned to expreſs the concord of things.

Heaven called his ſons Titans, from τιταινω, to revenge: his prophecy may allude to the diſturbances in the world which were the effects of plenty and luxury.

How monſtrous does this ſtory ſeem in the text! Certainly the author muſt have ſome phyſical meaning in view; and what more probable than the laſt which we have offered? This allegorical way of writing will ceaſe to be a wonder, when we conſider the cuſtom of the times, and the love that the ancients bore to fables; and we muſt think ourſelves happy that we can attain ſuch light into them as we have, ſince we are divided by ſuch length of time from the firſt inventors, and ſeeing the poetical embelliſhments ſince added to them, have rendered them more obſcure; but of this I ſhall ſpeak more largely in my diſcourſe at the end.

Ver. 325. The diſtinction which Tzetzes makes betwixt Μοιρα and Κηρα, which I tranſlate Deſtiny and Fate, is this; one confirms the decree concerning our death, and the other the puniſhment attending evil works. Le Clerc infers, from the poet making even the gods ſubject to the Fates, that they muſt be mere men which were immortalized by human adoration; but the paſſage which Plutarch, in his inquiry after God, quotes from Plato, will better reconcile this: Fate, ſays he, is the eternal reaſon and law implanted in the nature of every being.

Momus is called a deity, becauſe he animadverts on the vices both of men and gods; but why is he called the ſon of Night? Becauſe cenſure and backbitings are generally ſpread privately, and as in the dark. His name is from *Moum* or *Mom*, the Phœnician word for vice. Lucian, in his Aſſembly of the Gods, makes Momus ſpeak thus of himſelf: "All know me to be free of my tongue, and "that I conceal nothing ill done: I blab out eve-"ry thing," &c. *Le Clerc.*

The Heſperides are nymphs which are ſaid to watch the golden fruit in the weſtern parts of the world. Tzetzes thus interprets this ſtory: The Heſperides are the nocturnal hours in which the ſtars are in their luſtre; by Hercules who is feigned to have plucked the golden fruit, is meant the ſun, at whoſe appearance the ſtars ceaſe to ſhine.

Nemeſis is called the goddeſs of Revenge, and the etymology of her name ſpeaks her office, which is from νεμεσαω, "to reſent." Our poet, in his Works and Days, ranks her with Modeſty.

Ver. 357. Nereus, which in the Phœnician tongue is *naharo*, "a river," is ſaid to be the ſon of the Sea, becauſe all rivers take their riſe from thence, according to the opinion of the poet. The reaſon, perhaps, for which he has this extraordinary character in the Theogony, is becauſe he was eſteemed a prophetic deity. *Le Clerc.*

Thaumas is here made the ſon of the Sea and Earth, and the father of Iris: Le Clerc ſays he is thus allied to the Sea and Iris; he is the deity that preſides over clouds and vapours, which ariſe from the ſea and the earth, and cauſe Iris, or the rainbow. He is called Thaumas, from θαυμαζω, "to "wonder at, or admire," or from the Phœnician word of the ſame ſignification, *thamah*, becauſe all meteors excite wonder or admiration.

Phorcys, ſays Le Clerc, ſeems to have been one who employed himſelf in navigation; but his derivation of the word is too far fetched from the Syrian *phrak*, "he departed, or travelled." The ſame critic is ſurpriſed, and, indeed, not without reaſon, that Ceto ſhould be called fair, and have ſuch horrid children; he derives her name from *kout*, "to be contentious, to lothe."

Eurybia is from ευρυς, "wide," and βια, "force," one of extenſive power.

Ver. 367. Tzetzes thinks the poet, by the names of the Nereids, deſigned to expreſs ſeveral parts and qualities of the ſea; but Le Clerc believes them only the arbitrary invention of the poets. Spenſer, in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of his Faery Queene, has introduced a beautiful aſſemblage of the Nereids, and other ſea and river-deities, at the marriage of Thames and Medway: and he has imitated and paraphraſed many verſes together out of our poet, and tranſlated many more; and moſt, in my judgment, ſuperior to the Greek; whoſe manner of imitating the ancients will appear by a quotation of one ſtanza.

Stanza 48th.

And after theſe the ſea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damſels, deck'd with long green hair,

Whom of their ſire Nereides men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
The gray-ey'd Doris; all which fifty are;
All which ſhe there on her attending had;
Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis fair,
Soft Spio, ſweet Eudore, Sao ſad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad.

Ver. 418. The Harpies are violent ſtorms; the etymologies of their names are ſignificant of their nature. The word Harpies is from αρπαζω to tear, to deſtroy; Aëllo from αιλλα a ſtorm; Ocypete from ωκυς ſwift, and πτομαι to fly.

Ver. 423. I ſhall give the ſtory of the Gorgons, and the Graiæ, as related by Lord Bacon, with reflections on the ſame.

Perſeus is ſaid to have been ſent by Pallas to ſlay Meduſa, who was very pernicious to many of the inhabitants of the weſtern parts of Hiberia, for ſhe was ſo dire and horrid a monſter, that by her aſpect only, ſhe converted men into ſtones. Of the Gorgons Meduſa only was mortal: Perſeus, preparing himſelf to kill her, received arms and other gifts from three deities; from Mercury he had wings for his heels, from Pluto, a helmet, and from Pallas a ſhield and a looking-glaſs He went not immediately towards Meduſa, though he was ſo well inſtructed; but firſt to the Graiæ, who were gray and like old women from their birth. They had all but one eye and one tooth, which ſhe who went abroad uſed, and laid down when ſhe returned. This eye and tooth they lent to Perſeus, who finding himſelf thus completely furniſhed for his deſign, flew without delay to Meduſa, whom he found ſleeping: if ſhe ſhould awake he dared not look in her face; therefore, turning his head aſide, he beheld her in the glaſs of Pallas, and in that manner taking his aim he cut off her head: from her blood inſtantly ſprung Pegaſus with wings. Perſeus fixed her head in the ſhield of Pallas, which retained this power, that all who beheld it became ſtupid as if thunderſtruck.

This fable ſeems invented to ſhow the prudence required in waging war; in which three weighty precepts are to be conſidered as from the counſel of Pallas. Firſt, In the enlarging dominions, the occaſion, facility, and profits of a war, are to be thought of before vicinity of territories; therefore Perſeus, though an oriental, did not decline an expedition to the extremeſt parts of the weſt. Secondly, Regard ought to be had to the motives of a war, which ſhould be juſt and honourable; for a war on ſuch terms adds alacrity both to the ſoldiers and thoſe who bear the expence of the war; it obtains and ſecures aids, and has many other advantages. No cauſe of a war is more pious than the quelling tyranny, which ſo ſubdues the people as to deprive them of all ſoul and vigour, which is ſignified by the aſpect of Meduſa. Thirdly, The Gorgons were three, by which wars are repreſented, and Perſeus is judiciouſly made to encounter her only who was mortal; that is, he would not purſue vaſt and endleſs hopes, but undertook a war that might be brought to a period. The inſtruction which Perſeus received is that which conduces to the ſucceſs or fortune of the war: he received ſwiftneſs from Mercury, ſecrecy of counſels from Orcus, and providence from Pallas. Though Perſeus wanted not age nor courage, that he ſhould conſult the Graiæ was neceſſary. The Graiæ are treaſons, and elegantly ſaid to be gray, and like old women, from their birth, becauſe of the perpetual fears and tremblings with which traitors are attended. All their force, before they appear in open rebellion, is an eye, or a tooth; for every faction alienated from a ſtate contemplates and bites: this eye and tooth is in common, for what they learn and know paſſes through the hands of faction from one to the other; the meaning of the tooth is, they all bite alike; Perſeus therefore was to make friends of the Graiæ, that they might lend him the eye and the tooth. Two effects follow the concluſion of the war; firſt, the generation of Pegaſus, which plainly denotes fame, that flies abroad and proclaims the victory; the ſecond is the bearing the head of Meduſa in the ſhield; for one glorious and memorable act happily accompliſhed, reſtrains all the motions of enemies, and makes even malice amazed and dumb. Thus far Lord Bacon. The following phyſical explanation from Tzetzes:

Phorcys ſignifies the vehemence of the waters, Ceto the depth; γραιαι the Scholiaſt interprets τον αφρον the foam, Pephredo and Enyo the deſire of marine expeditions. The poet calls the Heſperides murmuring, becauſe the ſtars in thoſe parts, according to Ariſtotle, move to a muſical harmony: by Stheno and Euryale, which are immortal, he means the immenſe and inexhauſtible parts of the ocean; by Meduſa the waters which the ſun, or Perſeus dries up by his beams. Chryſaor and Pegaſus are thoſe parts of matter which are exalted on high, and break in thunder and lightning. Pegaſus, ſays Grævius, is ſo called, becauſe he was born near πηγας, the fountains of the main; Chryſaor, from his having in his hand χρυσαν αορ, a golden ſword. Le Clerc tells us that this fable is originally Phœnician; he derives the name of Perſeus from *pharſcho* a horſeman, and Chryſaor from the Phœnician word *chriſaor* the keeper of fire.

Ver. 456. Some, ſays the Scholiaſt, will have Geryon to ſignify time; his three heads mean the preſent, paſt, and the future; Erythea is an iſland in the ocean where he kept his herds. *Tzetz.*

Le Clerc tells us that when Hercules invaded the iſland which Geryon poſſeſſed, he was oppoſed by three parties which were inhabitants, and conquered them; which explains his cutting off his three heads.

The ſame critic afterwards ſeems to doubt this interpretation; he quotes Bochart to prove that no oxen were in Erythea, and that the iſland was not productive of graſs; but I think if heads are figuratively meant for parties, the herds may as well be took for the men who compoſed thoſe parties.

Ver. 462. Orthus is the dog of Geryon that watched the herds, which may be ſome chief officer; and his being murdered in a gloomy ſtall,

may ſignify the ſhameful retreat he made in his time of danger.

Ver. 485. Cerberus, Le Clerc derives from *chrabroſch*, having many heads. The Hydra, he tells us, means the inhabitants about the lake Lerna: Juno may therefore ſignify the earth who nouriſhed the Hydra.

Ver. 497. Chimæra is from the Phœnician *chamirah*, burned; it was a mountain ſo called becauſe it emitted flames; of which ſays Pliny, the mountain Chimæra in Phaſelis flames, without ceaſing, night and day. Strabo thinks the fable took a riſe from this mountain: the three heads may be three cliffs; Bochart ſuppoſes them to be three leaders of the people of Piſidia, whoſe names may have a ſimilitude to the nature of the three animals, the lion, the goat, and the ſerpent. Bellerophon is ſaid to conquer this monſter, to whom the poet gives Pegaſus, becauſe to gain the ſummit of the mountain, no leſs than a winged horſe was required. *Le Clerc.* The interpretation of Chimæra, a mountain, is not unnatural, when we conſider her the daughter of Typhaon, of whom we ſhall ſpeak more largely in a following note.

Ver. 508. Sphinx is thus deſcribed by Apollodorus; "ſhe had the breaſt and face of a woman, the feet and tail of a lion, and the wings of a bird." Le Clerc has this interpretation, which ſeems the moſt reaſonable, of this monſter. After deriving the name from *Sphica* which is a murderer, he tells us in Sphinx is ſhadowed a gang of robbers which lurked in the cavities of a mountain; ſhe is ſaid to have had the face and breaſt of a woman, becauſe ſome women were among them, who perhaps allured the travellers; the feet and tail of a lion, becauſe they were cruel and deſtructive; and the wings of a bird, from their ſwiftneſs. She is ſaid to have ſlain thoſe who could not explain her enigma; that is, they murdered ſuch as unwarily came where they were, and knew not their haunts. Oedipus is recorded to have unravelled the enigma, becauſe he found them and deſtroyed them.

The Nemæan lion may be an allegory of the ſame nature, or literally a lion.

The 31ſt verſe, in the original, is commonly given thus:

Κοιρανεων τρητοιο Νημειης ηδ' απεσαντος.

in which τρητοιο is taken as an adjective ſignifying *cavernoſa*; but Mr. Robinſon, in his edition of Heſiod, publiſhed ſince my tranſlation of our poet, rightly judges τρητοιο to be a proper name, and quotes a paſſage from Diodorus Siculus, and another from Pauſanias, in which the den of the Nemæan lion is ſaid to have been in the mountain Tretum: read, therefore, henceforward,

Κοιρανεον Τρητοιο, Νεμειης, ηδ' απεσαντος.

Ver. 517. Serpents are often in fabulous hiſtory conſtituted guards of things of immenſe value. The ſerpent Python kept the oracle at Delphi; and a ſerpent is made to watch the golden fruit. What is the moral of all this? When we are intruſted with affairs of price and importance, we ought to be as vigilant as ſerpents. The word οφις, "a ſer-" pent," from οπτομαι, "to ſee;" and the Phœnician *nahhaſch*, "a ſerpent," is from a verb in the ſame language, to ſee. *Le Clerc.* I muſt add to this explanation, the ſerpent being placed in a cave to guard the fruit, denotes ſecrecy, as well as vigilance.

Ver. 522. The commentators have concluded Heſiod later than Homer, from his naming the chief river in Egypt under the appellation of the Nile, which, they ſay, was not ſo called in the days of Homer, but Egyptus. This argument cannot prevail, when we conſider the word in the radix, which, ſays Le Clerc, is *nuhhul* and *nhhil*, and in Hebrew *nahhal*, which is the common name for any river; Heſiod, therefore, might chooſe Nile, κατ' εξοχην, for eminence, it being the principal river; or for the ſame reaſon, which is not unlikely, that Homer might chooſe Egyptus, becauſe it came more readily into the verſe: but whatever their reaſons were for chooſing theſe different names of the ſame river, here is no foundation to determine ſo difficult a point as the age of either of theſe poets from it.

Ver. 523. Alpheus is a river in Elis, and has ſomething more extraordinary, ſays Pauſanias, in it than any other river; it often flows under ground and breaks out again. Eridanus, a river, ſays the Scholiaſt, of the Sceltæ. Strymon, a river in Thrace. Mæander, in Lydia or Icaria. Iſter, in Scythia. Phaſis, in Colchis. Rheſus, in Troy. Athelous, in Acarnia or Ætolia. Neſſus, in Thrace. Rhodius, in Troy. Haliacmon, in Macedon. Heptaporus, Granicus, and Æſapus, in Troy. Hermus, in Lydia. Simois, in Troy. Peneus, in Theſſaly; and ſome, ſays Tzetzes, ſay Granicus and Simois are in Theſſaly. Caicus, in Myſia. Sangarius, in Upper Phrygia. Ladon, in Arcadia; this river, ſays Pauſanias, exceeds all the rivers in Greece for clearneſs of water. Parthenius, in Paphlagonia. Evenus, in Ætolia. Ardeſcus, in Scythia. Scamander, in Troy. The daughters of Tethys and Ocean, are only poetical names; deſigned, ſays the Scholiaſt, for lakes and rivers of leſs note than the ſons. They are ſaid, continues he, to have the care of mankind from their birth jointly with Apollo, becauſe heat and moiſture contribute to generation, and the nutriment of men through life.

Ver 581. The ſun is called Ηλιος, from the Phœnician word *helojo*, that is, high; though this name may ſuit all the planets, yet it is more properly given to the moſt eminent of them. He is ſprung from Hyperion, that is, from him that exiſts on high.

Ver. 582. The word Σελαννη, the moon, or in the Doric Σελανα, is from the Phœnician word *ſchelanah*, that is, one that wanders through the night Aurora, or the morning, being born of the ſame parents, needs no explanation.

Ver. 585. Le Clerc ſays, the children of Creus and Eurybia, are not to be found in any ancient hiſtory, nor to be explained from the nature of things; but if we conſider the etymologies of the names of the parents, his remark will prove invalid. Creus is from the verb to judge, and Eurybia, as I have before obſerved, ſignifies wide com-

mand; judgment, therefore, and power, are made the parents of three offsprings of renown. I must here observe, that Pallas cannot be the same with her, who is afterwards said to spring from the head of Jove. Our poet calls this Pallas only, and the latter Athena and Tritogenia. The following verses, which tells us the winds sprung from Astræus and Aurora, I should suppose spurious, because we are told in the same poem they sprung from Typhœus, which is every way agreeable to the physical sense; we must therefore suppose them supposititious, or the poet has committed a very great blunder. See farther in the note to ver. 1195.

Ver. 593. Styx, says the Scholiast, is from στυγεω, to hate, to dread; why her offsprings are made attendants on the Almighty, is conspicuous; but I am not satisfied in Pallas being their father: Tzetzes tells us, that he understands by Pallas, the superior motion which produces such effects. The name, I believe, must come from παλλω, a verb, to express extraordinary action; in Latin, *vibro agito*, &c. We are told here, that Styx was ordained by Jove, the oath of the gods; on which Lord Bacon has the following remark. Necessity is elegantly represented by Styx, a fatal and irremeable river. The same noble author goes on to show, that the force of leagues is to take away the power of offending, by making it necessary that the offender should undergo the penalty enacted. Thus he proceeds; if the power of hurting be taken away, or if, on breach of covenant, the danger of ruin, or loss of honour or estate, must be the consequence, the league may be said to be ratified, as by the sacrament of Styx, since the dread of banishment from the banquets of the gods follows; under which terms are signified by the ancients, the laws, prerogatives affluence, and felicity of empire. See farther, ver. 1082.

Ver. 625. Le Clerc derives Phœbe from the Phœnician, *ph.-pah*, which is *os in illâ*, that is, a prophetic mouth; for, in the Phœnician tongue, the oracle is called the mouth of God; and, to say we consult the mouth of God, is the same as to say we consult the oracle. *Latona*, in Greek, *Leto*, the same critic derives from *lout*, or *lito* or *leto*, which is to use magic charms; therefore, says he, Apollo and Diana, who preside over magic arts, are said to be born of her. Asteria, he tells us, comes from *hasschthirab*, which signifies lying hid, not an improper name for an enchantress.

Ver. 633 Hecate is by the Phœnicians called *Echatha*, that is, the only *unica*; for which reason the poet calls her μονογενης, the only begotten. She is esteemed the chief president over magic arts, and reckoned the same with the moon. The Phœnicians invoked her, because she is the regent of the night, the time when all incantations, charms, and the like, are performed. The sun is in the same language called *Ihadad*, the only, or one *unus*. Hecate is here said to have the fate of mariners jointly with Neptune in her power, because the moon has an influence over the sea, as well as over the land. *Le Clerc*. The Scholiast says, the poet gives this great character of Hecate, because the person who was, perhaps, after her death honoured with divine rites, was a Bœotian.

Ver. 694. Εστιη, by the Latins called *Vesta*, is by the learned justly derived from *Esch*, or the Syrian *eschtha*, fire; she is esteemed the goddess of fire. Ceres, the Greek Δημητης, comes from *dai*, a Phœnician word, signifying plenty; a proper name for her who has the honour of being thought the first who taught to cultivate the ground, and to raise fruit-trees. Ηρη, the Greek name of Juno, is from the Phœnician word *bira* or *barab*, jealousy; than which no name could be more apt to Juno, who is often represented as teazing her husband with jealous surmises. Αιδης, or Pluto, is from the Phœnician word *ed* or *ajid*, which is death or destruction; the poet calls him hard of heart, because he spares none. Plutarch tells us, in his life of Theseus, that the descent which that hero is said to make into hell, means nothing more than his journey to Epirus, of which Αιδης, or Pluto, was king. Pluto is sometimes called the god of riches, because he had in his kingdom many mines of silver and gold. We now come to the etymologies of Εννοσιγαιος and Ποσειδων, the names of Neptune, Posedon signifies a destroyer of ships, εννοσιγαιος, earth-shaker. Jupiter is called the father of gods and men, because all sovereigns are fathers of their people. Saturn is said to swallow his children, that is, he imprisoned them. Thus far Le Clerc. I shall conclude this note with the following remark from Lord Bacon. The first distinction of ages is signified by the reign of Saturn, who, through the frequent dissolutions and short continuances of his sons, is said to have devoured them; the second is described by the reign of Jupiter, who drove those continual changes into Tartarus, by which place is meant perturbation. Guietus thinks the twelve lines from ver. 745. to 757. suppositititious.

Ver. 769. The learned will have Japhet to be the son of Noah, whose posterity inhabited Europe; but, since so many interpolations and falsehoods are mixed with the history of antiquity, we cannot wonder if this story, in some degree, remains yet obscure. Atlas is said to support the heavens near where the Hesperides are situated: Atlas might probably have been the founder of the people who possessed the extremest parts of Africa about the mountain Atlas; which mountain, through the extraordinary height, seemed to prop up heaven, and because it was far in the west, where they imagined heaven almost met the earth. This mountain might have had the name from the first ruler of the people. Menœtius is called υβριστης, contumelious, or injurious, which is agreeable to the radix, the Chaldean word *menath*, he terrified. Bochart, in his Phaleg, book 1. chap. 2. tells us the true name of Prometheus was Magog, who was the son of Japhet: he is said to have been bound to Caucasus, because he settled near it, and to have stole fire from heaven, because he found out the use of those metals which were in the mines about Caucasus. Æschylus puts these words into the mouth of Prometheus, "Who will say he found out brass, iron, silver, and gold, before me?"

The etymology of Magog ſeems to favour the ſtory of the vulture gnawing his liver; the Hebrew name is *moug* or *magag*, which is to waſte away. The radix of Gog is, he burned, not an improper name for him who was enamoured with Pandora. *Le Clerc.* To theſe accounts, I ſhall add the following from Diodorus Siculus: "The Nile, under the riſing of the Dog-ſtar, at which time it was uſually full, overflowed the bounds, and laid great part of Egypt under water. Prometheus, who tried to preſerve the people, by endeavouring to ſtop the flood, died through grief, becauſe he could not accompliſh his deſign. Hercules, inured to labour, and to overcome difficulties, ſtopped the current, and turned it to the former channel. This gave riſe, among the Greek poets, to the ſtory of Hercules killing the eagle which preyed on the liver of Prometheus. The name of the river was then Αετος, the Greek word for an eagle."

Since the opinions of the learned are ſo various on this and ſeveral other fables of antiquity, we muſt reſt on thoſe interpretations which come neareſt to nature, and which leave us leaſt in the dark. My judgment is, that whatever might give birth to this fable, our poet, not regarding the different relations in his time, deſigned it as a moral leſſon, ſhowing the bad effects of a too free indulgence of the paſſions; and, in the character of Prometheus, the benefits of regulating them with diſcretion; which I think I have ſhowed in my remarks on this ſtory, as told in the Works and Days; to which I ſhall add the following reflections from Lord Bacon, which are more properly introduced here, as they more particularly regard this fable, as told in the Theogony.

"After the improvement of arts and the human underſtanding, the parable paſſes to religion, for the cultivation of arts was followed by the inſtitution of divine worſhip, which hypocriſy ſoon polluted. Under the twofold ſacrifice, the religious perſon and the hypocrite are truly repreſented: one contains the fat, which is the portion of God, by the flame and fumes ariſing, from which the affection and zeal for the glory of God are ſignified; by the entrails and fleſh of the ſacrifice, which are good and wholeſome, are meant the bowels of charity. In the other is nothing but dry and naked bones, which only ſtuff up the ſkin, while they make a fair ſhow of a ſacrifice. In the other part of the fable, Prometheus means prudent men who conſider for the future, and warily avoid the many evils and misfortunes which human nature is liable to: but this good property is accompanied with many cares, with the deprivation of pleaſures; they defraud their genius of various joys of life, they perplex themſelves with inteſtine fears and troubleſome reflections, which are denoted by the eagle gnawing his liver while he is bound to the pillar of neceſſity: from the night they obtain ſome relief, but wake in the morning to freſh anxieties. Prometheus having aſſiſtance from Hercules, means fortitude of mind. The ſame is the explanation by the Scholiaſt of the eagle. The poet goes farther than what Tzetzes and Lord Bacon have obſerved: he makes Hercules free Prometheus by the conſent of Jupiter; the meaning of which muſt be, that ſuch miſeries are not to be undergone patiently without divine aid to ſupport the ſpirits. This ſtory is not yet without obſcurities; for Heſiod calls Prometheus ακακητα, blameleſs, hurtful to none; and at the ſame time makes him playing tricks with Jupiter in his offerings. I muſt here obſerve, that this fable is more conſiſtent in every part as told in the Works and Days; nor is it to be wondered at, when we conſider that poem as the work of his riper years, when his genius was more ſedate, and his judgment more ſettled." I ſhall conclude this note with an alluſion which Milton has, in his deſcription of Eve, to the ſtory of Pandora; from which it is evident he took the box of Pandora in the ſame ſenſe with the forbidden fruit; and, as I have already obſerved in my notes to the Works and Days, many have been of opinion that both are from one tradition. The lines in Paradiſe Loſt are theſe:

More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, (and, O! too like
In ſad event!) when, to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks. *Book 4.*

Ver. 916. Here begins the battle of the gods, which continues to ver. 1222. In this the learned are much divided concerning the intention of the poet, and from whence he took his account of the war. Some imagine it of Egyptian riſe, from the ſtory of Typhon; nor are they few who believe it, from the tradition of the battle of the angels; but Tzetzes thinks it no other than a poetical deſcription of a war of the elements: but they are certainly wrong who think it entirely from either. I do not in the leaſt doubt but the poet had a phyſical view in ſome paſſages, and in ſome particulars may poſſibly have had a regard to ſome relations, fabulous or real, of antiquity; but his main deſign ſeems to have been that of relating a war betwixt ſupernatural beings, and, by raiſing his imagination to the utmoſt height, to preſent the dreadfulleſt ideas which the human mind is capable of conceiving: and I believe I may venture to ſay, ſome parts of this war are the ſublimeſt of the ſublime poetry of the ancients. If a nicer eye ſhould diſcover every part of this war to be entirely phyſical, which I think impoſſible, yet I am unjuſtifiable in my ſuppoſing his deſign to be that of relating a war betwixt ſupernatural beings; for while thoſe parts of nature are clothed in proſopopæias they ceaſe to be parts of nature till the allegory is unfolded; our ideas, therefore, are to be placed on the immediate objects of ſenſe, which are the perſons of the war, as they directly preſent themſelves to our eyes from the deſcription of the poet. I muſt here obſerve, that all the commentators on our poet are ſilent on the poetical beauties of this war, which makes me think them to have been men of more learning than taſte.

Our poet tells us the gods eat nectar and ambroſia; and Homer mentions a river of nectar and ambroſia, αμβροσιης και νεκταρος απορρωξ.

Odyſſ. τ.: from which we may conclude thoſe words to be uſed both for meat and drink among the gods.

Ver. 973. The reader is to take notice, that though moſt of the Titans were againſt Jupiter, all were not, for Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus, were Titans; what an image in theſe three brothers tearing up the rocks, and throwing them againſt the enemy! Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all diſturbed by the tumult. The poet artfully takes care to raiſe our ideas, by heightening the images to the laſt. The deſcription of the battle, from ver. 970. to 993. is great, but it is impoſſible that any reader ſhould not feel himſelf more affected with the grandeur and terror with which Jupiter urges the fight. Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all diſturbed as before, but the additional terror, and the variation of the language, make a new ſcene to the mind.

One conflagration ſeems to riſe on all,
And threatens Chaos with the gen'ral fall.

How elevated are theſe in the original! Could the genius of man think of any thing ſublimer to paint the horror of the day, attended with the roar of all the winds, and the whirling of the duſt! Could he think of ought more adequate to our ideas, to expreſs the voice of the war by, than by likening it to the confuſed meeting of the heavens and the earth, to the wreck of worlds! "Do you "ſee," ſays Longinus on another author, "the "earth opening to her centre, the regions of death "juſt ready to appear, and the whole fabric of the "world upon the point of being rent aſunder and "deſtroyed, to ſignify, that in this combat, hea-"ven, hell, things mortal and immortal, every "thing, co-laboured, as it were, with the gods, "and that all nature was endangered." This paſſage of Longinus could never be applied with more juſtice than here, nor more properly expreſſed in our own language, than in the words of Mr. Welſted, from his tranſlation of that author.

Milton, in his Battle of the Angels, has judiciouſly imitated ſeveral parts of our poet. In one place, ſays he,

Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe——

And, a little farther,

——— confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion. *Book* 6.

Le Clerc thinks Chaos here means the whole vaſt extent of air; but Grævius takes it for μεγα χασμα, "the vaſt chaſm that leads to hell;" in which laſt ſenſe Milton likewiſe takes it, deſcribing the paſs from hell to earth:

Before their eyes, in ſudden view, appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean! without bound,
Without dimenſion; where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are loſt; where eldeſt Night,
And Chaos, anceſtors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars. *Book* 2.

And, in the firſt book,

——— the univerſal hoſt upſent
A ſhout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

Ver. 1030. From this verſe to ver. 1134. the poet judiciouſly relieves the mind from the rage of battle, with a deſcription of Tartarus, Styx, &c. with an intent to end the war, and ſurpriſe us with ſomething more ſublime than we could expect, after what had preceded the ſingle combat betwixt Jupiter and Typhœus. In the deſcription of Tartarus, Milton has many imitations of our poet:

With earth thy vaſt foundations cover'd o'er
Heſiod.

Satan deſcribing his realm.

——— lately heav'n, and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm. *Milton, book* 2.

The entrance there, and the laſt limits, lie
Of earth, the barren main, the ſtarry ſky,
And Tart'rus; there of all the fountains riſe.
Heſiod.

——— this wild abyſs,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.
Milton, book 2.

——— where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets. *Book* 4.

And afterwards:

——— and now, in little ſpace,
The confines met of empyrean heav'n,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell.
Book 10.

Here ſtorms in hoarſe, in frightful murmurs play. *Heſiod.*

——— nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous. *Milton, book* 2.

And a little lower, in the ſame book:

At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ears.

Tzetzes ſays the beginning and end of things are ſaid to be here figuratively, becauſe we are in the dark as to the knowledge of them. The verſes in which Atlas is made to prop up the heavens, Guictus ſuppoſes not genuine.

Ver. 1082. The ſtory of Styx, with the puniſhment of the perjured gods, is chiefly poetical. Why this river ſhould be deteſtable to immortals I know not, unleſs they think it a ſad reſtraint to be deterred from perjury: this thought has too much impiety in it, therefore we muſt give it another turn; as relating to the oaths of great men, or in the ſame ſenſe that death is called a foe to the gods, which is from the grief they are ſometimes made to ſuffer for the death of any favourite mortal, as Venus for Adonis, and Thetis for Achilles.

Ver. 1136. Typhœus and Typhaon ſeem to be different perſons (though ſome will have them two names of one perſon), becauſe Typhœus is no ſooner born but he rebels, and is immediately deſtroyed: and Typhaon is made the father of

many children. Le Clerc derives the word Typhœus from the Phœnician word *touphon*, the radix of which is *toupb*, to overflow, to overwhelm. He is not injudiciously called the father of the winds, and the son of Earth and Tartarus; the various voices which the poet gives him are agreeable to the several tones of the winds at several times. Lord Bacon has this reflection on the poetical description of this monster. "Speaking of rebellion, he says, because of the infinite evils which it brings on princes and their subjects, it is represented by the horrid image of Typhœus, whose hundred heads are the divided powers and flaming jaws incendious designs.

Ver. 1154. With what dignity Jupiter sets out for this single combat! heaven and earth tremble beneath him when he rises in anger. Similar to this passage, is the seventh verse of the eighteenth Psalm. "Then the earth shook and trembled, the "foundations of the hills also moved, and were "shaken, because he was wroth."

Here are three circumstances which exalt the images above those in the former battles, the winds bearing the fire on their wings, the giant flaming from his hundred heads, and the similitude of the furnace.

Ver. 1195. In the winds which are here said to be from the gods, the poet omits the east wind; though some will have *αργεστης* to be the name of a wind, and as such Mombritius takes it in his translation; Aulus Gellius indeed gives it as the name of a wind, but as one that blows from the west, by the Latins called Caurus. Stephens gives examples of it being used for the epithet swift; and Scapula quotes Aristotle to show he uses it in the same sense, *αργηται κεραυνοι* the swift lightnings: *αργητις* is from the same radix, and of the same signification with *αργεστης*. The poet calls the winds sprung from Typhœus greatly destructive to mortals, and those from the gods profitable; the two following verses from Exodus, therefore, will, in some degree, countenance my interpretation of Argestes; which I make an adjective to agree with *ζεφυρω, i. e. αργεστω ζεφυρω*. "The Lord "brought an east-wind on the land all that day, "and all that night, and when it was morning "the east-wind brought the locusts." Chap. x 13. "The Lord turned a mighty strong "west-wind, which took away the locusts." Ver. 19. Though this is related as a miracle, we may suppose the properest winds were chosen to bring the evil and the good on the land. In whatever sense this word is taken, our poet is not free from absurdity in his philosophy, when he makes the north, south, and west winds, spring from the gods, and those which tyrannize by sea and land from Typhœus; for the winds from each corner are hurtful sometimes, all depending on what circumstances the elements are in, and not from what part the winds come.

Ver. 1222. Here ends the war. Tzetzes says the conquest which Jupiter gained over the foe, was the tranquillity of nature after the confusion of the elements was laid. However the physical interpretation may hold good through the whole, the war is regularly conducted, and justly concluded; the hero is happily situated, the enemy punished, and the allies rewarded.

Ver. 1223. I shall give the explanation of the story of Minerva springing from the head of Jove, in the words of Lord Bacon, from his Essay on Counsel.

The ancient times do set forth in figure, both the incorporation, and inseparable conjunction, of counsel with kings, and the wise and politic use of counsel by kings; the one in that they say Jupiter did marry Metis, which signifieth counsel, whereby they intend that sovereignty is married to counsel; the other in that which followeth, which was thus; they say after Jupiter was married to Metis she conceived by him, and was with child; but Jupiter suffered her not to stay till she brought forth, but eat her up; whereby he became himself with child, and was delivered of Pallas armed out of his head; which monstrous fable containeth a secret of empire, how kings are to make use of their council of state; that first they ought to refer matters unto them, which is the first begetting or impregnation; but when they are elaborate, moulded, and shaped, in the womb of their council, and grow ripe, and ready to be brought forth, that then they suffer not their counsel to go through with the resolution and direction as if it depended on them, but take the matter back into their own hands, and make it appear to the world that the decrees and final directions (which, because they come forth with prudence and power, are resembled by Pallas armed) proceeded from themselves, and not only from their authority, but, the more to add reputation to themselves, from their head and device. Thus far Lord Bacon. What to make of the son whom Jupiter destroyed before his birth, I know not, unless tyranny is shadowed in that allegory, which often follows power, but was here quelled before it could exert itself, by wisdom or reflection. Milton has judiciously applied this image of Pallas springing from the head of Jove to Sin and Satan, in the second book of Paradise Lost, where Sin giving an account of her birth, thus speaks to Satan,

> All on a sudden, miserable pain
> Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
> In darkness; while thy head flames thick and fast
> Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide;
> Likest to thee in shape, and count'nance bright,
> Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
> Out of thy head I sprung.

Ver. 1239. Jupiter and Themis are said to be the parents of the hours; the meaning of which is, power and justice bless the land, or make the seasons or hours propitious, by laying down good laws which preserve property and peace. Some take Eunomie, Dice, and Irene, to be only poetical names for the hours or seasons of the year; but Grævius laughs at the ignorance of such interpreters, and proves, beyond contradiction, they mean good laws, right, and peace; which is the literal

construction of the names. He produces a passage from Pindar, Olymp. 13, where they can be understood in no other sense; the words of the poet, in English, are these. Here Eunomia dwells with her sisters, Dica the safe foundations of cities, and Irana endowed with the same manners, with the other, the disposers of riches to men, the golden daughters of Themis good in counsel. We are to observe the difference of the names in Hesiod and Pindar is only from a change of the dialect in the latter. Mombritius has taken the hours in the same sense:

Dein horas Themis ediderat, Jovis altera conjux,
Justitiam, legemque bonam pacemque virentem.

The poet before makes the Fates spring from Night; a mistake therefore must be in one place; Le Clerc supposes it here. Mr. Robinson, to avoid the contradiction which is made by the common interpretation of Μοιρας, &c. here places Μοιρας after ωραιουσι, in the construction, and not after τεκεν; which gives it a better sense; however, ωραιουσι Μοιρας, with their names as they stand here, will not well admit of this construction which Mr. Robinson makes, "bonæ leges, justitia, et pax, "humanam sortem pulchram et felicem reddunt." I am inclined to think the three verses here concerning the fates spurious: I am sure they are absurd.

Ver. 1251. Aglaia from αγλαος, splendid; Euphrosyne signifies joy; Thalia from θαλιαι, banquets.

Ver. 1257. Persephone, by the Latins called Proserpina, Le Clerc derives from the Phœnician word *perisaphoun*, in English hidden fruit, which means the fruit committed to the earth; Jove, therefore, whether we understand him as the Supreme Being, or physically the air, is properly called the father of Persephone, and Ceres her mother. Pluto is the heat in the earth which contributes towards maturing the fruits. Besides this interpretation, a story is told of Ceres, a queen of Sicily, whose daughter was forced away by Pluto.

Ver. 1264. Grævius makes one inference from the Muses having diadems of gold on their heads, which is that luxury in dress which prevailed among the ancients On this occasion he uses the words of Ælian from his Various History, book 1. chap. 18. "Who can deny that the women among "the ancients abounded in luxury?"

Ver. 1267. Le Clerc says Phœbus Apollo comes from the Hebrew *phe-bo-hapollon*, having a wonderful mouth; but we must take notice that the poet calls him only Apollo here. Artemis, whom the Latins call Diana, the same critic derives from the Phœnician words *har*, a mountain, and *thamah*, admired.

Ver. 1271. The poet means by this, that Juno was the last of goddesses whom he took to his bed, and whom he made his wife; the rest were only concubines. The word ακοιτις, a wife, our author uses to none but Juno.

Hebe, the goddess of youth is derived from the Hebrew word *eb*, to flourish; Αρες, in Latin Mars, from *Hari*, which signifies a mountain-man: it is well known that the seat of Mars was on the mountains of Thrace. Ειλειθυια, or Lucina, is from *heilidia*, she caused to bring forth; a proper name for a goddess who presides over human birth. *Le Clerc.*

The meaning of this may be, that to the supreme beings, or to earth and air, which are here Jupiter and Juno, we owe our birth, our bloom of youth, and vigour or maturity; which are denoted by Lucina, Hebe, and Mars.

Ver. 1280. The vulgar reading of this passage is this; nor is it in any edition I have seen otherwise.

Ηρη δ' ηφαιστον κλυτον εν φιλοτητι μιγεισα
Γειναστο.

Juno, joining in love, brought forth the renowned Vulcan; than which reading nothing can be more absurd. This is a flagrant instance of the ignorance of the transcribers; nor indeed are those free from censure who have had the care of the press in the printed editions. The very words which follow point out the mistake of εν φιλοτητι.

——καὶ ζαμενησε, καὶ ηρισεν ῳ παρακοιτη.

She used her utmost endeavours, and contended with her husband. For what did she contend with her husband? To bring forth without his assistance, as he did without her. Had the poet intended to make Vulcan the son of Jupiter and Juno, he would have placed him in the list with Hebe, Mars, and Lucina; but, instead of that, he lets the birth of Minerva, though he had given an account of it before, intervene, that the reason of the resentment of Juno may immediately appear: let us therefore read it ου φιλοτητι μιγεισα, and the sense will be this: Juno, without the joys of love, brought forth the renowned Vulcan, resolving to revenge herself on her husband. Thus Tzetzes and Grævius take it; and thus Mombritius has translated it:

Sic quoque, nullius commixta libidine, Juno
Te Vulcane tulit.

Sic quoque is here very proper, because it alludes to the preceding lines of the birth of Minerva. Ηφαιστος, I believe, comes from απτω, to burn, and from αιστω, to destroy. I have another reason which may possibly enforce this reading, and which I have never met with. As Vulcan is called the god of artificers, in metals he is rightly the son of Juno only, who is sometimes physically taken for the earth.

Ver. 1285. Triton is feigned to be the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, and by later poets made the trumpeter of Neptune. Le Clerc takes the name from the Chaldean word *retat*, he stirred up a clamour.

Ver. 1288. This passage, where Terror and Fear are made the sons of Mars, wants no explanation; why Harmonia is the daughter of him and Venus I know not, unless the poet means that beauty is sometimes the reward of courage.

Ver. 1296. Maia is one of the Pleiades; how she may be said to be the daughter of Atlas, see in the Works and Days, book 2. note 1. The Scholiast interprets Hermes, being the messenger of the

gods, thus; the herald of heaven is that which brings divine things to light.

Ver. 1300. Bacchus is ſaid to be born of Simele, which word Le Clerc derives from the Phœnician *tſmelah*, which ſignifies a virgin ripe for man. The Greek name of Bacchus is Διωνυσος, which is literally the ſon of Jove; ſome have a different derivation; but ſince this agrees with his birth, according to the Theogony, it will be needleſs to ſeek any other. He is the god who preſides over the vintage; therefore, as all pleaſures are from God, he is juſtly derived from the ſame ſource. See farther in the Diſcourſe at the end.

Ver. 1304. The ſtory of Jupiter poſſeſſing Alcmena in the ſhape of her huſband Amphitryon, is well known: Hercules phyſically ſignifies ſtrength and courage, which are from Jove.

Ver. 1306. Vulcan and Aglaia are here huſband and wife; but Venus is made the conſort of Vulcan by other authors. Vulcan, the god of artificers in fire, and Aglaia, one of the Graces, are properly joined, becauſe, by the help of both, all that is ornamental is brought to perfection. Vulcan is called lame, becauſe fire cannot ſubſiſt without fuel. Theſe two are brought together, but no children are born of them, which does not anſwer the title of the generation of the gods, therefore improperly introduced in a poem under that title, as are the other perſons who meet and not propagate.

Ver. 1312. Hercules is married to Hebe, that is, to eternal youth, the reward of great and glorious actions.

Ver. 1318. Circe, as an enchantreſs, is properly ſaid to be a daughter of the Sun; and Medea, for the ſame reaſon, is juſtly derived from the ſame ſource.

Ver. 1332. We are now come to the laſt part of the poem, where goddeſſes ſubmit to the embraces of mortals. How ridiculous would theſe ſtories ſeem, were they to be underſtood in the very letter! Such, therefore, (an obſervation I have made before) as remain obſcure to us, we muſt conclude to have loſt of their explanation through the length of time in which they have been handed down to us. The meeting of Jaſon and Ceres in Crete, plainly ſignifies the land being cultivated by that hero; and Plutus, the god of riches, being the produce of their loves, means the fruits of his labour and induſtry.

Ver. 1340. Cadmus and Harmonia have, doubtleſs, ſome relation to perſons in hiſtory. Polydore, the Scholiaſt, ſays, was ſo called, becauſe the gods diſtributed their gifts at the nuptials of his parents.

Ver. 1347. Theſe verſes of Chryſaor and Callirhoe, are, doubtleſs, placed here by miſtake, ſince they were introduced before in a more proper manner: here they are abſurd, becauſe Chryſaor and Callirhoe are not reckoned mortals.

Ver. 1354. I believe Memnon and Hemathion were called by the ancient Greeks, ſons of Aurora, becauſe they were of the orientals which ſettled in Greece. Memnon was king of Ethiopia, which country is in the eaſt from Greece. *Le Clerc.* Tzetzes tells us, that Macedon was ſo called from Hemathion, who was ſlain by Hercules; but that does not agree with Memnon being ſlain by Achilles, becauſe the diſtance of time betwixt Hercules and Achilles was too long; beſides Memnon was ſlain in his youth, which increaſes the error in point of time. The reaſon which Lord Bacon gives for Memnon being the ſon of Aurora, is, that as he was a youth whoſe glories were ſhort-lived, he is properly ſaid to be the ſon of the morning, whoſe beauties ſoon paſs away. The ſame remark, perhaps, may be applied to Hemathion and Phaëthon.

Ver. 1366. Many paſſages may be collected, from which the Argonauts will appear to have been Theſſalian merchants, who ſailed to Colchis; but, ſince Heſiod intended not to relate the expedition, it would be needleſs to give the hiſtory here. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 1380. Æacus, Achilles, and Æneas, are names well known in hiſtory, and ſeem to be mentioned only as the reputed ſons of goddeſſes by mortals without any phyſical view; which ſeems to be the end of introducing Agrius, Latinus, and other names.

Ver. 1394. Le Clerc takes Nauſinous to be the inclination which Ulyſſes had to leave Calypſo, and Nauſithous the ſhip in which he ſailed from her; both words, indeed, are expreſſive of ſuch meanings, but as many perſons have had names from their diſpoſitions, offices, or ſome particular circumſtance of their lives, or names given them ſignificant of ſome quality or employment, yet not applicable to thoſe who are ſo named, we are not certain whether theſe are deſigned as real names or not.

Ver. 1403. This concludes the Theogony, as the poem now ſtands, from which it appears, that the poet writ or intended to write, of women of renown; but ſuch a work could not come under the title of the Theogony; of which ſee farther in the fifth ſection of my Diſcourſe on the Writings of Heſiod.

A DISCOURSE

ON THE THEOLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.

In the following diſcourſe I ſhall confine myſelf to the Theology and Mythology of the ancient Greeks, ſhowing their riſe and progreſs, with a view only to the Theogony of Heſiod, intending it but as an appendix to the notes.

The Greeks, doubtleſs, derived great part of their religion from the Egyptians; and though Herodotus tells us, in one place, that Heſiod, with Homer, was the firſt who introduced a Theogony among the Grecians, and the firſt who gave names to the gods, yet he contradicts that opinion in his ſecond book, where he ſays Melampus ſeems to have learned the ſtories of Bacchus from Cadmus and other Tyrians, which came with him from Phœnicia to the country now called Bœotia: he muſt therefore mean that Heſiod and Homer were the firſt who gave the gods a poetical dreſs, and who uſed them with more freedom in their writings than preceding authors.

Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pauſanias, all mention Cadmus ſettling in Bœotia, and Egyptian colonies in other parts of Greece; and Herodotus ſays almoſt all the names of the gods in Greece were from Egypt: to enforce which, I have tranſlated the following account from Diodorus Siculus.

We learn from the Egyptians that many by nature mortal, were honoured with immortality for their wiſdom, and inventions which proved uſeful to mankind, ſome of which were kings of Egypt; and to ſuch they gave the names of the celeſtial deities. Their firſt prince was called Ἥλιος, from the planet of that name, the ſun. We are told that Ἥφαιστος, or Vulcan, was the inventor of fire, that is, the uſe of it; for ſeeing a tree on the mountains blaſted from heaven, and the wood burning, he received much comfort from the heat, being then winter: from this he fired ſome combuſtible matter, and preſerved the uſe of it afterwards to men; for which reaſon he was made ruler of the people. After this Chronos, or Saturn reigned, who married his ſiſter Rhea, of whom five deities were born, whoſe names were Oſiris, Iſis, Typhon, Apollo, Aphrodite. Oſiris, is Bacchus and Iſis, Ceres, or Demeter. Iſis was married to Oſiris, and, after ſhe ſhared the dominion, made many diſcoveries for the benefit of life; ſhe found the uſe of corn, which grew before neglected in the fields like other herbs; and Oſiris began to cultivate the fruit-trees. In remembrance of theſe perſons annual rites were decreed, which are now preſerved; in the time of harveſt they offer the firſt-fruits of the corn to Iſis, and invoke her. Hermes invented letters, and the lyre of three chords: the firſt inſtituted divine worſhip, and ordained ſacrifices to the gods.

The ſame hiſtorian proceeds to relate the expedition of Oſiris, who was accompanied by his brother Apollo, who is ſaid to be the firſt that pointed out the laurel. Oſiris took great delight in muſic, for which reaſon he carried with him a company of muſicians, among which were nine virgins eminent for their ſkill in ſinging, and in other ſciences, whom the Greeks call the Muſes, and Apollo they ſtyle their preſident. Oſiris at his return was deified, and afterwards murdered by his brother Typhon, a turbulent and impious man. Iſis and her ſon revenged themſelves on Typhon and his accomplices.

Thus far Diodorus in his firſt book; and Plutarch, in his treatiſe of Iſis and Oſiris, ſeems to think the Grecian poets, in their ſtories of Jupiter and the Titans, and of Bacchus and Ceres, indebted to the Egyptians.

Diodorus, in his third book, tells us Cadmus, who was derived from Egypt, brought letters from Phœnicia, and Linus was the firſt among the Greeks who invented poetic numbers and melody, and who writ an account of the actions of the firſt Bacchus; he had many diſciples, the moſt renowned of which were Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. We are told by the ſame author, that Orpheus, who was let into the theology of the Egyptians, applied the generation of the Oſiris of old, to the then modern times, and, being gratified by the Cadmeans, inſtituted new rites. Simele, the daughter of Cadmus, being deflowered, bore a child of the ſame likeneſs, which they attributed to Oſiris of Egypt; Orpheus, who was admitted into the myſteries of the religion, endeavoured to veil her ſhame, by giving out that Simele conceived by Jove, and brought forth Bacchus. Hence men, partly through ignorance, and partly through the honour which they had for Orpheus, and confidence in him, were deceived.

From theſe paſſages we learn that the religion and gods of Egypt were, in part, tranſlated with the colonies into Greece; but they continued not long without innovations and alterations. Linus firſt ſung the exploits of the firſt Bacchus or Oſiris; he, doubtleſs, took all the poetical liberty that he could with his ſubject: Orpheus after him baniſhed the firſt Bacchus from the theology, and introduced the ſecond with a lie to conceal the ſhame of a polluted woman. In ſhort, all the ſtories

which were told in honour of thoſe Egyptians, who had deſerved well of their country, were, with their names, applied to other perſons. Thus, according to the hiſtorian, the divine Orpheus ſet out with bribery, flattery, and deluſion.

Heſiod begins his Theogony with the firſt principle of the heathen ſyſtem, that Chaos was the parent of all, and Heaven and Earth the parents of all viſible things. That Heaven is the father, ſays Plutarch, in his Inquiry after God, appears from his pouring down the waters which have the ſpermatic faculty, and Earth the mother, becauſe ſhe brings forth. This, according to the opinion of Plutarch, and many more, was the origin of the multiplicity of gods, men eſteeming thoſe bodies in the heavens and on the earth, from which they received benefit, the immediate objects of their gratitude and adoration: the ſame were the motives afterwards which induced them to pay divine honours to mortal men, as we ſee in the account we have from Diodorus. The deſign of the poet was to give a catalogue of thoſe deities who were, in any ſenſe, eſteemed as ſuch in the times in which he lived, whether fabulous, hiſtorical, or phyſical; but we muſt take notice, that even where a ſtory had riſe from fable, or hiſtory, he ſeems to labour at reducing it to nature, as in that of the muſes: what was before of mean original, from nine minſtrels, ſlaves to a prince, is rendered great by the genius of the poet.

I ſhall conclude, thinking it all that is farther neceſſary to be ſaid, and particularly on the Mythology, with the following tranſlation from the preface of Lord Bacon to his treatiſe on the Wiſdom of the Ancients.

I am not ignorant how uncertain fiction is, and how liable to be wreſted to this or that ſenſe, nor how prevalent wit and diſcourſe are, ſo as ingeniouſly to apply ſuch meanings as were not thought of originally: but let not the follies and licenſe of few leſſen the eſteem due to parables; for that would be profane and bold, ſince religion delights in ſuch veils and ſhadows: but, reflecting on human wiſdom, I ingeniouſly confeſs my real opinion is, that myſtery and allegory were from the original intended in many fables of the ancient poets; this appears apt and conſpicuous to me, whether raviſhed with a veneration for antiquity, or becauſe I find ſuch coherence in the ſimilitude with the things ſignified, in the very texture of the fable, and in the propriety of the names which are given to the perſons or actors in the fable; and no man can poſitively deny that this was the ſenſe propoſed from the beginning, and induſtriouſly veiled in this manner. How can the conformity and judgment of the names be obſcure to any? Metis being made the wife of Jove, plainly ſignifies counſel. No one ſhould be moved if he ſometimes finds any addition for the ſake of hiſtory, or by way of embelliſhment, or if chronology ſhould happen to be confounded, or if part of one fable ſhould be transferred to another, and a new allegory introduced; for theſe were all neceſſary and to be expected, ſeeing they are the inventions of men of different ages, and who writ to different ends, ſome with a view to the nature of things, and other to civil affairs.

We have another ſign, and that no ſmall one, of this hidden ſenſe which we have been ſpeaking of; which is, that ſome of theſe fables are in the narration, that is, in themſelves literally underſtood, ſo fooliſh and abſurd, that they ſeem to proclaim a parable at a diſtance. Such as are probable may be feigned for amuſement, and in imitation of hiſtory; but where no ſuch deſigns appear, but they ſeem to be what none would imagine or relate, they muſt be calculated for other uſes! What a fiction is this! Jove took Metis for his wife, and as ſoon as he perceived her pregnant, eat her, whence he himſelf conceived, and brought forth Pallas, armed from his head. Nothing can appear more monſtrous, more like a dream, and more out of the courſe of thinking, than this ſtory in itſelf. What has a great weight with me, is, that many of theſe fables ſeem not to be invented by thoſe who have related them, Homer, Heſiod, and other writers; for were they the fictions of that age, and of thoſe who delivered them down to us, nothing great and exalted, according to my opinion, could be expected from ſuch an origin: but if any one will deliberate on this ſubject attentively, theſe will appear to be delivered and related as what were before believed and received, and not as tales then firſt invented and communicated; beſides, as they are told in different manners by authors of almoſt the ſame times, they are eaſily perceived to be common, and derived from old memorial tradition, and are various only from the additional embelliſhments which diverſe writers have beſtowed on them.

In old times, when the inventions of men, and the concluſions deduced from them, were new and uncommon, parables, and ſimiles, of all kinds abounded. As hieroglyphics were more ancient than parables, parables were more ancient than arguments. We ſhall cloſe what we have here ſaid, with this obſervation; the wiſdom of the ancients was either great or happy; great if theſe figures were the fruits of their induſtry, and happy if they looked no farther, that they have afforded matter and occaſion ſo worthy contemplation.

POSTSCRIPT.

I CANNOT take my leave of this work without expreſſing my gratitude to Mr. Theobald for his kind aſſiſtance in it. Much may with juſtice be ſaid to the advantage of that gentleman, but his own writings will be teſtimonies of his abilities, when, perhaps, this profeſſion of my friendſhip for him, and of my zeal for his merit, ſhall be forgot.

Such remarks as I have received from my friends I have diſtinguiſhed from my own, in juſtice to thoſe by whom I have been ſo obliged, leſt, by a general acknowledgment only, ſuch errors as I may have poſſibly committed, ſhould, by the wrong gueſs of ſome, be unjuſtly imputed to them.

Feb. 15. 1728. THOMAS COOKE.

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THE WORKS

OF

THEOCRITUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

Τοις Βουκολικοις, πλην ολιγων των εξωθεν, ο Θεοκριτος επιτυχεστατος.
LONGINUS.

DEDICATION.

To the Honourable

CHARLES YORKE.

Sir,

The complaint which Theocritus makes in one of his Idylliums, of the neglect ſhown to his muſe, naturally reminded me of my own neceſſity. The utmoſt ambition of my wiſhes could not have aſpired after a more illuſtrious patron than Mr. Yorke; I was not kept long in ſuſpenſe, having, through a worthy friend, received permiſſion to inſcribe to you the ſubſequent ſheets; and the favour was granted in a manner ſo peculiarly polite, that I eſteemed the obligation more than doubled.

It was cuſtomary among the ancient Romans, for the plebeians to chooſe out of the body of the patricians protectors or patrons, whoſe care it was to aſſiſt their clients with their intereſt, and defend them from the oppreſſion of the great; to adviſe them in points of law, to manage their ſuits, and ſecure their peace and happineſs: what a powerful advocate, in this reſpect, you would prove, let the pleadings at the bar, the deciſions in Weſtminſter-hall, and the debates in the ſenate, determine. But the friend I ſeek at preſent, muſt be eminent for his enlivened genius, the delicacy of his taſte in literature, his claſſical learning, and his generous protection of the muſes: and where can I find theſe ſhining abilities, and theſe benevolent virtues ſo happily combined, as in that eminent patron, who does me the honour to countenance the following work? You, Sir, are not only "muſis amicus," but

—Muſarumq. comes, cui carmina ſemper
Et citharæ cordi.

You have long ſince ſacrificed to the muſes with ſucceſs; and had not the tenor of your ſtudies, warmed by the example, and improved by the knowledge and experience of your admirable father, formed you to ſhine with ſo much luſtre in a more active and exalted ſphere, you had been ranked with the moſt celebrated authors in polite learning. But I ceaſe to wonder, that you ſhould have attained qualifications like theſe, in the early culture of your talents, when I conſider your zeal to vindicate the privilege of your predeceſſors; for the great lawgivers of antiquity were generally poets: Themis and the muſes are nearly joined in affinity; both derived from heaven; they both diſtribute concord, harmony, and good will, among the inhabitants of the earth.

To whom, then, can I preſent theſe Arcadian ſcenes with ſo much propriety, as to the friend of ancient eloquence and poetry; one whom I know to have been an intelligent reader and admirer of Theocritus? Let me congratulate myſelf on my good fortune, in having, by this performance, found more diſtinguiſhed favour from Mr. Yorke, than Theocritus experienced at the court of Hiero.

That the honours and reputation you have ſo deſervedly acquired, may increaſe more and more; that you may live long and happily, for the encouragement of the liberal ſciences, and the ſervice of your country, is the earneſt wiſh of,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged, and obedient ſervant,

Francis Fawkes.

Orpington,
January 10. 1767

PREFACE.

When I had formed a reſolution of publiſhing a tranſlation of this inimitable poet, I intended to have availed myſelf of every elegant and faithful verſion of any particular Idyllium that fell in my way; and then have endeavoured, to the beſt of my ability, to make up the deficiency. With this view, I carefully examined Mr. Dryden, who has left tranſlations of four Idylliums, the 3d, the 8th, the 23d, and the 27th. There are many beautiful lines in the third; but take it altogether, and it is a

tedious paraphrase; for the original contains only fifty-four verses, which he has multiplied into no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven; particularly there are three lines, beginning at the 18th.

Ω το καλων ποθορωσα· το παν λιθος· ω κυα νοφρω
Νυμφα. κ. τ. λ.
Sweet black-eye'd maid, &c.

Which he has expanded into twelve. Now, though English heroic verse consists of no more than ten syllables, and the Greek hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen, but if, upon an average, we say fifteen, then two Greek verses is equal, in point of syllables, to three of English; but if a translator is so extravagantly licentious, he must lose sight of his original, and by introducing new thoughts of his own, disguise his author, so that nobody can know him again. But Mr. Dryden has a far greater foible than this, which effectually prevents me from inserting any of his translations in this volume, which is, that whenever he meets with any sentiment in an author which has the least tendency to indecency, he always renders it worse; nay, even in these Idylliums, where the original has given him no handle at all, he has wrapt the simple meaning of Theocritus into obscenity. "Sed "vitiis nemo sine nascitur;" no man had more excellencies, as a poet, than Mr. Dryden, therefore the hand of candour should draw a veil over constitutional blemishes.

In Dryden's Miscellany Poems, there are seven or eight translations of other Idylliums, viz. the 2d 10th, 14th, and 20th, by W. Bowles; the 11th by Duke, and the 1st, and some others, by different hands: but none of these, I found, would suit my purpose: there are so many wild deviations from the original, such gross mistakes, and so many incorrect and empty lines, that they will sound very harshly in the polished ears of the present age. Fully satisfied with this inquisition, I then determined to undertake the whole work myself; considering that every translation from an ancient author, as well as every original work, is generally most agreeable to the reader which is finished by the same hand: because, in this case, there is kept up a certain uniformity of style an idiomatical propriety of diction, which is infinitely more pleasing than if some different, though more able hand, had here and there interlarded it with a shining version, than if

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus.

I have been informed by some venerable critics, that Creech's translation of Theocritus was well done, and a book of reputation; that he thoroughly understood the classics, and had a peculiar facility in unfolding their beauties, and that, if there was published a new edition of his translation, there would be no necessity for its being superseded by another. I beg leave to dissent entirely, from these gentlemen, who probably having read Creech when they were young, and having no ea for poetical numbers, are better pleased with th rough music of the last age, than the refined harmony of this; and will not easily be persuaded, that modern improvements can produce any thing superior. However Creech may have approved himself in Lucretius, or Manilius, I shall venture to pronounce this translation of Theocritus very bald and hard, and more rustic than any of the rustics in the Sicilian bard: he himself modestly intitles his book, "the Idylliums of Theocritus "*done into English*:" and they are done as well as can be expected from Creech, who had neither an ear for numbers, nor the least delicacy of expression.

It will be incumbent upon me to make good this bold assertion, which I can easily do by producing a few examples. In the first Idyllium, he calls that noble pastoral cup, "a fine two handled "pot;" and the ελιξ "the tendrils or claspers," with which scandent plants use to sustain themselves in climbing, he transforms into kids;—— "where kids do seem to brouse." In the description of the fisherman, ver. 43. he has these lines:

The nerves in's neck are swoln, look firm, and strong,
Although he's old, and fit for one that's young.

Ver. 112. He makes Daphnis say to Venus:

Go now stout Diomed, go soon pursue,
Go nose him now, and boast, my arts o'erthrew:
Young Daphnis, fight, for I'm a match for you.

Ελικας ριον and σῶμα Λυκαονιδαο, he renders, "Helick's cliff" and "Licon's tomb" A little further on, and likewise in the 5th Idyllium, he turns nightingales into thrushes.

Idyllium III Where Olpis is looking out for tunnies, he makes him stand, "to snare his trouts." The girl Erithacis he calls tawny Bess, and Alphesibœa's mother, Alphisb's mother,

Idyllium V. ver. 11. He translates Crocylus into Dick, and Idyllium XIV Argivus, Apis and Cleunicus, into Tom, Will and Dick. Near the end of the 5th, Lacon says:

I love Eumedes much, I gave my pipe,
How sweet a kiss he gave; ah charming lip!

Then come successively the following delicate rhymes, strains, swans; shame, lamb; piece, fees; joy, sky: afterwards he makes Comates say

I'll toot at Lacon. I have won the lamb,
Go foolish shepherd, pine, and die for shame.

Idyllium VII. ver. 120 He renders απιος, *parsley* thinking it the same as *apium*, whereas it signifies a pear.

Idyllium XI. He makes Polyphemus say of himself;

Sure I am somewhat, they my worth can see,
And I myself will now grow proud of me.

He says of Cynisca, Idyl. XIV ver 23.
That you might light a candle at her nose.

Idyllium XV. One of the gossips says to a stranger,

——————You are a a fancy friend,
I'm ne'er beholding t'ye, and there's an end.

And ſo there's an end of my animadverſions upon Mr. Creech; were I to quote all his dull inſipid lines, I ſhould quote above half his book: thus much was proper for me to ſay in my own vindication; and to add more, might, to ſome people, ſeem invidious.

It has been hinted to me by more ingenious judges, that if Theocritus was tranſlated in the language of Spencer, he would appear to great advantage, as ſuch an antique ſtyle would be a proper ſuccedaneum to the Doric idiom. There appeared to me at firſt ſomething plauſible in this ſcheme; but happening to find part of Moſchus's firſt Idyllium, which is a hue and cry after Cupid, paraphraſtically tranſlated by Spenſer himſelf, I had reaſon to alter my opinion. I ſhall tranſcribe the paſſage, that the reader may judge whether ſuch a verſion would be more agreeable than one in modern language.

It fortuned, fair Venus having loſt
Her little ſon, the winged god of love,
Who for ſome light diſpleaſure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as ſlit as any dove,
And left her blitſful bower of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When ſhe for aught him ſharply did reprove,
And wander'd in the world in ſtrange array,
Diſguis'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him bewray:

Him for to ſeek, ſhe left her heavenly houſe,
And ſearched every way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
She promis'd kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her brings.
Faery Queen, B. 3. ch. 6.

From this ſpecimen I could not be perſuaded to think, that a tranſlation of Theocritus, even in the pureſt language of Spenſer, would afford any pleaſure to an Engliſh reader: and therefore I have given him the dreſs which I apprehend would beſt become him. How I have executed this work, I leave to the deciſion of the candid and impartial, deſiring they will allow me all the indulgence which the tranſlator of ſo various and difficult an author can reaſonably require; an author on whom there are but few Greek ſcholia publiſhed, only to the 17th Idyllium incluſive, and theſe often extremely puerile; an author on whom fewer notes have been written than upon any other equally excellent. Scaliger, Caſaubon, Heinſius and Meurſius frequently leave the moſt difficult paſſages untouched; their obſervations are ſometimes trifling and unſatisfactory, often repugnant to each other, and now and then learnedly obſcure: amidſt theſe diſadvantages, I have endeavoured to conduct myſelf with the utmoſt caution: and if I may be allowed to ſpeak of the following ſheets, I will briefly explain what I have endeavoured to accompliſh. Firſt, then, as to the tranſlation; I have neither followed my author too cloſely, nor abandoned him too wantonly, but have endeavoured to keep the original in view, without too eſſentially deviating from the ſenſe; no literal tranſlation can be juſt; as to this point, Horace gives us an excellent caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate.

A too faithful interpretation, Mr. Dryden ſays, muſt be a pedantic one; an admirable precept to this purpoſe is contained in the compliment Sir John Denham pays Sir Richard Fanſhaw on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido:

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line;
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make tranſlations, and tranſlators too;
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.

And as I have not endeavoured to give a verbal tranſlation, ſo neither have I indulged myſelf in a raſh paraphraſe, which always loſes the ſpirit of an ancient, by degenerating into the modern manners of expreſſion; and to the beſt of my recollection, I have taken no liberties but theſe which are neceſſary for exhibiting the graces of my author, tranſfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation. This is the plan, and theſe are the rules by which every tranſlator ſhould conduct himſelf: how I have acquitted myſelf in theſe points, muſt be left to the determination of ſuperior judges. As to the notes, which I found the moſt laborious part of my taſk, they are intended either to illuſtrate the moſt difficult, and exemplify the beautiful paſſages; or elſe to exhibit the various imitations of authors which I look upon as an agreeable comment, for they not only ſhow the manner in which the ancients copied each other's excellencies, but likewiſe often help to elucidate the paſſages that are quoted. Upon a review of my notes, I am afraid I have inſtanced too many paſſages from Virgil as imitations of Theocritus: what I have to ſay in my defence is, they appeared to me at the time to be ſimilar, if they do not appear in the ſame light to the reader, they are eaſily overlooked: if I have in this reſpect committed a fault, this acknowledgement will plead in mitigation of it.

Beſides theſe errors and miſtakes, I am conſcious of many more, though I hope not very material ones; theſe the learned and judicious, who are ſenſible of the difficulty of this undertaking, will readily excuſe. This work has already met with the approbation of the beſt critics of the age, therefore what the worſt may think or ſay of it, will give me no concern. I muſt acknowledge a fault or two *quas incuria fudit:* there are I believe two or three proper names falſe accented: I have alſo miſtaken the ſenſe of my author in the firſt Idyllium, ver. 31.

This goat with twins I'll give, &c.

It ſhould have been tranſlated, "I will give you

"three milkings of this goat; εἰς τρὶς ἀμέλξαι, that "you may milk her three times; not the goat "herself and twins," which would have been a most extravagant present from a poor goatherd, in return for a song. The reader, therefore, may correct the passage thus:

Thrice shall you milk this goat; she never fails
Two kids to suckle, though she fills two pails;
To this I'll add, &c.

This mistake was imparted to me by the ingenious and learned Dr. Jortin, together with the following emendation; see note on ver. 57, "for χρυσεια "you read, with Pierson, Κρυσσιο; which, as to "the sense, seems to be right. But, as the Ionic "dialect is not often used in a Doric song, I "should prefer the adjective Κρυσσια, which is also "a smaller alteration. As from χρυσος comes "χρυσειος, so from Κρυσσος, Κρυσσιος." I am much obliged to the same gentleman for the following short, but full account:

OF THE BUCOLIC MEASURE.

"Whosoever shall carefully examine in Theo-"critus the composition of his verses, may per-"ceive, that, in his opinion, the nature of bucolic "or pastoral metre, requires that the fourth foot "of the verse be a dactyl, and that the last syl-"lable of this dactyl be the end of a word, which "must not run into the next foot. The first foot "also should rather be a dactyl than a spondee, "and the cæsura is here likewise to be shunned. If "after the fourth foot there be a pause of a com-"ma at least, the verse will be still more elegant; "as

Ἀρχετε | βουκολικας, Μουσαι φιλαι, | ἀρχετ' ἀοιδας.

"Thus the verses will abound with dactyls, which, "together with the broad Doric dialect, gives a "certain rustic vivacity and lightness to the poesy. "But yet the above-mentioned rules, if they were "constantly observed, would displease by a tire-"some uniformity, and confine the poet too much; "and therefore a variety is better, as in the line,

Ἀμφωες, νεοτυκτες, ετι γλυφα | νοιο πονημα.

"And it is sufficient if the other structure predo-"minate. These rules Virgil hath quite neglect-"ed, except in those verses of his eighth eclogue, "which are called *versus intercalares*:

"Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea | tibia, versus,"

And

"Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, | ducite "Daphnim.

"For a further account of this matter, the curious "reader is referred to the Memoires de L'Acad. "Tom. vi. p. 238."

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME MSS. AND CURIOUS EDITIONS OF THEOCRITUS.

It may be asked, why I have not acted the part of a verbal critic in this performance? My reason was, that far more able men had considered Theocritus in that light. The late Mr. D'Orville, the author of the Critica Vannus, and Sicula, during his travels in Italy and Sicily, collated upwards of forty MSS. of Theocritus; his collation is now at Amsterdam. Mr. St. Amand, a few years ago, left to the University of Oxford, a large collection of collations, which Mr. Thomas Warton, who has prepared a noble edition of this author, has the use of. Mr. Taylor, late Greek professor of Cambridge, left likewise a Theocritus almost ready for the press. In the public library at Cambridge, there are some notes on Theocritus by Isaac Casaubon, written in the margin of Henry Stephens's Poetæ Græci; likewise manuscript notes in the edition of Commelin, printed in quarto; and also some notes by Thomas Stanley, the author of the Lives of the Philosophers: all these, and likewise a MS. Theocritus are in the public library at Cambridge. There is also a MS. of the first eight Idylliums in Emanuel College library. Mr. Hoblyn, late member for the city of Bristol, left behind him many notes and observations for an edition of Theocritus. Besides these, there are great materials for illustrating this author in private libraries.

As to the editions of Theocritus, which are very numerous, I think proper to say something; as we have but an imperfect account of them in Fabricius and Maittaire. Reiskie, in the preface to his late edition of this Greek poet, has given us an account of the various editions, but this account is far from being satisfactory. The first edition of Theocritus was printed at Milan in the year 1493, the letter is the same with the Isocrates of the same place and date. See the catalogue of the Leyden library, page 251. The second edition was printed by Aldus Manutius at Venice, in the year 1495; this is the only edition Aldus ever printed; there are some leaves cancelled in it, which is the reason why Reiske and others have imagined that Aldus printed two editions. Mr. Maittaire, in the first volume of his *Annales Typographici* page 244, has given us an account of these differences. In the year 1515, we have an edition by Philip Junta at Florence; and another in 1516, by Zachary Caliergus at Rome.

These are all the editions that came out before the year 1520. Besides these, and those mentioned by Reiske, which I have seen, there are some curious editions, viz. that of Florence by Benedict Junta, printed in the year 1540; the Basil edition of 1558, and the Paris edition of 1627, printed by John Libert. I have purposely omitted mentioning the others, as they are already taken notice of, either by Fabricius, Maittaire, or Reiske.

I cannot conclude this preface without paying my acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have kindly assisted me in this undertaking. Dr. Pearce, the present Lord Bishop of Rochester, many years eminent for his critical disquisitions, has, in the friendliness of conversation, furnished me with several useful rules for conducting my translation. Dr. Jortin has favoured me with a concise, but full account of the old bucolic measure, and a few valuable notes. The celebrated Mr. Samuel Johnson has corrected part of this work, and furnished me

with ſome judicious remarks. In a ſhort converſation with the ingenious Mr. Joſeph Warton, I gathered ſeveral obſervations, particularly in regard to the ſuperiority of Theocritus to Virgil in paſtoral, which are interſperſed among the notes. The learned Dr. Plumptre, Archdeacon of Ely, has, with great candour and accuracy, done me the honour to peruſe and amend every ſheet as it came from the preſs. Dr. Aſkew, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed in his profeſſion, as well as for a large and moſt curious collection of the claſſics, and an intimate knowledge of them, with the ſincerity of an old acquaintance and a friend, gave me many various readings, ſhowed me every valuable edition of Theocritus that is extant, and furniſhed me with the account of ſome MSS. and ſcarce editions of my author, which were never taken notice of by former editors. Swithin Adee, M. D. and the Rev. Mr. John Duncombe of Canterbury, have, at my own requeſt, ſent me ſeveral notes and ſtrictures upon my performance, which are candid and valuable. Mr. Burnaby Greene, author of Juvenal paraphraſtically imitated, very obligingly ſupplied the Eſſay on Paſtoral, and ſome ingenious obſervations: and Dr. William Watſon lent me his friendly aſſiſtance in the botanical part. I could mention other eminent names of gentlemen who have corrected and improved this work;

——————— Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend.

The liſt I have given, I am apprehenſive, will appear oſtentatious—however, I had rather be convicted of the foible of vanity, than thought guilty of the ſin of ingratitude.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THEOCRITUS.

As the life of Theocritus has been ſeveral times written in Engliſh, I flattered myſelf that I might ſingle out the account I liked beſt, and ſave myſelf the trouble of compiling it afreſh. I depended a good deal upon Kennet, but when I came to peruſe his account of Theocritus, I found it unſatisfactory, and no ways anſwerable to my purpoſe: he ſeems more ſolicitous, in an affected quaintneſs of ſtyle, to exhibit a diſplay of his own learning, than ſtudious, by the inveſtigation of truth, to give information to his readers: his thoughts lie looſe and unconnected, and therefore are generally tedious and perplexing.

The account of our author in the Biographical Dictionary, publiſhed in twelve volumes octavo, is nothing but a ſervile epitome of Kennet, and, where the conciſeneſs of it will allow, expreſſed in his very words. Thus diſſatisfied with the moderns, I had recourſe to the ancients: in the life generally prefixed to his works by Suidas, we are told, "That Theocritus was a Chian, a rhetorician: but that there was another Theocritus, "the ſon of Praxagoras and Philina, though ſome "ſay of Simichidas, a Syracuſan;" others ſay, "he "was born at Cos, but lived at Syracuſe;" now this was the caſe of Epicharmus, and might eaſily occaſion the miſtake. See the note on Epigram XVII.

In another Greek account in the front of his works, we are told, that "Theocritus the Bucolic "poet was born at Syracuſe, and that his father's "name was Simichidas." Gyraldus ſays, "ſome "have thought him of Cos, ſome of Chios." From ſuch a confuſed jumble of relations, what can with certainty be made out?

Then take him to develope if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

There are but few memorials left of this poet; thoſe that I produce I ſhall endeavour to eſtabliſh on good authority, and whenever an opportunity offers, which is but very reaſonable, will let him ſpeak for himſelf.

Theocritus was a Sicilian, as is evident from many teſtimonies. Virgil invokes the Sicilian muſes, becauſe Theocritus, whom he profeſſedly imitates, was of that country; *Sicilides Muſæ, paulo majora canamus*, Ecl. 4. 1. and, *Extremum hunc, Arethuſa, mihi concede laborem*, Ecl. 10. 1 He is called a Sicilian poet by the emperor Julian, in one of his epiſtles; and by Terentianus Maurus, in his book de Metris, ver. 407, *Siculæ telluris alumnus*: by Manilius, book 2. ver. 40. he is ſaid to be *Siculâ tellure creatus*, which fixes his birth on that iſland: and that he was born at Syracuſe, Virgil ſeems to intimate, when he ſays, *Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu*, Ecl. 6. 1. But in one of his own epigrams, which generally ſtands in the front of his works, probably according to his own original intention, he aſſures us he was born at Syracuſe, and gives us the names of his parents:

Αλλος ὁ Χῖος· ἐγω δὲ Θεοκριτος ὁς ταδε γραψα,
Εις απο τῶν πολλῶν εἰμι Συρακοσιων,
Υιος Πραξαγαρεω, περικλειτης τε Φιλινης.
Μῶσαν δ' οὐνεκεν ἀποτ' ἐφελκυσαμεκν.

A Syracuſian born, no right I claim,
To Chios, and Theocritus my name:

Praxagoras' and fam'd Philina's ſon;
My laurels from unborrow'd verſe are won.

After this plain declaration, it is amazing that the old grammarians will not reſt ſatisfied, but endeavour to rob him both of his parents and his country. The chief view which the poet had in writing this epigram, though perhaps it may not appear at firſt ſight, ſeems to be this; he had a nameſake of Chios, a rhetorician, and pretender to poetry, who, according to Plutarch, ſuffered an ignominious death, for ſome crime committed againſt king Antigonus; and therefore Theocritus the poet, by this epigram, took all poſſible precaution to be diſtinguiſhed from his nameſake the rhetorician. "The other Theocritus," ſays he, "is "of Chios; I that am the author of theſe poems, am "a Syracuſian, the ſon of Praxagoras and the ce-"lebrated Philina: I never borrowed other peo-"ple's numbers." The laſt ſentence is an honeſt declaration, that the poet had not been a plagiary, like many of his predeceſſors and contemporaries.

Theocritus is ſaid to have been the ſcholar of Philetas, and Aſclepiades, or Sicelidas: Philetas was an elegiac poet of the iſland of Cos, had the honour to be preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus, and is celebrated by Ovid and Propertius: Sicelidas was a Samian, a writer of epigrams: he mentions both theſe with honour in his ſeventh Idyllium, ſee ver. 53.

As to the age in which he flouriſhed, it ſeems indiſputably to be aſcertained by two Idylliums that remain, one is addreſſed to Hiero king of Syracuſe, and the other to Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Egyptian monarch. Hiero began his reign, as Cauſabon aſſerts in his obſervations on Polybius, in the ſecond year of the 126th Olympiad, or about 275 years before Chriſt; and Ptolemy in the fourth year of the 123d Olympiad. Though the exploits of Hiero are recorded greatly to his advantage by Polybius, in the firſt book of his hiſtory; though he had many virtues, had frequently ſignalized his courage and conduct, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſeveral atchievements in war; yet he ſeems, or at leaſt in the early part of his reign, to have expreſſed no great affection for learning or men of letters: and this is ſuppoſed to have given occaſion to the 16th Idyllium, inſcribed with the name of Hiero; where the poet aſſerts the dignity of his profeſſion, complains that it met with neither favour nor protection, and in a very artful manner, touches upon ſome of the virtues of this prince, and inſinuates what an illuſtrious figure he would have made in poetry, had he been as noble a patron, as he was an argument for the muſes.

His not meeting with the encouragement he expected in his own country, was in all probability the reaſon that induced Theocritus to leave Syracuſe for the more friendly climate of Alexandria, where Ptolemy Philadelphus then reigned in unrivalled ſplendour, the great encourager of arts and ſciences, and the patron of learned men. In his voyage to Egypt he touched at Cos, an iſland in the Archipelago not far from Rhodes, where he was honourably entertained by Phraſidamus and Arigenes, who invited him into the country to celebrate the feſtival of Ceres, as appears by the ſeventh idyllium.

We have all the reaſon in the world to imagine that he met with a more favourable reception at Alexandria, than he had experienced at Syracuſe, from his encomium on Ptolemy, contained in the 17th Idyllium, where he riſes above his paſtoral ſtyle, and ſhows, that he could, upon occaſion (as Virgil did afterwards), exalt his Sicilian muſe to a ſublimer ſtrain, *paula majora*: he derives the race of Ptolemy from Hercules, he enumerates his many cities, he deſcribes his great power and immenſe riches, but above all, he commemorates his royal munificence to the ſons of the muſes. Towards the concluſion of the 14th Idyllium, there is a ſhort, but very noble panegyric on Ptolemy: in the 15th Idyllium, he celebrates Berenice, the mother, and Arſinoe, the wife of Ptolemy.

I do not recollect any more memorials of this poet's life, which can be gathered from his works, except his friendſhip with Aratus, the famous author of the Phenomena; to whom he addreſſes his ſixth Idyllium, and whoſe amours he deſcribes in the ſeventh.

There is one circumſtance more in regard to Theocritus, which is ſo improbable, that I ſhould not have thought it worth while to have troubled the reader with it, if it had not been mentioned by all his biographers, viz. that he lies under the ſuſpicion of having ſuffered an ignominious death: this takes its riſe from a diſtich of Ovid in his Ibis.

Utque Syracoſio præſtrictâ fauce poetæ,
Sic animæ laqueo ſit via clauſa tuæ.

But it does not appear, that by the Syracuſan poet Ovid means Theocritus; more probably, as ſome commentators on the paſſage have ſuppoſed, Empedocles, who was a poet and philoſopher of Sicily, is the perſon pointed at: others think that Ovid, by a ſmall miſtake or ſlip of his memory, might confound Theocritus the rhetorician of Chios, who was executed by order of King Antigonus, with Theocritus the poet of Syracuſe; and the epigram quoted above very ſtrongly indicates how apprehenſive our poet was of being confounded with that perſon. it ſeems, indeed, as I hinted before, compoſed on purpoſe to manifeſt the diſtinction.

After this ſhort account of our author, it will be proper to ſay ſomething of his works; for to write the life of a poet, without ſpeaking of his compoſitions, would be as abſurd as to pretend to publiſh the memoirs of a hero, and omit the relation of his moſt material exploits.

All the writings of Theocritus that now remain are his Idylliums and Epigrams; in regard to the word Idylliums, D. Heinſius tells us, that the grammarians termed all thoſe ſmaller compoſitions Εἴδη (a ſpecies of poetry), which could not be defined from their ſubjects, which are various: thus the Sylvæ of Statius, had they been written in Greek, would have been called Εἴδη and Εἰδύλλια; even the Roman poets make uſe of this term; thus Auſonius ſtyles one of his books of poems ex

various ſubjects Edyllia: this ancient title, then, may ſerve to expreſs the ſmallneſs and variety of their natures; they would now, perhaps, be called Poems on Several Occaſions. Though in deference to ſo great an authority, I ſhall take the liberty to make a conjecture: Heinſius tells us, that originally there were different titles or inſcriptions prefixed to the poems of Theocritus; firſt of all his Bucolics were ſeparated and diſtinguiſhed by the title of Επη Βουκολικα, and were called by the grammarians Ειδυλλια Βουκολικα; but might it not at firſt have been written Επυλλια? which ſignifies Poems or Verſes, and by an eaſy miſtake of the tranſcriber altered into Ειδυλλια? this reading delivers us at once from the embarraſſment attending the derivation of the word Idylliums, and Επυλλια, the ſame as *Verſiculi*, very naturally flows from the word Επη, the plural of Επος, *Carmen*; thus we have Επη χρυσεια: it is to be obſerved, that Ariſtophanes uſes the word three times, ſee his Ranæ, ver. 973, Acharnenſes, ver. 397; and in his Pax, ver. 531 he has επυλλιων Ευριπιδου, *Verſiculorum Euripidis*: this, however, is only conjecture. Under the ſecond title, every poem that was aſcribed to Theocritus, though the character and argument were very different, was inſerted. Under the third were contained a collection of bucolic poems, whether by Theocritus, Moſchus, Bion, or others, and the name of Theocritus prefixed to the whole; on which occaſion there is an Epigram in the Anthologia, aſcribed to Artemidorus:

Βουκολικαι Μουσαι σποραδην ποκα, νυν δ' αμα πασαι
Εντι μιας μανδρας, εντι μιας αγελας.

Wild rov'd the paſtoral Muſes o'er the plains,
But now one fold the ſingle flock contains.

Beſides the Idylliums that we now have, Theocritus is ſaid by Suidas to have written Ηρωιδες, Ελπιδες, Υμνους, Ηρωας, Επικηδεια μιλη, Ελεγειας και Ιαμβους: that is, Prœtides, Hopes, Hymns, Heroines, Dirges, Elegies, and Iambics: the Prœtides were the daughters of Proteus, king of the Argives, who preferring themſelves to Juno, went mad, and imagined themſelves turned into crows, but were cured by Melampus; the Idyllium in praiſe of Caſtor and Pollux is ſuppoſed to be one of the hymns, and there are five verſes remaining of a poem, in praiſe of Berenice, which may be claſſed among the Heroines.

It is to be obſerved, that Theocritus generally wrote in the modern Doric, ſometimes indeed, he uſed the Ionic; the Doric dialect was of two ſorts, the old and new; the old ſounded harſh and rough, but the new was much ſofter and ſmoother; this, as Mr Pope juſtly obſerves, in the time of Theocritus had its beauty and propriety, was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons. It has been thought by ſome that the Dorian phraſe in which he wrote, has a great ſhare in his honours: but excluſive of this advantage, he can produce other ample claims to ſecure his rural crown from the boldeſt competitor. A proof of this, I think, will appear from this circumſtance; that Virgil, who is the great rival of the Sicilian, has few images in his Eclogues but what are borrowed from Theocritus; nay, he not only continually imitates, but frequently tranſlates ſeveral lines together, and often in theſe very paſſages falls ſhort of his maſter, as will appear in the notes.

Though Theocritus is generally eſteemed only a paſtoral poet, yet he is manifeſtly robbed of a great part of his fame, if his other pieces have not their proper laurels. At the ſame time his Paſtorals are, without doubt, to be conſidered as the foundation of his credit; upon this claim, he will be admitted for the happy finiſher, as well as the inventor of his art; and will be acknowledged to have excelled all his imitators, as much as originals uſually do their copies. He has the ſame advantage in bucolic, as Homer had in epic poetry, which is to make the critics turn his practice into eternal rules and to meaſure nature herſelf by his accompliſhed model: therefore, as to enumerate the glories of heroic poetry, is the ſame thing as to ſum up the praiſes of Homer, ſo to exhibit the beauties of paſtoral verſe, is only an indirect way of making panegyrics on Theocritus. Indeed, the Sicilian has in this reſpect been ſomewhat more fortunate than Homer, as Virgil's Eclogues are reckoned more unequal imitations of his Idylliums, than in the Æneis of the Iliad.

I think I cannot conclude this account of Theocritus with more propriety than by collecting the ſentiments, not only of the ancients, but likewiſe of the moderns, in regard to the character of our author. Longinus ſays, (ſee the motto) "Theocritus has ſhown the happieſt vein imaginable "for paſtorals, excepting thoſe in which he has "deviated from the country:" or perhaps it may more properly be rendered, as Fabricius underſtands it, "excepting in thoſe few pieces that are "of another argument." Quintilian ſays, "Admirabilis in ſuo genere Theocritus, ſed muſa illa "ruſtica et paſtoralis non forum modo verum "etiam urbem reformidat:" "Theocritus is admirable in his way, but his ruſtic and paſtoral "muſe is not only afraid of appearing in the forum, but even in the city:" by which he means, that the language and thoughts of Theocritus's ſhepherds ought not to be imitated in public ſpeaking, nor in polite compoſition; yet, for all this "he was admirable in his way." Manlius in the ſecond book of his Aſtronomicon gives a juſt character of our poet *:

Quinetiam pecorum ritus, et Pana ſonantem
In calamos, Siculâ memorat tellure creatus:
Nec ſylvis ſylveſtre canit perque horrida motus
Rura ferit dulces: muſamque inducit in auras.

The ſweet Theocritus, with ſofteſt ſtrains,
Makes piping Pan delight Sicilian ſwains;
Through his ſmooth reed no ruſtic numbers move,
But all is tenderneſs, and all is love;

* *Inſtead of* pecorum ritus, *Dr. Bently reads* ritus paſtorum.

As if the muſes ſat in every vale,
Inſpir'd the ſong, and told the melting tale.
CREECH.

One would imagine theſe authorities were ſufficient to eſtabliſh, or at leaſt to fix the reputation of Theocritus, on a very ſure footing; and yet Dr. John Martyn, who has tranſlated Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics into proſe, with many learned notes, ſeems to be of a different perſuaſion. In the latter end of his preface to the Eclogues, after obſerving that Virgil, in almoſt every Eclogue, entertains the reader with a rural ſcene, a ſort of fine landſcape, and enumerating theſe ſcenes, he ſays, "and having now ſeen this excellence in Virgil, "we may venture to affirm, that there is ſome-"thing more required in a good paſtoral, than "the affectation of uſing coarſe, rude, or obſolete "expreſſions; or a mere nothingneſs, without "either thought or deſign, under a falſe notion of "rural ſimplicity." That he here means Theocritus, or elſe he means nothing, is plain from his mention of him immediately after: in regard to the charge of his "affectedly uſing coarſe, rude, "and obſolete expreſſions," I imagine he alludes to the fifth Idyllium, which indeed muſt be allowed to be too ruſtic and abuſive: but we muſt remember that Theocritus intended this poem as a ſpecimen of the original old bucolic Idyllium, which was very rude, and often obſcene; as the learned Heinſius has more than once obſerved; his words are, "multum a reliquis differunt quæ "αἰτωλικὰ ſunt, in quibus major eſt incivili-"tas; ut in quinto apparet, quod Idyllium ſingu-"lare eſt, et in ſuo genere exemplum, antiquæ "nimirum βουκολιάς; ubi nunquam fere ſine ob-"ſceno ſenſu rixatur caprarius." And in another place: "versæ βουκολιάς exemplum in quinto The-"ocriti, in Virgilii tertio habemus." Therefore, inſtead of condemning Theocritus, we ought to think ourſelves much obliged to him for leaving us one example of the ancient ruſtic bucolic; Virgil certainly thought ſo, otherwiſe he would not have imitated that very piece. As to the ſcenery with which the Eclogues are embelliſhed, all the Idylliums, or at leaſt the greateſt part of them, are ornamented in the ſame manner, which will appear ſo evident to every reader, that it would be impertinent to point it out. As to the other part of the Doctor's obſervation, "a mere no-"thingneſs, without thought or deſign," it is ſuch a deſpicable falſity, that it is not worth notice.

Throughout his whole preface and life of Virgil, the Doctor is very ſingular in giving Virgil the preference to Theocritus upon every occaſion: particularly he declaims againſt the cup in the firſt Idyllium, ſays the deſcription of it is long and tedious, and far exceeded by Virgil in the third Eclogue; notwithſtanding the Doctor's aſſertion, ſome gentlemen, whoſe critical diſquiſitions have deſervedly announced them the beſt judges of polite literature, think that the images in Theocritus' cup, viz. "the beautiful woman and two "lovers, the ſtriking figure of the fiſherman labouring to throw his net, the rock, the vine-"yard, the foxes, and the boy ſitting careleſsly "and framing traps for graſhoppers," are charming embelliſhments, and far more paſtoral and natural than Virgil's "Orpheaque in medio poſuit "ſylvaſque ſequentes," "Orpheus in the middle, "and the woods following him." In regard to the length of the deſcription, it is obſerved, that the cup of Theocritus was very large and capacious; he calls it βαθὺ κισσυβιον, "a deep paſtoral "cup;" and Cauſabon ſays it was "ampliſſimi "vaſis paſtoritii genus; capacitatem ejus licet col-"ligere ex cælaturæ multiplici argumento:" and I am informed, that when Mr. Thomas Warton's long-expected edition of Theocritus appears, it will be evidently proved, perhaps, from ſome old ſcholia not yet printed, that this κισσυβιον was of an extraordinary ſize, very deep and wide, and therefore capable of being adorned with ſuch a variety of figures in the ſculpture; it was not intended for the uſe of drinking out of, or mixing any paſtoral beverage, but chiefly for ornament: and therefore the veſſel being ſo capacious and remarkable, the poet will be cleared from the charge of being thought tedious in the deſcription of it.

In the preface above mentioned, the Doctor ſays, "It is not a little ſurpriſing, that many of our "modern poets and critics ſhould be of opinion, "that the ruſticity of Theocritus is to be imi-"tated rather than the rural delicacy of Virgil." How can it be thought ſurpriſing that Theocritus ſhould be imitated rather than Virgil? the reaſon is manifeſt, becauſe the generality of poets and critics prefer the Sicilian far before the Roman, as a paſtoral writer. I ſhould not have troubled myſelf about Dr. Martyn's opinion, but only as it is prefixed to Virgil, I thought perhaps it might poſſibly miſlead the unwary young ſcholar into a wrong judgment, and induce him to prefer Virgil, without firſt conſidering the more original beauties of Theocritus. As a contraſt to the Doctor's ſtrange and ſingular deciſion, who acknowledges himſelf to be no poet, and therefore cannot be deemed a competent judge of poetical writings, I ſhall conclude this account with the ſentiments of ſeveral of the fineſt writers, both critics and poets, of the laſt and preſent age, in regard to the matter in queſtion: two of them are tranſlators of Virgil, and therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to be partial to Theocritus.

I ſhall begin with Mr. Dryden: "That which "diſtinguiſhes Theocritus," ſays he, "from all "other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which "raiſes him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, "is the inimitable tenderneſs of his paſſions, and "the natural expreſſion of them in words ſo be-"coming of a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines "throughout all he writes. He ſhows his art and "learning by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds "never riſe above their country education in their "complaints of love. There is the ſame differ-"ence between him and Virgil, as there is be-"tween Taſſo's Aminta, and the Paſtor Fido of "Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherds are too well read "in the philoſophy of Epicurus and Plato; and "Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts.

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" But Theocritus and Taſſo have taken theirs " from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, " in relation to his ſimilitudes, that he never de- " parted from the woods, that is, all his com- " pariſons were taken from the country: the " ſame may be ſaid of Theocritus. He is ſofter " than Ovid; he touches the paſſions more de- " licately, and performs all this out of his own " fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences " for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an in- " comparable ſweetneſs in its clowniſhneſs, like a " fair ſhepherdeſs, in her country ruſſet, talking " in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for " Virgil to imitate, becauſe the ſeverity of the " Roman language denied him that advantage. " Spenſer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's " Calendar, but it can never ſucceed in Engliſh."

Thus far Mr. Dryden in the preface to his tranſlations; in another place he ſays, " Theocritus " may juſtly be preferred as the original, with- " out injury to Virgil, who modeſtly contents " himſelf with the ſecond place, and glories only " in being the firſt who tranſplanted paſtoral in- " to his own country."

Dr. Felton obſerves, " The Idylliums of Theo- " critus have ſomething ſo inimitably ſweet in " the verſe and thoughts, ſuch a native ſimplicity, " and are ſo genuine, ſo natural a reſult of the " rural life, that I muſt in my judgment allow " him the honour of the paſtoral."

Mr Blackwell upon the claſſics, ſays, " Theo- " critus is another bright inſtance of the happy " abilities and various accompliſhments of the an- " cients. He has writ in ſeveral ſorts of poetry, " and ſucceeded in them all. It ſeems unne- " ceſſary to praiſe the native ſimplicity and eaſy " freedom of his paſtorals, when Virgil himſelf " ſometimes invokes the muſe of Syracuſe; " when he imitates him through all his own " poems of that kind, and in ſeveral paſſages " tranſlates him. In many of his other poems " he ſhows ſuch ſtrength of reaſon and polite- " neſs, as would qualify him to plead among the " orators, and make him acceptable in the courts " of princes. In his ſmaller poems of Cupid " ſtung, Adonis killed by the boar, and others, " you have the vigour and delicacy of Ana- " creon; in his Hylas, and combat of Pollux " and Amycus he is much more pathetical, " clear, and pleaſant, than Apollonius on the " ſame, or any other ſubject. In his converſa- " tion of Alcmena and Tireſias, of Hercules " and the old ſervant of Augeas, in Cyniſca " and Thyonichus, and the women going to the " ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the eaſineſs " and engaging familiarity of humour and dia- " logue which reign in the Odyſſey; and in " Hercules deſtroying the lion of Nemæa, the " ſpirit and majeſty of the Iliad. The panegy- " ric upon King Ptolemy is juſtly eſteemed an " original and model of perfection in that way " of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and " the noble hymn upon Caſtor and Pollux, he " has praiſed his gods and his hero with that de- " licacy and dexterity of addreſs, with thoſe " ſublime and graceful expreſſions of devotion " and reſpect, that in politeneſs, ſmoothneſs of " turn, and refined art of praiſing without of- " fence, or appearance of flattery, he has e- " qualled Callimachus; and, in loftineſs and " flight of thought, ſcarce yields to Pindar or " Homer."

The author of the Guardian, No. 28. ob- ſerves, " The ſoftneſs of the Doric dialect, which " Theocritus is ſaid to have improved beyond " any who came before him, is what the an- " cient Roman writers owned their language " could not approach. But, beſides this beauty, " he ſeems to me to have a ſoul more ſoftly " and tenderly inclined to this way of writing " than Virgil, whoſe genius led him naturally to " ſublimity."

Mr. Pope briefly remarks, that " Theocritus " excels all others in nature and ſimplicity: that " the ſubjects of his Idylliums are purely paſ- " toral: that other paſtoral writers have learned " their excellencies from him; and that his dia- " lect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no " other could ever attain."

Lord Lyttleton beautifully ſays,

From love Theocritus, on Enna's plains.
Learn'd the wild ſweetneſs of his Doric ſtrains.
Ecl. 2.

Mr. Warton, the worthy maſter of Wincheſ- ter ſchool, gives us his ſentiments on this ſub- ject in his prefatory dedication of Virgil to Lord Lyttleton: " There are few images and ſenti- " ments in the Eclogues of Virgil, but what " are drawn from the Idylliums of Theocritus: " in whom there is a rural, romantic wildneſs " of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect; " with ſuch lively pictures of the paſſions, and " of ſimple unadorned nature, as are infinitely " pleaſing to ſuch lovers and judges of true " poetry as yourſelf. Theocritus is indeed the " great ſtorehouſe of paſtoral deſcription; and " every ſucceeding painter of rural beauty (ex- " cept Thomſon in his Seaſons) hath copied " his images from him, without ever looking " abroad upon the face of nature themſelves." To the ſame purpoſe, in his Diſſertation on Paſ- toral Poetry, he ſays, " If I might venture to " ſpeak of the merits of the ſeveral paſtoral " writers, I would ſay, that in Theocritus we " are charmed with a certain ſweetneſs, a ro- " mantic ruſticity and wildneſs, heightened by " the Doric dialect, that are almoſt inimitable. " Several of his pieces indicate a genius of a " higher claſs, far ſuperior to paſtoral, and e- " qual to the ſublimeſt ſpecies of poetry: ſuch " are particularly his panegyric on Ptolemy, " the fight between Amycus and Pollux, the " Epithalamium of Helen, the young Hercules, " the grief of Hercules for Hylas, the death of " Pentheus, and the killing of the Nemæan " lion."

AN ESSAY ON PASTORAL POETRY.

BY EDWARD BURNBAY GREEN, ESQ.

Gaudentes rure Camœnæ. Hor.

The precise time when the paſtoral muſe made her appearance in the world, hiſtory ſeems to have left uncertain. Conjectures have been hazarded, and * preſumptions multiplied, yet her origin is ſtill unrivalled; and the leſs inquiſitive genius ſits down contented with aſcertaining her firſt perfection in the writings of Theocritus.

Indeed reſearches of this nature are rather curious, than intereſting; for though we may perhaps meet with ſome plauſible accounts, we can trace none that carry conviction. The † very few writers, handed down to us from Greece and Rome in that ſpecies of compoſition, are but inſufficient guides to the riſe of the art itſelf.

As it is more entertaining, it is likewiſe more to the honour of paſtoral to obſerve, that it muſt neceſſarily have exiſted in the earlier ages of the world; exiſted, not indeed in the ſet form and elegance of numbers, but in the genuine ſentiments of the heart, which nature alone inſpired.

For the mind being on all ſides ſurrounded with rural objects, thoſe objects would not fail to make an impreſſion; and whether the patriarchs of old, with our parents in Milton, piouſly broke out into the praiſe of their Creator, or reflected in ſilent admiration on the beauties of the earth, their hymns or their meditations muſt have been purely paſtoral.

It has been remarked by a laborious commentator on the Eclogues of Virgil, that the lives of our earlieſt forefathers were ſpent in huſbandry, and the feeding of cattle. And indeed it could not have been otherwiſe. At a period, when the numbers of mankind were comparatively inſignificant, and their thoughts engaged in procuring ſubſiſtence, while luxury and ambition were yet unknown, it is inconſiſtent to ſuppoſe, but that the ſons of earth were all in a manner the ſons of agriculture.

When the world, however, increaſed, and its inhabitants diſperſed into various regions; when ſocieties were formed, and laws eſtabliſhed; and when (the natural conſequence of ſuch expanſion) the plagues of war and contention aroſe, different orders and conditions were ſettled for the regulation of kingdoms, ruſtic awkwardneſs received the poliſh of civil life, and the ploughſhare was converted into inſtruments of deſtruction. Thus, by degrees, from an honourable ſituation, huſbandry became the employment of thoſe alone who had the leaſt ambition and the greateſt probity

But in thoſe climates, whither emigrations being leſs faſhionable, the people retained their primitive ſimplicity, it is no wonder, if in proceſs of time conſiderable advance was made, and regularity introduced into paſtoral reflections, that the dictates of unrefined nature were improved by the harmony of numbers.

We may accordingly obſerve, that in the countries which ſuffered the leaſt variation from their original form, paſtoral was moſt eſteemed; there the thoughts were ſtill allured, and the imagination feaſted with rural ſcenes unimproved, or more properly uncorrupted, for the cottage had not felt the infection of the court.

Arcadia, ſo uſually painted the flowery kingdom of romance, is more ingeniouſly accounted the land of paſtoral. Its inland ſituation, and the plenty of its paſture, with the * well-known characters of its inhabitants, conſpire to favour the title. That the ancient poets deſcribed this place as the ſeat of paſtoral, is evident, a ſhepherd †, peculiarly ſkilled in ſinging, being familiarly termed an Arcadian. There appears, however, in ma-

* *See what may be called the Prolegomena to the* Θεοκριτε ενρισκομενα cum Græcis Scholiis, *printed at London* 1743, περι τε και της ενρεσεως των βυκολικων, *where the reputed invention of paſtoral poetry has neither the air of probability nor ingenuity.*

† *Moſchus and Bion, with Theocritus among the Greeks, and Virgil among the Romans, are the only ſtandard writers of paſtoral, mentioned by Warton in the diſſertation prefixed to his edition of Virgil; that editor, with the critic ‡ Rapin, ſeeming to explode all other ancient authors in that branch of poetry.*

‡ *Rapin's Critical Works, vol. ii. remarks on paſtoral poetry.*

* *Dr. Martyn, in his preface to the eclogues of Virgil, calls Arcadia "mountainous, and almoſt inacceſſible;" another reaſon in ſupport of the paſtoral diſpoſition of its people.*

† *Virgil, in his 7th eclogue, ſays of two ſhepherds, that they were "Arcades ambo;" upon which Servius remarks, that they were not Arcadians, but ſo ſkilful in ſinging, that they might be eſteemed Arcadians.*

ny traditions of the country, such a strong mixture of the fabulous, that we may well suspect them to be the product rather of fancy than of truth.

Nor less fantastic are the descriptions of the golden age; the ideal manners of which are esteemed, by the more refined critic, the genuine source of pastoral.

To a taste so delicate, the least appearance of the rustic is disgusting. A becoming, indeed an elegant simplicity, and the purest innocence, must compose the character of the shepherd. No passions, but of the softest and most engaging kind, are to be introduced: in short, the swain is to be what no swain ever was.

In these elevated notions of humble pastoral, reality is sacrificed to the phantoms of the imagination: the more characteristic strokes in the picture of rural life being utterly erazed, the bright colours of unspotted integrity are indeed more pleasing to the eye, but in a piece where nature should predominate, are more properly blended with the shade of frailty. For if mankind are to be represented entirely free from faults, we cannot look for their existence later than the fall.

On this fastidious principle, it is esteemed necessary that rural happiness should be described perfect and uninterrupted. The life of the shepherd is to be one perpetual spring, without a cloud to disturb its calmness. The vicissitudes, indeed, of love, which gives birth to more than half our modern pastorals, are admitted into the piece; for it seems to be with some as essential for a shepherd to be in love, as to have been born.

Yet even here the representation is confined The swain, after whining and crying (as Achilles did to his good-mother Thetis), calls on the trees and bushes, and every thing in nature, to be witnesses of his unhappiness; but, after all, the performance, like our novels and romances, those standards of propriety, must have a fortunate conclusion *.

But whatever fond and amusing prospects the country naturally opens to the mind, experience teaches us, that even there vexations will arise: the seasons of quiet and uneasiness succeed as familiarly as summer and winter; groves and lawns, and purling streams, sound very prettily in description, chiefly when flowing through the numbers or some under-aged amorato; but reason cannot set her seal to the luxuriancy of this Mahometan paradise.

From sentiments so extravagantly refined, let us turn to those of a more sordid complexion. As the former satiate the judicious reader with beds of roses, the latter disgust him with the filthiness of a dunghill. With critics of this cast, the manners of the mere peasant are the sole foundation of pastoral; even less rustic and homely appellations are banished from the characters; and the Melibœus, or Neæra of Virgil, are so much too courtly, that in their place are to be substituted the Αιτολος and Βουκολιασκος of Theocritus, and the Colin Clout or Hobbinol of Spenser

The Doric dialect, which transfuses such a natural gracefulness over the idylliums of the Grecian, has been a stumbling-block to these lovers of inelegance. There is a rustic propriety in the language of the dialect, which was familiar to the cottagar in the age of Theocritus: but it must be remembered, that his pastorals contain likewise a delicacy of sentiment which may well be presumed to have attracted the attention of † Ptolemy, whose polished court was the asylum of genius.

But though it should be allowed that pastoral ought strictly to be limited to the actions of the peasant, it is not solely intended for his perusal. The critic, as he cannot on the one hand permit nature to be excluded, cannot relish on the other her being exposed in disgraceful colours.

There are in almost every situation some circumstances over which we should draw the veil, for all is not to be painted with a close exactness. Coarseness of sentiment, and indelicacy of expression, are an offence to decorum, and give modesty the blush. Writings of such illiberal tendency counteract the best and principal end of composition; they hold up the mirror to vice ‡ and immorality, and sacrifice virtue to contempt.

To those who live in our meridian of more refined simplicity, pastoral appears most properly in the dress of rural elegance. Something is indulged to the character of the shepherd, and something to the genius of the writer. They who should place the former on the toilette, would betray an absurdity which would no less extend to the latter, whose thoughts flowed in the rude channel of uninformed rusticity.

The country is the scene in which pastoral is naturally laid; but various may be the subjects of this little drama. The spirit of the poet would be wretchedly cramped, if never permitted to step aside. An insipid sameness runs through the pieces ‡, founded on the impropriety of this indulgence; and most of our later pastorals are in this respect but unmeaning paraphrases of earlier authors.

Were we to attempt an historical epitome of pastoral composition, we might place Theocritus in its dawn, in that earlier age when rural simpli-

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* *It has indeed a tendency altogether immoral to represent with Theocritus a disappointed lover hanging himself. The present mode of indifference to these concerns, is more eligible, and on the whole may be thought more natural. Love-sorrows are very rarely fatal.*

* *Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, to make amends for many atrocious crimes, was remarkable for his singular regard to the welfare of his subjects, and was a distinguished encourager of learned men. See Anc. Univ. Hist. vol. 9. p. 386. note T.*

† *On this principle, it were to be wished that the subject of Virgil's second eclogue were not greatly liable to exception; though the morals of the poet should not be personally impeached, we must lament that he has varnished in his Alexis the depravity of his times. Several representations in Theocritus are glaringly obscene.*

‡ *Modern eclogues, from this reason, abound with repetitions of amorous scenes, or of swains piping for a reward; not to mention other subjects of a like intesting nature, which from constant use are worn to tatters.*

city was cultivated and revered. Though we are sometimes struck with the rays of his genius breaking out into more exalted descriptions, pastoral appears to be his favourite province *.

Considering him as a writer who drew his sentiments from the principles of nature, we may rather admire that his Idylliums are so engaging, than cavil at his blemishes; we may reflect upon Theocritus as the hive whence the most established writers of Eclogues have derived their sweets, or as a diamond, whose intrinsic worth has received a lustre from the refinement of succeeding times.

There is a very considerable gap in the history of pastoral, between the age of Theocritus and Virgil, who was reserved for the noon of its perfection. It would scarcely at first sight appear, that the period when civil war desolated the provinces, and spread all its horrors over the neighbourhood of Rome, should tend to the improvement of the pastoral muse, whose spirit it was likely to have totally destroyed. Yet to this seemingly unfavourable situation, we owe the most pleasing and interesting bucolis of Virgil, who has made the history of his country subservient to the efforts of his genius †.

In those several pieces to which the distresses of his times, or other political considerations gave rise, he seems more elaborately to have exercised the faculty of invention. But where ‡ genuine nature was to be represented, he borrowed largely from Theocritus: many of his similes, sentiments, and descriptions, being literal translations from his Grecian master.

Even in this less original task, the merits of the Roman are conspicuous; he has separated the ore from the dross, and transplanted those flowers alone which could add a fragrance to his work.

On the whole, the pastorals of Virgil are most agreeably conducted; they are not set forth in jewels, or arrayed in silks, nor sordidly dressed in rags. In the "paula majora" of his muse, the poet rarely loses sight of the shepherd; and we may style him the refined Theocritus of an Augustan age.

From this elegant era, when the language of the country and court was purity itself, let us pass over to the days of our excellent Spenser, when the conversation of the latter had just emerged from rusticity.

The genius of Spenser was formed for poetry. The rich luxuriance of fancy which shines through the Faery Queen, surpasses the sublime of antiquity. Such bold conceptions little speak a writer qualified for pastoral. The fire of imagination, which strikes us in more elevated compositions, must in this be suspended; for nature is most advantageously shown, when she seems to borrow the least from art.

Our author was too great to rise by imitation. Though he had both Theocritus and Virgil for his models, his Shepherd's Calendar is altogether original. The dialect of his times is as happily adapted to rustic life, as the Doric of the former, and the easy flow of his descriptions, with the natural variety of his landscapes, rivals the poetic excellence of the latter.

Proverbial sayings, not too closely crowded, add to the simplicity of pastoral; Spenser is fortunate in such applications; but I own myself most peculiarly attracted with his short lessons of morality: they add a pleasing innocence to the character of the shepherd, and reflect a lustre on the poet.

Yet amidst this superior merit, it must be observed, that a masterly writer of our own days has censured the dialogue of Spenser as affectedly barbarous, and the reflections of his peasants as too exalted.

It is necessary, however, to premise, that the criticism of this author is confined to the September of the Shepherd's Calendar; an eclogue which is indeed conveyed in a dialect singularly rustic; and the subject being the depravity of ecclesiastical manners in popish countries, the sordid language, under which the satire is couched, gives the greater offence to the critic; who concludes with this exclamation: "Surely at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language!"

The more ancient dialect seems here to have been selected, as a disguise to the real purport or characters of the piece. The reign of Mary, when England was under the bondage of an arbitrary religion, and oppressed by foreign counsels, may be esteemed the period of the Pastoral. The violence, which had been so barbarously exerted throughout the country at that baleful season, was too recent to have been forgotten; and the * Shepherd is very naturally described as having fled from a persecution, the censure of which was a compliment to the principles of Elizabeth.

A rural metaphor is manifestly sustained through the performance, as if to obviate the inconsistency, which is alleged. So far from discussing knotty points of theological learning, the province of the peasant is closely preserved; unless it should be insisted, that nothing relative to religion ought to concern a shepherd.

To descend from the writings of Spenser to the succeeding age, would be to point out the decline of the pastoral muse. Indeed, she has scarcely existed, but in the productions of † Philips and of

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* *The praises of Ptolemy, the Hylas, and the Hiero, are by no means pastoral; but if Theocritus is entitled to a greater share of praise for any particular parts of those performances, it is where he deviates into pastoral representations.*

† *The first and ninth eclogues deserve attention on this account. To these we may also join the fourth and fifth.*

‡ *See the third, seventh, and eighth eclogues, where imitations from Theocritus abound.*

* *The late Romish brutality was at that time so interesting a topic, and so flattering to the crown, that Spenser has employed three eclogues on the subject.*

† *The pastorals of Gay seem to have been designed, as burlesque representations of scenes altogether rustic, and particularly as a ridicule of preceding authors, of*

Pope. Philips is ſo often on the whine, that we are apt to overlook his leſs exceptionable deſcriptions; he has injudiciouſly blended the poliſh of Virgil's language, with the ſimplicity of Spenſer's; and ſo great is his want of original matter, that he is at beſt to be regarded as a graceful copyiſt*.

whom many, it muſt be confeſſed, deſerved ſuch a treatment. I have, on this account, omitted his name as a paſtoral writer, though his genius ſufficiently qualified him for the taſk of eclogue.

* *The fifth paſtoral, which relates the conteſt of the Swain and Nightingale, is prettily turned on the whole; but the thought, like Philips's other more agreeable ones, is borrowed. The ſame may be remarked of the paſtorals of Pope.*

TRANS. II.

Pope has been ſo aſſiduous to refine his periods, that his ſpirit is greatly evaporated; and his paſtorals, excepting the Meſſiah, only merit our attention as the marks of early genius. Sweetneſs of verſification, and purity of expreſſion, may conſtitute the character of a poet; but courtlineſs is not the whole that is expected in a writer of eclogues.

That love of the country, which is inherent in the boſom of reflection, has occaſionally produced many later attempts on paſtoral, but the moſt ſucceſsful ones are fainter traces of rural life; the muſe has at laſt varied her form, and united the charms of elegance and nature in the Ballads of Shenſtone.

THEOCRITUS'S IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

THYRSIS, OR THE HIMERÆN ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Idyllium contains a dialogue between the ſhepherd Thyrſis and a goatherd. Thyrſis, at the requeſt of his friend, ſings the fate of Daphnis, who died for love; for which he is rewarded with a milch goat, and a noble paſtoral cup of moſt excellent ſculpture. This piece is with great propriety conſidered as the pattern and ſtandard of the old bucolic poems. The ſcene changes from a riſing ground to a lower ſituation near a fountain, where there is a ſhepherd's bower facing the ſtatues of Priapus and the Nymphs, and not far diſtant a grove of oaks.

Thyrſis.

Sweet are the whiſpers of yon vocal pine,
Whoſe boughs, projecting o'er the ſprings, recline;
Sweet is thy warbled reed's melodious lay;
Thou, next to Pan, ſhalt bear the prize away:
If to the god a horn'd he-goat belong,
The gentler female ſhall reward thy ſong;
If he the female claim, a kid's thy ſhare,
And, till you milk them, kid's are dainty fare.

Goatherd.

Sweeter thy ſong, O ſhepherd, than the rill
That rolls its muſic down the rocky hill;
If one white ewe content the tuneful nine,
A ſtall-fed lamb, meet recompence, is thine;
And if the muſes claim the lamb their due,
My gentle Thyrſis ſhall obtain the ewe.

Thyrſis.

Wilt thou on this declivity repoſe,
Where the rough tamariſk luxuriant grows,
And gratify the nymphs with ſprightly ſtrain?
I'll feed thy goats, and tend the browſing train.

Goatherd.

I dare not, dare not, ſhepherd, grant your boon,
Pan's rage I fear, who always reſts at noon,
When tir'd with hunting, ſtretch'd in ſleep along,
His bitter rage will burſt upon my ſong:
But well you know love's pains, which Daphnis rues,
You the great maſter of the rural muſe;
Let us beneath yon ſhady elm retreat,
Where nature forms a lovely paſtoral ſeat,
Where ſculptur'd Naiads and Priapus ſtand,
And groves of oak extending o'er the land;
There if you ſing as ſweetly as of yore,
When you the prize from Lybian Chromis bore,
This goat with twins I'll give that never fails
Two kids to ſuckle, and to fill two pails:
To theſe I'll add, with ſcented wax o'erlaid,
Of curious workmanſhip, and newly made,
A deep two-handled cup, whoſe brim is crown'd
With ivy, join'd with helichryſe around;
Small tendrils with cloſe-claſping arms uphold
The fruit rich ſpeckled with the ſeeds of gold.
Within, a woman's well-wrought image ſhines,
A veſt her limbs, her locks a caul confines;
And near, two neat-curl'd youths in amorous ſtrains
With fruitleſs ſtrife communicate their pains:
Smiling, by turns, ſhe views the rival pair;
Grief ſwells their eyes, their heavy hearts deſpair.
Hard by, a fiſherman, advanc'd in years,
On the rough margin of a rock appears;
Intent he ſtands t' encloſe the fiſh below,
Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw:
Such ſtrong expreſſion riſes on the ſight,
You'd ſwear the man exerted all his might;
For his round neck with turgid veins appears—
'In years he ſeems, yet not impair'd by years.'
A vineyard next, with interſected lines,
And red ripe cluſtres load the bending vines:
To guard the fruit a boy ſits idly by,
In ambuſh near, two ſkulking foxes lie;
This plots the branches of ripe grapes to ſtrip,
But that, more daring, meditates the ſcrip;
Reſolv'd ere long to ſeize the ſavoury prey,
And ſend the youngſter dinnerleſs away:
Meanwhile on ruſhes all his art he plies,
In framing traps for graſhoppers and flies;
And earneſt only on his own deſigns,
Forgets his ſatchel, and neglects his vines:
All round the ſoft acanthus ſpreads its train—
This cup, admir'd by each Æolian ſwain,
From far a Caledonian ſailor brought,
For a ſhe-goat and new-made cheeſe I bought;
No lip has touch'd it, ſtill unus'd it ſtood;
To you I give this maſterpiece of wood,
If you thoſe Himeræan ſtrains rehearſe
Of Daphnis' woes—I envy not your verſe—
Dread fate, alas! may ſoon demand your breath,
And cloſe your muſic in oblivious death.

Thyrſis.

Begin, ye nine, that ſweetly wont to play,
Begin, ye muſes, the bucolic lay.

" Thyrſis my name, to Ætna I belong,
" Sicilian ſwain, and this is Thyrſis' ſong :"
Where were ye, nymphs, in what ſequeſter'd grove?
Where were ye, nymphs, when Daphnis pin'd with love?
Did ye on Pindus' ſteepy top reſide?
Or where through Tempe Peneus rolls his tide?
For where the waters of Anapus flow,
Fam'd ſtreams! ye play'd not, nor on Ætna's brow;
Nor where chaſte Acis laves Sicilian plains—
Begin, ye muſes, ſweet bucolic ſtrains.
Him ſavage panthers in wild woods bemoan'd
For him fierce wolves in hideous howlings groan'd
His fate fell lions mourn'd the live-long day—
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
Meek heifers, patient cows, and gentle ſteers,
Moan'd at his feet, and melted into tears;
Ev'n bulls loud bellowing wail'd the ſhepherd-ſwain—
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic ſtrain.
Firſt from the mountain winged Hermes came;
" Ah! whence, he cried, proceeds this fatal flame?
" What nymph, O Daphnis, ſteals thine heart " away?"
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
Goatherds and hinds approach'd; the youth they hail'd,
And ſhepherds kindly aſk'd him what he ail'd.
Priapus came, ſoft pity in his eye,
' And why this grief, he ſaid, ah! Daphnis, why?'
Meanwhile the nymph diſconſolately roves,
With naked feet through fountains, woods, and ' groves,
And thus of faithleſs Daphnis ſhe complains;
(Begin, ye muſes, ſweet bucolic ſtrains)
' Ah youth! defective both in head and heart,
' A cowherd ſtyl'd, a goatherd ſure thou art,
' Who when aſkance with leering eye he notes
' The amorous gambols of his friſking goats,
' He longs to emulate their wanton play:'
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
' So when you ſee the virgin train advance
' With nimble feet, light bounding in the dance;
' Or when they ſoftly ſpeak, or ſweetly ſmile,
' You pine with grief, and envy all the while.'
Unmov'd he ſat, and no reply return'd,
But ſtill with unavailing paſſion burn'd;
To death he nouriſh'd love's conſuming pain—
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic ſtrain.
Venus inſulting came, the youth addreſs'd,
Forc'd a faint ſmile, with torture at her breaſt;
" Daphnis, you boaſted you could love ſubdue,
" But tell me has not love defeated you?
" Alas! you ſink beneath his mighty ſway."
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
' Ah, cruel Venus! Daphnis thus began,
' Abhorr'd and curs'd by all the race of man,
' My day's decline, my fetting ſun I know,
' I paſs a victim to the ſhades below,
' Where riots love with inſolent diſdain'—
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic ſtrain.
' To Ida, Venus, fly, expoſe your charms,
' Ruſh to Anchiſes', your old cowherd's arms;
' There bowering oaks will compaſs you around,
' Here low cyperus ſcarcely ſhades the ground,
' Here bees with hollow hums diſturb the day.'
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
' Adonis feeds his flocks, though paſſing fair,
' With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,
' And hunts the beaſts of prey along the plain.'
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic ſtrain.
' Say, if again arm'd Diomed you ſee,
" I conquer'd Daphnis, and will challenge thee;
" Dar'ſt thou, bold chief, with me renew the " fray?"
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
' Farewell, ye wolves, and bears and lynxes dire;
' My ſteps no more the tedious chaſe ſhall tire:
' The herdſman, Daphnis, now no longer roves,
' Through flowery ſhrubs, thick woods, or ſhady ' groves.
' Fair Arethuſa, and ye ſtreams that ſwell
' In gentle tides near Thymbrian towers, fare-' well,
' Your cooling waves ſlow-winding o'er the ' plains.'
Begin, ye muſes, ſweet bucolic ſtrains.
' I Daphnis here my lowing oxen fed,
' And here my heifers to their watering led,
' With bulls and ſteers no longer now I ſtray,'
Begin, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic lay.
' Pan, whether now on Mænalus you rove,
' Or loiter careleſs in Lycæus' grove,
' Leave yon aëreal promontory's height
' Of Helicé projecting to the ſight,
' Where fam'd Lycaon's ſtately tomb is rear'd,
' Loſt in the ſkies, and by the gods rever'd;
' Haſte and reviſit fair Sicilia's plains.'
Ceaſe, muſes, ceaſe the ſweet bucolic ſtrains.
' Pan, take this pipe, to me for ever mute,
' Sweet ton'd, and bent your roſy lip to ſuit,
' Compacted cloſe with wax, and join'd with ' art,
' For love, alas! commands me to depart;
' Dread love and death have ſummon'd me a-' way'—
Ceaſe, muſes, ceaſe the ſweet bucolic lay.
' Let violets deck the bramble-buſh and thorn,
' And fair Narciſſus junipers adorn.
' Let all things nature's contradiction wear,
' And lofty pines produce the luſcious pear;
' Since Daphnis dies, let all things change around,
' Let timorous deer purſue the flying hound;
' Let ſcreech-owls ſoft as nightingales complain'—
Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye nine, the ſweet bucolic ſtrain.
He died—and Venus ſtrove to raiſe his head,
But fate had cut the laſt remaining thread—
The lake he paſt, the whelming wave he prov'd,
Friend to the muſes, by the nymphs belov'd.
Ceaſe, ſacred nine, that ſweetly wont to play,
Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye muſes, the bucolic lay.
Now, friend, the cup and goat are fairly mine,
Her milk's a ſweet libation to the nine:
Ye muſes, hail! all praiſe to you belongs,
And future days ſhall furniſh better ſongs.

Goatherd.

O, be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd,
And drops of honey on thy lips diſtill'd!

Thine is the cup (for ſweeter far thy voice
Than when in ſpring the graſhoppers rejoice)
Sweet is the ſmell, and ſcented as the bowers
Waſh'd by the fountains of the bliſsful hours.

Come, Ciſs! let Thyrſis milk thee—kids, forbear
Your gambols, lo! the wanton goat is near.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM I.

Ver. 1. Poets frequently ſpeak of the whiſpering or murmuring of trees: the word ψιθυρισμα, which Theocritus uſes, is very expreſſive of the thing he deſcribes, and properly ſignifies to whiſper ſoftly in the ear. Thus our author ſays the two lovers, Idyl. 27. αλληλοις ψιθυριζον, and Idyl. 2. ver. 141. ψιθυριοδομις αδυ. Virgil has "argutum nemus, pinoſque loquentes," Ecl. 8. 22. and "Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro," Ecl 1. 56. Mr. Pope ſeems to have had this paſſage in view, and even improved it, in his Eloiſa to Abelard:

The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind.

He has alſo finely imitated this paſſage, and the beginning of the goatherd's ſpeech, "Sweeter thy ſong," &c.

Thyrſis, the muſic of that murmuring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing:
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow. *Paſt.* 4.

Ver. 4. Virgil comparing a ſhepherd with Pan, ſays,

Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. *Ecl.* 5. 49.

Ver. 9. The Greek is——η το καταχις
Την απο τας πετρας καταλειβεται υψοθεν υδωρ.

Theſe ten words flow with moſt melodious ſweetneſs: every one of them contributes to heighten the image they are to repreſent.

Homer has the ſame image in nearly the ſame words,

——Κατα δι ψυχρον ρεεν υδωρ
Υψοθεν εκ πετρης, &c. *Odyſſ. B.* 17.

Where, from the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtills
A limpid fount, &c. *Pope.*

Virgil has imitated this paſſage,

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale ſopor feſſi in gramine, quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
Ecl. 5. 45.

And again,

Nam neque me tantùm venientis ſibilus auſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxoſas inter decurrunt flumina valles. *Ecl.* 5. 82.

Ver. 15. The Greek is, Ως το καταντες τυτο γελασφον, ατε μυρικαι. The ſame verſe occurs, Idyl. 5. ver. 101. in the Greek; in the tranſlation 110.

Ver. 18.
Paſcentes ſervabit Tityrus hœdos—— *Ecl.* 5. 12.

Ver. 20. Goats and their keepers were under the protection of Pan; it is with good reaſon, therefore, that the goatherd is afraid of offending that deity.

Horace, deſcribing the middle of a hot day, ſays, "caretque Ripa vagis taciturna ventis." Ode 29. B. 3. On which Dacier obſerves, 'the ancients believed that at mid-day every thing was calm and ſerene, becauſe at that ſeaſon the Sylvan deities repoſed themſelves,' and quotes this paſſage of Theocritus in confirmation of it.

Ver. 22. Horace deſcribes Faunus as a very choleric god, Ode 18. B. 3. and begs he would paſs through his grounds in good temper. The Greek is remarkable, Και οι αει δριμεια χολα ποτι ρινι καθηται—"And bitter choler always remains on his noſtrils." Caſaubon obſerves, that all violent paſſions cauſe a ſenſation in the noſtrils, ariſing from the ebullition of the ſpirits, which mount towards the brain, and endeavouring to free themſelves from reſtraint, find a vent by the noſtril, and crowding through it, dilate it in their paſſage. This is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horſe, the lion, whoſe noſtrils always dilate when moved to anger. Homer has a ſimilar expreſſion in his Odyſſey, B. 24. ανα ρινας δι οι ηδη Δειμυ μενος πρυνυψι---"A ſharp ſenſation ſtruck his noſtrils:" though this is to expreſs another paſſion, viz. that of ſorrow ariſing from filial tenderneſs; and is a deſcription of Ulyſſes and his interview with Laertes. Perſius in the ſame manner ſays—

Ira cadat naſo, rugoſaque ſanna. *Sat.* 5. 91.

Ver. 23.
Si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.
Ecl. 5. 10.

Ver. 24.
Montibus in noſtris ſolus tibi certet Amyntas.
Ecl. 5. 8.

Ver 25.
——Si quid ceſſare potes, requieſce ſub umbrâ---
Ecl. 7. 10.

Ver. 32.
Bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere fœtus.
Ecl. 3. 30.

Ver. 33. Heinſius obſerves, that we have here a deſcription of that art which the ancients called Κηρογραφια, or in laying with wax, which in the days of Theocritus was very much practiſed by

the Egyptians and Sicilians. In beautifying the prows of their ſhips, the ancients made uſe of ſeveral colours, which were not barely varniſhed over with them, but very often annealed by wax melted in the fire, ſo as neither the ſun, winds, nor water were able to deface them: the art of doing this was called from the wax Κηρογραφια. See Potter's Ant. and Vitruvius, I. 7. cap. 9.

Ver. 35. This is a very ſtriking deſcription of thoſe large paſtoral cups which the ancient ſhepherds occaſionally filled with wine, milk, &c. We may gueſs at the capaciouſneſs of this cup from the multiplicity of ſubjects which are carved upon it. Virgil imitates this paſſage.

——————— pocula ponam
Fagina, cælatum divini opus Alcimedontis;
Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis
Diffuſos hederâ veſtit pallente corymbos.
Ecl. 3. 36.

And I this bowl where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines—
Pope, Paſt. I.

Ver. 36. Here are three ſorts of ivy mentioned, κισσος, ελιχρυσος, and ελιξ. Pliny and Theophraſtus ſay, that κισσος is a kind of ivy that grows alone without a ſupport: ελιχρυσος is probably the poetical ivy which Virgil mentions, Ecl. 8. 12. "hanc ſine tempora circum inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros:" it has golden or ſaffron-coloured berries, and is ſtyled "Hedera baccis aureis, and chryſocarpum:" the ελιξ bears no fruit at all, but has white twigs, and ſmall, angular, reddiſh leaves, which are more neat than the other ſorts. *Martyn.*

Nonnus in his Dionyſiacs, B. 19. has elegantly imitated this and many other paſſages of Theocritus.

Ver. 37. Creech has thus tranſlated this paſſage.

With crocus mix'd, where ſeem the *kids* to brouſe,
The berries crop, and wanton in the boughs—

On which Dr. Martyn obſerves, "it is hardly poſſible for a tranſlation to be more erroneous: καρπω κροκοειδι ſignifies a fruit of a yellow or ſaffron colour, which Creech has rendered crocus; but crocus or ſaffron is a flower, not a fruit. I was a long time puzzled to diſcover where he found the *kids:* but ſuppoſe it muſt be from miſtaking the ſenſe of the word ελιξ; it ſignifies thoſe *tendrils* which ſuſtain the vine in climbing: the Romans call it *capreolus*, hence the tranſlator finding ελιξ to be *capreolus* in Latin, which alſo ſignifies a *kid*, took it in the latter ſenſe: but he ought to have known, that though *capreolus* is uſed both for a *kid* and a *tendril*, yet ελιξ ſignifies only the latter." There is a tranſlation of this Idyllium in the ſecond volume of Whaley's Poems which retains the ſame abſurdity,

Around its lips the circling ivy ſtrays,
And a young *kid* in wanton gambols plays,

Ver. 39.
Orpheaque in medio poſuit, ſylvaſque ſequentes.
Ecl. 3 46.

Ver. 50.
Fert ingens toto connexus corpore ſaxum.
Æn. 10. 127.

Ver. 51.
——Plenis tumuerunt guttura venis—
Ovid. Met. 3. 73.

Ver. 53. This is ſimilar to an image in Homer's Iliad, B. 18. thus tranſlated by Mr. Pope.

Next ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines.

Ver. 56. Foxes are obſerved by many authors to be fond of grapes, and to make great havoc in vineyards; Ariſtophanes in his Equites compares ſoldiers to foxes who ſpoil whole countries, as the other do vineyards: Galen, in his book of Aliments, tells us, that hunters do not ſcruple to eat the fleſh of foxes in autumn, when they were grown fat with feeding on grapes. In the Song of Solomon, chap. ii. ver. 15. we read, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that ſpoil the vines," &c. And agreeably to this, Nicander in Alexiph. v. 185. aſſures us that foxes will ſpoil the vines, Πολλακις και τ. λ ———

Cum pingui nocuit vulpes verſuta racemo—

Ver. 62.
——gracli fiſcellam texit hibiſco. *Vir. Ecl.* 10. 17.

Ver. 63.
——molli circùm eſt anſas amplexus acantho.
Ecl. 3. 45.

Ver. 67. Though Homer, in his Catalogue of the Ships, reckons Calydon among the Ætolian cities, yet it is certain that formerly it not only belonged to the Æolians, but was likewiſe called Æolis: Thucydides ſays in his third hiſtory αναχωρησαν ες την Αιολιδα την νυν καλουμενην Καλυδωνα. *Caſaubon.*

Ver. 69.
Necdum illis labra admovi, ſed condita ſervo.
Ecl. 3. 47.

Homer mentions the not having been uſed as a commendation of a cup in the 16th Iliad.

From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtained with ruddy wine—
Pope.

Ver. 71. The Greek is τον εφιμερον υμνον, and is generally reckoned "amabile carmen:" thus Horace, Epiſt. 3. B. 1. ver. 24. "ſeu condis amabile carmen:" but the correction which Heinſius makes is undoubtedly genuine; he reads τον ἱφ' Ιμερᾳ υμνον, the Hymn of Himera, a river in Sicily, the banks of which were the ſcene of the loves of Daphnis, as is evident from a paſſage in the 7th Idyllium, ver. in the Greek 73, &c.—Beſides we have the indiſputable authority of Ælian, who, ſpeaking of Daphnis and this Hymn, ſays it is that which the goatherd calls, τον ἱφ' Ιμερᾳ υμνον, and that Steſichorus the Himeræan bard firſt ſung this celebrated Hymn.

Ver. 72.
Non equidem invideo. *Ecl.* 1. 11.

Ver. 75.
Incipe Mænalios mecum, mea tibi verſus.
Ecl. 8. 21.

Ver. 77. Θυρσις οδ' ωξ Αιγωξ, και Θυρσιδος αδεα φωνα, Thyrſis Ætnæus hic eſt, et hæc eſt Thyrſidis cantilena; Heinſius obſerves this is the title or prelude to the hymn, very agreeable to the manner of the ancients; thus Herodotus—"Herodoti Halicarneſſenſis hæc eſt Hiſtoria; he mentions his name, his country, and writings, exactly in the ſame manner as Thyrſis.

Ver. 79. Virgil, Milton, Mr. Pope and Lord Lyttleton have imitated this paſſage—

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellæ
Naïdes, indigno cum Gallo amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla morem fecere, neque Aoniæ Aganippes.
Ecl. 10. 9.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream.
Lycidas.

Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
Pope.

Where were ye, muſes, &c. See Lord Lyttleton's beautiful Monody—.

The 10th Eclogue of Virgil is indeed only a ſort of parody on this firſt Idyllium of Theocritus.

Ver. 87.

Daphni, tuum Pœnos etiam ingemuiſſeleones
Interitum, monteſque feri ſylvæque loquuntur.
Ecl. 5. 27.

Ver. 91.

Stant et oves circùm— *Ecl.* 10. 16.

Ver. 95.

Pan, deus Arcadiæ venit— *Ecl.* 10. 26.

Ver. 96.

——dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, quâ pereat ſagittâ. *Hor. L.* 1. *Od.* 27.

Ver 99.

Venit et upilio; tardi venere babulci;
Omnes, unde amor iſte, rogant, tibi—
Ecl. 10. 19.

Ver. 102.

Galle; quid inſanis? inquit; tua cura, Lycoris,
Perque nives alium, perque horrida caſtra ſecuta eſt. *Ecl.* 10. 22.

Ver. 107. The Greek Scholiaſt ſuppoſes this verſe, and as far as to the 116th verſe inclusive, to be the ſpeech of Priapus comforting Daphnis; whereas it is undoubtedly that of the nymph Echenais, the miſtreſs of Daphnis, upbraiding him for his incontinent paſſion; for he had been guilty of a breach of promiſe to her, and had offended her by following other women; taken in this light, the whole paſſage is beautiful, ſimple, and eaſy; 'Daphnis,' ſays ſhe, 'you was uſed to be ſtyled a cowherd, a man of continency, but, behold! you have adopted the manners of a goatherd, who when he obſerves the laſciviouſneſs of his flock, wiſhes himſelf a goat:' *Heinſius.* Virgil alludes to this place, "Novimus et qui te tranſverſa tuentibus hircis." *Ecl.* 3.

Ταχιται οφθαλμως is a very ſtrong expreſſion, and emphatically denotes the effect which is produced in the eyes of any perſon who vehemently longs after an object which he can never attain. Horace has a ſimilar expreſſion,

Cum ſemel fixæ cibo
Intabuiſſent pupulæ. *Epode* 5. 39.

Ver. 122.

——premit altum corde dolorem—
Virg. Æn. B. 4.

Ver. 129. That is, he foreſaw his death; that he ſhould no more behold the light of the ſun: an expreſſion uſual to the ancient poets; thus in Homer's Odyſſey, B. 20. when the prophet Theoclymenus foreſaw the death of the ſuitors, he ſays, ηελιος δε Ουρανω εξαπολωλε, The ſun has periſhed from heaven. Mr. Pope renders it,

Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole.

Ver. 135.

Hîc virides tenerâ pretexit arundine ripas
Mincius éque ſacrâ reſonant examina quercu.
Ecl. 7. 12.

Ver. 137. The Greek verſe is very expreſſive of the ſenſe: we hear the humming and buzzing of bees.

Ωδε καλον βομβιουντι τοτι σμανεσσι μελισσαι—

Ver. 139.

Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis—
Ecl. 10. 18.

Adonis was the ſon of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, by his own daughter Myrrha—he was the great favourite of Venus, and has been abundantly celebrated by the Greek poets. *Martyn.*

Ver. 140.

Auritoſque ſequi lepores, tum figere damas.
Geor. 1. 308.

Ver. 143. See Homer's Iliad, B. 5.

Ver. 147. Thus Virgil ſays, Vivite ſylvæ, *i. e.* Valete— *Ecl.* 8. 58.

Ver. 155.

Daphnis ego in ſylvis, hinc uſque ad ſidera notus,
Formoſi pecoris cuſtos— *Ecl.* 5. 43.

Here Virgil exceeds Theocritus, who only mentions the rural employments of Daphnis, whereas Virgil repreſents his Daphnis as a perſon whoſe fame had reached up to heaven. *Martyn.*

Ver. 159.

Ipſe nemus linquens patrium, ſaltuſque Lycæi,
Pan ovium cuſtos, tua ſibi Mænala curæ,
Adſis, O Tegææ ſavens——
Geor. L. 1. *v.* 16.

Ver. 167.
——Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) muſæ,
Aſcræo quos antè ſeni————
Ecl. 6. 69.

Ver. 169.
Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
Inſtituit———— *Ecl.* 2. 32.

The ſhepherd's pipe was compoſed of ſeven reeds, unequal in length, and of different tones, joined together with wax—Indeed in the 8th Idyllium there are two pipes deſcribed, compoſed of nine reeds each, but ſeven was the uſual number—

Ver. 171.
————ſed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina—
Hor. L. 2. *Sat.* 5.

Ver. 172.
Deſine, Mænalios jam deſine, tibia, verſus.
Virg. Ecl. 8. 61.

Ver. 173. Virgil and Pope have imitated this paſſage—

Nunc et oves ultro fugiat lupus; aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narciſſo floreat alnus.
Ecl. 8. 52.

Let opening roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Pope, Paſt. 3.

Ver. 178.
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.
Ecl. 8. 28.

Ver. 179.
Certent et cycnis ululæ— *Ecl.* 8. 55.

Ver. 182.
————Extremaque Lauſo
Parcæ fila legunt——— *Æn. L.* 10. 814.

Ver. 190.
Carmina tum meliùs, cum venerit ipſe, canemus.
Ecl. 9. 67.

Ver. 197. Κισσαιλα, the name of the goat, from κισσος, ivy, and αιθων, bright or ſhining.

IDYLLIUM II.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Simætha is here introduced complaining of Delphis, who had debauched and forſaken her; ſhe makes uſe of ſeveral incantations in order to regain his affection; and diſcovers all the variety of paſſions that are incident to a neglected lover.

Where are my laurels, and my philtres where?
Quick bring them, Theſtylis—the charm prepare;
This purple fillet round the cauldron ſtrain,
That I with ſpells may prove my perjur'd ſwain:
For ſince he rapt my door twelve days are fled,
Nor knows he whether I'm alive or dead:
Perhaps to ſome new face his heart's inclin'd,
For love has wings, and he a changeful mind.
To the Palæſtra with the morn I'll go,
And ſee and aſk him why he ſhuns me ſo?
Meanwhile my charms ſhall work: O queen of night;
Pale moon, aſſiſt me with refulgent light;
My imprecations I addreſs to thee,
Great goddeſs, and infernal Hecate [dread,
Stain'd with black gore, whom ev'n gaunt maſtiffs
Where'er ſhe haunts the manſions of the dead;
Hail, horrid Hecate, and aid me ſtill
With Circe's power, or Perimedo's ſkill,
Or mad Medea's art—Reſtore my charms,
My lingering Delphis to my longing arms.
The cake's conſum'd—burn, Theſtylis, the reſt
In flames; what frenzy has your mind poſſeſt?
Am I your ſcorn, that thus you diſobey,
Baſe maid, my ſtrict commands?—Strew ſalt, and
ſay, [charms,
"Thus Delphis' bones I ſtrew"—Reſtore my
The perjur'd Delphis to my longing arms.

Delphis inflames my boſom with deſire;
For him I burn this laurel in the fire:
And as it fumes and crackles in the blaze,
And without aſhes inſtantly decays,
So may the fleſh of Delphis burn—My charms,
Reſtore the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.
As melts this waxen form, by fire defac'd,
So in love's flames may Myndian Delphis waſte:
And as this brazen wheel, though quick roll'd round,
Returns, and in its orbit ſtill is found,
So may his love return—reſtore my charms,
The ling'ring Delphis to my longing arms.
I'll ſtrew the bran: Diana's power can bow
Rough Rhadamanth, and all that's ſtern below.
Hark! hark! the village dogs! the goddeſs ſoon
Will come—the dogs terrific bay the moon—
Strike, ſtrike the ſounding braſs—Reſtore my charms,
Reſtore falſe Delphis to my longing arms.
Calm is the ocean, ſilent is the wind,
But grief's black tempeſt rages in my mind.
I burn for him whoſe perfidy betray'd
My innocence; and me, ah, thoughtleſs maid!
Robb'd of my richeſt gem—Reſtore my charms,
Falſe Delphis to my long-deluded arms.
I pour libations thrice, and thrice I pray;
O ſhine, great goddeſs, with auſpicious ray!

Whoe'er she be, blest nymph! that now detains
My fugitive in love's delightful chains;
Be she for ever in oblivion lost,
Like Ariadne, 'lorn on Dia's coast,
Abandon'd by false Theseus—O, my charms,
Restore the lovely Delphis to my arms.
Hippomanes, a plant Arcadia bears,
Makes the colts mad, and stimulates the mares,
O'er hills, through streams they rage: O, could I see
Young Delphis thus run madding after me,
And quit the fam'd Palæstra!—O, my charms!
Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.
This garment's fringe, which Delphis wont to wear,
To burn in flames I into tatters tear.
Ah, cruel love! that my best life-blood drains
From my pale limbs, and empties all my veins,
As leeches suck young steeds—Restore my charms,
My lingering Delphis to my longing arms.
A lizard bruis'd shall make a potent bowl,
And charm to-morrow his obdurate soul;
Meanwhile this potion on his threshold spill,
Where, though despis'd, my soul inhabits still;
No kindness he nor pity will repay;
Spit on the threshold, Thestylis, and say, [charms,
"Thus Delphis' bones I strew"—Restore my
The dear, deluding Delphis to my arms.
She's gone, and now, alas! I'm left alone!
But how shall I my sorrow's cause bemoan?
My ill-requited passion, how bewail?
And where begin the melancholy tale?
When fair Anaxa at Diana's fane
Her offering paid, and left the virgin-train,
Me warmly she requested, breathing love,
At Dian's feast to meet her in the grove:
Where savage beasts, in howling deserts bred,
(And with them a gaunt lioness) were led
To grace the solemn honours of the day.—
Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—
Theucarila's kind nurse, who lately died,
Begg'd I would go, and she would be my guide;
Alas! their importunity prevail'd,
And my kind stars and better genius fail'd;
I went adorn'd in Clearista's clothes—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—
Soon as where Lyco's mansion stands I came,
Delphis the lovely author of my flame
I saw with Eudamippus, from the crowd
Distinguish'd, for like helichrysus glow'd
The gold down on their chins, their bosoms far
Outshone the moon, and every splendid star;
For lately had they left the field of fame—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—
O, how I gaz'd! what ecstasies begun
To fire my soul? I sigh'd, and was undone:
The pompous show no longer should surprise,
No longer beauty sparkled in my eyes:
Home I return'd, but knew not how I came:
My head disorder'd, and my heart on flame:
Ten tedious days and nights sore sick I lay—
Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—
Soon from my cheeks the crimson colour fled,
And my fair tresses perish'd on my head:
Forlorn I liv'd, of body quite bereft,
Of bones and skin were all that I had left:
All charms I try'd, to each enchantress round
I sought; alas! no remedy I found:
Time wing'd his way, but not to sooth my woes—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—
Till to my maid, oppress with fear and shame,
I told the secret of my growing flame;
'Dear Thestylis, thy healing aid impart—
'The love of Delphis has engross'd my heart.
'He in the school of exercise delights,
'Athletic labours, and heroic fights;
'And oft he enters on the lists of fame'—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—
'Haste thither, and the hint in private give,
'Say that I sent you—tell him where I live.'
She heard, she flew, she found the youth I sought,
And all in secret to my arms she brought.
Soon at my gate his nimble foot I heard,
Soon to my eyes his lovely form appear'd;
Ye gods! how blest my Delphis to survey!
Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—
Cold as the snow my freezing limbs were chill'd,
Like southern vapours from my brow distill'd
The dewy damps; faint tremors seiz'd my tongue,
And on my lips the faultering accents hung;
As when from babes imperfect accents fall,
When murmuring in their dreams they on their mothers call.
Senseless I stood, nor could my mind disclose—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—
My strange surprise he saw, then prest the bed,
Fix'd on the ground his eyes, and thus he said:
'Me, dear Simætha, you have much surpast,
'As when I ran with young Philinus last
'I far out-stript him, though he bravely strove;
'But you have all prevented me with love;
'Welcome as day your kind appointment came'—
Say, sacred Phœbe, when arose my flame—
'Yes, I had come, by all the powers above,
'Or, rather let me swear by mighty love,
'Unsent for I had come, to Venus true,
'This night attended by a chosen few,
'With apples to present you, and my brows
'Adorn'd like Hercules, with poplar boughs,
'Wove in a wreathe with purple ribbands gay'—
Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—
'Had you receiv'd me, all had then been well,
'For I in swiftness and in form excel;
'And should have deem'd it no ignoble bliss
'The roses of your balmy lips to kiss:
'Had you refus'd me, and your doors been barr'd,
'With axe and torch I should have come prepar'd,
'Resolv'd with force resistance to oppose'—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—
'And first to beauty's queen my thanks are due,
'Next, dear Simætha, I'm in debt to you,
'Who by your maid, love's gentle herald, prove
'My fair deliverer from the fires of love:
'More raging fires than Ætna's waste my frame'—
Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—
'Love from their beds enraptur'd virgins charms,
'And wives new-married from their husbands' arms.'
He said, (alas what frenzy seiz'd my mind!)
Soft prest my hand, and on the couch reclin'd;

Love kindled warmth as cloſe embrac'd we lay,
And ſweetly whiſper'd precious hours away.
At length, O moon, with mutual raptures fir'd,
We both accompliſh'd—what we both deſir'd.
E'er ſince no pauſe of love or bliſs we knew,
But wing'd with joy the feather'd minutes flew;
Till yeſter morning, as the radiant ſun
His ſteeds had harneſs'd, and his courſe begun,
Reſtoring fair Aurora from the main,
I heard, alas! the cauſe of all my pain;
Philiſta's mother told me, 'ſhe knew well
That Delphis lov'd, but whom ſhe could not tell:
The marks are plain, he drinks his favourite toaſt,
Then hies him to the maid he values moſt:
Beſides with garlands gay his houſe is crown'd:'
All this ſhe told me, which too true I found.
He oft would ſee me twice or thrice a day,
Then left ſome token that he would not ſtay
Long from my arms, and now twelve days are paſt
Since my fond eyes beheld the wanderer laſt—
It muſt be ſo—'tis my unhappy lot
Thus to be ſcorn'd, neglected and forgot.
He wooes, no doubt, he wooes ſome happier maid—
Meanwhile I'll call enchantment to my aid:
And ſhould he ſcorn me ſtill, a charm I know
Shall ſoon diſpatch him to the ſhades below;
So ſtrong the bowl, ſo deadly is the draught;
To me the ſecret an Aſſyrian taught.
Now, Cynthia, drive your courſers to the main;
Thoſe ills I can't redreſs I muſt ſuſtain.
Farewell, dread moon, for I have ceas'd my ſpell,
And all ye ſtars, that rule by night, farewell.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM II.

Ver. 1. This whole Idyllium, as Heinſius obſerves, ſeems to have been pronounced with great geſticulation, as is evident from the exordium, Πά μοι ται Δαφναι; πα δε τα φιλτρα; which is a direct imitation of the beginning of an ancient ſong, that uſed to be frequently rehearſed in the ſtreets, and was called ανέρμα, Πε μοι τα ρόδα; πε μοι τα ια; Where are my roſes; where are my violets?

Ver. 3. It is uncertain what ſort of veſſel the Κηλεθρα was. Nicander uſes the word in his Theriacis, and there it ſignifies a mortar in which any thing is pounded. Caſaubon thinks it may be taken in the ſame ſenſe here. It is worth obſervation, that though Virgil has ſtudiouſly imitated this whole Idyllium, he choſe not to mention any ſort of veſſel, but ſays, "moll icinge hæc alteria vittâ."

Ecl. 8. 64.

Ver. 4.

Conjugis ut magicis ſanos avertere ſacris
Experiar ſenſus—— *Ecl.* 8. 66.

Ver. 9. The place for wreſtling, and other exerciſes.

Ver. 11. Sorcerers addreſſed their prayers to the Moon and to Night, the witneſſes of their abominations.—Thus Medea in Ovid, Met. B. vii.

Nox, ait, arcanis fidiſſima— [noſtris
Tuque triceps Hecate quæ cœptis conſcia
Adjutrixque venis——

Canidia addreſſes the ſame powers—O rebus meis
Non infideles arbitræ,
Nox, & Diana quæ ſilentium regis
Arcana cum fiunt ſacra;
Nunc, nunc adeſte. *Hor. Epode* 5. 49.

Ver. 19. The Greek is Ιυγξ a bird which magicians made uſe of in their incantations, ſuppoſed to be the wry-neck—Virgil has "Ducite ab urbe domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim."

Ecl. 8. 68.

Ver. 22. Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit? *Ecl.* 2. 69.

Ver. 28.

Fragiles incende bitumine lauros.
Daphnis me maulus urit, ego hanc in Daphnida laurum. *Ecl.* 8. 82.

The laurel was burnt in order to conſume the fleſh of the perſon, on whoſe account the magical rites were performed. It was thought, according to Pliny, B. 16. chap. laſt, by its crackling noiſe, to expreſs a deteſtation of fire. Mr. Gay has finely imitated this paſſage, in his fourth Paſtoral.

Two haſel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a ſweetheart's name:
This with the loudeſt bounce me ſore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brighteſt colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut, ſo may thy paſſion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did ſo brightly glow.

Ver. 33. It was cuſtomary to melt wax, thereby to molify the heart of the perſon beloved; the ſorcereſs in Virgil, Ecl. 8. makes uſe of two images, one of mud and the other of wax.

Limus ut hic dureſcit, & hæc ut cera liqueſcit
Uno eodemque igni: ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.

Ver. 35. It was alſo uſual to imitate all the actions they wiſhed the loved perſon to perform: thus Simæthe rolls a brazen wheel, believing that the motion of this magic machine had the virtue to inſpire her lover with thoſe paſſions which ſhe wiſhed. Canidia makes uſe of this wheel. See *Hor. Epode* 17. 6, 7.

Canidia, parce vocibus tandem ſacris,
Citumque retro ſolve, ſolve turbinem.

Ver. 41.——Hylax in limine lattat—
Virg. Ecl. 8. 107.
——viſæquæ canes ululare per umbram.
Adventante Deâ— *Æn.* 6. 257.

The reaſon why Hecate was placed in the public ways, was becauſe ſhe preſided over piacular pollutions: every new moon there was a public ſupper provided at the charge of the richer ſort in a place where three ways met; hence ſhe was cal-

ed Trivia, which was no ſooner brought, but the poor people carried it all off, giving out that Hecate had devoured it; theſe ſuppers were expiatory offerings to move this goddeſs to avert any evils, which might impend, by reaſon of piacular crimes committed in the highways. *Potter's Ant.*

Ver. 43.

Tinnituſque cie, & matris quate cymbala circum.
Virg. Georg. 4. 64.

Ver. 45.

Et nunc omne tibi ſtratum ſilet æquor, & omnes
(Aſpice) ventoſi ceciderunt murmuris auræ.
Ecl. 9. 57.

Ver. 51. The number three was held ſacred by the ancients, being thought the moſt perfect of all numbers, as having a regard to the beginning, middle, and end. We ſhall ſee a further propriety in it, if we conſider that Hecate, who preſided over magical rites, had three faces.

Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diverſa colore
Licia circumdo, terque hæc altaria circum
Effigiem duco: numero deus impare gaudet.
Ecl. 8. 73.

Ver. 59. Hippomanes here undoubtedly ſignifies a plant, which is deſcribed as having the fruit of the wild cucumber, and the leaves of the prickly poppy. perhaps a kind of mullien; though in Virgil, Geor. 3. 280. it means a poiſon. See *Martyn.*

Ver. 60.

Cum tibi flagrans amor & libido,
Quæ ſolet matres furiare equorum, &c.
Hor. B 1. *Od.* 25.

Ver. 65. Simætha burns the borders of Delphis's garment, that the owner may be tortured with the like flame: Virgil's enchantreſs depoſits her lover's pledges in the ground, under her threſhold, in order to retain his love, and ſecure his affections from wandering.

Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit
Pignora cara ſui; quæ nunc ego limine in ipſo,
Terra, tibi mando——— *Ecl.* 8. 91.

Ver. 71.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena.
Ecl. 8. 95.

Horace has—

Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
Faſtidienti poculum—— *Epode* 5. 77.

Mr. Gay had this paſſage in view.

Theſe golden lines into his mug I'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.
Paſt. 4.

Ver. 83. The Athenian virgins were preſented to Diana before it was lawful for them to marry, on which occaſion they offered baſkets full of little curioſities to that goddeſs, to gain leave to depart out of her train, and change their ſtate of life. *Potter.*

Ver. 95. This is a ſtroke on the pride of thoſe women who trick themſelves in hired clothes; and is entirely ſimilar to a paſſage in Juvenal, Sat. 6. 353.

Ut ſpectet ludos conducit Ogulnia veſtem,
Ogulnia borrows clothes to ſee the ſhow.

Ver. 105. The Greek is Χως ιδον, ως εμανην. κ. τ. λ. There is a ſimilar line in the 3d Idyl. ver 42. Ως ιδιν, ως εμανη, ως εισβαθυν αλλιτ' ερωτα.

Virgil has—

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abſtulit error.
Ecl. 8. 41.

which is confeſſedly inferior to the Greek.

Ver. 113. The literal tranſlation of this paſſage is, *And my colour was like thapſus*—θαψος is a Scythian wood of a boxen or golden colour; ſome take it to be the Indian guaiacum. The women that choſe to look pale, tinged their cheeks with it. *Heinſius's Notes.*

Ver. 116. Our poet uſes the ſame proverb, Idyl. 4. ver. 16. and Virgil has——vix oſſibus hærent.
Ecl. 3. 102.

Ver. 119.

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.
Geor. B. 3. 284.

Ver. 121.

Cum ſic unanimem alloquitur malè ſana ſororem.
Æn. B. 4. 8.

Ver. 124.

Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animumque labantem
Impulit——— *Ver.* 22.

Ver. 137. Diriguit viſu in medio: calor oſſa reliquit. *Æn. B.* 3. 308. If the learned reader will compare this paſſage with Sappho's celebrated ode Εις την ερωμενην, he will find great ſimilarity both in the thoughts and expreſſions.

Ver. 153. Heinſius obſerves there was a cuſtom at Athens, that whenever a young man was ſmitten with the beauty of any lady, eſpecially that of a courtezan, he wrote her name in a place appointed for the purpoſe, with ſome encomium upon her; and having acknowledged his paſſion, the day following he appointed for a feſtival, προς την αναδησιν, that is, to crown her head with a wreath of flowers and ribbands. Thus in Plato, Alcibiades, at a feſtival, reſorts to Agatho, with a crown and ribbands to adorn his head.

Ver. 158. The poplar was ſacred to Hercules. Virgil has,

Populeis adſunt evincti tempora, ramis. *Æn.* 8. 286.

Ver. 166. If, after rapping at the door, the lover was refuſed admittance, προς την αναδησιν, to place the flowery crown on the head of his miſtreſs, he then threatened axes and torches to break or burn the door—Thus Horace

Hic hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppoſitis foribus minaces— *B.* 3. *Od.* 26.

Ver. 175. The Greek is παρθενων εκ θαλαμοιο, the thalami ſignified the inner chambers where the virgins were kept cloſely confined, and not permitted to converſe with men. In Homer, Iliad, b. 6. the rooms where Priam's daughters livid are called τηγοι θαλαμοι, as being placed at the top of the houſe; for the womens lodgings were uſually in the uppermoſt rooms, as Euſtathius remarks

upon the paſſage; which was another means to keep them from company.

Ver. 180. Εφιδυεισδομες αδυ. See Idyl. i. v. 1.

Ver. 193. That it was uſual for lovers to adorn their houſes with flowers and garlands in honour of their miſtreſſes, is evident from a paſſage in Catullus, *de Aty*, ver. 66.

Mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
Linquendum ubi eſſet orto mihi ſole cubiculum.

Fair flowery wreaths around my houſe are ſpread,
When with the riſing ſun I leave my bed.

Ver. 202.

His ego Daphnim Aggrediar. *Ecl.* 8. 102.

Ver. 203.

Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
Faſtidienti poculum. *Hor. Epod.* 5. 77.

Ver. 206.

Has herbas, atque hæc ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipſe dedit mœris. *Ecl.* 8. 95.

The Aſſyrians were greatly addicted to magic.

IDYLLIUM III.

AMARYLLIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A goatherd declares his paſſion for his miſtreſs Amaryllis, laments her cruelty, commends her charms, ſolicits her favours, and, diſtracted at the thoughts of not obtaining them, threatens to drown himſelf; tries experiments to know if ſhe loves him, ſings love-ſongs, and ſeems reſolved to die, and be devoured by wolves.

To Amaryllis, lovely nymph, I ſpeed,
Meanwhile my goats along the mountain feed:
O Tityrus, tend them with aſſiduous care,
In freſheſt paſture, and in pureſt air;
At evening ſee them to the water led,
And ware the Libyan ram with butting head.
Sweet Amaryllis!—once how bleſt my lot
When here you meet me in the conſcious grot?
I, whom you call'd your dear, your love, ſo late,
Say, am I now the object of your hate?
Does my flat noſe or beard your eyes offend?—
This love will ſurely bring me to my end—
Lo! ten fair apples, tempting to the view,
Pluck'd from your favourite tree, where late they grew;
Accept this boon, 'tis all my preſent ſtore—
To-morrow ſhall produce as many more;
Meanwhile theſe heart-conſuming pains remove,
And give me gentle pity for my love—
Oh! were I made, by ſome transforming power,
A bee to buzz in your ſequeſter'd bower!
To pierce your ivy ſhade with murmuring ſound,
And the fern leaves which compaſs you around—
I know thee, love, and to my ſorrow find
A god thou art, but of the ſavage kind;
A lioneſs ſure ſuckled the fell child,
Fed with her whelps, and nurs'd him in the wild:
On me his ſcorching flames inceſſant prey,
Glow in my veins, and melt my ſoul away—
Sweet black-ey'd maid! what charms thoſe eyes impart!
Soft are your looks, but flinty is your heart;
With kiſſes kind this rage of love appeaſe,
For me the joys of empty kiſſes pleaſe.
Your ſcorn diſtracts me, and will make me tear
The flowery crown I wove for you to wear,
Where roſe-buds mingled with the ivy-wreath,
And fragrant parſley ſweeteſt odours breathe—
Ah me! what pangs I feel? and yet the fair
Nor ſees my ſorrows, nor will hear my prayer—
I'll doff my goat-ſkin, ſince I needs muſt die,
And thence, where Olpis views the ſcaly fry—
Inquiſitive, a dire impending ſteep,
Headlong I'll plunge into the foamy deep;
And though perchance I buoyant riſe again,
You'll laugh to ſee me flouncing in the main—
By one prophetic orpine-leaf I found
Your chang'd affection, for it gave no ſound,
Though on my hand ſtruck hollow as it lay,
But quickly wither'd, like your love, away—
An old witch brought ſad tidings to my ears,
She who tells fortunes with the ſieve and ſheers:
For, leaſing barley in my fields of late,
She told me, 'I ſhould love, and you ſhould hate'——
For you my care a milk-white goat ſupplied,
Two wanton kids ſkip gameſome at her ſide,
Which Mermnon's girl, Erithacis the brown,
Has oft petition'd me to call her own;
And ſince you thus my ardent paſſion ſlight,
Hers they ſhall be before to-morrow night—
My right eye itches; may it lucky prove!
Perchance I ſoon ſhall ſee the nymph I love;
Beneath yon pine I'll ſing diſtinct and clear—
Perchance the fair my tender notes may hear;
Perchance may pity my melodious moan—
She is not metamorphos'd into ſtone—
Hippomanes, provok'd by noble ſtriſe,
To win a miſtreſs, or to loſe his life,
Threw golden fruit in Atalanta's way,
The bright temptation caus'd the maid to ſtay;
She look'd, ſhe languiſh'd, all her ſoul took fire,
She plung'd into the gulf of deep deſire.
From Othry's top the bard Melampus came,
He drove the herd to Pyle, and won the dame:

Alphesiboea's mother, fam'd for charms
Of beauty, bleſt heroic Bias' arms.
Adonis fed his flocks upon the plain,
Yet heavenly Venus lov'd the ſhepherd ſwain;
She mourn'd him wounded in the fatal chace,
Nor dead diſmiſs'd him from her warm embrace.
Though young Endymion was by Cynthia bleſt,
I envy nothing but his laſting reſt.

Iäſion too was happy to obtain
The pleaſures too divine for ears profane.
My head grows giddy---love affects me ſore;
Yet you regard not, ſo I'll ſing no more---
Stretch'd near your grotto when I've breath'd my laſt,
My fleſh will give the wolves a rich repaſt,
This will be ſweet as honey to your taſte.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM III.

This Idyllium affords us a ſpecimen of ancient gallantry, namely, of the παρακλαυσιθυρον, or mournful ſong, which excluded lovers uſed to ſing at the doors of their miſtreſſes. They had two methods of performing this: one was to ſing it as they lay on the ground: thus Horace, Ode 10. B. 3. was ſung while the lover was *porrectus ante fores*; but this was performed ſtanding, and with great geſticulation of body, and motion of the feet: It is called Comaſtes, which ſignifies, according to Heſychius, a ſhepherd that dances and ſings at the ſame time. The turns in this ſong are very abrupt, ſudden, and ſtriking, and gives us a lively picture of a diſtracted lover.

Ver. 2.

Paſcuntur vero ſylvas et ſumma Lycæi.

Geor. 3. 314.

Ver. 3. Virgil has tranſlated theſe three lines,

Tityre, dum redeo, brevis eſt via, paſce capellas:
Et notum paſtas age, Tityre: et inter agendum
Occurſare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto. *Ecl.* 9. 23.

This paſſage of Virgil, Dr. Martyn thinks, ſeems to intimate, that he was engaged in tranſlating the Idylliums of our poet.

Ver. 6. The Greek is ενορχαν, which in this place undoubtedly ſignifies a ram. Thus Homer has Πεντηκοντα δ' ενορχας. κ. τ. λ. Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice. *Pope's Iliad. B.* 23.

Creech and Dryden have rendered it Ridgil: Dryden and Warton alſo have rendered the word *capro* in Virgil by the ſame term.

Ver. 10.

Dumque tibi eſt odio mea fiſtula, dumque capellæ,
Hirſutumque ſupercilium, prolixaque barba.

Ecl. 8. 33.

Ver. 12.

Mori me denique coges, *Ecl.* 2. 7.

Ver. 13.

Quod potui, puero ſylveſtri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem miſi: cras altera mittam.

Ecl. 3. 70.

Ver. 20. The Greek is, Α βομβευσα μελισσα, and is very expreſſive of the ſenſe. See Idyl. I. 137.

Ver. 22. The ancient ſhepherds often made themſelves beds of fern, becauſe they imagined that the ſmell of it would drive away ſerpents.

Ver. 23. Virgil has,

Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor: duris in cotibus illum
Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec noſtri generis puerum nec ſanguinis edunt.

Ecl. 8. 43.

Theſe ideas, not owing their original to rural objects, are not paſtoral, and therefore improper ſentiments like theſe, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in paſtoral they are particularly liable to cenſure, becauſe they are more proper for tragic, or heroic writings. *Rambler*, No. 37.

Pope, endeavouring to copy Virgil, was carried to ſtill greater impropriety;

I know thee love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tygers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds and in thunder born.

Ver. 32. Εστι και εν κενεοισι φιλαμασιν αδεα τιεψις;

Exactly the ſame verſe occurs, Idyl. 27. l. 4. Moſchus calls it, γυμνον το φιλαμα, *a naked kiſs.*

Ver. 35.

Floribus, atque apio crines ornatus amaro. *Ecl.* 6. 68.

The ancients thought that ivy and parſley had the virtue of diſſipating the vapours of wine.

Ver. 42. Virgil has,

Præceps aërii ſpeculâ de montis in undas
Deferar. *Ecl.* 8. 59.

Ver. 45. Τηλεφιλον is properly orpine, a low plant whoſe branches trail on the ground: the leaves are ſmall, roundiſh, and of a glaucous colour, the flowers ſmall, and of a whitiſh green.

Cool violets, and orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed balm and cheerful galingale. *Spenſer.*

Ver. 49. The Greek is Αγροιω, and generally taken for a proper name; but Heinſius, with good reaſon, thinks it ſhould be wrote α γραια, *an old woman.* We have a ſimilar paſſage in the 6th Idyl. ver. 40. Ταυτα γαρ α γραια με Κοττυταριδι εξεδιδαξεν,

For this the old woman Cottytaris taught me.

Ver. 50. This was another ſort of divination.

Ver. 53. Virgil has entirely copied this;

Præterea duo nec tum mihi valle reperti
Capreoli ſparſis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
Bina die ſiccant ovis ubera; quos tibi ſervo.
Jampridem alme illos abducere Theſtylis orat;
Et faciet; quoniam ſordent tibi munera noſtra.

Ecl. 2. 40.

Ver. 59. The palpitation of the right eye was reckonned a lucky omen. *Potter.*

Ver. 65. See the ſtory in Ovid's Met. B. 10. ver. 664.

Ver. 69. The Greek is,

Ὡς ἐδεν, ὡς ἐμανη, ὡς ἐς βαθυν ἀλλεσ' ἐρωτα!

There is a ſimilar ver. Idyl. 2. 82.

Χως ἰδον, ὡς ἐμανην, ὡς μευ περι θυμος ἰαφθυ——

Virgil has, "Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abſtu-
"lit error!" *Ecl.* 8. 41.

Which is far inferior to the Greek; *abſtulit error* is much more languid.

Ver. 71. This was a mountain in Theſſaly; which country was famous for ſuch an extraordinary breed of oxen, that Neleus, king of Pylus, refuſed to give his daughter in marriage to Melampus, king of Tyrius, except he procured him ſome of them, which he ſoon after accompliſhed by the help of his brother Bias.

Univ. Hiſt. vol. vi. *p.* 215. 8*vo.*

Turpia perpeſſus vates eſt vincia Melampus.
Prop. B. 2. *Ecl.* 3.

Ver. 78. Bion, in his epitaph on Adonis, has a beautiful thought in alluſion to this, ver 45.

Ἐγρεο τυτθον, Ἀδωνι, το δ' αν πυματον με φιλησας,
κ. τ. λ.

Raiſe, lov'd Adonis, raiſe thy drooping head,
And kiſs me ere thy parting breath be fled;
The laſt fond token of affection give,
O kiſs thy Venus, while the kiſſes live;
Till in my breaſt I draw thy lingering breath,
And with my lips imbibe thy love in death. *F. F.*

Ver. 81. The ſon of Jupiter and Electra: he lay with Ceres, and was by Jupiter ſtruck with thunder:

Scarce could Iäſion taſte her heavenly charms,
But Jove's ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her arms. *Pope's Od. B.* 5.

Ver. 82.
Procul, ô, procul eſte profani. *Æn. B.* 6. 258.
Ver. 84.
Amor non talia curat. *Ecl.* 10. 28.
Ver. 87.
Hoc juvat, & melli eſt. *Hor. B.* ii. *Sat.* 6 *ver.* 32.

IDYLLIUM IV.

THE SHEPHERDS.

THE ARGUMENT.

We have here a dialogue between Battus, a ſhepherd, and Corydon, a neatherd. The beauty of this Idyllium conſiſts in that natural repreſentation of ſorrow which the poet makes the herds affected with in the abſence of their maſter: Battus laments the death of Amaryllis. The latter part of this piece is very natural, but too much inclining to ruſticity.

Battus.

Are theſe Philonda's cows that graze the mead?
Corydon.
No; Ægon's—Ægon gave them me to feed.
Battus.
Don't you play falſe, and milk them by the by?
Corydon.
My ſhrewd old maſter keeps too ſtrict an eye;
The calves hę ſuckles, and prevents the fraud.
Battus.
But where is Ægon? is he gone abroad?
Corydon.
What, han't you heard it from the mouth of fame?
Milo entic'd him to th' Olympic game.
Battus.
Will he engage in that athletic toil,
Who never yet beheld Olympic oil?
Corydon.
Fame ſays, his ſtrength with Hercules may vie;
Battus.
And that ſtout Pollux is worſe man than I.
Corydon.
He with his ſpade is gone, at honour's call,
And twenty ſheep to keep himſelf withal.

Battus.

To Milo ſurely high regard is had;
The wolves at his perſuaſion will run mad.
Corydon.
Theſe heifers want him, moaning o'er the mead.
Battus.
Alas! they've got a wretched groom indeed.
Corydon.
Poor beaſts, I pity them! they even refrain
To pick the ſcanty herbage of the plain.
Battus.
Yon heifer's bones are all that ſtrike the view:
Say, does ſhe live, like graſhoppers, on dew?
Corydon.
No, troth! by Æſer's banks ſhe loves to ſtray,
And there I bring her many a lock of hay;
And oft ſhe wantons in Latymnus' ſhades,
And crops freſh paſture in the opening glades.
Battus.
That red bull's quite reduc'd to ſkin and bone;
May the Lampriadæ, when they atone
The wrath of Juno, ſacrifice his mate!
A wretched offering ſuits a wretched ſtate.

Corydon.

And yet on Phyſcus, or the marſh, he ſeeds,
Or where Neæthus laves the verdant meads;
Where bright-ey'd flowers diffuſe their odour round,
Buck-wheat and flea-bane bloom, and honey-bells abound.

Battus.

Alas! Theſe herds will periſh on the plain,
While Ægon courts fair victory in vain;
His pipe, which ſweeteſt muſic could produce,
His pipe, too, will be ſpoil'd for want of uſe.

Corydon.

No fear of that, for when he went away,
He left it me, and I can ſing and play:
I warble Pyrrhus' ſongs, and Glauca's lays,
Zycynthus fair, and healthful Croton praiſe,
And proud Lacinium, riſing to the eaſt,
Where Ægon ſwallow'd four ſcore cakes at leaſt:
There, too, a bull he boldly dar'd purſue,
Seiz'd by the hoof, and down the mountain drew;
Then gave it Amaryllis; with glad ſhout
The maids approv'd the deed, loud laugh'd the lubber lout.

Battus.

Sweet Amaryllis! though entomb'd you lie,
With me your memory ſhall never die:
I lov'd you dearer than my flocks of late,
And now, alas! I mourn your cruel fate.

Corydon.

Yet courage, friend; to-morrow fortune's ray
May ſhine with comfort, though it lowrs to day:
Hopes to the living, not the dead remain;
And the ſoft ſeaſon brightens after rain.

Battus.

Firm is my truſt—but ſee! theſe hungry cows
(White-face, away) my tender olives browze!

Corydon.

Away, Cymætha, to the bank! by Jove,
If I come near you, faith! I'll make you move—
See! ſhe returns—O that I had my pike!
I'd give the beaſt a blow ſhe would not like.

Battus.

Pray, Corydon, ſee here! thy aid I beg;
A long ſharp-pointed prick has pierc'd my leg;
How high theſe thorns and ſpindling brambles grow!
Do'ſt ſee't?—'twas long of her; plague take the cow!

Corydon.

Here comes the thorn! your throbbing pain I've found.

Battus.

How great the anguiſh! yet how ſmall the wound!

Corydon.

Theſe thorny, furzy hills ſhould ne'er be trod
With legs unguarded, and by feet unſhod.

Battus.

Does your old maſter ſtill perſiſt to prize
His quondam miſtreſs with the jet black eyes?

Corydon.

The ſame; for lately in the wattled ground,
In the ſoft ſcene of love the carle I found.

Battus.

O, nobly done! laſcivious old man!
Meet match for ſatyrs, or ſalacious Pan.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM IV.

Virgil begins his third Eclogue with almoſt the ſame words,

Ver. 1.

Dic mihi, Damœta, cujum pecus? an Melibœi?
D. Non, verum Ægonis: nuper mihi tradidit Ægon.

Ver. 3.

Hic alienus oves cuſtos bis mulget in horâ.

Ecl. 3. 5.

There was a peculiar kind of theft which the mercenary herdſmen among the ancients were guilty of, which was to milk the cattle they tended clandeſtinely in the abſence of their maſters: theſe delinquents were called *αμολγοι*.

Ver. 10. It was cuſtomary for the wreſtlers, and other combatants at the Olympic games, to anoint themſelves with oil, not only to render their limbs more ſupple, but likewiſe that their antagoniſts might have no advantage over them.

Ver. 13. Caſaubon obſerves, that thoſe who intended to be competitors at the Olympic games, came thirty days at leaſt before they began, to be trained up and exerciſed by thoſe who preſided over the games, which laſted five days; ſo that the combatants remained at Elis near forty, at leaſt five and thirty days: the twenty ſheep therefore which Ægon carried with him were for his proviſion during his ſtay at Elis, and perhaps for ſacrifice, and to entertain his friends. A ſpade, *σκαπανη*, was the emblem or badge of a wreſtler, and therefore painters and ſculptors, as Feſtus Pompeius obſerves, repreſented wreſtlers with this inſtrument in their hands: his words are, "Rutrum tenentis juvenis eſt effigies in capitolio, "ephebi, more Græcorum, arenam ruentis exercitationis gratiâ;" in the capitol there is the effigy of a youth holding a ſpade, and, after the Grecian manner, turning the ſand for the lake of exerciſe.

Ver. 16. The Greek Scholiaſt obſerves, that madneſs is a diſtemper to which dogs, of all animals, are moſt liable: thus Virgil, Geor. 3. 496. "Hinc canibus blandis rabies." Hence gentle dogs run mad; at leaſt much more ſo than wolves: therefore, ſays Battus, if Milo can prevail on the ruſtic Ægon to go to the Olympic games, he might perſuade even wolves to run mad.

Ver. 17. Moſchus, Idyl. 3. ver. 23. has a paſſage extremely ſimilar to this,

Ωρεα δ' ιςιν αφωνα, και αι βοες αι ποτι ταυροις
Πλαζομεναι γοειοντι, και ȣκ εθελοντι νεμεσθαι.

And now h straggling heifer strays alone,
And to ilent mountains makes her moan;
The bu s loud-bellowing o'er the forests rove,
Forsake their pasture, and forget their love. *F. F.*

Ver. 21. ———vix ossibus hærent. *Ecl.* 3. 102.

Ver. 22.
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ.
Ecl. 5. 77.

Ver. 27.
Eheu, quam pingui macer mihi taurus in arvo;
Ecl. 3.
How lean my bull on yonder clover'd plain.
Warton.

Ver. 28. Heinsius takes the Lampridæ to have been the inhabitants of Lacinium, a promontory not far from Croton, where there was a celebrated temple erected to Juno—*Atollit se diva Lacinia contra.* Æn. 3. 552. They formerly were opulent, but afterwards reduced to extreme penury and wretchedness.

Ver. 31.
Saltibus in vacuis pascant, et plena secundum
Flumina; muscus ubi et viridissima gramine ripa.
Geor. 3.

Ver. 34. The Greek is, Αιγιστυρες, και κνυζα, και ευωδης μελιτεια.
The virgins that attended at the feast held in honour of Ceres, called Θεσμοφορια, strewed on their beds such herbs as were thought effectual to destroy all appetite for venereal pleasures, as κνυζα, *flea bane, agnus castus, &c.* *See Potter.*

Ver. 40.
——— et me fecere poetam
Pierides; sunt et mihi carmina. *Ecl.* 9. 32.

Ver. 41. Glauca was a lutanist of Chios, Pyrrhus a Lesbian poet.

Ver. 44. Horace says of a glutton,
———Porcius infra,
Ridiculus totas simul absorbere placentas.
B. 2. *Sat.* 8.

Ver. 49. This short eulogy on the deceased Amaryllis, late the mistress of Battus, is beautifully introduced on Corydon's mentioning her name.

Ver. 33.
——— sed credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.
Tibul. B. 2. *El.* 6.

And Horace,
——informes hyemes reducit Jupiter: idem Summovet:
Non, si male nunc et olim Sic erit. *B.* 2. *Od.* 10.

Jove spreads the heavens with dusky clouds;
The clouds he chides away;
To-morrow's sun shall shine serene,
Though fortune lowrs to-day. *Duncombe.*

Ver. 61. Unde mihi lapidem? unde sagittas?
Hor. B. 2. *Sat.* 7.

IDYLLIUM V.

THE TRAVELLERS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Idyllium is of the dramatic kind: Comates a goatherd, and Lacon a shepherd, after exchanging some very coarse railleries, a true image of vulgar freedom, contend in singing. The beauty of this piece consists in that air of simplicity in which the shepherds are painted; full of themselves, boastful of favours received, and making sudden transitions, agreeable to the desultory genius of uncivilized nature.

Comates.
My goats of Lacon, Sybarite base take heed;
He stole my goatskin—at a distance feed.
Lacon.
Fly, fly, my lambs, these springs—nor longer stay,
Comates comes who stole my flute away.
Comates.
What flute, thou servile Sybaritic brute!
Pray, when wast thou e'er master of a flute?
'Twas all thy pride, with Corydon, to draw
The rustic rout with scrannel pipes of straw.
Lacon.
The flute which Lycon gave me frank and free:
But pray, what goatskin did I steal from thee?
What goatskin e'er hadst thou, thou lubber lout?
It is well known thy master sleeps without.

Comates.
What Crocylus bestow'd, of special note,
When to the nymphs he sacrific'd a goat;
Thou envied'st me the present, and by theft
Hast basely of the speckled pelt bereft.
Lacon.
I stole it not; I swear by mighty Pan;
Comates, thou'rt mistaken in thy man;
Or may I, seiz'd with instant frenzy, leap
Headlong from this high rock into the deep.
Comates.
Thy flute I stole not; by the nymphs I swear,
The fountain nymphs, to me for ever dear.
Lacon.
If I believe thee, goatherd, may I prove
The desperate pains of Daphnis, pin'd with love

Nought now is ſacred—yet a kid ſtake down,
Thoul't find my ſkill ſuperior to thy own.

Comates.

A ſow Minerva brav'd: for ſinging's ſake,
I'll lay a kid, if thou a lamb wilt ſtake.

Lacon.

Ah ſly old fox! but how can this be fair?
For good ſheep's wool who ever ſheer'd goat's hair?
What boohy, blown to folly's utmoſt pitch,
E'er left an udder'd goat to milk a bitch?

Comates.

He that's as ſure as thou art to excel,
Though waſps may ſing with graſhoppers as well:
But leſt thou turn thy challenge to a flam,
I'll ſtake this full-grown goat againſt thy lamb.

Lacon.

Soft, haſty goatherd! let us hence remove
To yon wild olive-ſhade beſide the grove;
There ſing thy beſt, while in pure ſtreams below,
Grateful to ſwains, the cooling fountains flow;
There ſpring ſweet herbs, ſoft couches wait thy choice,
And there the ſprightly graſhoppers rejoice.

Comates.

Haſty I'm not, but greatly vex'd at heart
That thou dar'ſt brave thy teacher at his art;
Requital baſe!—Breed hounds, or wolf-whelps breed,
Ungrateful, they'll devour you for the deed.

Lacon.

Ye goatherds love beyond the truth to ſtretch;
When learnt I ought of thee, invidious wretch?
But, come, vain boaſter, to the grove along,
No more thoul't challenge ſhepherds at the ſong.

Comates.

Here reſt we; lo! cyperus decks the ground,
Oaks lend their ſhade, and ſweet bees murmur round
Their honied hives; here two cool fountains ſpring;
Here merrily the birds on branches ſing;
Here pines in cluſters more umbrageous grow,
Wave high their heads, and ſcatter cones below.

Lacon.

With me retreat, where ſkins of lambs I keep,
Whoſe wool's a pillow ſofter far than ſleep:
Thy goat-ſkins ill with cleanlineſs agree,
So rank they ſmell, nay rather worſe than thee.
There to the nymphs I'll crown, delightful toil
One bowl of milk, and one of ſweeteſt oil.

Comates.

Retire with me to more ſequeſter'd bowers,
There thou ſhalt reſt on fern, and fragrant flowers;
O'er theſe the ſkins of tender kids I'll ſpread,
A ſofter far than thine and ſweeter bed:
Eight bowls of milk, to Pan, great god, ſhall foam,
And eight of honey, and the honey-comb.

Lacon.

Agreed: the conteſt leſt thou ſhouldſt evade,
I'll wait thy ſummons at thy oaken ſhade.
Who ſhall decide the honours of the day?
Perhaps Lycopas is not far away.

Comates.

No need of him for judge, for here's as good,
Morſon the keeper of thy maſter's wood;
He's cleaving faggots.

Lacon.

Call the woodman near.

Comates.

Call him thyſelf, for thou canſt make him hear.

Lacon.

Friend, hither haſte while we in ſong conteſt,
And judge impartial who performs the beſt.

Comates.

Let merit only thy juſt judgment guide,
Lean not to mine, or favour Lacon's ſide.
Thurius commits to Lacon's care his ſheep;
Eumara's goats of Sybaris I keep.

Lacon.

Who aſk'd thee, goatherd, of thy tongue too free,
Whether the flock belong'd to him or me?

Comates.

By Jove, I vow the ſimple truth I've told;
But thou grow'ſt vain, and ſcurrilouſly bold.

Lacon.

Sing on, proud ſwain, nor thus conſume thy breath;
But not, like Sirens, ſing thy judge to death.

Comates.

Me more than Daphnis the chaſte muſes love;
Two kids I offer'd in their laurel grove.

Lacon.

Me Phœbus loves, for him a ram I feed,
Which at the next Carnean feaſt ſhall bleed.

Comates.

Twin-bearing goats I milk; "Ah, hapleſs ſwain,
"Alcippe cries, doſt thou their udders drain?"

Lacon.

Full twenty preſſes I with cheeſe can fill,
And have a love-intrigue whene'er I will.

Comates.

Gay Cleariſta, when perchance we meet,
Pelts me with apples, and ſays ſomething ſweet.

Lacon.

Young Cratidas inſpires my heart to glow,
For down his comely neck the lovely treſſes flow.

Comates.

Can dog-briar, or anemonies that bloom
In hedges, match with roſes in perfume?

Lacon.

Can acorns crude, whoſe coat is rough and dry,
With the ſoft fruitage of the cheſnut vie?

Comates.

In yonder juniper there broods a dove,
The young, when fledg'd, I'll carry to my love.

Lacon.

Soft wool to weave a garment, if I live
To ſhear my ſheep, to Cratidas I'll give.

Comates.

Leave thoſe wild olives, kids, and feed below,
Where the rough tamariſks luxuriant grow.

Lacon.

Conarus, Cymy, leave thoſe oak-crown'd meads,
And paſture eaſtward, where the white ram feeds.

Comates.

A cypreſs pail is mine, and ſculptur'd bowl,
I'll keep them for the charmer of my ſoul.

Lacon.

This wolf-dog, to his flock and maſter true,
I'll give my boy, the wild beaſts to purſue.

Comates.

Ye prowling locuſts, that devour my fruits,
Touch not my vines, for tender are the ſhoots.

Ye grashoppers, how I this goatherd vex!
Thus you the reapers of the field perplex.

Comates.

I hate the brush-tail'd foxes, that by night
Steal Myco's grapes and then escape by flight.

Lacon.

I hate dull beetles, that devour for prey
Philonda's figs, then buzzing wheel away.

Comates.

Have you forgot, when once beneath my stroke,
You writh'd with pain, and ran to yonder oak?

Lacon.

Yes, faith! but when Eumara lash'd thee well,
And bound with thongs, I readily can tell.

Comates.

Morson, who's angry now?—Go, frantic swain,
Go, gather squills to calm your ruffled brain.

Lacon.

Morson, I've nettled somebody full sore—
Go, gather sowbread, and be mad no more.

Comates.

May Himera with milk, and Crathis flow,
With wine, and fruit on plants acquatic grow.

Lacon.

May Sybaris with honey streams distil,
And maids each morn their urns with honey fill.

Comates.

My goats on cytisus and wild oats browse,
And rest on arbutus and lentisck boughs.

Lacon.

With fragrant balm my sheep are daily fed,
And ivy mix'd with roses is their bed.

Comates.

Alcippe charms not, though I sent a dove,
She neither press'd my ears, nor kiss'd me for my love.

Lacon.

I love with warmest ardour young Eumede,
Who gave me kisses for a pastoral reed.

Comates.

Can pies contend with nightingales? the owl
With swans? but you love discord at your soul.

Morson.

Cease, Lacon, cease thy song; for I decree
The lamb, Comates, as thy due to thee:
Go, to the nymphs the welcome offering make,
And let thy Morson of the feast partake.

Comates.

By mighty Pan, thou shalt, auspicious boy;
See how my goats leap wantonly for joy!
I too will leap, victorious as I am,
And laugh at Lacon, since I've gain'd the lamb.
Rejoice, my kids, for in the cooling wave
Of Sybaris to-morrow ye shall lave.
You butting, wanton goat I must forbid,
Till I have sacrific'd, to touch a kid—
What, ruttish still:—your courage I'll abate,
Or may I suffer poor Melanthius' fate.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM V.

Ver. 1. Sybaris was once a powerful city of Calabria near Croton, in the bay of Tarentum; the inhabitants were so much addicted to pleasure and effeminacy, that their luxury became a proverb.

Ver. 5.
——aut unquam tibi fistula cerâ
Juncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?
Virg. Ecl. 3. 25.

Ver. 8. The Greek is καλαμὰς αυλον ποππυσδεν εχοντι, the word ποππυσδεν seems very expressive of the mean idea Comates had of the shepherd's piping.—Milton had both Theocritus and Virgil in view.

————Their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
Lycidas.

Ver. 9.
——Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim.
Ecl. 2. 37.

Ver. 12. The ancients used to sleep on various sorts of skins; thus in Homer, Iliad 10., speaking of Diomed,

Κυδ', υπο δ' ἑςρωτο ρινον βοος αγραυλοιο.

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head. *Pope.*

Ver. 20. The Greek is ες Κραθίν, into Crathis the name of a river near Sybaris.

Ver. 25. This is a proverb that seems to have taken its rise from the following circumstance: Hercules, on his arrival at Dios, a city of Macedonia, saw several people coming out of a temple; and being himself desirous to enter and worship, he inquired to whom it belonged: and being informed it was dedicated to Adonis, he answered, ουδεν ιερον, nothing is sacred: for Adonis being no deity, he did not think him deserving of any honour or worship; by which seems to be meant, things that make a show of something great and sacred, but in reality are nothing but sorry and ridiculous trifles. *Potter.*

Ver. 27. Τις ποτ' Αθαναιαν εριν ηρισεν, an adage that is used, when ignorant people put themselves in competition with men of learning.

Ver. 32. ——Τις κακαν κυνα δηλετ' αμελγειν.

Virgil has,
————Idem jungat vulpes & mulgeat hircos.
Ecl. 3. 91.

Ver. 40.
Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus. *Ecl.* 10. 42.

Ver. 42.
——Resonant arbusta cicadis. *Ecl.* 2. 13.

Ver. 48. There was a necessity in this place to

omit tranſlating four lines in the original, which are infinitely too indelicate for modeſt ears.

Ver. 50.
Efficiam poſthàc ne quenquam voce laceſſas.
Ecl. 3. 51.

Ver 51. The Greek is,
Τȣτω δρυες, ωδε κυπειρος,
Ωδε καλον βομβευντι τοτι σμανεσσι μελισσαι.

Which occurs in the firſt Idyllium. See ver. 136.

Ver. 52.
Eque ſacrà reſonant examina quercu. *Ecl.* 7. 13.

Ver. 56. The Greek word is, κωνȣς; Virgil has
Strata jacent paſſim ſua quæque ſub arbore poma.
Ecl. 7. 54.

Ver. 58. The Greek is, υπνω μαλακωτερα. We find the ſame expreſſion in the fifteenth Idyl. ver. 125, in the Greek.

Πορφυρεοι δε ταπητες ανω, μαλακωτεροι ὑπνω.

Virgil has, ſomno mollior herba. *Ecl.* 7. 45.

Softer than ſleep, ſeems full as proper a figure as *downy ſleep*, which is frequently uſed by modern poets.

Ver. 62.
Pocula bina novo ſpumantia lacte quotannis,
Crateraſque duos ſtatuam tibi pinguis olivi.
Ecl. 5. 67.

Ver. 64. See the note on ver. 22. Idyl. III.
The Greek is, γλαχων, which an eminent botaniſt informs me is the *horned poppy*.

Ver. 69.
Nunquam hodiè effugies; veniam quocunque vocaris. *Ecl.* 3.

Ver. 77.
————Ocyus, inquit,
Hunc ades, ô Melibœe. *Ecl.* 7. 8.

Ver. 87.
Quin age ſi quid habes, &c. *Ecl.* 7. 52.

Ver. 89. Theocritus, as well as Virgil, lays it down as an indiſpenſible rule to himſelf, in theſe Amœbæan verſes, to make the reſpondent ſhepherd anſwer his opponent in exactly the ſame number of lines: which muſt be allowed to be extremely difficult in a tranſlation: how I have ſucceeded, muſt be left to the determination of the candid reader, who, it is hoped, will make proper allowances for ſuch a conſtraint.

Ver. 91.
Et me Phœbus amat. *Ecl.* 3. 62.

Ver. 92. This was a feſtival obſerved in moſt of the cities of Greece, in honour of Apollo, ſurnamed Carneus, from one Carnus an Arcanian, who was inſtructed by this god in the art of divination, but afterwards murdered by the Dorians; this fact Apollo revenged upon them by a dreadful plague, to avert which, they inſtituted this feſtival. See *Potter's Ant.*

Ver. 97.
Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella. *Ecl.* 3. 64.

Ver. 99.
At mihi ſeſe offert ultro meus ignis Amyntas.
Ecl. 3. 66.

Ver. 100. Long hair was peculiar to the Lacedemonians; they looked upon it as the emblem of liberty, and thoſe who wore it as incapable of committing any illiberal action.

Ver 105.
Parta mæe Veneri ſunt munera; namque notavi
Ipſe locum, aëriæ quo congreſſere palumbes.
Ecl. 3. 68.

Ver. 110. See Idyl. I. ver. 16.
Ver. 122. See note of Idyl. I. ver. 56.
Ver. 133. Ovid has a ſimilar paſſage, Met. B. 1. ver. 111.

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant.

Ver. 134. The Greek is, σια, which my botanic friend takes to be *water-parſnips*.

Ver. 135.
Mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus aſper amomum.
Ecl. 3.

Ver. 137.
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella.
Ecl. 2. 64.

Ver. 138. The Greek is, σχινος, the tree that produces maſtich.

Ver. 142. There was a particular ſort of kiſs, which is called by Suidas χυτρον, the pot, when they took the perſon, like a pot, by both his ears: it is mentioned by Tibullus,

————————Natuſque parenti
Oſcula comprenſis auribus eripiet. *B.* 2. *Eleg.* 5.

Ver 145.
Certent et cycnis ululæ. *Ecl.* 8. 55.

Ver. 155.
Ipſe, ubi tempus erit, omnes in fonte lavabo.
Ecl. 3. 97.

Ver. 160. The fate of Melanthius, one of the ſuitors of Penelope, is thus deſcribed by Homer. See his Odyſſey, B. 22. as tranſlated by Mr. Pope.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morſel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen ſheers
The wretch, and ſhorten'd of his noſe and ears;
His hands and feet next felt the cruel ſteel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his ſoul to hell.

IDYLLIUM VI.

THE HERDSMEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

DAMOETAS and Daphnis drive their herds together into one place, and ſing alternately the paſſion of Polyphemus for Galatæa. Daphnis begins firſt, and addreſſes himſelf to Damœtas as to the Cyclops; Damœtas anſwers him, as in the perſon of Polyphemus. Galatea's love is deſcribed from her wanton actions, and Polyphemus's obduracy from his neglect of the ſea-nymph. This Idyllium is inſcribed to Aratus, who was the friend of Theocritus, and ſuppoſed to be the author of an aſtronomical poem, called Arati Phœnomena.

DAMOETUS and young Daphnis, tuneful ſwains,
Late fed their herds, Aratus, on the plains;
The firſt was ruddy with a golden beard;
On Daphnis' cheek ſcarce doubtful down appear'd.
Faſt by the margin of a murmuring ſpring,
'Midſt noon-tide heat, they thus eſſay'd to ſing.
And, while their cattle ſought the cooling wave,
Firſt Daphnis ſung, for he the challenge gave.

Daphnis.

O Polyphemus, while your flocks you keep,
With apples Galatea pelts your ſheep.
And calls you goatherd, and ungrateful ſwain;
Meanwhile you pipe in ſweetly warbled ſtrain,
Nor ſee the wild nymph, ſenſeleſs as a log;
And lo! again ſhe pelts your faithful dog;
Liſt! liſt! he barks, and in a ſtrange amaze
His dancing ſhadow in the ſea ſurveys;
Ah! call him back, leſt on the maid he leap,
And tear her limbs emerging from the deep.
Lo! where ſhe wantons, frolic light, and fair,
As down of bearsfoot in ſoft ſummer air;
And ſtill impell'd by ſtrange capricious fate,
Flies thoſe that love, and follows thoſe that hate.
In vain the blandiſhments of love ſhe plies,
For faults are beauties in a lover's eyes.
Thus Daphnis ſung, Damœtas thus reply'd:

Damœtas.

By mighty Pan, the wily nymph I ſpy'd
Pelting my flock, I ſaw with this one eye—
May heaven preſerve its luſtre till I die:
Though Telemus preſages ills to come;
Let him reſerve them for his ſons at home.
To teaze, I ſeem regardleſs of her game,
And drop ſome items of another flame:
Soon to her ears the ſpreading rumour flies,
For envy then and jealouſy ſhe dies:
And furious, riſing from her azure waves,
She ſearches all my folds and all my caves:
And then my dog, obedient to command,
Barks as ſhe walks, and bays her off the ſtrand:
For when I lov'd, he wagg'd his tail with glee,
Fawn'd, whin'd, and loll'd his head upon her knee
This practice ſhortly will ſucceſsful prove,
She'll ſurely ſend me tidings of her love.
But I'll exclude this ſea-jilt, till ſhe ſwears
To preſs with me the bed herſelf prepares.
Nor am I ſo deform'd, for late I ſtood,
And view'd my face in ocean's tranquil flood;
My beard ſeem'd fair, and comely to the ſight;
My eye, though ſingle, ſparkling, full, and bright:
My teeth array'd in beauteous order ſhone,
Well-match'd, and whiter than the Parian ſtone.
And leſt enchantment ſhould my limbs infeſt,
I three times dropt my ſpittle on my breaſt;
This charm I learnt from an old ſorcereſs' tongue,
Who harveſt-home at Hipocoon's ſung.
Damœtas ended, and with eager joy
Daphnis embrac'd, and kiſs'd the blooming boy;
Then gave, as beſt his ſprightly taſte might ſuit,
A pipe melodious, and receiv'd a flute.
Damœtas deftly on the flute could play,
And Daphnis ſweetly pip'd, and caroll'd to his lay:
Their heifers gambol'd on the graſs green fields;
In ſinging neither conquers, neither yields.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VI.

Ver. 1.
Compulerantque gregis Corydon et Thyrſis in unam. *Virg. Ecl.* 7. 2.

Ver. 10. See Idyl. V. ver. 97.

Ver. 12.
——Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas. *Ecl.* 1. 4.

Ver. 20. Ἀκανθα; see Martyn's note on Geor. B. 4. 123.

Ver. 22. Horace has a passage similar to this,

———Meus est amor huic similis, nam
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.
B. 1. *Sat.* 2.

Ver. 29. Polyphemus, in the 9th Book of Homer's Odyssey, gives an account of Telemus, which I beg leave to lay before the reader in Mr. Pope's translation, ver. 593.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
Oh heav'ns! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty seer, who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fate of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd, such was fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.

Ver. 30.
Dii capiti ipsius generique reservent.
Æn. B. 8. 484.

Ver. 39. Horace, speaking of Cerberus fawning upon Bacchus, expresses himself almost in the same words,

———Leniter atterens
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes, tetigitque crura. *B.* 2. *Od.* 19.

Ver. 45. Nothing can be better fancied than to make this enormous son of Neptune use the sea for his looking glass; but is Virgil so happy when his little landmen says,

Non sum adeo in ormis: nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare? *Ecl.* 2. 25.

His wonderful judgment for once deserted him, or he might have retained the sentiment with a slight change in the application.

Hurd's Letter on the Marks of Imitation.

Ovid also imitates this passage in his Metam. B. 13. ver. 840.

Certé ego me novi, liquidæque in imagine vidi
Nuper aquæ: placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.

Ver. 50. Horace has,

———Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius. *B.* 1. *Od.* 19.

Ver. 52. The ancients imagined that spitting in their bosoms three times (which was a sacred number, see note on Idyl. II. ver. 51.) would prevent fascination.

Ver. 53. The Greek is α γραια κοτυττειρις, which all the interpreters have taken for a proper name, whereas it undoubtedly signifies an enchantress or sorceress; for Horace calls the magical arts, which Canidia makes use of, Cotyttia. See Canidia's answer.

Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis?

Safely shalt thou Cotytto's rites
Divulge, and lawless love's delights? *Duncombe.*

Cotys, as Dacier observes, was the goddess that presided over enchantments and all the abominations that were practised in Greece and Thrace. See Juvenal, Sat. 2. ver. 91.

Ver. 54. This verse occurs, Idyl. X. ver. 16.

Ver. 59.
Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.
Ecl. 5. 2.

Ver. 61. Horace has the same thought,

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo, &c. *B.* 3. *Od.* 18.

In pastures all the cattle sport,
Soon as returns thy hallow'd day;
To meads the vacant hinds resort,
And, round th' unharness'd oxen play.
Duncombe.

IDYLLIUM VII.

THALYSIA; OR, THE VERNAL VOYAGE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This is a narration of a journey which Theocritus, along with two friends, took to Alexandria; as they are travelling, they happen to meet with the goatherd Lycidas, with whom they join company, and entertain each other with singing. Our poet had contracted a friendship, in the isle of Cos, with Prasidamus and Antigenes, who invited him into the country to celebrate the feast of Ceres. The Thalysia was a sacrifice offered by husbandmen, after harvest, in gratitude to the gods, by whose blessing they enjoyed the fruits of the earth.

When Eucritus and I, with one consent,
Join'd by Amyntas, from the city went,
And in our progress, meditating flow,
March'd where the waters of Halenta flow:
Antigenes and Phrasidamus, names
Renown'd afar, for each bright honour claims,
The sons of Lycopéus, at the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres offer'd rites divine:
In their rich veins the blood divinely roll'd
Of Clytia virtuous, and of Chalcon bold;
Chalcon, supreme of Cos, at whose command
The Burine fountain flow'd, and fertiliz'd the land;

Near it tall elms their amorous arms enwove
With poplars pale, and form'd a shady grove.
Scarce had we measur'd half our destin'd way,
Nor could the tomb of Brasilus survey;
When travelling on the road we chanc'd to meet
The tuneful goatherd, Lycidas of Crete;
His very looks confest his trade; you'd swear
The man a goatherd by his gait and air:
His shoulders broad a goatskin white array'd,
Shaggy and rough, which smelt as newly flay'd;
A threadbare mantle wrapt his breast around,
Which with a wide-wove surcingle he bound:
In his right hand, of rough wild olive made,
A rustic crook his steps securely stay'd;
A smile serenely cheer'd his gentle look,
And thus with pleasure in his eye he spoke:
'Whither, Simichidas, so fast away,
'Now when meridian beams inflame the day?
'Now when green lizards on the hedges lie,
'And crested larks forsake the fervid sky.
'Say, does the proffer'd feast your haste excite,
'Or to the wine-press some old friend invite?
'For such your speed, the pebbles on the ground,
'Dash'd by your clogs, at every step resound!'
Then I; "Dear Lycidas, so sweet your strains,
"You shame the reapers and the shepherd swains;
"Your pipe's sam'd numbers, though they please
" me well,
"Hope spurs me on to rival, or excel:
"We go great Ceres' festival to share;
"Our honour'd friends the sacred rites prepare:
"To her they bring the first fruit of their store,
"For with abundance she has blest their floor.
"But since, my friend, we steer one common way,
"And share the common blessings of the day,
"Let us as thus we gently pace along,
"Divert the journey with bucolic song.
"Me the fond swains have honour'd from my
" youth,
"And call the muses' most melodious mouth;
"They strive my ears incredulous to catch
"With praise in vain; for I, who ne'er can match
"Sicelidas, or sweet Philetas' song,
"Croak like a frog the grashopper's among."
Thus with alluring words I sooth'd the man,
And thus the goatherd with a smile began:
'Accept this crook, small token of my love,
'For sure you draw your origin from Jove!
'I scorn the builder, who, to show his skill,
'Rears walls to match Oromedon's proud hill;
'Nor do those poets merit more regard
'Who dare to emulate the Chian bard.
'Since songs are grateful to the shepherd swain,
'Let each rehearse some sweet bucolic strain;
'I'll sing those lays (and may the numbers please)
'Which late last spring I labour'd at my ease.'
" Oh may Agenax, with prosperous gale,
To Mitylene, the pride of Lesbos, sail!
Though now the south winds the vext ocean sweep,
And stern Orion walks upon the deep;'
So will he sooth those love-consuming pains
That burn my breast and glow within my veins.
May Halcyons smooth the waves, and calm the
seas,
And the rough south-east sink into a breeze;
Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the main,
Most lov'd and honour'd by the Nereid train.
May all things smile propitious while he sails!
To the wish'd port convey him safe, ye gales!
Then shall my brows with violets be crown'd,
Or dill sweet smelling, or with roses bound:
Before the hearth I'll quaff the Ptelean bowl;
Parch'd beans shall stimulate my thirsty soul:
High as my arms the flowery couch shall swell
Of sleabane, parsley, and sweet asphodel.
Mindful of dear Ageanax, I'll drink,
Till to the lees the rosy bowl I sink.
Two shepherds sweetly on the pipe shall play,
And Tityrus exalt the vocal lay:
Shall sing how Daphnis the coy damsel lov'd,
And, her pursuing, o'er the mountains rov'd;
How the rough oaks bewail'd his fate, that grow
Where Himera's meandring waters flow;
While he still urg'd o'er Rhodope his flight,
O'er Hæmus, Caucasus, or Atho's height,
And like the snow that on their tops appears,
Dissolv'd in love, as that dissolves in tears.
Next he shall sing the much enduring hind
By his harsh lord in cedar chest confin'd;
And how the honey bees, from roseat bowers,
Sustain'd him with the quintessence of flowers;
For on his lips the muse her balm distill'd,
And his sweet mouth with sweetest nectar fill'd.
O blest Comatas! nobly hast thou sped,
Confin'd all spring, to be with honey fed!
O had'st thou liv'd in these auspicious days!
I'd drive thy goats on breezy hills to graze,
While thou should'st under oaken shades recline,
Or sweetly chant beneath the verdant pine."
He sung—and thus I answer'd: 'Friendly swain,
'Far other numbers me the wood nymph train
'Taught, when my herds along the hills I drove,
'Whose fame, perchance, has reach'd the throne
'of Jove.
'Yet, for thy sake, the choicest will I choose;
'Then lend an ear, thou darling of the muse!'
" On me bland Cupids sneez'd, who Myrto love
Dearly, as kids the spring-embellish'd grove:
Aratus too, whose friendship is my joy,
Aratus fondly loves the beauteous boy:
And well Aristis, to the muses dear,
Whose lyre Apollo would vouchsafe to hear,
And well Aristis knows, renown'd for truth,
How fond Aratus loves the blooming youth.
O Pan! whose Omole's fair mountain charms,
Place him, uncall'd, in dear Aratus' arms!
Whether Philinus, or some softer name;
Then may Arcadian youths no longer maim,
With scaly squills, thy shoulders or thy side,
When in the chase no venison is supply'd.
But may'st thou, if thou dar'st my boon deny,
Torn by fell claws, on beds of nettles lie,
All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole
Where Hebrus' waves down Edon's mountains roll;
In summer, glow in Ethiopia's fires,
Where under Blemyan rocks scorch'd Nile retires.
Leave, O ye loves, whose cheeks out-blush the rose!
The meads where Hyetis and Byblis flows,
To fair Dione's sacred hill remove,
And bid the coy Philinus glow with love.

Though as a pear he's ripe, the women ſay,
Thy bloom, alas! Philinus, fades away!
No more, Aratus, let us watch ſo late,
Nor nightly ſerenade before his gate:
But in this ſchool let ſome unmeaning ſot [his lot.
Toil when the firſt cock crows, and hanging be
Reſt be our portion! and, with potent charm,
May ſome enchantreſs keep us free from harm!"
I ſung: he view'd me with a ſmiling look;
And for my ſong preſented me his crook:
Then to the left he turn'd, through flowery meads,
The winding path-way that to Pyxa leads;
While with my friends I took the right-hand road
Where Phraſidamus makes his ſweet abode;
Who courteous bade us on ſoft beds recline
Of lentiſk, and young branches of the vine;
Poplars and elms above, their foliage ſpread,
Lent a cool ſhade, and wav'd the breezy head;
Below, a ſtream, from the nymphs ſacred cave,
In free meanders led its murmuring wave:
In the warm ſun-beams, verdant ſhrubs among,
Shrill graſhoppers renew'd their plaintive ſong:
At diſtance far, conceal'd in ſhades, alone,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her tuneful moan:
The lark, the goldfinch warbled lays of love,
And ſweetly penſive coo'd the turtle dove:
While honey-bees, for ever on the wing, [ſpring.
Humm'd round the flowers, or ſipt the ſilver
The rich, ripe ſeaſon gratify'd the ſenſe
With ſummer's ſweets, and autumn's redolence.
Apples and pears lay ſtrew'd in heaps around,
And the plum's loaded branches kiſs'd the ground.
Wine flow'd abundant from capacious tuns,
Matur'd divinely by four ſummers ſuns,
Say, nymphs of Caſtaly! for ye can tell,
Who on the ſummit of Parnaſſus dwell,
Did Chiron e'er to Hercules produce
In Pholus' cave ſuch bowls of generous juice?
Did Polypheme, who from the mountain's ſteep
Hurl'd rocks at veſſels ſailing on the deep,
E'er drain the goblet with ſuch nectar crown'd,
Nectar that nimbly made the Cyclops bound,
As then, ye nymphs! at Ceres' holy ſhrine
Ye mix'd the milk, the honey, and the wine.
O may I prove once more that happy man
In her large heaps to fix the purging fan!
And may the goddeſs ſmile ſerene and bland,
While ears of corn, and poppies grace her hand.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VII.

This idyllium is called ΘΑΛΥΣΙΑ, η ΕΑΡΙΝΗ ΟΔΟΙΠΟΡΙΑ, which has always been tranſlated Thalyſia; or, the Vernal Journey, but certainly very abſurdly, as it implies a contradiction, the Thalyſia being celebreted in autumn. Heinſius has proved, that οδοιπορια ſignifies ο πλους, a navigation or voyage, this poem, therefore, may be ſtyled the Vernal Voyage of Ageanax. It is well known that the ancients undertook no voyages but in the ſpring or autumn; the vernal navigation was called εαρινη, and the other θερινη; Lycidas, therefore, the preceding ſpring, had compoſed a poem on the vernal voyage of his friend, which, as they are travelling on the road, he repeats: It contains the moſt ardent wiſhes and vows for his ſafety, and ſeems to have given Horace the hint for his third Ode of the firſt book, on Virgil's voyage.

Ver. 10. The Scholiaſt ſays, that Clytia was the daughter of Merops, and married to Eurypilus, king of the Coans, who was contemporary with Hercules; ſhe was the mother of Chalcon. Homer mentions Eurypilus as king of Cos;

Cos, where Eurypilus poſſeſt the ſway
Till great Alcides made the realms obey.
Pope's Il. B. 1.

Ver. 13.
———Hic candida populos antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.
Ecl. 9. 41.

Here, o'er the grotto, the pale poplar weaves
With bluſhing vines, a canopy of leaves. *Warton.*

Ver. 15.
Hinc adeo media eſt nobis via: namque ſepulchrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris. *Ecl.* 9. 59.

Ancient tombs were uſually placed by the road ſide; hence the expreſſion *ſiſte viator*, which is abſurdly introduced into modern epitaphs not placed in ſuch ſituations.

Ver. 29.
Quo te, Mœri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?
Ecl. 9. 1.

The grammarians have puzzled themſelves to find out who this Simichidas was; it is ſtrange they did not recollect a paſſage of Theocritus, in his poem called the Syrinx, where he claims this appellation to himſelf:

Ω, τοδε τυφλοφορων ερατον
Παμα Παρις θετο Σιμιχιδας
Ψυχαν. *Cui (Pani) hunc peras-portantium amabilem theſaurum Paris poſuit Simichidas animo;* where, in a myſtical manner, he confeſſes Simichidas and Theocritus to be the ſame perſon: Paris and Theocritus are the ſame; for Paris, when he was made judge of the beauty of the three goddeſſes, was Theocritus, that is, Θεων Κριτης: Thus Paris metaleptically is taken for Theocritus.
Heinſius.

Ver. 31. The green lizard is very common in Italy; it is larger than our common eft, or ſwift: this circumſtance ſtrongly marks the time of the day. ——Virgil imitates the paſſage,

Nunc virides etiam occultant ſpineta lacertos.
Ecl. 2. 8.

Ver. 36. The Greek is αρβυλιδεσσεν: αρβυλη was a kind of wooden ſhoe armed with iron nails, peculiar to the Bœotians, with which they uſed to tread the grapes in the wine-preſs.

Ver. 44.

——Neque illum
Flava Ceres alto necquicquam ſpectat Olympo.
Geor. B. 1. 95.

Ver. 47.

Cantantes licet uſque, minus via lædet, eamus.
Ecl. 9. 64.

Ver. 49.

——Et me fecere poetam
Pierides: ſunt et mihi carmina: me quoque dicunt
Vatem paſtores, ſed non ego credulus illis.
Ecl. 9. 64.

Ver. 52. Virgil follows very cloſe;

Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinnâ
Digna, ſed argutos inter ſtrepere anſer olores.
Ecl. 9. 35.

Ver. 53. That is, Aſclepiades, the ſon of Sicelidas; the father's name is put for the ſon's: he was a Samian poet, a writer of epigrams. Philetas was of Cos. Both theſe are mentioned in that beautiful Idyllium which Moſchus wrote on the death of Bion; indeed this mention is in the ſix verſes which were wanting in the ancient editions of that poet, and which are ſuppoſed to have been ſupplied by Marcus Muſurus of Crete; though Scaliger affirms that they were written by Moſchus:

Sicelidas, the Samian ſhepherd ſweet,
And Lycidas, the blitheſt bard of Crete,
Whoſe ſprightly looks erſt ſpoke their hearts elate,
Now ſorrowing mourn thy ſad untimely fate;
Mourns too, Philetas' elegiac muſe. *F. F.*

Ver. 57.

At tu ſume pedum. *Ecl.* 5. 88.

Ver. 60. This was the name of a mountain in the iſland of Cos, which ſeems to have taken its appellation from a giant who was ſlain and buried there. Propertius mentions Oromedon as one of the giants who waged war againſt the gods;

——Canam cœloque minantem
Cœum, & Phlegræis Oromedonta jugis. *B.* 3. *El.* 8.

Oromedon on Phlegra's heights I'll ſing,
And Cœus threatening heaven's eternal king.

Ver. 61. The literal ſenſe of the original, is, as Heinſius obſerves: "And thoſe birds, or cocks of the muſes (poets), that pretend to rival the Chian cock or bard (Homer), ſtrive to no purpoſe:" for the word ἀηδὼν and ἀοιδὸς means the ſame thing: Theocritus calls Homer the Chian bard or cock, in the ſame manner as Horace ſtyles Varius the cock of the Mæonian ſong, or the prince of Epic poetry:

Scriberis Vario fortis, & hoſtium
Victor Mæonii carminis alite. *B.* 1. *Ode* 6.

This paſſage of Theocritus might, perhaps, be thus tranſlated:

Nor do thoſe muſe-cocks merit more regard,
Who crow defiance to the Chian bard.

Ver. 65.

Imo hæc, in viridi nuper quæ cortice fagi
Carmina deſcripſi, & modulans alterna notavi,
Experiar. *Ecl.* 5. 13.

Ver. 66. The Greek is ἐν ὄρεϊ, in a mountain; inſtead of which, Heinſius rightly reads ἐν ὥρῃ, in the ſpring; for ὥρα ſometimes ſignifies τὸ ἔαρ, the ſpring.

Ver. 70.

——Quam magnus Orion,
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna, viam ſcindens, humero ſupereminet undas.
Æn. 10. 763.

So through mid-ocean when Orion ſtrides,
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides. *Pitt.*

Mr. Warton obſerves, that Virgil has not borrowed this thought from Homer: but he does not ſeem to have taken it from Theocritus.

Ver. 73. The fable of Ceyx and his wife Halcyone being turned into birds, is beautifully related in the eleventh book of Ovid's Metamorph. The mutual love of theſe perſons ſubſiſted after their change; in honour of which the gods are ſaid to have ordained, that while they ſit on their neſt, which floats on the ſea, there ſhould be no ſtorm;

——Alcyone compreſt,
Seven days ſits brooding on her floating neſt,
A wintery queen: her ſire at length is kind,
Calms every ſtorm, and huſhes every wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's eaſe,
And for his hatching nephews ſmoothes the ſeas.
Dryden

Ver. 81.

Ante focum, ſi frigus erit; ſi meſſis, in umbrâ;
Vina novum fundam calathis arviſia nectar.
Ecl. 5. 70.

In winter ſhall the genial feaſt be made
Before the fire; by ſummer in the ſhade. *Dryden.*

The ancients held three things requiſite towards indulging their genius, namely, a good fire, wine, and muſic: Lycidas promiſes himſelf theſe three bleſſings, if Ageanax is favoured with a proſperous voyage. *Heinſius.*

Ver. 84. See note on Idyl. 4. 34. Aſphodel; or the day-lily: Aſphodels were by the ancients planted near burying places, in order to ſupply the manes of the dead with nouriſhment. *Johnſon's Dict.*

By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of aſphodel. *Pope's St. Cecilia.*

Ver. 86. At entertainments, when they drank healths, it was uſual to drain the veſſel they drank out of as far as the ſediment: thus Horace, B. 3. Ode 15, addreſſing himſelf to an ancient lady, ſays, it did not become her to empty the veſſel of wine to the lees; *nec poti vetulam fæce tenus cadi.*

Ver. 87.

Cantabunt mihi Damœtas, & Lyctius Ægon.
Ecl. 5. 72.

Ver. 89. The Greek is, Ξένεας, and commonly underſtood as a proper name, but Heinſius obſerves, that it is here only appellative, and ſignifies a certain damſel; as ξένος Ἀθηναῖος is *Athenienſis quidam*, a certain Athenian: the miſtreſs of Daphnis was named Echenais. See note on Idyl. 1. 107.

Ver. 91.

Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevere myricæ.
Ecl. 10.

Ver. 92. See note on Idyl. 1. 71.

Ver. 93. Virgil imitates this paſſage twice:

Aut Tmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes. *Ecl.* 8. 44.

Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia. *Geor.* 1. 332.

The disjunctive particle *aut*, in each verſe, is thrice repeated agreeable to Theocritus,

Ἢ Ἄθω, ἢ Ῥοδόπαν, ἢ Καυκάσων.

Ver. 105.

Atque utinam ex vobis unus, veſtrique fuiſſem
Aut cuſtos gregis, &c. *Ecl.* 10. 35.

Ver. 115. Some ſneezes were reckoned profitable, others prejudicial: Cauſabon obſerves, that ſneezing was a diſeaſe, or at leaſt a ſymptom of ſome infirmity: and therefore, when any one ſneezed, it was uſual to ſay, Ζηθι. *May you live*; or Ζευ σωσον, *God bleſs you*. See Potter's Antiq. ch. 17.

Ver. 117. Suppoſed to be the author of the Phænomena.

Ver. 123. A mountain of Theſſaly, near Othrys, the ſeat of the Centaurs. See Virg. Æn. B. 7. 674.

Ver. 126. It was uſual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, juſt as they fancied they had been uſed by them: in like manner the modern Indians chaſtiſe their idols with ſcourges whenever any calamity befals them. There is a paſſage in Anacreon, Ode 10. where a ruſtic thus addreſſes a little waxen image of Cupid:

This inſtant, love, my breaſt inſpire,
There kindle all thy gentle fire;
But, if thou fail'ſt to favour me,
I ſwear I'll make a fire of thee. *F. F.*

Pan had a feſtival in Arcadia, the country he chiefly delighted in, at which the Arcadians, if they miſſed of their prey in hunting, in anger at the god whom they reputed the preſident of that ſport, uſed to beat his ſtatue with ſquills, or ſea-onions. *Potter's Ant.* ch. 20.

Ver. 131.

Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque nives hiemis ſubeamus aquoſæ:
Nec ſi, cum moriens altâ liber aret in ulmo,
Ethiopum verſemus oves ſub ſidere Cancri.
Ecl. 10. 65.

Thus alſo Horace, B. 1. Ode 22. "Pone me pigris," &c.

Place me where no ſoft ſummer gale
Among the quivering branches ſighs,
Where clouds, condens'd, for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning ſkies:

Place me beneath the burning zone,
A clime deny'd to human race;
My flame for Lalagé I'll own;
Her voice and ſmiles my ſong ſhall grace.
Duncombe.

Ver. 132. A river, and mountain of Thrace.

Ver. 140. Thus Anacreon, Ode 11th. Ἀεὶ γυναῖκες.

Oft, with wanton ſmiles and jeers,
Women tell me I'm in years.

Ver. 150. This is ſuppoſed to be a city in the iſland of Cos

Ver. 154. See Idyl. 5. 138.

Ver. 160. I am aware, that the Greek word, τεττιξ, and the Latin *cicadia*, means a different inſect from our graſhopper; for it has a rounder and ſhorter body, is of a dark green colour, ſits upon trees, and makes a noiſe five times louder than our graſhopper: it begins its ſong as ſoon as the ſun grows hot, and continues ſinging till it ſets: its wings are beautiful, being ſtreaked with ſilver, and marked with brown ſpots; the outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated; yet, after the example of Mr. Pope, (ſee Iliad 3. ver. 200.) I retain the uſual term.

Ver. 164.

Nec gemere aëriâ ceſſabit turtur ab ulmo.
Ecl. 1. 59.

Ver. 167.

——Tuis hic omnia plena
Muneribus; tibi pampineo gravidus autumno
Floret ager; ſpumat plenis vindemia labris.
Geor. 2. 5.

Here all the riches of thy reign abound;
Each field replete with bluſhing autumn glows,
And in deep tides for thee the foaming vintage flows.
Warton.

Ver. 172. Horace has, "quadrimum merum."
B. 1. *Ode* 9.

Ver. 175. Two centaurs: Chiron is ſaid to have taught Æſculapius phyſic, Apollo muſic, and Hercules aſtronomy, and was tutor to Achilles.

Ver. 178.

A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round; it ſung acroſs the main;
It fell and bruſh'd the ſtern; the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhore.
Pope's Odyſſ. B. 9.

Ver. 180. Horace ſeems to allude to this,

Paſtorem ſaltaret uti Cyclopa rogabat.
B. 1. *Sat.* 5.

Ver. 182.

Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho.
Geor. B. 1. 344.

Mix honey ſweet, with milk and mellow wine.
Warton.

IDYLLIUM VIII.

THE BUCOLIC SINGERS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A conteſt in ſinging, between the ſhepherd Menalcas and the neatherd Daphnis, is related; a goat-herd is choſen judge; they ſtake down their paſtoral pipes as the reward of victory; the prize is decreed to Daphnis. In this Idyllium, as in the fifth, the ſecond ſpeaker ſeems to follow the turn of thought uſed by the firſt. Dr. Spence obſerves, there are perſons in Italy, and particularly in Tuſcany, named *Improviſatori*, who are like the ſhepherds in Theocritus, ſurpriſingly ready at their anſwers, *reſpondere parati*, and go on ſpeech for ſpeech alternately, *alternis dicetis, amant alterna camenæ*. This Idyllium is addreſſed to his friend Diophantus.

Daphnis, Menalcas, Goatherd.

DEAR Diophantus, ſome few days ago,
Menalcas, on the mountain's breezy brow,
By chance met Daphnis, bonny, blithe, and fair;
This fed his herds, and that his fleecy care.
Both grac'd with golden treſſes, both were young,
Both ſweetly pip'd, and both melodious ſung:
Then firſt Menalcas, with complacent look,
Survey'd the maſter of the herd, and ſpoke:

Menalcas.

Daphnis, thou keeper of the bellowing kine!
Wilt thou to me the palm of ſong reſign?
Or try thy ſkill, and then thy maſter own?
Thus Daphnis anſwer'd:

Daphnis.

Thou ſheep-tending clown,
Poor-piping ſhepherd! ſing'ſt thou e'er ſo well,
Thou canſt not Daphnis at the ſong excel.

Menalcas.

Stake then ſome wager; let us trial make:

Daphnis.

I'll make the trial, and the wager ſtake.

Menalcas.

What ſhall we lay, to equal our renown?

Daphnis.

I'll lay a calf, and thou a lamb full-grown.

Menalcas.

A lamb I dare not: for my parents keep
Strict watch, and ev'ry ev'ning count my ſheep.

Daphnis.

What wilt thou ſtake? and what the victor's gains?

Menalcas.

A pipe I form'd of nine unequal ſtrains,
Sweet-ton'd, with whiteſt wax compacted tight;
This, this I'll ſtake---but not my parent's right.

Daphnis.

And I have one of nine unequal ſtrains,
Sweet-ton'd, and wax'd throughout with niceſt [pains,
Which late I made, ev'n now my finger bleeds,
Sore wounded by a ſplinter of the reeds.
Who ſhall decide the honours of the day?

Menalcas.

Yon goatherd, let him judge the vocal lay;
Our dog barks at him—call—the man is near:
The ſhepherds call'd, the goatherd came to hear:
The laſt decided, while the former ſung.
Menalcas firſt eſſay'd his tuneful tongue:
Thus in alternate ſtrains the conteſt ran,
Daphnis reply'd—Menalcas firſt began;

Menalcas.

Ye vales, ye ſtreams, from ſource celeſtial ſprung,
If e'er Menalcas ſweetly pip'd or ſung,
Feed well my lambs, and if my Daphnis need
Your flowery herbage, let his heifers feed.

Daphnis.

Fountains and herbs, rich paſturage, if e'er
Sung Daphnis meet for nightingales to hear,
Fatten my herds; if to theſe meadows fair
Menalcas drives, O feed his fleecy care.

Menalcas.

When here my fair one comes, ſpring ſmiles around,
Meads flouriſh, and the teats with milk abound,
My lambs grow fat; if ſhe no longer ſtay,
Parch'd are the meads, the ſhepherd pines away.

Daphnis.

Where Milo walks, the flower-enamour'd bees
Work food nectareous, taller are the trees,
The goats bear twins; if he no longer ſtay,
The herdſman withers, and the herds decay.

Menalcas.

O goat, the huſband of the white-hair'd flock!
Drink at the ſhady fount by yonder rock,
'Tis there ſhe lives; and let young Milo know,
Proteus fed ſea-calves in the deep below.

Daphnis.

Not Pelops' lands, not Crœſus' wealth excite
My wiſh, nor ſpeed to match the winds in flight;
But in yon cave to carol with my friend,
And view the ocean, while our flocks we tend.

Menalcas.

To teats the drought, to birds the ſnare, the wind
To trees, and toils are fatal to the hind;
To man the virgin's ſcorn. O, father Jove!
Thou too haſt languiſh'd with the pains of love.

Thus in alternate ſtrains the conteſt ran,
And thus Menalcas his laſt lay began:
" Wolf, ſpare my kids, my young and tender ſheep;
Though low my lot, a numerous flock I keep,

Rouſe, Lightfoot, rouſe from indolence profound;
Ill fits a ſhepherd's dog to ſleep ſo ſound.
Fear not, my ſheep, to crop the verdant plain;
The paſtur'd herbage ſoon will grow again:
Feed well, and fill your udders in the vale,
And when my lambs have ſuckled, fill the pail."

He ſung, and Daphnis ſweetly thus reply'd:
" Me, from her grot, a lovely nymph eſpy'd,
As late I drove my cattle croſs the plain; [ſwain.
A long, long look ſhe caſt, and call'd me handſome
I anſwer'd not, but, as in thought profound,
Purſu'd my road, with eyes upon the ground.
The heifer ſweetly breathes, and ſweetly lows,
Sweet is the bullock's voice, and ſweet the cow's:
'Tis paſſing ſweet to lie by murm'ring ſtreams,
And waſte long ſummer-days in gentle dreams.
On oaks ſmooth acorns ornamental grow,
And golden apples on the pippen glow;
Calves grace the cows, light-ſkipping on the plain,
And luſty cows commend the careful ſwain."

They ſung; the goatherd thus:

Goatherd.

Thy verſe appears
So ſweet, O Daphnis! to my raviſh'd ears,
More pleaſing far thy charming voice to me
Than to my taſte the nectar of the bee.
Receive theſe pipes, the victor's rightful meed:
And wouldſt thou teach me, while my kids I feed,
This goat rewards thy pains, that never fails
Each morn to fill the largeſt of my pails.
As ſkips the fawn her mother doe around,
So Daphnis leap'd for joy, and dancing beat the ground:
As grieve new-married maids their ſires to leave,
So deeply ſighing, did Menalcas grieve.
Since that time Daphnis, chief of ſhepherd-ſwains,
Daphnis ſupreme without a rival reigns:
And, to complete his happineſs, he led
The blooming Nais to his nuptial bed.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM VIII.

Ver. 1. The Greek is, Μαλα νεμων (ως φαντι) κατ' ωρια μαηρα Μεναλκας' the expreſſion ως φαντι, *as they ſay*, ſeems very flat, and not correſpondent with the native elegance of Theocritus: and therefore the learned and ingenious John Pierſon (ſee his Veriſimilia, p. 46.) propoſes to read Μαλα νεμων, Διοφαντι, κατ' ωρια κ. τ. λ. obſerving that Theocritus inſcribes ſeveral Idylliums to his intimate friends; for inſtance, he addreſſes the 6th to Aratus, the 11th and the 13th to Nicias the phyſician, and to this ſame Diophantus the 21ſt. This very plauſible emendation I have followed in my tranſlation. That the librarians often obliterated proper names will appear in the note on ver. 53. of this Idyllium. Virgil imitates this paſſage;

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum;
Thyrſis oves, Corydon diſtentas lacte capellas:
Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo:
Et cantare pares, et reſpondere parati. *Ecl.* 7. 2.

Ver. 6.

Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere verſus. *Ecl.* 5. 2.

Ver. 15.

Vis ergo inter nos, quid poſſit uterque, viciſſim
Experiamur? *Ecl.* 3. 28.

Ver. 18.

——Ego hanc vitulam, ne forte recuſes, Depono. *Ibid.*

Ver. 19.

De grege non auſim quicquam deponere tecum:
Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt injuſta noverca:
Biſque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et hœdos. *Ecl.* 3. 32.

Ver. 22. Though nine ſtrains, or reeds, are here mentioned, yet the ſhepherd's pipe was generally compoſed of ſeven reeds, unequal in length, and of different tones, joined together with wax. See note on Idyl. 1. 169; and Virgil,

Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
Fiſtula. *Ecl.* 2. 36.

It is difficult to conceive how the ancient ſhepherds could pipe and ſing at the ſame time: certainly that was impracticable: the moſt probable opinion is, that they firſt played over the tune, and then ſung a verſe or ſtanza of the ſong anſwering thereto, and ſo played and ſung alternately; which manner of playing and ſinging is very common with the pipers and fiddlers at our country wakes, who, perhaps, originally borrowed the cuſtom from the Romans, during their reſidence in Britain. We find the old Engliſh minſtrels uſed to warble on their harps, and then ſing—See Percy's eſſay on the ſubject.

Ver. 29. The ſame verſe occurs, Idyl. 5. 71.

Ver. 35.

Alternis igitur contendere verſibus ambo Cœpêre:
Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrſis. *Ecl.* 7. 18.

Ver. 45.

Phyllidis adventu noſtræ nemus omne virebit. *Ecl.* 7. 59.

Ver. 48.

Aret ager; vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba. *Ib.* 57.

Pope has finely imitated both Theocritus and Virgil;

Strephon.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhowers,
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
If Delia ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

Daphnis.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.

Ver. 51.

——At ſi formoſus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina ſicca.
Ecl. 7. 55.

Ver. 55. The Greek is, Μη μοι γαν Πελοπος, μη μοι χρυσεια ταλαντα Ειη εχειν! May the territories of Pelops, and golden talents, never fall to my ſhare! χρυσεια ταλαντα is very frigid; one expects ſomething better than this from the Sicilian muſe, and therefore the ingenious Pierſon (ſee his Veriſimilia) obſerving that the librarians frequently obliterated proper names, inſtead of χρυσεια reads Κροισοιο ταλαντα; then a new beauty ariſes in the oppoſition between the extenſive territories of Pelops, and the talents, or treaſures of Crœſus; and what adds to the probability that this is the true reading, Theocritus mentions the riches of Crœſus in the tenth Idyl. ver. 39. and likewiſe Anacreon, Ode 26. ver. 3. Δοκων δ' εχειν τα Κροισου, Rich I ſeem as Lydia's king: indeed every ſchool-boy knows that the riches of Crœſus became a proverb.

Ver. 56.

Proteus turpes paſcit ſub gurgite phocas.
Georg. 4. 395.

Ver. 58.

——Curſuque pedum præverterе ventos.
Æn. 7. 807.

Ver 61. The preſent reading in the original is, υδασι δ' αυχμος, the drought is fatal to waters; but a friend of mine reads ελάσιν αυχμος, drought is fatal to the teats, which is far more natural, and agreeable to the idea of a ſhepherd.

Triſte lupus ſtabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,
Arboribus venti; nobis Amaryllidis iræ.
Ecl. 3. 80.

Ver. 70. This ſeems to be an imitation of a verſe in Homer:

Ου χρη παννυχιον ευδειν βουληφορον ανδρα.
Il. B. 2. 24.

Ill fits a chief, who mighty nations guides,
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe. *Pope.*

Ver. 72. Thus Virgil,

——Gregibus non gramina deſunt, &c.
Geor. B. 2. 200.

There for thy flocks freſh fountains never fail,
Undying verdure clothes the graſſy vale;
And what is cropp'd by day the night renews.
Warton.

Ver 78.

Et longum, formoſe, vale, vale, inquit, Iola!
Ecl. 3. 79.

Ver. 81. This verſe occurs, Idyl. 9. ver. 7. in the Greek.

Ver 83.

Fortunate ſenex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes ſacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Ecl. 1. 52.

Ver. 85.

Vitis ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uvæ,
Ut gregibus tauri, ſegetes ut pinguibus arvis.
Ecl. 5. 32.

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn.
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn.
Dryden.

Ver. 91.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta, &c.
Ecl. 5. 45.

Mr. Gay has imitated this paſſage, in his fifth paſtoral:

Albeit thy ſongs are ſweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirſty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or bunns and ſugar to the damſel's tooth.

Ver. 93.

Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, muſæ.
Ecl. 6. 69.

Ver. 101.

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.
Ecl. 7. 70.

IDYLLIUM IX.

DAPHNIS AND MENALCAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The herdſman Daphnis, and the ſhepherd Menalcas, are urged by a neighbouring ſhepherd to contend in ſinging: the ſong is in alternate ſtrains, and each receives a prize; Daphnis a finely-finiſhed club, and Menalcas a conch. The beauty of this Idyllium conſiſts in the true character of low life, full of ſelf-commendation, and boaſtful of its own fortune.

Daphnis, begin! for merrily you play,
Daphnis begin the ſweet bucolic lay;
Menalcas next ſhall ſing; while paſturing near
Calves mix with cows, the heifer with the ſteer;
The bulls together with the herd may browſe,
Rove round the copſe, and crop the tender boughs;

Daphnis, begin the ſweet bucolic ſtrain;
Menalcas next ſhall charm the ſhepherd-ſwain.

Daphnis.

Sweet low the herds along the paſtur'd ground,
Sweet is the vocal reed's melodious ſound;

Sweet pipes the jocund herdſman, ſweet I ſing,
And lodge ſecurely by yon cooling ſpring,
Where the ſoft ſkins of milk-white heifers, ſpread
In order fair, compoſe my decent bed:
Ah luckleſs! browſing on the mountain's ſide,
The ſouth wind daſh'd them headlong, and they died.
There I regard no more bright ſummer's fires
Than youthful lovers their upbraiding ſires.
Thus Daphnis chanted his bucolic ſtrain; 19
And thus Menalcas charm'd the ſhepherd-ſwain:

Menalcas.

Ætna's my parent; there I love to dwell,
Where the rock-mountains form an ample cell:
And there, with affluence bleſt, as great I live,
As ſwains can wiſh, or golden ſlumbers give;
By me large flocks of goats and ſheep are fed,
Their wool my pillow, and their ſkins my bed:
In cauldrons boil'd, their fleſh ſuſtains me well;
Dry beechen faggots wint'ry froſts expel.
Thus I regard no more the cold ſevere
Then toothleſs men hard nuts when pulſe is near. 30
Here ceas'd the youths; I prais'd their paſtoral ſtrains,
And gave to each a preſent for his pains:
A well-form'd club became young Daphnis' due,
Which in my own paternal woodlands grew,
So exquiſitely ſhap'd from end to end,
An artiſt might admire, but could not mend.
A pearly conch, wreath'd beautifully round,
Late on the Icarian rocky beach I found,
The ſhell I gave Menalcas for his ſhare; 39
Large was the conch, its fleſh was rich and rare,
(This in five equal portions I divide)
And to five friends a plenteous meal ſupply'd.
Pleas'd he receiv'd, and lik'd his preſent well,
And thus he ſweetly blew the ſhining ſhell:
Hail, rural muſes, teach your bard thoſe ſtrains
Which once I ſung, and charm'd the liſt'ning ſwains:
Then would my tongue repeat the pleaſing lore,
And painful bliſters never gall it more.
To graſhoppers the graſhoppers are friends,
And ant on ant for mutual aid depends; 50
The ravenous kite protects his brother kite;
But me the muſe and gentle ſong delight.
O, may my cave with frequent ſong be bleſt!
For neither roſeat ſpring, nor downy reſt,
So ſweat the labourer ſooth; nor to the bee
Are flowers ſo grateful, as the muſe to me:
For Circe's ſtrongeſt magic ne'er can harm
Thoſe whom the muſes with ſoft rapture charm.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM IX.

Ver. 1. The firſt eight lines in the tranſlation of this Idyllium are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by the ſhepherd, who endeavours to engage Daphnis and Menalcas to ſing:

Incipe, Mopſe, prior. *Ecl.* 4. 10.

Ver. 2.

Incipe, Damoœta; tu deinde ſequêre, Menalca. *Ecl.* 3. 58.

Ver. 9. This verſe occurs Idyllium 8th, 77, in the original:

Dulce ſatis humor, depulſis arbutus hœdis,
Lenta ſalix fœto pecori, mihi ſolus Amyntas. *Ecl.* 3. 82.

Ver. 19.

Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrſis. *Ecl.* 7. 20.

Ver. 22. Ovid has a ſimilar deſcription of Polyphemus's cave:

Sunt mihi pars montis vivo pendentia ſaxo
Antra. *Metamorph. B* 13. 819.

Ver. 28.

Hic focus, et tædæ pingues; hic plurimus ignis
Semper, et aſſiduâ poſtes fuligine nigri.
Hic tantum Boreæ curamus frigora, quantum
Aut numerum lupus, aut torrentia flumina ripas. *Ecl.* 7. 49.

Here ever-glowing hearths embrown the poſts,
Here blazing pines expel the pinching froſts,
Here cold and Boreas' blaſts we dread no more
Than wolves the ſheep, or torrent ſtreams the ſhore. *Warton.*

Ver. 30. The Greek is ἀμυλοιο, which I apprehend ſignifies wheat boiled, without having been firſt ground in the mill, ſomething in the nature of frumenty.

Ver. 31. Here the ſhepherd reſumes his account of the conteſt between Daphnis and Menalcas, and deſcribes the preſents he made them.

Ver. 45.

Nymphæ, noſter amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
Quale meo Codro, concedite. *Ecl.* 7. 21.

Give me the lays, nymphs of th' inſpiring ſprings,
Which Codrus, rival of Apollo, ſings. *Warton.*

Ver 48. The ancients believed that a lie was always followed by ſome puniſhment, as a bliſter on the tip of the tongue, a pimple on the noſe, &c. See Idyl. 12. verſe 32. ſee alſo Hor B. 2. Ode 8.

Ver. 49. Juvenal has a ſimilar paſſage, Sat. 15. 163.

Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tygride pacem
Perpetuam: ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.

Tiger with Tiger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues offenſive and defenſive join'd. *Tate.*

Ver. 52.
Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia musæ,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant. *Geor.* 2. 475.

Ye sacred muses with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd.
Whose priest I am, give me, &c. *Dryden.*

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Ecl. 5. 46.

Mr. Pope has something very similar:

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Past. 3.

IDYLLIUM X.

THE REAPERS

THE ARGUMENT.

Milo and Battus, two reapers, have a conference as they are at work; Battus not reaping so fast as usual, Milo asks him the reason of it: he frankly confesses it was owing to love; and, at the request of Milo, sings a song in praise of his mistress: Milo afterwards repeats the poetical maxims of Lytierses.

MILLO AND BATTUS.

Milo.

Battus, some evil sure afflicts you sore;
You cannot reap as you have reap'd before;
No longer you your sheaves with vigour bind,
But, like a wounded sheep, lag heavily behind.
If thus you fail with early morning's light,
How can you work till noon or slow-pac'd night?

Battus.

Milo, thou moiling drudge as hard as stone,
An absent mistress did'st thou ne'er bemoan?

Milo.

Not I—I never learnt fair maids to woo;
Pray what with love have labouring men to do?

Battus.

Did love then never interrupt thy sleep?

Milo.

No, Battus: dogs should never run at sheep.

Battus.

But I have lov'd these ten long days and more.

Milo.

Yes, you're a wealthy man, and I am poor.

Battus.

Hence all things round me in confusion lie.

Milo.

But tell me who's this charmer of your eye?

Battus.

Old Polybuta's niece, the gay, the young,
Who harvest-home at Hypocoon's sung.

Milo.

Then for your sins you will be finely sped;
Each night a grizzle grashopper in bed.

Battus.

Yet spare your insults, cruel and unkind!
Plutus, you know, as well as love, is blind.

Milo.

No harm I mean—But, Battus, as you play
On the sweet pipe, and sing an amorous lay,
With music's charm's our pleasing toils prolong;
Your mistress be the subject of your song.

Battus.

Ye muses sweetly let the numbers flow,
For you new beauty on all themes bestow.
Charming Bombyce, though some call you thin,
And blame the tawny colour of your skin;
Yet I the lustre of your beauty own,
And deem you like Hyblæan honey brown.
The letter'd hyacinth's of darksome hue,
And the sweet violet a sable blue;
Yet these in crowns ambrosial odours shed,
And grace fair garlands that adorn the head.
Kids flowery thyme, gaunt wolves the kid pursue,
The crane the plough-share, and I follow you.
Were I as rich as Crœsus was of old,
Our statues soon should rise of purest gold.
In Cytherea's sacred shrine to stand,
You with an apple, rose, and lute in hand;
I like a dancer would attract the sight,
In gaudy sandals gay, and habit light.
Charming Bombyce, you my numbers greet;
How lovely, fair, and beautiful your feet!
Soft is your voice—but I no words can find
To represent the moral of your mind.

Milo.

How sweetly, swain, your carols you rehearse?
How aptly scan the measure of your verse?
A wit so barren with a beard so long—
Attend to tuneful Lytierses' song.
O fruitful Ceres, bless with corn the field;
May the full ears a plenteous harvest yield! [say,
Bind, reapers, bind your sheaves, lest strangers
"Ah, lazy drones! their hire is thrown away."
To the fresh north wind, or the zephyrs rear
Your shocks; those breezes fill the swelling ear.
Ye threshers, never sleep at noon of day;
For then the light chaff quickly blows away,
Reapers should rise with larks to earn their hire,
Rest in the heat, and when they roost, retire.

How happy is the fortune of a frog,
He wants no moiſture in his watery bog. [mean;
Steward, boil all the pulſe; ſuch pinching's
You'll wound your hand by ſplitting of a bean.

Theſe ſongs the reapers of the field improve;
But your ſad lay, your ſtarveling tale of love,
Which ſoon will bring you to a cruſt of bread,
Keep for your mother, as ſhe yawns in bed.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM X.

This Idyllium, as Dr. Martyn obſerves, being a dialogue between two reapers, is generally excluded by the critics from the number of the paſtorals: and yet, perhaps, if we conſider that a herdſman may very naturally deſcribe a converſation between two of his country neighbours, who entertain each other with a rural ſong, we may ſoften a little the ſeverity of our critical temper, and allow even this to be called a paſtoral.

Ver. 4. Virgil, ſpeaking of a ſickening ſheep, ſays, *you will ſee it.*

Extremaque ſequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Paſcentem. *Georg. B.* 3. 466.

Ver. 12.

Ut canis a corio nunquam abſterrebitur uncto.
Horace, B. 2. *Sat.* 5.

Ver. 14. The original is, Ἐκ πίθω αντλεῖς δηλον· ἐγω δ' ἐχω οὐδ' ἁλις ὀξος, inſtead of δηλον, Hoelzinus (See his notes on Apollonius, B. 3. ver. 902.) reads πηλον, and then the interpretation will be, "You drink red wine out of a hogſhead; but I "have ſcarcely vinegar enough."

Ver. 18. This line occurs Idyllium 6. 54.

Ver. 20. Heinſius obſerves, that the graſhopper, here called μαντις, is the ſame that was called γρυς: σίριφος γρυς was a proverbial expreſſion, and equal to *anus quæ in virginitate conſenuit: metaphora ſumpta eſt a ſylveſtri locuſtâ, quam vocant* γρυν σιριφην καὶ μαντιν. *Suid.* Milo therefore humourouſly laughs at Battus for falling in love with an old virgin.

Ver. 33. The Greek is, Καὶ το ιον μελαν εστι καὶ α γραπτα υακινθος, which Virgil has literally tranſlated;

——Quid tum ſi fuſcus Amyntas?
Et nigre violæ ſunt, et vaccinia nigra. *Ecl.* 10. 38.

What if the boy's ſmooth ſkin he brown to view,
Dark is the hyacinth and violet's hue. *Warton.*

Virgil likewiſe has, "Inſcripti nomina regum flores." *Ecl.* 3. 106.

Ver. 37.

Torva læna lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam;
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella:
Te Corydon, ô Alexi. *Ecl.* 2. 63.

Ver. 30. A king of Lydia, whoſe riches became a proverb.

Ver. 40.

Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus: at tu,
Si fœtura gregem ſuppleverit, aureus eſto.
Ecl. 7. 36.

But if the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold. *Dryden.*

Ver. 46. Thus in Solomon's Song, Ch. vii. 1. we read, "How beautiful are thy feet with ſhoes!" On which Mr. Percy obſerves, "Or more exactly, *within thy ſandals.*" The Hebrew women were remarkably nice in adorning their ſandals, and in having them fit neatly, ſo as to diſplay the fine ſhape of the foot: *Vid. Clerici Comment.* Judith's ſandals are mentioned along with the bracelets and other ornaments of jewels, with which ſhe ſet off her beauty when ſhe went to captivate the heart of Holofernes, chap. x. 4. And it is expreſsly ſaid, that "her ſandals raviſh'd his eyes," chap. xvi. 9.

Ver. 51. A long beard was looked on as a mark of wiſdom: ſee Hor. Sat. 3. B. 2. ver. 35. "Sapientem paſcere barbam."

Ver. 52. Lytierſes was a baſtard ſon of Midas, king of Phrygia; the poets tell us, that in a trial of ſkill in muſic between Apollo and Pan, Midas gave ſentence in favour of the latter, whereupon Apollo clapt a pair of aſſes ears on his head. On the other hand, Conon, in his firſt narration (apud Phot. Biblioth.) tells us, that Midas had a great many ſpies diſperſed up and down the country, by whoſe information he knew whatever his ſubjects did or ſaid; thus he reigned in peace and tranquillity to a great age, none daring to conſpire againſt him. His knowing by this means whatever his ſubjects ſpoke of him, occaſioned the ſaying, that Midas had "long ears;" and as aſſes are ſaid to be endowed with the ſenſe of hearing to a degree of perfection above other animals, he was alſo ſaid to have aſſes ears; thus what was at firſt ſpoken in a metaphorical ſenſe, afterwards ran current in the world for truth. As to Lytierſes, he reigned, after Midas, at Celænæ, the chief city of Phrygia, and is deſcribed as a ruſtic, unſociable and inhuman tyrant: of an inſatiable appetite, devouring, in one day, three large baſkets of bread, and drinking ten gallons of wine. He took great pleaſure in agriculture; but, as acts of cruelty, were his chief delight, he uſed to oblige ſuch as happened to paſs by while he was reaping, to join with him in the work; and then, cutting off their heads, he bound up their bodies in the ſheaves. For theſe, and ſuch like cruelties, he was put to death by Hercules, and his body thrown into the Mæander: however, his memory was cheriſhed by the reapers of Phrygia, and an hymn, from him called Lytierſes, ſung in harveſt time, in honour of their fellow labourer. See Univ. Hiſt. vol. 4. 8vo. page 459.

This anecdote is taken from one of the tragedies of Socibius, an ancient Syracuſan poet, who, according to Voſſius, flouriſhed in the 166th Olym-

piad. As this passage is scarce, I shall take the liberty to lay it before the learned reader, exactly as the illustrious Casaubon has corrected and amended it, together with a translation: the two verses between comma's, are supposed to be spoken by a different person of the drama, and therefore omitted in the translation-

Αιθ' οι Κελαιναι πατρις, αρχαια πολις
Μιδᾳ γεροντος, οσις ωτ' εχων ονε,
Ηνασσε· "και νυν φανος ευειδης' αγαν."
Ουτος δ' εκεινε παις παραπλαγος νοθος.
"Μητρος δ' οποιας η τεκυς' επισταται."
Εσθει μεν αρτων τρεις ονυς πανθελιυς.
Τρις της ϐραχειας ημερας πινειθ' αμα,
Καλων μετρητην τον δεκαμφορον πιθον·
Εργαζεται δ' ελαφρα προς τα σιτια.
Ογμον θεριζει τη μια δ' εν ημερα
Λεκαγυον ομπνην συντιν εις τελος·
Χ' ωταν τις ελθη ξεινος, η παρεξιη,
Φαγειν τ' εδωκεν ευ, και ευ πεχορτασεν.
Και τε ποτε πρητεινεν ως αν εν θερει
Πλεον. φθονειν γαρ ωκνει τοις θανεμενοις·
Επει δ' αγων εδειξε Μαιανδρυ ροαις
Καρπευματων αρδευτα δαψιλει ποτω
Τον ανδρομηκη πυρον ηκονημενη
Αρπη θεριζει. τον ξενον δε δραγματι
Αυτω κυλισας, κρατος ορφανον φερει.
Γελων φερισην ως ανεν ηρισισεν.

Lytierses

Celænæ, city fam'd in former years,
Where Midas reign'd, renown'd for asses ears:
Whose bastard son, that like a monster fed,
Daily devour'd * three asses loads of bread;
A large wine cask, which once a day he drain'd,
He call'd two gallons, though it ten contain'd.
Daily he labour'd in the corn-clad ground,
Reap'd ten whole acres, and in bundles bound.
If chance a stranger in his fields he spy'd,
Abundant wine and viands he supply'd,
Largely to drink, and sumptuously to feed,
Nor envied he the wretch he doom'd to bleed.
He points to meadows, arrogant and vain,
Of richest pasture, fields of golden grain,
Where through irriguous vales Mæander winds;
Then lops his head, and in the sheaves he binds
The trembling carcase, and with horrid jest
Laughs at the rashness of his murder'd guest.

Menander mentions this song in his Carchedonium: Αδοντα Αιτυερσην απ' αριστα τιως, "Singing Lytierses soon after dinner."

Heinsius very justly observes, that this Lytierses is only a set of formulary maxims, or old sayings, and as such I have distinguished them in distichs, as they are in the Greek.

Ver. 59. Virgil has something similar;

At rubicunda Ceres medeo succiditur æstu;
Et medeo tostas æstu terit area fruges.
Geor. B. I. 297.

But cut the golden corn at mid-day's heat,
And the parch'd grain at noon's high ardour beat.
Warton.

The ancients did not thresh or winnow their corn: in the heat of the day, as soon as it was reaped, they laid it on a floor, made on purpose, in the middle of the field, and then they drove horses and mules round about it, till they trod all the grain out.

Benson.

Ver. 66. A sordid miser used formerly to be called κυαμοτριστης, that is, a "bean-splitter.

* *A close translation would be,* "*three asses of bread,*" *that is, the burden which three asses carry; agreeable to that passage in Samuel,* ch. xvi. ver. 10. "*Jesse took an ass laden with bread;*" *the Hebrew is,* "*he took an ass of bread.*" *See Poole's Synopsis.*

IDYLLIUM XI.

CYCLOPS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This is the last of those Idylliums that are generally allowed to be true pastorals, and is very beautiful. The poet addresses himself to Nicas, a physician of Miletus, and observes, there is no cure for love but the Muses he then gives an account of Polyphemus's passion for Galatea, a sea-nymph, the daughter of Nereus and Doris: he describes him sitting upon a rock that overlooked the ocean, and soothing his passion with the charms of poetry.

No remedy the power of love subdues;
No medicine, dearest Nicias, but the muse;
This plain prescription gratifies the mind
With sweet complacence——but how hard to find!
This well you know, who first in physic shine,
And are the lov'd familiar of the nine.
Thus the fam'd Cyclops, Polypheme, when young,
Calm'd his fond passion with the power of song;

When blooming years imbib'd the soft desire,
And Galatea kindled amorous fire:
He gave no wreaths of roses to the fair,
Nor apples, nor sweet parsley for her hair:
Love did the tenor of his mind controul,
And took the whole possession of his soul.
His flocks untended oft refus'd to feed,
And, for the fold, forsook the grassy mead;
While on the sedgy shore he lay reclin'd,
And sooth'd with song the anguish of his mind.
From morn to night he pin'd; for love's keen dart
Had pierc'd the deep recesses of his heart:
Yet, yet a cure he found—for on a steep,
Rough-pointed rock, that overlook'd the deep,
And with brown horror high impending hung,
The giant monster sat, and thus he sung:
"Fair nymph, why will you thus my passion slight!
Softer than lambs you seem, than curds more white,
Wanton as calves before the udder'd kine,
Harsh as the unripe fruitage of the vine.
You come when pleasing sleep has clos'd mine eye,
And like a vision with my slumbers fly,
Swift as before the wolf the lambkin bounds,
Panting and trembling, o'er the furrow'd grounds.
Then first I lov'd, and thence I date my flame,
When here to gather hyacinths you came:
My mother brought you—'twas a fatal day;
And I, alas! unwary led the way:
E'er since my tortur'd mind has known no rest;
Peace is become a stranger to my breast:
Yet you nor pity, nor relieve my pain—
Yes, yes, I know the cause of your disdain;
For, stretch'd from ear to ear with shagged grace,
My single brow adds horror to my face:
My single eye enormous lids enclose,
And o'er my blubber'd lips projects my nose.
Yet homely as I am, large flocks I keep,
And drain the udders of a thousand sheep; [fill,
My pails with milk, my shelves with cheese they
In summer scorching, and in winter chill.
The vocal pipe I tune with pleasing glee,
No other Cyclops can compare with me:
Your charms I sing, sweet apple of delight!
Myself and you I sing the live long night.
For you ten fawns, with collars deck'd I feed,
And four young bears for your diversion breed:
Come, live with me; all these you may command,
And change your azure ocean for the land:
More pleasing slumbers will my cave bestow,
There spiry cypress and green laurels grow;
There round my trees the sable ivy twines,
And grapes as sweet as honey loads my vines;
From grove-crown'd Ætna, rob'd in purest snow,
Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.
Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as these
For blustering billows and tempestuous seas?
Though my rough form's no object of desire,
My oaks supply me with abundant fire;
My hearth unceasing blazes—though I swear
By this one eye, to me for ever dear,
Well might that fire to warm my breast suffice,
That kindled at the lightning of your eyes.
Had I, like fish, with fins and gills been made,
Then might I in your element have play'd,
With ease have div'd beneath your azure tide,
And kiss'd your hand though you your lips deny'd?
Brought lilies fair, or poppies red that grow
In summer's solstice or in winter's snow;
These flowers I could not both together bear
That bloom'd in different seasons of the year.
Well, I'm resolv'd, fair nymph, I'll learn to dive,
If e'er a sailor at this port arrive,
Then shall I surely by experience know
What pleasures charm you in the depths below.
Emerge, O Galatea! from the sea,
And here forget your native home like me.
O would you feed my flock and milk my ewes,
And e'er you press my cheese the runnet sharp infuse!—
My mother is my only foe I fear;
She never whispers soft things in your ear,
Although she knows my grief, and every day
Sees how I languish, pine, and waste away.
I, to alarm her, will aloud complain,
And more disorders than I suffer feign,
Say my head aches, sharp pains my limbs oppress,
That she may feel and pity my distress.
Ah Cyclops, Cyclops, where's your reason fled!—
If with the leafy spray your lambs you fed,
Or ev'n wove baskets, you would seem more wise;
Milk the first cow, pursue not her that flies:
You'll soon, since Galatea proves unkind,
A sweeter, fairer Galatea find.
Me gamesome girls to sport and toy invite,
And meet my kind compliance with delight:
Sure I may draw this fair conclusion hence,
Here I'm a man of no small consequence.
Thus Cyclops learn'd love's torment to endure,
And calm'd that passion which he could not cure.
More sweetly far with song he sooth'd his heart,
Than if his gold had brib'd the doctor's art.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XI.

Ver. 1. Ovid makes Apollo express the same sentiment as he is pursuing Daphne;

Hei mihi, quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis!
Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes!
Metam. B. 1. 523.

To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails. *Dryden.*

Ver. 11. The Greek is, Ηρατο δ' ουτι ροδοις, ου μάλοις, ουδε κικινοις; which Heinsius has very properly corrected, and reads δες σελινοις, nor with parsley-wreaths; and observes, that our author is never more entertaining than when he alludes to some old proverb, as in this place he does: your common lovers, such as were not quite stark staring

mad, and not extravagantly profuse in their presents to their mistresses, were said, τραν μήλοις, καὶ ῥόδοις, to love with apples and roses; or, as others affirm, μήλοις καὶ στέφανοις, with apples and garlands, which were generally composed of roses and parsley. See Idyllium 3. ver. 35.

Where rose-buds mingled with the ivy wreath,
And fragrant parsley sweetest odours breath.

Ver. 21. Bion imitates this passage, see his 7th Idyl. ver. 3.

Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
Sung to the sea-nymph to compose his mind,
And sent it in the whispers of the wind. *F. F.*

This fable of Polyphemus and Galatea has furnished matter for several poets, particularly Ovid, who, in the 13th book of the Metamorphoses, fable the 6th, has borrowed very freely from Theocritus. See Dryden's elegant translation of that fable.

Ver. 25.

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cycnis, hederâ formosior albâ. *Ecl.* 7. 37.

O Galatea! nymph than swans more bright,
More sweet than thyme, more fair than ivy white.
Warton.

Are not our author's images far more natural, and consequently more adapted to pastoral than Virgil's?

Ver. 27. Ovid has,

Splendidior vitro; tenero lascivior hœdo.

Brighter than glass seems but a puerile sentiment.

Ver. 31.

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu. *Hor. B.* 1. *Ode* 15.

Whose rage thou fly'st, with trembling fear,
As from the wolf the timorous deer. *F. F.*

——Quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres Agna lupos.
Ibid. B. 5. *Ode* 12.

Ver. 34.

Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala,
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.
Ecl. 8.

Ver. 41.

O digno conjuncta viro! dum despicis omnes,
Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellæ,
Hirsutumque supercilium, prolixaque barba.
Ecl. 8. 32.

Has not Virgil's wonderful judgment once more deserted him? *Hirsutum supercilium*, the shaggy eyebrow, being mentioned only as a single one, might suit a Cyclops with great propriety; it is indeed a translation of Theocritus's λασια ὀφρυς μια μακρα; but can this horrid eyebrow, with any accuracy, come into the description of an Italian shepherd?

Ver. 43. Unum est in mediâ lumen mihi fronte.
Ovid. Metam.

Ver. 45.

Mille meæ Siculis erant in montibus agnæ;
Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore defit.
Ecl. 2. 21.

Ver. 47. Martyn thinks this τυρος, or, as in Virgil, "pressi copia lactis," means curd, from which the milk has been squeezed out, in order to make cheese. We find in the third Georgic, ver. 400, that the shepherds used to carry the curd, as soon as it was pressed, into the town; or else salt it, and so lay it by for cheese against winter, "Quod sur- "gente die," &c.

Ver. 53. The Greek is ενδεκα νεβρως Πασας αμνοφορως, eleven young hinds, and all of them pregnant; which, certainly, as Casaubon observes, cannot be probable, viz. that young hinds should be pregnant: there is an old Roman edition of Theocritus, which elucidates this passage, for it reads, σασας μαννοφορος, all bearing collars: and nothing is more manifest, than that the ancients, as well as moderns, were fond of ornamenting those animals which they brought up tame with such sort of appendages.

Ver. 54. Ovid imitates Theocritus,

Invenі geminos, qui tecum ludere possunt,
Villosæ catulos in summis montibus ursæ.
Met. 13. 831.

These bears are highly in character, and well adapted presents from Polyphemus to his mistress.

Ver. 55.

Huc ades, O Galatea! quis est nam ludus in udus?
Hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro
Imminet, & lentæ texunt umbracula vites.
Huc ades: insani feriant sine littora fluctus.
Ecl. 9. 39.

O lovely Galatea! hither haste!
For what delight affords the watery waste?
Here purple spring her gifts profusely pours,
And paints the river-banks with balmy flowers;
Here, o'er the grotto, the pale poplar weaves
With blushing vines a canopy of leaves;
Then quit the seas! against the founding shore
Let the vext ocean's billows idly roar. *Warton.*

Ver. 69. I here follow the interpretation of Heinsius.

Ver. 75.

Tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Naïs
Pallentes violas, & summa papavera carpens.
Ecl. 2. 45.

Ver. 85.

O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas, & figere cervos,
Hœdorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco!
Ecl. 2. 28.

O that you lov'd the fields and shady grots,
To dwell with me in bowers and lowly cots,
To drive the kids to fold! &c. *Warton.*

Ver. 95.

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?
Ecl. 2.

What phrenzy, Corydon, invades thy breast?

Ver. 98. Thus Ovid,

Melius sequerere volentem
Optantemque eadem, parilique cupidine captam.
Met. B. 14. 28.

When maids are coy, have manlier arts in view;
Leave those that fly, but those that like pursue.
Garth.

Ver. 100.

Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim. *Ecl.* 2. 73.

Theocritus here greatly excels his imitator; for to wave the superiority he holds in his application to one of the fair sex, there seems to be great consolation implied in the assurance that he shall find ισως και καλλιον καλλαν, "perhaps a fairer mistress;" in Virgil is implied desperation, *si et hic fastidit.*

IDYLLIUM XII.

AITES.

THE ARGUMENT.

This piece is in the Ionic dialect, and supposed not to have been written by Theocritus. The word Aites is variously interpreted, being taken for *a person beloved, a companion, a man of probity, a cohabitant* and *fellow-citizen:* see the argument. The amorous addresses his friend, and wishes an union of their souls, a perpetual friendship, and that, after death, posterity may celebrate the affection and harmony that subsisted between them. He then praises the Megarensians for the divine honours they paid to Diocles, who lost his life in the defence of his friend.

Say, are you come? but first three days are told:
Dear friend, true lovers in one day grow old.
As vernal gales exceed the wint'ry blast,
As plums by sweeter apples are surpast;
As in the woolly fleece the tender lambs
Produce not half the tribute of their dams;
As blooming maidens raise more pleasing flames
Than dull, indifferent, thrice married dames;
As fawns outleap young calves; as Philomel
Does all her rivals in the grove excel;
So me your presence cheers; eager I run,
As swains seek umbrage from the burning sun.
O may we still to nobler love aspire,
And every day improve the concord higher!
So shall we reap renown from loving well,
And future poets thus our story tell!
'Two youths late liv'd in friendship's chain com-
'bin'd,
'One was benevolent, the other kind;
'Such as once flourish'd in the days of old,
'Saturnian days, and stampt the age with gold.'
O grant this privilege, almighty Jove!
That we, exempt from age and woe, may rove
In the blest regions of eternal day;
And when six thousand years have roll'd away,
Some welcome shade may this glad message bear,
Ev'n in Elysium would such tidings cheer;
'Your friendship and your love by every tongue
'Are prais'd and honour'd—chiefly by the young.'
But this I leave to Jove's all-ruling care;
If right he'll grant, if wrong reject my prayer.
Meantime my song shall celebrate your praise,
Nor shall the honest truth a blister raise:
And though keen sarcasms your sharp words impart,
I find them not the language of your heart;
You give me pleasure double to my pain,
And thus my loss is recompens'd with gain.
Ye Megarensians, fam'd for well tim'd oars,
May bliss attend you still on Attic shores!
To strangers kind, your deeds themselves commend,
To Diocles the lover and the friend:
For at his tomb each spring the boys contest
In amorous battles who succeeds the best;
And he who master of the field is found,
Returns with honorary garlands crown'd.
Blest who decides the merits of the day!
Blest, next to him, who bears the prize away!
Sure he must make to Ganymede his vow,
That he sweet lips of magic would bestow,
With such resistless charms and virtues fraught,
As that fam'd stone from Lydia's confines brought,
By whose bare touch an artist can explore
The baser metal from the purer ore.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XII.

Ver. 1.

—Longo post tempore venit. *Ecl.* 1. 32.

Ver. 3.

Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
Puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis:
Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.
Ecl. 5. 16.

Ver. 4. Βραβυλος is a sort of large indifferent plum.

Ver. 11. Horace has something similar:

—Vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent. *B.* 4. *Ode* 5.

So, in thy presence, smoother run
The hours, and brighter shines the sun. *Duncombe.*

Ver. 17.
His amor unus erat. *Æn.* 9. 182.

Ver. 20. The Greek is, χρύσιοι ἀνθρῶς, which Heinsius takes to mean something amiable and delightful; thus Horace,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ :
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat. *B.* 1. *Ode* 5.

Auream et amabilem he looks upon as synonymous : The Greeks have χρυσῆ Ἀφροδίτη, and Virgil, *Venus aurea*,
Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.
Georg. B. 2. 538.

Ver. 22. ἀγείρω, thus in the Odyssey, B. 5. Calypso says of Ulysses,

She promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe. *Pope.*

Ver. 24. The Greek is, γενεαῖς διηκοσίησιν, two hundred ages : an age, according to the common computation, is thirty years; thus Mr. Pope understands the word γενεὰ in the first book of the Iliad, speaking of the age of Nestor,

Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway.

Ver. 32. See Idyl. 9. ver. 48. and the note.

Ver. 40. At Megara, a city of Achaia, between Athens and the Isthmus of Corinth, was an annual festival held in the spring, in memory of the Athenian hero Diocles, who died in the defence of a certain youth whom he loved : whence there was a contention at his tomb, wherein a garland was given to the youth who gave the sweetest kiss. *Potter's Arch. ch.* 20.

IDYLLIUM XIII.

HYLAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

If the severity of critics will not allow this piece the title of a pastoral, yet as the actions of gods and heroes used to be sung by the ancient herdsmen, we may venture to affirm that our author intended it as such. It contains a relation of the rape of Hylas by the nymphs, when he went to fetch water for Hercules, and the wandering of that hero, and his extreme grief for the loss of him.

Love, gentle Nicias, of celestial kind,
For us alone, sure never was design'd ;
Nor do the charms of beauty only sway
Our mortal breasts, the beings of a day :
Amphitryon's son was taught his power to feel,
Though arm'd with iron breast and heart of steel,
Who slew the lion fell, lov'd Hylas fair,
Young Hylas graceful with his curling hair.
And, as a son by some wise parent taught,
The love of virtue in his breast he wrought,
By precept, and example was his guide,
A faithful friend, for ever at his side :
Whether the morn return'd from Jove's high hall
On snow-white steeds, or noontide mark'd the wall,
Or night the plaintive chickens warn'd to rest,
When careful mothers brood, and flutter o'er the nest :
That, fully form'd and finish'd to his plan,
Time soon might lead him to a perfect man.
But when bold Jason, with the sons of Greece,
Sail'd the salt seas to gain the golden fleece,
The valiant chiefs from every city came,
Renown'd for virtue, or heroic fame,
With these assembled for the host's relief,
Alcmena's son, the toil enduring chief,
Firm Argo bore him cross the yielding tide
With his lov'd friend, young Hylas, at his side ;
Between Cyane's rocky isles she past,
Now safely fix'd on firm foundations fast,
Thence as an eagle swift with prosperous gales
She flew, and in deep Phasis furl'd her sails.
When first the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And grass-green meads pronounc'd the summer near,
Of chiefs a valiant band, the flower of Greece,
Had plann'd the empriſe of the golden fleece,
In Argo lodg'd they spread their swelling sails,
And soon pass'd Hellespont with southern gales,
And smooth Propontis, where the land appears
Turn'd in straight furrows by Cyanean steers.
With eve they land; some on the greensward spread
Their hasty meal; some raise the spacious bed
With plants and shrubs that in the meadows grow,
Sweet-flowering rushes, and cyperus low.
In brazen vase fair Hylas went to bring
Fresh fountain-water from the crystal spring.
For Hercules, and Telamon his guest :
One board they spread, associates at the feast :
Fast by, in lowly dale, a well he found
Beset with plants, and various herbage round,
Cerulean celandine, bright maiden-hair,
And parsley green, and bindweed flourish'd there.
Deep in the flood the dance fair Naiads led,
And kept strict vigils to the rustic's dread,
Eunica, Malis form'd the festive ring,
And fair Nychéa, blooming as the spring :
When to the stream the hapless youth apply'd
His vase capacious to receive the tide,

The Naiads ſeiz'd his hand with frantic joy,
All were enamour'd of the Grecian boy:
He fell, he ſunk; as from th' ethereal plain
A flaming ſtar falls headlong on the main;
The boatſwain crys aloud, 'Unfurl your ſails,
'And ſpread the canvaſs to the riſing gales.'
In vain the Naiads ſooth'd the weeping boy,
And ſtrove to lull him in their laps to joy.
But care and grief had mark'd Alcides' brow,
Fierce as a Scythian chief he graſp'd his bow,
And his rough club, which well he could command,
The pride and terror of his red right hand:
On Hylas thrice he call'd with voice profound,
Thrice Hylas heard the unavailing ſound;
From the deep well ſoft murmurs touch'd his ear,
The ſound ſeem'd diſtant, though the voice was near.
As when the hungry lion hears a fawn
Diſtreſsful bleat on ſome far diſtant lawn,
Fierce from his covert bolts the ſavage beaſt,
And ſpeeds to riot on the ready feaſt.
Thus, anxious for the boy, Alcides takes
His weary way through woods and pathleſs brakes;
Ah wretched they that pine away for love!
O'er hills he rang'd and many a devious grove.
The bold adventurers blam'd the hero's ſtay,
While long equipt the ready veſſel lay;
With anxious hearts they ſpread their ſails by night,
And wiſh'd his preſence with the morning light:
But he with frantic ſpeed regardleſs ſtray'd,
Love pierc'd his heart, and all the hero ſway'd.
Thus Hylas, honour'd with Alcides' love,
Is number'd with the deities above,
While to Amphitryon's ſon the heroes give
This ſhameful term, 'The Argo's fugitive:'
But ſoon on foot the chief to Colchos came,
With deeds heroic to redeem his fame.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XIII.

Theocritus addreſſes this Idyllium, as he did the eleventh, to his friend Nicias, a Mileſian phyſician.

Ver. 1.
Omne adeo genus in terris hominum, &c.
Georg. 3. 242.

Thus man and beaſt, the tenants of the flood,
The herds that graze the plain, the feathery brood,
Ruſh into love, and feel the genial flame,
'For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.'
Warton.

Ver. 6. Thus Horace, "Illi robur et æs triplex Circa pectus erat." *B.* 1. *O.* 3.

And Moſchus, in his poem intituled Megara, ſpeaking of Hercules,

———Πιτρης ογ' ιψων νοον, ηε σιδηρου
Καρτερον εν στηθεσσι.

———His heart, like iron or a rock,
Unmov'd, and ſtill ſuperior to the ſhock.

Ver. 7. Hylas was the ſon of Theodamus, whom Hercules ſlew, becauſe he denied him a ſupply of proviſion.

Ver. 9.
——Inſuevit pater optimus hoc me, &c.
Hor. B. 1. *Sat.* 4.

Ver. 14. The Greek is λευκιππος. Dr. Spence very juſtly obſerves, that the poets are very inconſiſtent in their deſcriptions of Aurora, particularly in the colour of her horſes; here they are *white*, whereas Virgil repreſents them *roſe-coloured*, "*roſeis* Aurora quadrigis." Æn. 6. 535. and B. 7. 26. "Aurora in *roſeis* fulgebat lutea bigis." The beſt critics have ever thought, that conſiſtency is required in the moſt unbounded fictions: if I miſtake not, Homer is more regular in this, as in all other fictions. *Eſſay on the Odyſſey.*

Ver. 18. Thus Bion,
——Ην δ' ανερος ες μετρον ελθης. *Idyl.* 2.
As ſoon as time ſhall lead you up to man. *F. F.*

Ver. 21.
Alter erit tum Tiphys et altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas. *Ecl.* 4. 34.

Ver. 27. The Cyanean iſles, or Symplegades, are two ſmall iſlands near the entrance of the Euxine, or Black Sea, in the mouth of the Straits of Conſtantinople, over againſt one another; at ſo ſmall a diſtance, that to a ſhip paſſing by they appear but one; whence the poets fancied, that they ſometimes met, and came together, therefore called them *concurrentia ſaxa Cyanes*. *Juvenal, Sat.* 15. 19. See alſo *Idyl.* 22. *ver.* 29.

Ver. 29.
——Illa noto citius, volucrique ſagittâ
Ad terram fugit, et portu ſe condidit alto.
Æn 5. 242.

Ver. 30. A large river of Colchis, which diſchargeth itſelf into the Euxine. Ovid, ſpeaking of the Argonauts, ſays,

Multaque perpeſſi claro ſub Jāſone, tandem
Contigerant rapidas limoſi Phaſidos undas.
Met. B. 7. 5.

Ver. 31. The Pleiades riſe with the ſun on the twenty-ſecond of April, according to Columella.

Ver. 33. The Argonauts were fifty-two in number: Pindar calls them *the flower of ſailors*, Theocritus, *the flower of heroes*, and Virgil, *choſen heroes*, "delectos heroas;" ſee ver. 21.

Ver. 42. The Greek is Βουτομον οξυ, which there is great reaſon to believe is the *carex acutu* of Virgil,

Frondibus hirſutis, et carice paſtus acutâ.
Georg. B. 3. 231.

On prickly leaves and pointed ruſhes fed. *Warton.*

Ovid applies the same epithet to the *juncus, acutâ cuspide junci.* The word comes from βυς, an ox, and τεμνω to cut; so called, because the leaves of this plant are so sharp, that the tongue and lips of oxen, who are great lovers of it, are wounded by it. See Butomus in Miller.

Ver. 49. The Greek is. Κυανεον χελιδονιον.

Χλοερον τ' αδιαντον. *Capillus Veneris.*

Ver. 50. The Greek is, Ειλιτενης αγρωστις: as it is difficult to determine what plant Theocritus here means. I have rendered it *bindweed*, or *convolvulus*, which seems an exact translation of ειλιτενης.

Ver. 55. The Greek is, Ητοι ο κυδος επειχε ποτον πολυχανδεα κρωσσον; instead of ποτον, Pierson reads ροον, which is probably right. being the same word which Appollonius Rhodius makes use of, when treating of the same subject. See b. 1. ver. 1234.

Αυταρ ογ' ως ταπρωτα ροον ενι καλπιν ερεισε.

Ver. 59. Hylas falling into a well, was said to be snatched away by the Nymphs. Ovid, speaking of Phæton, has something very similar to this passage.

Volvitur in præceps, longoque per aëra tractu
Fertur; ut interdum de cœlo stella sereno,
Etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.
Met. B. 2. 319.

The breathless Phæton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop.
Addison.

Ver. 60. These sort of meteors were reckoned prognostics of winds,

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis
Præcipites cœlo labi. *Geor. B.* 1. 365.

Ver. 61.

Solvite vela citi. *Æn.* 4. 574.

Ver. 65. Virgil of Hercules,

Hic vero Alcidæ furiis exarserat atro
Felle dolor; rapit arma manu, nodisque gravatum
Robur. *Æn. B.* 8. 219.

Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire;
Fierce in his hands the ponderous club he shook.
Pitt.

Ver. 69.

Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. *Ec.* 6. 44.

And Spenser,

And every wood, and every valley wide,
He fill'd with Hyla's name, the Nymphs eke Hylas cride. *Faery Queen, B.* 3. *c.* 12.

Antoninus has given us an explanation of the circumstance of Hyla's name being so often repeated, which is so particularly insisted on by the poets: "Hercules," says he, "having made the hills and forests tremble, by calling so mightily on the name Hylas; the Nymphs who had snatched him away, fearing lest the enraged lover should at last discover Hylas in their fountain, transformed him into Echo, which answered Hylas to every call of Hercules." *Warton's Observations.*

Ver. 73. This simile seems to have pleased Apollonius so well, that writing on the same subject, the Rape of Hylas, he has imitated it twice; see book 1. ver. 1243, &c. Ovid also had it in view;

Tigris ut, auditis diversâ valle duorum
Extimulata fame mugitibus armentorum, &c.
Met. B. 5. 164.

Ver. 79.

Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ec. 6. 52.

Ver. 87. Horace says,

———Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules. *B.* 4. *Ode* 8.

This Κατακοιμησις, or fate of Hylas, as Heinsius observes, with which the poet concludes this charming poem, is extremely elegant and agreeable;

Ουτο μεν καλλιξος Υλας μακαρον αριθμειται,

Thus the beautiful Hylas is numbered among the blessed.

He would not say, Ουτος ο Υλας τεθνηκεν, "thus Hylas died;" but, "thus he is numbered with the blessed." See his notes.

IDYLLIUM XIV.

CYNISCA'S LOVE.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆSCHINES being in love with Cynisca, is despised by her, she having placed her affections on Lycus. Æschines accidentally meets with his friend Thyonichus, whom he had not seen of a long time, and tells him his lamentable tale, and that he is determined to turn soldier. Thyonichus advises him to enter into the service of Ptolemy Philadelphus, on whom he bestows a short but very noble encomium.

ÆSCHINES AND THYONICHUS.

Æschines.

All health to good Thyonichus, my friend.

Thyonichus.

May the same blessing Æschines attend.

Æschines.

I see you seldom.—*Thy.* Well, what ails you now?

Æschines.

All is not well with me.—*Thy* You therefore grow
So much a sloven, so exceeding thin, [chin.
Your hair untrimm'd, your beard deforms your

A poor Pythag'rift late I chanc'd to meet,
Pale fac'd, like you, and naked were his feet;
He came from learned Athens, as he ſaid,
And was in love too—with a loaf of bread.

Æſchines.

You jeſt; but proud Cyniſca makes me ſad;
Nay, I'm within a hair-breadth raving mad.

Thyonichus.

Such is your temper, ſo perverſe you grow,
You hope all ſmooth: but what affects you now?

Æſchines.

I and Cleunicus and the Greek agreed
With Apis ſkill'd Theſſalian colts to breed,
In my green court, with wine to cheer our ſouls:
A ſucking pig I dreſs'd, and brace of fowls:
And fragrant wine produc'd, four ſummers old,
Phœnicia's generous wine that makes us bold:
Onions and ſhell fiſh laſt the table crown'd,
And gaily went the cheering cup around;
Then healths were drank, and each oblig'd to name
The lovely miſtreſs that inſpir'd his flame.
Cyniſca (ſhe was by) then charm'd my ſoul,
And to her health I drain'd the foaming bowl:
She pledg'd me not, nor deign'd a kind reply:
Think how my rage, inflam'd with wine, ran high.
'What, are you mute?' I ſaid—a waggiſh gueſt,
'Perhaps ſhe's ſeen a Wolf,' rejoin'd in jeſt:
At this her cheeks to ſcarlet turn'd apace;
Sure you might light a candle at her face.
Now Wolf is Laba's ſon, whom moſt men call
A comely ſpark, is handſome, young, and tall.
For him ſhe ſigh'd; and this by chance I heard;
Yet took no note, and vainly nurſt my beard.
We four, now warm, and mellow with the wine,
Arch Apis, with a miſchievous deſign,
Nam'd Wolf, and ſung encomiums of the boy,
Which made Cyniſca fairly weep for joy,
Like a fond girl, whom love maternal warms,
That longs to wanton in her mother's arms.
I ſwell'd with rage, and, in revengeful pique,
My hand diſcharg'd my paſſion on her cheek:
"Since thee," I cry'd, "my love no more endears,
"Go court ſome other with thoſe tender tears."
She roſe, and gathering in a knot her veſt,
Flew ſwiftly; as the ſwallow from her neſt,
Beneath the tiling ſkims in queſt of food,
To ſtill the clamours of her craving brood.
Thus from her downy couch in eager haſte,
Through the firſt door, and through the gate ſhe paſs'd.
Where'er her feet, where'er her fancy led;
The proverb ſays, 'The bull to wood is fled.'
Now twenty days are paſt, ten, nine, and eight,
Two and eleven add—two months complete,
Since we laſt met, and like the boors of Thrace,
In all that time I never trimm'd my face.
Wolf now enjoys her, is her ſole delight:
She, when he calls, unbars the door at night:
While I, alas! on no occaſion priz'd,
Like the forlorn Megareans am deſpis'd.
Oh could I from theſe wild deſires refrain,
And love her leſs, all would be well again!
Now like a mouſe enſnar'd on pitch I move;
Nor know I any remedy for love.
Yet in love's flames our neighbour Simus burn'd,
Sought eaſe by travel, and when cur'd return'd;
I'll ſail, turn ſoldier, and though not the firſt
In fighting fields I would not prove the worſt.

Thyonichus.

May all that's good, whate'er you wiſh, attend
On Æſchines, my favourite and friend.
If you're reſolv'd, and ſailing is your plan.
Serve Ptolemy, he loves a worthy man.

Æſchines.

What is his character? *Thy.* A royal ſpirit,
To point out genius, and encourage merit:
The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind;
Of manners gentle, and of generous mind.
He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe;
His hand is ever ready to beſtow:
Requeſt with reaſon, and he'll grant the thing,
And what he gives, he gives it like a king.
Go then, and buckle to your manly breaſt
The brazen corſlet, and the warrior veſt;
Go brave and bold, to friendly Egypt go,
Meet in the tented field, the ruſhing foe.
Age ſoon will come, with envious hand to ſhed
The ſnow of winter on the hoary head,
Will ſap the man, and all his vigour drain,
'Tis our's to act while youth and ſtrength remain.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XIV.

Ver. 1. Thus Terence,

Salvere Hegionem plurimùm Jubeo.

Adelph. Act 3. *Sc.* 5.

Ver. 6.

—Vultus gravis, horrida ſiccæ Sylva comæ.

Juv Sat. 9. 12.

Ver. 8. He ridicules and diſtinguiſhes the Pythagoriſts by the ſame marks as Ariſtophanes does the diſciples of Socrates,

Τους ωχριωντας, τους ανυποδητους λεγεις.

Plut. Act 1. *Sc.* 1.

"You would ſay that they were pale-faced and "barefoot."

Ver. 9.

——Mediis ſed natus Athenis. *Juv. Sat.* 3.

Ver. 17. The Greek is, Εν χωρῳ παρ' ἑμιν, which Heinſius corrects Εν χορτῳ παρ' ἑμιν, that is, in that part of the houſe where the ancients uſed to dine and ſup; which being originally εν χορτῳ, "on the graſs," well adapted to the ancient ſhepherds ſtill retained its name, though it was afterward

furrounded with various apartments; therefore it probably means the inner court.

Ver. 20. The Greek is, βυβλινον οινον, which Athenæus, B. 1. chap. 28. allows to be Phœnician wine.

Ver. 28.

Quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuiſſe?
Ovid. Epiſt. Can. to Macar.

Ver. 30. That is, Λυκον, "Wolf," her ſweetheart.

——Lupi Mœrim videre priores. *Ec. 9. 54.*

On which Dr. Martyn obſerves, 'that a notion obtained among the ancient Italians, that if a wolf ſaw any man firſt, it deprived him of his voice for the preſent; but, ſays he, Theocritus gives this ſtory a contrary turn; as if the ſeeing a wolf, inſtead of being ſeen by him, made a perſon mute.' The doctor, and likewiſe Mr. Warton, did not obſerve our author's double meaning, viz. that λυκο ſignified not only a wolf, but was likewiſe the name of Cyniſca's lover.

Ver. 36. Ματαν ες ανδρα γενειων, "quod de iis dicebatur, quorum conjuges impune cum aliis ſolebant; quique hanc contumeliam leni et placato animo ferebant." *Heinſius.*

Ver. 47.

Nodoque ſinus collecta fluentes. *Æn. 1. 324.*
Cloſe, in a knot, her flowing robes ſhe drew. *Pitt.*

Ver. 48. Virgil has plainly borrowed this ſimile from our author, though Mr. Warton ſays he is obliged to Apollonius for it: it is not improbable but that Virgil's may be the copy of the copier.

Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis ædes
Pervolat, et pennis alta atria luſtrat hirundo,
Pabula parva legens, nidiſque loquacibus eſcas,
Et hunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum
Stagna ſonat. *Æn. B. 12. 473.*

As the black ſwallow, that in queſt of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children ſhe provides the feaſt,
To ſtill the clamours of the craving neſt;
Now wild excurſions round the cloyſter takes;
Now ſportive winds, or ſkims along the lakes.
Pitt.

Virgil has ſpun this ſimile into more than four lines, whereas Theocritus comprehends it in two.

Ver. 54. A proverb ſignifying that he will not return.

Ver. 55. The literal interpretation is, "And now twenty and eight, and nine, and ten days are paſt, to-day is the eleventh, add two more, and there will be two months." A ſimilar but more perplexing method of numeration we meet with in the 17th Idyl. ver. 95.

Ver. 62. The Megareans entertaining a vain conceit that they were the moſt valiant of the Grecians, inquired of the oracle if any nation excelled them: the concluſion of the anſwer was,

Τμεις δ', Μεγαρεις, ουτε τριτοι, ουτε τεταρτοι,
Ουτε δυωδεκατοι, ουτ' εν λογω, ουτ' εν αριθμω.

Nor in the third, nor in the fourth, Megareans call,
Nor in the twelfth, nor any rank at all.

Ver. 65. The Greek is, ως μυς γευμιδα πισσας, "like a mouſe I have taſted pitch."

Ver. 71.

Tibi Di, quæcunque preceris, Commoda dent.
Hor. B. 2. Sat. 8.

Ver. 82. To this noble encomium of Ptolemy by the Sicilian poet, I ſhall briefly ſhow the favourable ſide of his character, as it is given by the hiſtorians. He was a prince of great learning, and a zealous promoter and encourager of it in others, an induſtrious collector of books, and a generous patron to all thoſe who were eminent in any branch of literature. The fame of his generoſity drew ſeven celebrated poets to his court, who, from their number, were called Pleïades: theſe were Aratus, Theocritus, Callimachus, Lycophron, Apollonius, Nicander, and Philicus. To him we are indebted for the Greek tranſlation of the ſcripture, called the Septuagint. Notwithſtanding his peculiar taſte for the ſciences, yet he applied himſelf with indefatigable induſtry to buſineſs, ſtudying all poſſible methods to render his ſubjects happy, and raiſe his dominions to a flouriſhing condition. Athenæus called him the richeſt of all the princes of his age; and Appian ſays, that he was the moſt magnificent and generous of all kings in laying out his money, ſo he was of all the moſt ſkilful and induſtrious in raiſing it. He built an incredible number of cities, and left ſo many other public monuments of his magnificence, that all works of an extravagant taſte and grandeur, were proverbially called Philadelphian works. *Univer. Hiſt.*

Ver. 90.

Dumque virent genus. *Hor. Epod. 13.*

IDYLLIUM XV.

THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Syracuſian women, who had travelled to Alexandria, go to ſee the ſolemnity of Adonis's feſtival, which had been prepared by Arſinoe, the queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus: the humours of theſe goſſips are naturally deſcribed. Theocritus, to gratify the queen, introduces a Grecian ſinging girl who rehearſes the magnificence of the pomp which Arſinoe had provided.

GORGO, EUNOE, PRAXINOE, OLD WOMAN AND STRANGER.

Gorgo.

PRAY, is Praxinoe at home?

Eunoe.

Dear Gorgo, yes,—how late you come!

Praxinoe.

Well! is it you? Maid, bring a chair
And cuſhion. *Gor.* Thank you. *Prax.* Pray ſit there.

Gorgo.

Lord bleſs me! what a buſtling throng!
I ſcarce could get alive along:
In chariots ſuch a heap of folks!
And men in arms, and men in cloaks—
Beſides I live ſo diſtant hence
The journey really is immenſe.

Praxinoe.

My huſband, heav'n his ſenſes mend!
Here will inhabit the world's end,
This horrid houſe, or rather den;
More fit for ſavages than men.
This ſcheme with envious aim he labours,
Only to ſeparate good neighbours---
My plague eternal!

Gorgo.

Softly, pray,
The child attends to all you ſay;
Name not your huſband when he's by---
Obſerve how earneſt is his eye!---

Praxinoe.

Sweet Zopy! there's a bonny lad,
Cheer up! I did not mean your dad.

Gorgo.

'Tis a good dad---I'll take an oath,
The urchin underſtands us both.

Praxinoe.

(Let's talk as if *ſome time ago*,
And then we ſhall be ſafe, you know)
This perſon happen'd once to ſtop
To purchaſe nitre at a ſhop,
And what d' ye think? the ſilly creature
Bought ſalt, and took it for ſaltpetre.

Gorgo.

My huſband's ſuch another honey,
And thus, as idly ſpends his money;
Five fleeces for ſeven drachms he bought,
Coarſe as dog's hair; not worth a groat.
But take your cloak, and garment grac'd
With claſps, that lightly binds your waiſt;
Adonis' feſtival invites,
And Ptolemy's gay court delights:
Beſides our matchleſs queen, they ſay,
Exhibits ſome grand ſight to-day.

Praxinoe.

No wonder---every body knows
Great folks can always make fine ſhows:
But tell me what you went to ſee,
And what you heard---'tis new to me.

Gorgo.

The feaſt now calls us hence away,
And we ſhall oft keep holiday.

Praxinoe.

Maid? water quickly---ſet it down---
Lord! how undelicate you're grown!
Diſperſe theſe cats that love their eaſe---
But firſt the water, if you pleaſe---
Quick! how ſhe creeps; pour, huſſey, pour;
You've ſpoil'd my gown---ſo, ſo---no more.
Well, now I'm waſh'd---ye gods be bleſt!---
Here---bring the key of my large cheſt.

Gorgo.

This robe becomes you mighty well;
What might it coſt you? can you tell?

Praxinoe.

Three pounds or more; I'd not have done it,
But that I'd ſet my heart upon it.

Gorgo.

'Tis wonderous cheap. *Prax.* You think ſo?--Maid,
Fetch my umbrella and my ſhade;
So, put it on---fy, Zophy, fy!
Stay within doors, and don't you cry:
The horſe will kick you in the dirt---
Roar as you pleaſe, you ſhan't get hurt.
Pray, maid, divert him---come, 'tis late:
Call in the dog, and ſhut the gate.
Lord! here's a buſtle and a throng---
How ſhall we ever get along?
Such numbers cover all the way,
Like emmets on a ſummer's day.
O Ptolemy! thy fame exceeds
Thy godlike ſire's in noble deeds:
No robber now with Pharian wiles
The ſtranger of his purſe beguiles;

No ruffians now infeſt the ſtreet,
And ſtab the paſſengers they meet.
What ſhall we do? lo here advance
The king's war-horſes---how they prance!
Don't tread upon me, honeſt friend---
Lord, how that mad horſe rears an end!
He'll throw his rider down, I fear---
I'm glad I left the child my dear.

Gorgo.

Don't be afraid; the danger's o'er;
The horſes, ſee! are gone before.

Praxinoe.

I'm better now, but always quake
Whene'er I ſee a horſe or ſnake:
They rear, and look ſo fierce and wild—
I own, I've loath'd them from a child.
Walk quicker---what a crowd is this?

Gorgo.

Pray, come you from the palace? *Old Wo.* Yes.

Gorgo.

Can we get in, d'ye think? *Old Wo.* Make trial---
The ſteady never take denial;
The ſteady Greeks old Ilium won:
By trial all things may be done.

Gorgo.

Gone, like a riddle in the dark;
Theſe crones, if we their tales remark,
Know better far than I or you know
How Jupiter was join'd to Juno.
Lo! at the gate what crowds are there!

Praxinoe.

Immenſe, indeed! Your hand, my dear;
And let the maids join hands, and cloſe us,
Leſt in the buſtle they ſhould loſe us.
Let's crowd together through the door---
Heav'ns bleſs me! how my gown is tore!
By Jove, but this is paſt a joke---
Pray, good Sir, don't you rend my cloak.

Man.

I can't avoid it; I'm ſo preſt.

Praxinoe.

Like pigs they juſtle, I proteſt.

Man.

Cheer up, for now we're ſafe and ſound.

Praxinoe.

May you in happineſs abound:
For you have ſerv'd us all you can---
Gorgo!---a mighty civil man---
See how the folks poor Eunoe juſtle!
Puſh through the crowd, girl!---buſtle, buſtle---
Now we're all in; as Dromo ſaid,
When he had got his bride in bed.

Gorgo.

Lo! what rich hangings grace the rooms---
Sure they were wove in heavenly looms.

Praxinoe.

Gracious! how delicately fine
The work! how noble the deſign!
How true, how happy is the draught!
The figures ſeem inform'd with thought---
No artiſts ſure the ſtory wove;
They're real men---they live, they move.
From theſe amazing works we find,
How great, how wiſe the human mind.
Lo! ſtretch'd upon a ſilver bed,
Scarce has the down his cheeks o'erſpread)
Adonis lies; O charming ſhow!
Lov'd by the ſable pow'rs below.

Stranger.

Hiſt! your Sicilian prate forbear:
Your mouths extend from ear to ear,
Like turtles that forever moan;
You ſtun us with your ruſtic tone.

Gorgo.

Sure! we may ſpeak! what fellow's this?
And do you take it, Sir, amiſs?
Go, keep Egyptian ſlaves in awe:
Think not to give Sicilians law:
Beſides, we're of Corinthian mold,
As was Bellerophon of old:
Our language is entirely Greek—
The Dorians may the Doric ſpeak.

Praxinoe.

O ſweet Proſerpina, ſure none
Preſumes to give us law but one!
To us there is no fear you ſhould
Do harm, who cannot do us good.

Gorgo.

Hark! the Greek girl's about to raiſe
Her voice in fair Adonis' praiſe;
She's a ſweet pipe for funeral airs:
She's juſt beginning, ſhe prepares:
She'll Sperchis, and the world excel,
That by her prelude you may tell.

The Greek Girl ſings.

" O chief of Golgos, and the Idalian grove,
And breezy Eryx, beauteous queen of Love!
Once more the ſoft-foot hours approaching ſlow,
Reſtore Adonis from the realms below;
Welcome to man they come with ſilent pace,
Diffuſing beniſons to human race.
O Venus, daughter of Dione fair,
You gave to Berenice's lot to ſhare
Immortal joys in heavenly regions bleſt,
And with divine ambroſia fill'd her breaſt.
And now in due return, O heavenly born!
Whoſe honour'd name a thouſand fanes adorn,
Arſinoe pays the pompous rites divine,
Rival of Helen, at Adonis' ſhrine;
All fruits ſhe offers that ripe autumn yields,
The produce of the gardens, and the fields;
All herbs and plants which ſilver baſkets hold;
And Syrian unguents flow from ſhells of gold.
With fineſt meal ſweet paſte the women make,
Oil, flowers and honey mingling in the cake:
Earth and the air afford a large ſupply
Of animals that creep, and birds that fly.
Green bow'rs are built with dill ſweet-ſmelling crown'd,
And little Cupids hover all around;
And as young nightingales their wings eſſay,
Skip here and there, and hop from ſpray to ſpray.
What heaps of golden veſſels glittering bright!
What ſtores of ebon black, and ivory white!
In ivory carv'd large eagles ſeem to move,
And through the clouds bear Ganymede to Jove.
Lo! purple tapeſtry arrang'd on high
Charms the ſpectators with the Tyrian dye,
The Samian and Mileſian ſwains, who keep
Large flocks, acknowledge 'tis more ſoft than ſleep:
Of this Adonis claims a downy bed,
And lo! another for fair Venus ſpread!

Her bridegroom ſcarce attains to nineteen years,
Roſy his lips, and no rough beard appears.
Let raptur'd Venus now enjoy her mate,
While we, deſcending to the city gate,
Array'd in decent robes that ſweep the ground,
With naked boſoms, and with hair unbound,
Bring forth Adonis, ſlain in youthful years,
Ere Phœbus drinks the morning's early tears.
And while to yonder flood we march along,
With tuneful voices raiſe the funeral ſong.
Adonis, you alone of demigods,
Now viſit earth, and now hell's dire abodes:
Not fam'd Atrides could this favour boaſt,
Nor furious Ajax, though himſelf an hoſt;
Nor Hector, long his mother's grace and joy
Of twenty ſons, not Pyrrhus ſafe from Troy,
Not brave Patroclus of immortal fame,
Nor the fierce Lapithæ, a deathleſs name;
Nor ſons of Pelops, nor Deucalion's race,
Nor ſtout Pelaſgians, Argos' honour'd grace.
As now, divine Adonis, you appear
Kind to our prayers, O bleſs the future year!
As now propitious to our vows you prove,
Return with meek benevolence and love.

Gorgo.

O, fam'd for knowledge in myſterious things!
How ſweet, Praxinoë, the damſel ſings!
Time calls me home to keep my huſband kind,
He's prone to anger if he has not din'd.
Farewell, Adonis, lov'd and honour'd boy;
O come propitious, and augment our joy.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XV.

Ver. 1.
Anne eſt intus Pamphilus? *Ter. And. Act 5. Sc. 2.*
Ver. 17.
Ni dictu fœdum, viſuque, &c. *Juv. Sat. 14. 44.*

Suffer no lewdneſs, or indecent ſpeech
Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach.
Dryden.

Ver. 33. A drachma is ſeven-pence three-farthings.

Ver. 35. Hence we learn, ſays Caſaubon, that the ladies formerly had an under garment, which was faſtened to the breaſt by claſps: the ladies of faſhion had claſps of gold;

Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.
Æn. B. 139.

A golden claſp her purple garment binds. *Pitt.*

Ver. 51.
—Move vero occys Te, nutrix. *Ter. Eun. Act 5.*
Ver. 67.
Di boni quid turbæ eſt! *Ter. Heaut. Act 2.*
Ver 70.
Ac veluti ingentem formicæ, &c. *Æn 4. 401.*
Ver. 78.
Poſt bellator equus. *Æn. 11. 98.*
Ver. 80.
Tollit ſe arrectum quadrupes. *Æn. 10. 892.*

Ver. 86. The Greek is Ψυχρὸν ὄφιν, a cold ſnake, thus Virgil,

Frigidus, ô pueri, fugite hinc latet anguis in herbâ.
Ecl. 3. 93.
And
Frigidus in partis cantando rumpitur anguis.
Ecl. 8. 71.

Ver. 97. Plautus ſeems to have imitated this,

Id quod in aurem rex reginæ dixerit
Sciunt; quod Juno fabulata eſt cum Jove.

Ver. 117. Thus Telemachus expreſſes his ſurpriſe to Piſiſtratus at the magnificent furniture of Menelaus's palace at Sparta;

View'ſt thou unmov'd, O ever honour'd moſt!
Theſe prodigies of art and wondrous coſt!
Above, beneath, around the palace ſhines
The ſumleſs treaſure of exhauſted mines;
The ſpoils of elephants the roof inlay,
And ſtudded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.
Pope's Odyſſ. B. 4.

Ver. 124.
——Velut ſi
Re verâ pugnent, ferient, vitentque moventes
Arma viri. *Hor. B. 2. Sat. 7.*

Ver. 127. At the feaſt of Adonis they always placed his image on a magnificent bed; thus Bion,

Ἐς' αγαθα τιβας κ. τ. λ. *Idyl. 1. 69.*

——Behold the ſtately bed,
On which Adonis, now depriv'd of breath,
Seems ſunk in ſlumbers, beauteous ev'n in death.
F. F.

Ver. 128.
——Flaventem prima lanugine malas.
Æn. B. 10. 324.

Ver. 134. A citizen of Alexandria finds fault with the Syracuſian goſſips for opening their mouths ſo wide when they ſpeak; the good women are affronted, and tell him, that as they are Dorians, they will make uſe of the Doric dialect: hence we may obſerve, that the pronunciation of the Dorians was very coarſe and broad, and founded harſh in the ears of the politer Grecians.
Martyn's Preſ. to Virgil.

Ver. 145. Here I entirely follow the ingenious interpretation of Heinſius.

Ver. 151. A celebrated ſinger.

Ver. 153. Golgos was a ſmall but very ancient town in Cyprus, where Venus was worſhipped. Catullus has tranſlated this verſe of Theocritus.

Quæque regis Golgos, quæque Idalium frondosum.
De Nup. Pl. & Thet.

Ver. 154. Eryx was a mountain in Sicily.

Ver. 162. Ovid has imitated this passage; speaking of the deification of Æneas, he says,

———Ambrosiâ cum dulci nectare mistâ
Contigit, os; fecitque Deum. *Met. B.* 14. 606.

Ver. 164. This is similar to the beginning of Sappho's first ode,

Ποικιλόθρον' κ. τ. λ.

Venus, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise. *F. F.*

Ver. 169. The Greeek is *απαλοι κηποι, soft gardens;* Archbishop Potter observes, that at the feast of Adonis, there were carried shells filled with earth, in which grew several sorts of herbs, especially lettuces, in memory that Adonis was laid out by Venus on a bed of lettuces: these were called *κηποι, gardens;* whence Αδωνιδος κηπος are proverbially applied to things unfruitful, or fading, because those herbs were only sown so long before the festival, as to sprout forth, and be green at that time, and afterwards cast in the water. *See Anziquit. vol.* I.

Nam quotcunque ferunt campi, quos Thessala magnis
Montibus ora creat. *Catull. & de Pel. & Thet.*

Ver. 176. Thus Bion, Αμφι δε μιν κ. τ. λ.
Epit. Adon.

Surrounding Cupids heave their breasts with sighs.

And Moschus,
The little loves, lamenting at his doom,
Strike their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb.
F. F.

But as Longepierre observes, images of Cupids were never omitted at this festival. Ovid seems to have had this in view when he wrote,

Ecce puer Veneris fert eversamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et sine luce facem.
Aspice demissis ut eat miserabilis alis,
Pectoraque infestâ tundit aperta manu.
Excipiunt lacrymas sparsi per colla capilli,
Oraque singultu concutiente sonant.
Amor. B. 3 *El.* 9.

See Venus' son his torch extinguish'd brings,
His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow!
See, pensive how he droops with flagging wings,
And strikes his bared bosom many a blow!
Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his neck,
His golden locks drink many a falling tear;
What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his swol'n cheek? Ah, sorrow too severe!

Ver. 178. Thus Bion, speaking likewise of Cupid,

τα και τα τον Ερωτα μεταλλευον,

How here and there he skipt, and hopt from tree to tree,

Ver. 181. Virgil has an image of this sort,

Intextusque puer———quem præpes ab Idâ, &c.
Æn. B. 5.

There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold:
Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
From towering Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
And bears him struggling through the clouds above;
With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky.
Pitt.

I transcribed this fine passage from Mr. Pitt's translation of Virgil, that I might lay before the reader Mr. Warton's note upon it. "The description of this beautiful piece of tapestry is extremely picturesque: the circumstances of the boy's panting, the old men lifting up their hands, and above all, the dogs looking up and barking after him, are painted in the liveliest manner imaginable. There is a very fine painting by Michael Angelo on this subject, who has exactly copied Virgil's description, except that he has omitted the circumstance of the dogs, which Spenser has likewise, in describing this story, as part of the tapestry with which the house of Busyrane was adorned."

———When as the Trojan boy so faire
He snatch'd from Ida hill, and with him bare,
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude shepherds after him did stare,
Trembling through fear lest he down fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer holde.
F. Q. B. 3. *c.* 11.

Ver. 185. Thus Virgil,
Quamvis Milesia magno
Vellera mutentur Tyrios incocta rubores.
Geor. B. 3. 306.

Ver. 186. See Idyl. v. ver. 58, and the note.

Ver. 210.
Sis bonus ô felixque tuis. *Ecl.* 5. 65.
Sis felix, nostrumque leves quæcunque laborem.
Æn. 1. 330.

Ver. 212. This superstitious mystery, of lamenting for Adonis, may be thus explained: Adonis was the sun; the upper hemisphere of the earth, or that which we think so, was anciently called Venus, the under Proserpine, therefore; when the sun was in the six inferior signs, they said, he was with Proserpine; when he was in the six superior, with Venus. By the boar that slew Adonis, they understood Winter; for they made the boar, not unaptly, the emblem of that rigid season. Or, by Adonis, they meant the fruits of the earth, which are for one while buried, but at length appear flourishing to the sight; when, therefore, the seed was thrown into the ground, they said, Adonis was gone to Proserpine; but when it sprouted up, they said, he had revisited the light and Venus. Hence probably it was

that they sowed corn, and made gardens for Adonis. *Universl. Hist. vol* ii.

Milton has some fine melodious lines on this subject.

——Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

Par. Lost. B. 1.

Give me leave here to insert the account given by the late Mr. Maundrel of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. "We had the fortune to see what "may be supposed to be the occasion of that opi- "nion which Lucian relates, viz. That this stream "(the river Adonis) at certain seasons of the year, "especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a "bloody colour; which the Heathens looked "upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in "the river for the death of Adonis, who was "killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of "which this stream rises. Something like this we "saw actually come to pass; for the water was "stained to a surprising redness; and as we ob- "served in travelling, had discoloured the sea a "great way into a reddish hue, occasioned, doubt- "less, by a sort of minium or red earth, washed "into the river by the violence of the rain, and "not by any stain from the blood of Adonis." The prophet Ezekial saw the women at Jerusalem lamenting Tammuz, ch. viii. ver. 14. "He "brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's "house which was towards the north, and be- "hold there sat women weeping for Tammuz."

Ver. 216.

——Thus Horace,
Impransus non qui ovem dignoscere hoste.

B. 1. *Ep.* 15.

——With hunger keen,
On friends and foes he vented his chargrin.

Duncombe.

IDYLLIUM XVI.

THE GRACES, OR HIERO.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Idyllium is addressed to Hiero, the last tyrant of Sicily. Theocritus having before celebrated this prince, without being recompensed for his trouble, composed this poem, in which he complains of the ingratitude of princes to poets, who can alone render their actions immortal. He observes that not only the Lycian and Trojan heroes, but even Ulysses himself, would have been buried in oblivion, if their fame had not been celebrated by Homer.

It fits the muse's tongue, the poet's pen,
To praise th' immortal gods, and famous men:
The nine are deities and gods resound,
But bards are men, and sing of men renown'd.
Yet who that lives beneath heav'ns cope regards
The incense, or the sacrifice of bards?
Who opens now the hospitable door,
And makes the muses richer than before?
Barefoot, unpaid, indignant they return,
Reproach my zeal, and unavailing mourn;
To the dark chest their labours they consign,
And on cold knees the languid head recline;
For none, alas! the race of men among,
Receives the bard, or hears his lofty song;
Men thirst not now for glory as of old,
But all their passions are confin'd to gold;
To their mean breast their thrifty hands they join,
And scarce will give the canker of their coin.
Hint at a recompense, they thus begin;
'Close is my shirt, but closer is my skin:
'My own I'll keep; and may the gods reward,
'And crown with honours every living bard.
'Homer's the prince of poets—sure 'tis sense,
'To read the noblest works at no expence.'
What profit, wretched churls, can gold afford,
Which thus in coffers ye abundant hoard?
The wise a different use for riches know,
And love on men of genius to bestow;
Part on themselves, to others part they spare,
And some their friends, and some their kinsmen share:
To every man their bounty shines display'd,
And yet the offerings of the gods are paid.
With prudent hospitality they spend,
And kindly greeting speed the parting friend.
But most the muses' sons these honours claim,
Whose deathless lays immortalize their fame;
Then will they never rove, inglorious shades,
(Like those who living labour'd with their spades)
Along cold Acheron's infernal river,
And mourn hereditary want for ever.
Alcus and Antiochus we're told,
Reign'd rich, and mighty potentates of old,
And to a thousand slaves, their menial train,
In lots distributed the monthly grain:
In Scopas' fields unnumber'd heifers fed, [head:
And bulls that proudly toss'd the rough-horn'd
For good Creondas' use the shepherd-swains
Fed flocks in myriads on Cranonian plains:

These after death their sweet enjoyments lost,
When in hell's spacious barge their ghosts had cross
Th' infernal river, and unhonour'd all,
To other heirs their vast possessions sall;
And these among the miserable train
Had long in darkness and oblivion lain,
Had not the Cean muse extoll'd their name,
Awak'd his sounding lyre, and giv'n them deathless fame.
Verse crowns the race-horse with fair honour's meed,
That in the field has signaliz'd his speed.
Who had the Lycian thiefs, and Trojan known,
Or Cycnus, delicate with milk-white crown,
Had not the BARD delighted to rehearse
Their bold atchievements in heroic verse?
Ulysses ne'er had endless glory gain'd,
Though for ten tedious summers he sustain'd
Unnumber'd toils, while he observant stray'd
From clime to clime, and men and states survey'd;
Ev'n though he 'scap'd the Cyclops' gloomy cell,
And quick descended to the realms of hell:
Philœtius and Eumæus with the dead
Had lain as nameless as the beasts they fed;
And brave Laertes with his parting breath
Had dy'd, but Homer snatch'd their names from death.

All human fame is by the muses spread,
And heirs consume the riches of the dead.
Yet 'tis an easier task, when tempests roar,
To count the waves that ceaseless lash the shore:
'Tis easier far to bleach the Ethiop soul,
Than turn the tenor of the miser's soul.
Curse on the wretch, that thus augments his store!
And much possessing, may he wish for more!
I still prefer fair fame, with better sense,
And, more than riches, mens benevolence.
And yet, alas! what guardian shall I choose,
What princely chief to patronize my muse?
In perilous paths the race of poets rove,
Dubious their fate, without the aid of Jove.
But still the sun rolls glorious in the skies;
And future victors in the race will rise:
The chief will rise, who shall my numbers claim,
Equal to great Eacides in fame,
Equal to Ajax on the Phrygian plains,
Where Illus' tomb near Simois' streams remains.
The bold Phœnicians, sons of Libya far,
Shrink at the rumour of approaching war:
For lo! their spears the Syracusians wield,
And bend the pliant sallow to a shield:
These Hiero leads, superior to the rest,
And on his helmet nods the horse-hair crest.
O Jupiter, and thou Minerva chaste,
And Proserpine, to our protection haste,
With Ceres thou delightest to partake
Those fair built walls by Lysimelia's lake:
Oh, may the fates, in pity to our woes,
On the Sardonian main disperse our foes!
And let the few that reach their country tell
Their wives and children how their fathers fell!
And let the natives dwell in peace and rest
In all the cities which the foes possest!
May swains, along the pastures, fat and fair,
In flocks of thousands tend their bleating care!
And lowing herds, returning to the stall,
Wind o'er the plain, as slow as foot can sall!
May the crops flourish, and with feeble voice,
On leafy shrubs the grashopper rejoice!
While spiders stretch their webs along the shore,
And war's dread name be never mention'd more!
May godlike poets, in undying strain,
Bear Hiero's praise beyond the Scythian main,
Beyond the walls, with black bitumen made,
Where proud Semiramis the sceptre sway'd.
I am but one; Jove's daughters fair regard
With sweetest favour many a living bard;
These shall Sicilian Arethusa sing,
The happy people, and the valiant king.
Ye Graces Eteoclean, who reside
Where Minyas, curst by Thebans, rolls his tide,
Unask'd I'll rest; yet not, if call'd, refuse
With you to bring my sweet associate muse:
Without you what to men can pleasures give?
Oh! may I ever with the Graces live!

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XVI.

This little piece abounds with so many beauties and graces, that it is with great propriety styled Χαριτες, or, the Graces. Hiero, the subject of this poem, was the son of Hierocles, one of the descendants of Gelon the first king of Syracuse. Hiero succeeded to the throne of Syracuse 265 years before Christ. He was remarkable for his constant attachment to, and generous friendship for the Romans.

Ver. 2. In like manner Horace says,

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ, vel acri
Tibiâ sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? *B. 1. Ode 12.*

What man, what hero shall inspire,
My Clio's fife with sprightly lays?
Or will she choose to strike the lyre
Devoted to the gods in hymns of praise?

Ver 5.

Quis tibi Mæcenas? quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus alter? *Juv. Sat. 7. 94.*

All these great men were celebrated for their generosity and liberality to the Muses.

Ver. 7.

Nemo cibo, nemo hospitia, tectoque juvabit. *Juv. Sat. 3. 211.*

Through the wide world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
S. Johnson.

Ver. 9. The protection of princes is the greatest incentive to the diligence of poets, and often of more avail than the inspiration of Apollo, "Et "spes & ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum." Juvenal says,

Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque, suamque
Terpsichoren odit facunda & nuda senectus. *Sat.* 7.

Last, crush'd by age, in poverty ye pine,
And sighing curse the unavailing nine.
Bur. Greene.

Ver. 17. Illiberal persons were said to hold their hands in their bosoms.

Ver. 20. The Greek is *απωτερω η γονυ κναμα*, My leg is further off than my knee. I would not recollect an English proverb more correspondent to the original than what I have substituted; the Romans have one similar,

Tunica pallio proprior. *Plaut.*

My waistcoat is nearer than my cloak.

Ver. 23.
Priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus. *Hor. B.* 4. *Ode* 9.

Ver. 25.
Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abditæ terris inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu. *Hor. B.* 2. *Ode* 2.

My Sallust's generous thoughts disdain
The sordid miser's hoarded gain;
Since silver with no lustre glows,
But what a moderate use bestows. *Duncombe.*

Ver. 28. Horace has something similar;
Cur eget indignus quisquam te divete? &c.
B. 2. *S.* 2.

Then, like the sun let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Pope.

Ver. 34. Here are some admirable precepts for social life; some of them seem to be borrowed from Homer's Odyssey, B. 15. which I shall give in Mr. Pope's version.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Which he has adopted in his imitation of the 2d satire of the 2d book of Horace.

Ver. 38. The sense of the original is, "Like "some ditcher, who by labouring hard with his "spade, has rendered his hands callous."

Ver. 40.
Nunc et pauperiem & duros perferre labores.
Æn. B. 6. 636.

Ver. 41. Antiochus was king of Syria: the Alenadæ and Scopadæ reigned in Thessaly and the neighbouring islands.

Ver. 44. Anciently the masters of families used to distribute to their slaves, every month, such a measure of corn as would keep them the month, which they called *Demensum*; thus Terence,

Quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparsit miser.
Phor. Act 1. *Sc.* 1.

Ver. 48. Cranon was a city of Thessaly.

Ver. 50.
Et ferrugineâ subvectat corpora cymbâ.
Æn. 6. 304.

Ver. 52.
Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor—— *Hor. B.* 2. *Ode* 14.

Ver. 53.
—Omnes illachrymabiles Urgentur, &c.
Hor. B. 4. *Ode* 9.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they dy'd.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead. *Pope.*

Ver. 53. Simonides, a native of Céos, an island in the Ægéan Sea. He was a moving and a passionate writer, and succeeded chiefly in elegies: he gained as much honour as he gave by his poems on the four celebrated battles at Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis and Platæa.

Ver. 59. These were Sarpedon and Glaucus: Cycnus, the son of Neptune, was slain by Achilles, and turned into a swan: Hesiod, according to the Scholiast, describes Cycnus with a white head.

Ver. 65. Thus Horace,
——Multorum providus urbes,
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit. *B.* 1. *Ep.* 2.

Ver. 69. It is here worth observation, that after the enumeration of these great heroes, Theocritus does not forget his pastoral capacity, or omit to mention the swineherd Eumæus, and the neatherd Philœtius. See *Homer's Odyssey.*

Ver. 73.
Dignum laude virum musam vetat mori.
Hor. B. 4. *Ode* 8.

Ver. 74.
—Extructis in altum Divitiis potietur hæres.
Hor. B. 2. *Ode* 3.

Ver. 75. Virgil seems to have imitated this passage:

Quem qui scire velit, &c. *Geor. B.* 2. 105.

Or tell the billows, as they beat the shores,
When all th' Ionian sea with raging Boreas roars.
Warton.

Ver. 88. Thus Virgil:
Alter erit Tiphys, et altera quæ vebat Argo
Delectas heroas: erunt etiam altera bella,
Atque iterum ad Trojan magnus mittetur Achilles.
4.

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs on shore;
New wars the bleeding nations shall destroy,
And great Achilles find a second Troy.
Dryd. and War.

Ver. 92. Homer has,
——*θειου παρα σηματι Ιλου.* *Iliad, B.* 11. 415.
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument. *Pope.*

Ver. 96. Thus Virgil,

——Flectuntque falignas
Umbonum crates. *Æn. B.* 7. 632.

And for the ſhield the pliant ſallow bend. *Pitt.*

Pindar ſeems to make an alluſion to this circumſtance, in his firſt Pythian Ode, which I ſhall give in the excellent tranſlation of the late Gilbert Weſt, Eſq.

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary lord,
To form and rule his ſon's obedient mind;
And ſtill in golden days of ſweet accord,
And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
Then grant, O ſon of Saturn, grant my pray'r!
The bold Phœnician on his ſhore detain, &c.

Ver. 98.

—Criſtâ hirſutus equinâ. *Æn.* 10. 869.

High on his head the creſted helm he wore. *Pitt.*

Ver. 99. Αι γαϱ, Ζηυ κυδιϛι πατϵϱ κ. τ. λ.

This verſe is an imitation of that of Homer;

Αι γαϱ Ζϵυ τι πατϵϱ καὶ Αθηναιη καὶ Απολλων.

Sic pater ille deûm faciat, ſic altus Apollo.
Virg. Æn. 10. 875.

So may great Jove, and he, the god of light. *Pitt.*

Ver. 100. Theſe deities were worſhipped by the Syracuſians.

Ver. 102. A lake not far from Syracuſe.

Ver. 104. Theſe were the Carthaginians, who uſed frequently to invade Sicily.

Ver. 105. The Greek is αριθματως, numerabiles, *eaſy to be told*, which is elegantly uſed for a *few:* Horace has the ſame expreſſion, "Quo "ſane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus.
Art. Poet. 206.

Ver. 110. Thus the Pſalmiſt, "That our flocks "may bring forth thouſands and ten thouſands in "our ſtreets;" that is, in their paſtures or walks; or, may they increaſe ſo as not only to fill our paſtures, but the ſtreets of our villages.

Ver. 114.

Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis.
Virg. Ecl. 2.

Ver. 115.

In foribus laxos ſuſpendit aranea caſſes.
Virg. Georg. 4. 247.

Ver. 119. Thus Ovid;

——Ubi dicitur altam
Coctilibus muris cinxiſſe Semiramis arbem.
Met. 4. 57.

——Where proud Semiramis, for ſtate,
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great. *Euſden.*

Ver. 125. By the Graces are meant the Muſes: Eteocles was the elder ſon of Oedippus by Jocaſta: he is ſaid to have firſt ſacrificed to the Muſes at Orchomenos: whence they are called the Eteoclean Deities, or Graces. Homer mentions the river Minyas. *Iliad, B.* 11.

Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main. *Pope.*

Ver. 130. Milton ſeems to allude to this,

Theſe delights if thou caſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

There is a beautiful paſſage in my friend Mr. William Whitehead's excellent poem called, "The "Danger of Writing Verſe," which I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe, as the ſubject is the ſame with this Idyllium, and the laſt line refers to our next poem, "The Encomium of Ptolemy:" complaining that the great ſhowed no regard to the Muſes, he ſays,

Yet let ev'n theſe be taught in myſtic rhyme,
'Tis verſe alone arreſts the wings of time.
Faſt to the thread of life annex'd by fame,
A ſculptur'd medal bears each human name:
O'er Lethe's ſtreams the fatal threads depend,
The glittering medal trembles as they bend;
Cloſe but the ſhears, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
A while from bill to bill the trifle's toſt,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever loſt.
But ſhould the meaneſt ſwan that cuts the ſtream,
Conſign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth ſhe bears the ſacred prize,
To where bright Fame's eternal altars riſe:
'Tis there the Muſe's friends true laurels wear,
There * Egypt's monarch reigns, and great Auguſtus there.

* *Ptolemy Philadelphus.*

IDYLLIUM XVII.

PTOLEMY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THEOCRITUS riſes above his paſtoral ſtyle when he celebrates the praiſes of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the ſon of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice: he derives his race from Hercules; enumerates his many cities; deſcribes his immenſe treaſures, and though he extols him for his military preparations, he commends his love of peace: but above all he commemorates his royal munificence to the ſons of the Muſes.

WITH Jove begin, ye nine, and end with Jove,
Whene'er ye praiſe the greateſt god above:
But if of nobleſt men the ſong ye caſt,
Let Ptolemy be firſt, and midſt, and laſt.

Heroes of old, from demigods that sprung,
Those lofty poets who their actions sung:
Well skill'd, I tune to Ptolemy my reed;
Hymns are of gods above the honour'd meed.
To Ida, when the woodman winds his way,
Where verdant pines their towering tops display,
Doubtful he stands, with undetermin'd look,
Where first to deal the meditated stroke:
And where shall I commence? new themes arise,
Deeds that exalt his glory to the skies.
If from his fathers we commence the plan,
Lagus, how great, how excellent a man!
Who to no earthly potentate would yield
For wisdom at the board, or valour in the field:
Him with the gods Jove equals, and has given
A golden palace in the realms of heaven;
Near him sits Alexander, wise and great,
The fell destroyer of the Persian state.
Against them, thron'd in adamant, in view
Alcides, who the Cretan monster slew,
Reclines, and, as with gods the feast he shares,
Glories to meet his own descendant heirs,
From age and pain's impediments repriev'd,
And in the rank of deities receiv'd.
For in his line are both these heroes class'd,
And both deriv'd from Hercules the last.
Thence, when the nectar'd bowl his love inspires,
And to the blooming Hebe he retires,
To this his bow and quiver he allots,
To that his iron club, distinct with knots;
Thus Jove's great son is by his offspring led
To silver-footed Hebe's rosy bed.

How Berenice shone! her parents pride;
Virtue her aim, and wisdom was her guide:
Sure Venus with light touch her bosom prest,
Infusing in her soft ambrosial breast
Pure, constant love: hence faithful records tell,
No monarch ever lov'd his queen so well;
No queen with such undying passion burn'd,
For more than equal fondness she return'd.
Whene'er to love the chief his mind unbends,
To his son's care the kingdom he commends.
Unfaithful wives, dissatisfied at home,
Let their wild thoughts on joys forbidden roam:
Their births are known, yet of a numerous race,
None shows the features of the father's face.
Venus, than all the goddesses more fair,
The lovely Berenice was thy care;
To thee 'twas owing, gentle, kind and good,
She past not Acheron's woe-working flood.
Thou caught'st her e'er she went where spectres dwell,
Or Charon, the grim ferryman of hell;
And in thy temple plac'd the royal fair,
Thine own high honour's privilege to share.
Thence gentle love in mortals she inspires,
And soft solicitudes, and sweet desires.
The fair Deïpyle to Tydeus bare
Stern Diomed, the thunderbolt of war:
And Thetis, goddess of the azure wave,
To Peleus brought Achilles, bold and brave:
But Berenice nobler praise hath won,
Who bore great Ptolemy as great a son:
And sea-girt Cos receiv'd thee soon as born,
When first thine eyes beheld the radiant morn.
For there thy mother to Lucina pray'd,
Who sends, to those that suffer child-bed, aid.
She came, and friendly to the genial bed,
A placid, sweet tranquillity she shed
O'er all her limbs: and thus serene and mild,
Like his lov'd sire, was born the lovely child.
Cos saw, and fondling in her arms the boy,
Thus spoke transported, with the voice of joy;
"Quick rise to light, auspicious babe be born!
"And me with equal dignity adorn
"As Phœbus Delos;—on fam'd Triop's brow,
"And on the neighbouring Dorian race bestow
"Just honours, and as favourably smile, [isle."
"As the god views with joy Rhenæa's fertile
The island spoke; and thrice the bird of Jove
His pinions clang'd, resounding from above;
Jove's omen thunder'd from his eagle's wings;
Jove loves and honours venerable kings.
But whom in infancy his care befriends,
Him power, and wealth, and happiness attends:
He rules below'd unbounded tracts of land,
And various oceans roll at his command.
Unnumber'd nations view their happy plains,
Fresh fertiliz'd by Jove's prolific rains:
But none, like Egypt, can such plenty boast,
When genial Nile o'erflows the humid coast:
No realm for numerous cities thus renown'd,
Where arts and fam'd artificers abound:
Three times ten thousand towery towns obey
Illustrious Ptolemy's pacific sway.
He o'er Phœnicia, Syria, Libya reigns,
Arabian deserts, Ethiopian plains,
Pamphylians, and Cilicians bold in war,
And Carians brave, and Lycians fam'd afar;
The distant Cyclades confess his reign,
Whose fleets assert the empire of the main;
So far his ships their conquering flags display,
Him seas, and lands, and sounding fluods obey.
Horsemen and spearmen guard the monarch round,
Their arms resplendent send a brazen sound;
Such tributes daily aggrandize his store,
No king e'er own'd such boundless wealth before.
His peaceful subjects ply at ease their toil,
No foes invade the fertile banks of Nile,
Nor pitch their camps along the peaceful plains
With war to terrify the village swains:
No pirates haunt the shore in quest of prey,
Nor bear by stealth the lowing herds away;
For graceful Ptolemy renown'd in arms,
Guards his extended plains from hostile harms,
Like a wise king, the conquests of his sire.
He knows to keep, and new ones to acquire.
And yet he hoards not up his useless store,
Like ants still labouring, still amassing more;
The holy shrines and temples are his care,
For they the first-fruits of his favour share:
To mighty kings his bounties he extends,
To states confederate, and illustrious friends.
No bard at Bacchus' festival appears,
Whose lyre has power to charm the ravish'd ears,
But he bright honours and rewards imparts,
Due to his merits, equal to his arts:
And poets hence, for deathless song renown'd,
The generous fame of Ptolemy resound.

At what more glorious can the wealthy aim,
Than thus to purchaſe fair and laſting fame?
The great Atridæ this alone enjoy,
While all the wealth and ſpoil of plunder'd Troy,
That ſcap'd the raging flame, or whelming wave,
Lies buried in oblivion's greedy grave.
Cloſe trode great Ptolemy, at virtue's call,
His father's footſteps, but ſurpaſt them all.
He rear'd the fragrant temple, and the ſhrine,
And to his parents offer'd rites divine:
Whoſe forms in gold and ivory are deſign'd,
And worſhipp'd as the guardians of mankind.
There oft as circling moons divide the year,
On the red altar bleeds the fatten'd ſteer;
His hands the thighs for holy flames divide,
Fair blooms the lov'd Arſinoë at his ſide;
Than whom no nobler queen of mortal race,
A greater prince detains in fond embrace;
And, as kind nature the ſoft tie approves,
Dearly the brother and the huſband loves.
Such are the nuptials in the bleſt abodes,
And ſuch the union of immortal gods:
Iſis, who ſtill retains her virgin bloom,
Whoſe radiant fingers breathe divine perfume,
For Jove prepares the bed, where at his ſide
Fair Juno ſleeps, his ſiſter and his bride.
Hail, noble Ptolemy! illuſtrious king!
Thee peer to mighty demigods I'll ſing;
And future ages ſhall the verſe approve:
Hail! and fair virtue only aſk of Jove.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XVII.

The common title of this Idyllium is "The "Encomium of Ptolemy." Heinſius makes no doubt but that the inſcription ſhould be ſimply "Ptolemy:" for Theocritus had written two poems, one was called "Ptolemy," the other "Berenice;" the firſt celebrated the virtues of that illuſtrious monarch, the ſecond thoſe of his royal mother, who at that time was enrolled among the gods. For Ptolemy's character, ſee Idyllium XIV. and the note on verſe 82.

Ver. 1. The Greek is, Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, which are the very words with which Aratus begins his poem called *Phænomina:* as Theocritus and Aratus were intimate friends, and flouriſhed nearly at the ſame time, though the Sicilian bard was older, it is hard to ſay which borrowed from the other: Virgil has,

A Jove principium, Muſæ. *Ecl.* 3.
A te principium, tibi deſinet. *Ecl.* 8.
With thee began my ſongs, with thee ſhall end.
Wart.

Ver. 4. Milton has,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.

Milton has greatly improved this by adding, "and without end;" as he is celebrating God, and Theocritus only a man,

Ver. 8.
Carmine Di ſuperi placantur, carmine manes.
Hor. B. 2. *Ep.* 1.

Verſe can the gods of heaven and hell appeaſe.

Ver. 16. Ptolemy Lagus was one of Alexander's captains, who upon that monarch's death, and the diviſion of his empire, had Egypt, Libya, and that part of Arabia which borders upon Egypt, allotted to his ſhare: but at the time of his death, he held ſeveral other countries, which are enumerated below. See ver. 97, &c.

Ver. 21.
Quos inter Auguſtus recumbens. *Hor. B.* 3. *O.* 3.

—τοῖσε, &c.] I would chooſe to read, αἰολομητάς, varium conſilium habens, and not αἰολομήτας with Caſaubon.

Ver. 24.
Tu Creſſia mactas Prodigia. *Æn.* 8. 294.

You ſlew the bull whoſe rage diſpeopled Crete.
Pitt.

Ver. 25.
———Sic Jovis intereſt
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules. *Hor. B.* 4. *Ode* 8.

Ver. 26. The Greek is, Ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεῦνται θεοὶ νεποδες γεγαῶτες, which is rendered, "immor- "tales vero vocantur Dii, ſine pedum uſu facti;" and being formed without feet they are called immortal gods. It is amazing how a clear and elegant paſſage ſhould be corrupted into ſuch nonſenſe: Heinſius undoubtedly reads right; ἠοῖ νεπόδες γεγαῶτες, that is, αὐτῷ υἱωνοὶ ὄντες, "thoſe that "were his nephews;" he rejoices that his nephews are called (or are become) immortal.

Ver. 30.
Juliùs, a magno demiſſum nomen Jülo. *Æn.* 1. 288.

Ver. 31.
Purpureo bibit ore nectar. *Hor. B.* 3. *O.* 3.

Ver. 33. Thus Ovid. Met. B. 3. 165.

——Nympharum tradidit uni
Armigeræ jaculum, pharetramque arcuſque retentos.

Ver. 45. Ptolemy made his ſon Philadelphus partner with him in the empire.

Ver. 49. The Greek is, Ῥηΐδιαι δὲ γοναί, which is wrong tranſlated, "facilesquidem partus ſunt," their births are eaſy; whereas it ſhould be rendered, as Caſaubon rightly obſerves, "their births are eaſily "to be judged of," viz. that they are adulterous; the latter part of the verſe explains the former, Ῥηΐδιαι δὲ γοναί, τέκνα δ' ἕπποτ' ἐοικότα πατρί, "their "births are eaſy to be judged, for the children do "not reſemble their father." The ancients imagined thoſe children not to be legitimate who

were unlike their parents; and therefore Hesiod reckons it among the felicities which attend good men, that

The wives bear sons resembling their own sires.

Τικτουσιν δε γυναικες εοικοτα τεκνα γονεκσι.

Ver. 233.

Ver. 56.

Portitor has horrendus aquas at flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon. *Æn B.* 6. 298

Ver. 73. Virgil has something similar.

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat, &c. *Æn B.* 1. 695.

Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws
A balmy slumber, and a sweet repose;
Lull'd in her lap to rest, &c. *Pitt.*

Ver. 75. The personifying of this island is sublime and noble, and bear a great resemblance to that passage in Isaiah; "Break forth into singing, "ye mountains! O forest, and every tree there-"in!" Virgil has,

Ipsi latitiâ coces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes. *Ecl.* 5. 62.

Ver 79. An island in the Ægean sea, where Latona was delivered of Apollo and Diana; it was once a floating island, but fixed by Apollo.

Quam pius Arcitenens, &c. *Virg. Æn.* 3. 75.

Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round
The shores, and floated on the vast profound;
But now, unmov'd the peopled region braves
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Pitt.

Ver. 79. The Scholiast says Triops was a king of Cos, from whom the promontory near Cnidus took its denomination.

Ver. 82. An island separated from Delos by a narrow strait about three times as big as Delos.

Ver. 86. Thus Callimachus, Εκ δε Διος βασιληης "kings are from Jupiter;" which Virgil has translated, "Ab Jove sunt reges;" but they all seem to have copied after Hesiod. Theog. ver. 96.

Εκ δε Διος βασιληες· Ο δ' οβλιος οντινα Μουσαι
Φιμευνται.————

————Kings are deriv'd from Jove;
And blest the mortal whom the muses love.

Ver. 94 The Nile is the greatest wonder of Egypt: as it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by its regular innundations, supplies that defect, by bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of the other countries. To multiply so beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into numberless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different situation and wants of the lands; the Nile brought fertility every where with its salutary streams; it united cities one with another, and the Mediteranean with the Red-sea; maintained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom against the enemy; so that it was at once the nourisher and protector of Egypt. There cannot be a more delightful prospect than the Nile affords at two seasons of the year; for if you ascend some mountain, or one of the great pyramids of Grand Cairo about the month, of July and August, you behold a vast sea, in which a prodigious number of towns, villages, turrets, and spires appear, like the isles in the Ægean sea, with causways leading from place to place, intermixed with groves and fruit-trees, whose tops only are visible; this view is terminated by mountains and woods, which, at a distance, form the most agreeable perspective that can be imagined. But in the winter, that is, in the months of January and February, the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows, enamelled with all kinds of flowers: you see on every side herds and flocks scattered over the plain, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners: the air is then embalmed by the great quantity of blossoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees; and is so pure, that a wholesomer and more agreeable is not to be found in the world: so that nature, which is then as it were dead in so many other climates, seems to revive only for the sake of so delightful an abode.
Rollin's Ant. Hist.

Ver. 97. The original is extremely perplexing; literally translated it would run thus,

He has three hundred cities, - -	300
Add three thousand - - -	3000
To thirty thousand, - - -	30000
Twice three - - - - -	6
And three times eleven, - - -	33
	33339

I have made it the round number of thirty thousand. We meet with an embarassed method of numeration in the 14th Idyl. ver. 55.

Ver. 104. Waller has a passage resembling this,

Where'er thy navy spreads her canvass wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings.

Which Creech stuck in his translation. Ptolemy intended to engross the whole trade of the east and west to himself, and therefore fitted out two great fleets to protect his trading subjects: one of these he kept in the Red sea, the other in the Mediterranean: the latter was very numerous, and had several ships of an extraordinary size; two of them in particular had thirty oars on a side, one of twenty, four of fourteen, two of twelve, fourteen of eleven, thirty of nine, thirty-seven of seven, five of six, seventeen of five, and besides these, an incredible number of vessels with four and three oars on a side. By this means, the whole trade being fixed at Alexandria, that place became the chief mart of all the traffic that was carried on between the east and the west, and continued to be the greatest emporium in the world above seventeen hundred years, till another passage was found out by the Cape of Good Hope: but as the road to the Red sea lay cross the deserts, where no water could be had, nor any convenience of towns or houses for lodging

paſſengers, Ptolemy, to remedy both theſe evils, opened a canal along the great road, into which he conveyed the water of the Nile, and built on it houſes at proper diſtances; ſo that paſſengers found every night convenient lodgings, and neceſſary refreſhments for themſelves, and their beaſts of burden.

Univ. Hiſt. vol. ix. *8vo. p.* 383.

Ver. 111. The amiable picture Theocritus here gives us of the happineſs the Egyptians enjoyed under the mild adminiſtration of Ptolemy, very much reſembles that which Paterculus gives of the happineſs of the Romans, in the reign of Auguſtus, B. 2. ch. 89. "Finita viceſimo anno "bella civilia, ſepulta externa, revocata pax, ſo-"pitus ubibue armorum furor; reſtituta vis legi-"bus, judiciis auctoritas, ſenatui majeſtas, &c. "priſca illa et antiqua reipublicæ forma revocata; "rediit cultus agris, ſacris honos, ſecuritas homi-"nibus, certa cuique rerum ſuarum poſſeſſio; le-"ges emendatæ utiliter, latæ ſalubriter" 'In 'his twentieth year, all wars, both civil and fo-'reign, were happily extinguiſhed: peace return-'ed; the rage of arms ceaſed; vigour was reſto-'red to the laws; authority to the tribunals; ma-'jeſty to the ſenate, &c. the ancient and venera-'ble form of the republic revived; the fields were 'again cultivated; religion honoured, and every 'one enjoyed his own poſſeſſions with the utmoſt 'ſecurity; the old laws were reviſed and improv-'ed, and excellent new ones added.'

Ver. 118. Thus Horace;

Cuſtode rerum Cæſare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis exiget otium. *B.* 4. *Ode* 15.

While Cæſar reigns, nor civil jars
Shall break our peace, nor foreign wars.
Duncombe.

Ver. 122.
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo.
Hor. B. 1. *Sat.* 1.

Ver. 123.
——— Tua largâ
Sæpe manu multiſque oneravit limina donis.
Virg. Æn. B. 10. 619.

To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid. *Pitt.*

Ver. 131. The fame of Ptolemy's munificence drew ſeveral celebrated poets to his court. See Note on verſe 82. Idyl. XIV.

Ver. 139. The original is a little perplexed, but I follow Heinſius, and take the ſenſe to be this: "Ptolemy alone treading cloſe in the footſteps of "his forefathers, yet warm in the duſt, defaced "and roſe over them." Theocritus alludes to a conteſt uſual among the ancients, wherein the antagoniſt uſed to place his right-foot in the left footſtep of his competitor, who went before him, and his left foot in the right footſtep, which if he could exceed, he would cry aloud. Επιβεβηκα σοι Υπερανω ειμι, "I have ſtept over you, I am beyond "you" Homer, ſpeaking of Ulyſſes contending with Ajax in the race, has ſomething very ſimilar. *Iliad. B.* 23. 763.

——— Αυτὰρ οπιςθεν
Ιχνια τυπτε ποδεσσι, παρος κονιν αμφιχυθηναι.

Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep e'er the duſt can riſe.
Pope.

Ver. 150. Virgil thus ſpeaks of Venus embracing Vulcan,

———Niveis hince atque hinc, &c.
Æn. B. 8. 387.

———Her arms, that match the winter ſnows,
Around her unreſolving lord ſhe throws. *Pitt.*

Ver. 158. Juno, ſpeaking of herſelf, ſays,

Aſt ego, quæ divûm incedo regina, Joviſque
Et ſoror et conjux. *Æn* 1. 47.

But I, who move ſupreme in heav'n's abodes,
Jove's ſiſter-wife, and empreſs of the gods.
Pitt.

Ver. 162. Theocritus having already celebrated Ptolemy's riches and power, which were ſo great, that he could not even wiſh an increaſe of them, nobly concludes his poem with this fine precept, Αρεταν γε μεν εκ Διος αιτευ, "Aſk virtue of Jupi-"ter." as if he could not have too large a ſhare of virtue, though eminently renowned for it: by this the poet proves himſelf an excellent moraliſt, and plainly hints at that maxim of the Stoics, who maintained that virtue was entirely ſufficient for a happy life.

IDYLLIUM XVIII.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.

ARGUMENT.

Twelve Spartan virgins of the firſt rank are here introduced ſinging this ſong at the nuptials of Helen, before the bride-chamber: firſt they are jocular; then they congratulate Menelaus on his being preferred to ſo many rival princes, and made the ſon-in-law of Jupiter: they celebrate the beauty of Helen, and conclude with wiſhing the married couple proſperity.

When Sparta's monarch, Menelaus, led
The beauteous Helen to his bridal bed,
Twelve noble virgins, blooming, young, and fair,
With hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair,

And pleas'd the vocal beniſon to ſhower,
To the ſoft cithern danc'd before the bower;
As bounding light in circling ſteps they move,
Their feet beat time, and every heart beat love:
This was the nuptial ſong—' Why, happy groom,
Steal you thus early to the genial room?
Has ſleep or wine your manly limbs oppreſt,
That thus, thus ſoon you ſeek the bed of reſt?
If drowſy ſlumbers lull you to a drone,
Go take refreſhing ſleep, but ſleep alone;
Leave Helen with her maiden mates, to play
At harmleſs paſtimes till the dawn of day:
This night we claim, then yield her yours for life,
From morn to night, from year to year your wife.
Hail happy prince! whom Venus wafted o'er,
With proſperous omens to the Spartan ſhore;
To bleſs her bed, from all the princely crowd,
Fair Helen choſe you—Cupid ſneez'd aloud.
Of all our demigods 'tis you aſpire,
Alone, to call Saturnian Jove your ſire:
Jove's daughter now your warm embraces meets,
The pride of Greece between two lily ſheets.
Sure will the offſpring from that ſoft careſs,
The mother's charms in miniature expreſs.
Thrice eighty virgins of the Spartan race,
Her equals we in years, but not in face,
Our limbs diffuſing with ambroſial oil,
Were wont on ſmooth Eurota's banks to toil
In manly ſports; and though each nymph was fair,
None could with her in beauty's charms compare:
When winter thus in night no longer lours,
And ſpring is uſher'd by the blooming hours,
The riſing morning with her radiant eyes,
Salutes the world, and brightens all the ſkies.
So ſhines fair Helen, by the Graces dreſt,
In face, ſhape, ſize, ſuperior to the reſt:
As corn the fields, as pines the garden grace,
As ſteeds of Theſſaly the chariot race;
So Helen's beauties bright encomiums claim,
And beam forth honour on the Spartan name.
What nymph can rival Helen at the loom,
And make fair art like living nature bloom?
The blended tints in ſweet proportion join'd,
Expreſs the ſoft ideas of her mind.
What nymph like her of all the tuneful quire,
Can raiſe the voice, or animate the lyre?
Whether of Pallas great in arms ſhe ſings,
Or Dian bathing in the ſilver ſprings.
A thouſand little Loves in ambuſh lie,
And ſhoot their arrows from her beaming eye.
O lovely Helen, whom all hearts adore,
A matron now you riſe, a maid no more!
Yet ere another ſun ſhall gild the morn,
We'll gather flowers your temples to adorn,
Ambroſial flowers, as o'er the meads we ſtray,
And frequent ſigh that Helen is away:
Mindful of Helen ſtill, as unwean'd lambs
Rove round the paſtures bleating for their dams;
Fair flowers of lote we'll cull, that ſweetly breathe,
And on yon ſpreading plane ſuſpend the wreath.
But firſt from ſilver ſhells ſhall unguents flow,
Bedew the ſpreading plane and all the flowers below:
And on the rind we'll write, that all may ſee,
" Here pay your honours, I am Helen's tree "
Joy to the bride, and to the bridegroom joy,
And may Latona bleſs you with a boy!
May Venus furniſh both with equal love!
And laſting riches be the gift of Jove!
May theſe deſcend and by poſſeſſion grow,
From ſire to ſon, augmenting as they flow!
Now ſweetly ſlumber, mutual love inſpire,
And gratify the fulneſs of deſire:
Riſe with the bluſhing morning, not forget
The due of Venus, and diſcharge the debt:
And, ere the day's loud herald has begun
To ſpeak his early prologue to the ſun,
Again we'll greet your joys with cheerful voice,
O Hymen, Hymen, at this match rejoice!

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XVIII.

There are two ſorts of Epithalamiums, or Nuptial Songs among the ancients; the firſt was ſung in the evening, after the bride was introduced into the bride-chamber, it was named Κοιμητικον, and intended to diſpoſe the married couple to ſleep: the ſecond was ſung in the morning, termed Εγερτικον, and deſigned to awaken them. See the concluſion of this Idyllium. As Theocritus lived at the polite court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, during the time that the ſeventy interpreters reſided there, he would probably, by reading their tranſlation of the Old Teſtament, borrow ſome beautiful images from the Scriptures, conceived in oriental magnificence; a few ſpecimens of theſe will be found in the notes on this Idyllium.

Ver. 6 Thus Horace,

Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede. *B. 1. Ode 4.*

Ver. 22 Sneezing was ſometimes reckoned a lucky omen. See Potter's Archæologia, ch. 17. and Catullus de Acme & Septimio;

Hoc ut dixit, Amor ſiniſtram, ut ante
Dextram, ſternuit approbationem.

See alſo the note on Idyllium 7. ver. 115.

That new-married perſons were attended by ſingers and dancers, Homer acquaints us in his deſcription of the ſhield of Achilles, Iliad, B. 18.

Here ſacred pomp and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute and cithern's ſilver ſound:
Through the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow. *Pope*

Ver. 31. Thus the handmaids of Nauſicäa in Homer anoint themſelves with oil. Odyſ. B. 6.

Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil. *Pope.*

Ver. 35. Thus Solomon's Song, ch. ii. ver, 11. "Lo the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone."

Ver. 37. "Who is ſhe that looketh forth as the "morning," ch. vi. ver. 10. and in the book of Job, ch. xli. ver. 18. ſpeaking of the Leviathan, we read "His eyes are like the eye-lids of the "morning."

Here the marks of imitation appear very ſtrong.

Ver 41. Virgil has,

Fraxinus in ſylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis.
Ecl. 7. 65.

Ver. 42. Theocritus ſtill ſeems to borrow from the royal author; "I have compared thee, O my "love to a company of horſes in Pharoah's cha-"riots." Solomon's Song, ch. i. ver. 9.—The original literally ſignifies, "I have compared thee to "my mare, &c." Nor ought we to think the compariſon coarſe or vulgar, if we conſider what beautiful and delicate creatures the eaſtern horſes are, and how highly they are valued.

See Percy on Solomon's Song.

Ver. 53. Thus Hero is deſcribed in Muſæus,

Εις δε τις Ηρης Οφθαλμος γελοων. κ. τ. λ.
Ver. 64.

When Hero ſmiles, a thouſand Graces riſe,
Sport on her cheek, and rival in her eyes. *F. F.*

Ver. 63. Millar ſays the leaves of the lote-tree, or nettle-tree, are like thoſe of the nettle; the flower conſiſts of five leaves, expanded in form of a roſe, containing many ſhort ſtamina, in the boſom; the fruit, which is a roundiſh berry, grows ſingle in the boſom of its leaves. Dr. Martyn ſays, it is more probable, that the lotus of the Lotophagi is what we call zizyphus or the jujube-tree; The leaves of this are about an inch and a half in length, an inch in breadth, of a ſhining green colour and ferrated, about the edges; the fruit is of the ſhape and ſize of olives, and the pulp of it has a ſweet taſte like honey; and therefore cannot be the nettle-tree, the fruit of which is far from that delicacy which is aſcribed to the lotus of the ancients. See Martyn on the Geor. B. 2. 84. But the lotus here ſpoken of is moſt probably an herb the ſame which Homer deſcribes in the Odyſſey, B. 9. and which Euſtathius takes to be an herb; he ſays, there is an Egyptian lotus which grows in great abundance along the Nile, in the time of its inundations. Proſper Alpinus, an author of good credit, who travelled into Egypt, aſſures us, that the Egyptian lotus does not at all differ from our great white water-lily.

Ver. 67. The cuſtom of writing on the bark of trees was very common among the ancients, thus Virgil;

Centum eſt in ſylvis, inter ſpelæa ferarum
Malle pati, teneriſque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: creſcent illæ, creſcetis amores *Ecl.* 10.

See Ovid in Oenone, Propertius, B. 1. Eleg. 18. &c.

Nothing can be more beautifully paſtoral than this inſcription on the bark of the plane-tree, as alſo the ſimile at the 61ſt and 62d verſes.

Ver. 75.

Quæ ſepirabat amores. *Hor. B.* 4. *Ode* 13.

Ver. 81. The chorus of virgins here promiſe to return early in the morning, and ſing the carmen Εγιφτικον.

Ver. 82. Thus Catullus, Carm. Nup.

Hymen, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe.

IDYLLIUM XIX.

THE HONEY-STEALER.

THE ARGUMENT.

As Cupid is ſtealing honey from a bee-hive, he is ſtung by a bee; on which he runs and complains to his mother, that ſo ſmall an animal ſhould inflict ſo great a wound; ſhe immediately anſwers, that he himſelf is but little like a bee, yet the wounds he gives are grievous.

As Cupid, the flieſt young wanton alive,
Of its hoard of ſweet honey was robbing a hive,
The centinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
And darted his ſting in the hand of the thief.
He ſobb'd, blew his fingers, ſtamp'd hard on the ground,
And leaping in anguiſh ſhow'd Venus the wound;
Then began in a ſorrowful tone to complain,
That an inſect ſo little ſhould cauſe ſo great pain.
Venus ſmiling, her ſon in ſuch taking to ſee,
Said, "Cupid, you put me in mind of a bee;
"You're juſt ſuch a buſy, diminutive thing,
"Yet you make woful wounds with a deſperate "ſting."

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XIX.

In this ſmall poem Theocritus has copied the 40th Ode of Anacreon, in every thing but the meaſure of his verſe: the original of this is in Hexameter, and therefore I thought it improper to give it Anacreontic numbers. I ſhall take the liberty to inſert a tranſlation of the Teian bard's little poem, that the Engliſh reader may have the pleaſure to ſee the manner in which the ancient poets copied their predeceſſors.

Once, as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roſes lay,
A rude bee that ſlept unſeen,
The ſweet breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.

Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps and ſobs, and runs and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame:
Then he thus began to plain;
" Oh! undone—I die with pain—
" Dear mamma, a ſerpent ſmall,
" Which a bee the ploughmen call,
" Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
" Oh!—has ſtung me to the heart."
Venus thus replied, and ſmil'd;
' Dry thoſe tears, for ſhame! my child;
' If a bee can wound ſo deep,
' Cauſing Cupid thus to weep,
' Think, O think, what cruel pains
' He that's ſtung by thee ſuſtains.' *F. F.*

IDYLLIUM XX.

EUNICA, OR THE NEATHERD.

THE ARGUMENT.

A ROUGH neatherd complains of the pride and inſolence of a city girl, who refuſed to let him kiſs her, and rallied his awkward figure: he appeals to the neighbouring ſhepherds, and aſks them if he is not handſome; if his voice is not ſweet, and his ſongs enchanting; and relates examples of goddeſſes that have been enamoured of herdſmen. In this Idyllium the poet is thought to be ſevere on thoſe who with arrogance deſpiſe the ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of bucolic numbers. It is ſtrange that the commentators will not allow this piece to be ſtyled a paſtoral: ſurely it is bucolical enough.

WHEN lately I offer'd Eunica to kiſs,
She fleer'd, and ſhe flouted, and took it amiſs;
" Begone, you great booby, ſhe cry'd with a frown, clown?
" Do you think that I long to be kiſs'd by a
" The ſparks of the city my kiſſes eſteem;
" You never ſhall kiſs me, no, not in a dream.
" How pleaſing you look, and how gently you play!
" How ſoft is your voice! and what fine things you ſay!
" So neat is your beard, and ſo comely your hair!
" Your hands are ſo white, and your lips, a ſweet pair!
" But on your dear perſon, I never ſhall doat:
" So pray keep your diſtance—you ſmell like a goat"
Thus ſpoke the pert huſſey, and view'd me all round
With an eye of diſdain, and thrice ſpit on the ground,
Look'd proud of her charms, with an inſolent ſneer,
And ſent me away with a flea in my ear.
My blood quickly boil'd in a violent pique,
And red as a roſe, paſſion glow'd on my cheek;
For it vex'd me, that thus in deriſion ſhe jeer'd
My looks, and my voice, and my hair and my beard.
But, am I not handſome, ye ſhepherds, ſay true?
Or has any god alter'd my perſon anew?
For lately on oaks, like the ivy, with grace
My hair and my beard added charms to my face:
My eyebrows were ſable, my forehead milkwhite,
And my eyes, like Minerva's, were azure and bright;
My lips, ſweet as cream, were with muſic replete,
For from them flow'd ſounds as the honey-comb. ſweet;
My ſongs are enchanting; nor ought can exceed
The tunes of my pipe, or the notes of my reed.
The girls of the country, if they had their wills,
Would kiſs me, and preſs me to ſtay on the hills;
For they ſay that I'm fair; but this flirt of the town
Refuſ'd my ſweet kiſſes, and call'd me a clown.
Alas! ſhe forgot, or perhaps did not know,
That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below;
That Venus a ſwain lov'd with hearty goodwill,
And help'd him his cattle to tend on the hill;

Adonis, while living, in groves ſhe ador'd,
And dead in the groves and on mountains deplor'd.
If right my conjecture, Endymion, I ween,
Like me too once tended his ſteers on the green;
Yet the Moon in this neatherd took ſuch a delight,
That ſhe met him at Latmos, and kiſs'd him all night.
Ev'n Cybele mourn'd for a herdſman; and Jove
Snatch'd a boy from his herd to be waiter above.
But Eunica diſdains me, nor liſts to my vow;
Is ſhe better than Cynthia, or Cybele, trow?
Does ſhe think that in bloom, and the beauty of face
She is equal to Venus? if that be the caſe,
May ſhe never behold ſweet Adonis again
On the hill, in the vale, in the city or plain;
And may the proud minx, for her crime to atone,
If ſhe can, ſleep contented—but always alone!

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XX.

This Idyllium has by Daniel Heinſius, and other learned critics, been aſcribed to Moſchus, and for that reaſon I publiſhed a tranſlation of it ſome time ago, along with a verſion of the other beautiful pieces of that, and of four other Greek poets, viz. Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and Muſæus; but as in all probability Theocritus is the real author, I here inſert it with ſeveral alterations and corrections, as I ſhall entirely omit it in the ſecond edition of my work abovementioned, which will ſhortly be publiſhed; the firſt having been very favourably received by the public.

Ver. 5. The Greek is μεμαμηκα αϱυκα χειλεα βλιβειν. "Didici urbana labra terere," which Virgil ſeems to have had an eye to, when he ſays, "Calamo triviſſe labellum:" on which Mr. Warton obſerves, there is a fondneſs in mentioning this circumſtance of "wearing his lip." The conſtant effect of playing on the "fiſtula," which is uſed to this day in the Grecian iſlands, is making the lips thick and callous. Mr. Dawkins aſſured me he ſaw ſeveral ſhepherds with ſuch lips.

Ver. 13. Virgil has ſomething ſimilar.

Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis. *Æn. B.* 4. 362.

Ver. 14. The Greek is, τϱις εις εον στϱυϕος κολπον, and ſhould be rendered, "She thrice ſpit into her boſom." Archbiſhop Potter obſerves, ſee Archæol. ch. xvii. it was cuſtomary for the ancient Grecians to ſpit three times into their boſoms at the ſight of a madman, or one troubled with an epilepſy; this they did in defiance, as it were, of the omen: for ſpitting was a ſign of the greateſt contempt and deteſtation, whence στυειν, "to ſpit," is put for "to contemn."

Ver. 22. The poet here ſeems to allude to a paſſage in Homer's Odyſ. B. 13. where Minerva changes Ulyſſes into the figure of an old beggar,

She ſpake, and touch'd him with her powerful wand;
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
No longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
Pope.

Ver. 26. Theocritus ſeems to have Anacreon in view, Ode 28.

All thy art her eyes require,
Make her eyes of living fire,
Glowing with celeſtial ſheen,
Like Minerva's, bright and keen;
On her lips, that ſweetly ſwell,
Let divine perſuaſion dwell. *F. F.*

Ver. 27. This is entirely taken from Solomon's Song, ch. iv. 11. "Thy lips, O my ſpouſe, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue."

Ver. 40. See Bion's beautiful Idyllium on the death of Adonis.

Ver. 41.
Latmius Endymion non eſt tibi, Luna, rubori.
Ovid. Art Amat. 3. 85.

Ver. 54. Sappho, with the moſt elegant ſimplicity complains, that ſhe is deſerted and left alone

Δηδυκες μεν α σελανα, κ. τ. λ. *See her Frag.*

The Pleiads now no more are ſeen,
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon ſerene,
In dark and diſmal clouds o'ercaſt;
The love appointed hour is paſt;
Midnight uſurps her ſable throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone. *F. F.*

IDYLLIUM XXI.

THE FISHERMEN.

ARGUMENT.

This piece is a dialogue between two fiſhermen; which for its ſingular ſimplicity of ſentiment, as well as character, is peculiarly beautiful and regular: one of them relates his dream; which was

that he had caught a large fish of solid gold, on which he resolves to follow his laborious occupation no longer, but live luxuriously: in the morning his fish and his hopes vanish, and necessity compels him to return to his accustomed labours. This Idyllium admonishes every one to rest content with his lot; and, under the shadow of a golden dream, beautifully displays the vanity of all human hopes and desires.

NEED, Diophantus, ready wit imparts,
Is labour's mistress, and the nurse of arts:
Corroding cares the toiling wretch infest,
And spoil the peaceful tenor of his breast;
And if soft slumbers on his eye-lids creep,
Some cursed care steals in, and murders sleep.
Two ancient fishers in a straw-thatch'd shed,
Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,
Reclin'd their weary limbs: hard by were laid
Baskets, and all their implements of trade, [hairs,
Rods, hooks, and lines, compos'd of stout horse-
And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways:
A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank;
Matts were their pillow, wove of osier dank;
Skins, caps, and rugged coats, a covering made:
This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade,
No pot to boil, no watch-dog to defend;
Yet blest they liv'd with penury their friend.
None visited their shed, save every tide
The wanton waves that wash'd its tottering side.
When half her course the moon's bright car had sped,
Joint labour rous'd the tenants of the shed.
The dews of slumber from their eyes they clear'd,
And thus their minds with pleasing parley cheer'd:

Asphalion.

I hold, my friend, that trite opinion wrong,
That summer-nights are short when days are long.
Yes—I have seen a thousand dreams to-night,
And yet no morn appears, nor morning-light:
Sure on my mind some strange illusions play,
And make short nights wear heavily away.

Friend.

Fair summer seasons you unjustly blame,
Their bounds are equal, and their pace the same;
But cares, Asphalion, in a busy throng,
Break on your rest, and make the night seem long.

Asphalion.

Say, hast thou genius to interpret right
My dream? I've had a jolly one to-night.
Thou shalt go halves, and more thou can'st not wish,
We'll share the vision as we share our fish.
I know thee shrewd, expert of dreams to spell;
He's the best judge who can conjecture well.
We've leisure time, which can't be better spent
By wretched carles in wave-wash'd cabin pent,
And lodg'd on leaves; yet why should we repine,
While living lights in Prytaneum shine?

Friend.

To thy fast friend each circumstance recite,
And let me hear this vision of the night.

Asphalion.

Last evening, weary with the toils of day,
Lull'd in the lap of rest secure I lay;
Full late we supp'd, and sparingly we eat;
No danger of a surfeit from our meat.
Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep:
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook
The bait sallacious, which a huge one took;
(Sleeping, we image what awake we wish;
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish.)
Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood
With crimson stream distain'd the silver flood.
I stretch'd my arm out, lest the line should break;
The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak!
Anxious I gaz'd; he struggled to be gone:
'You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon'—
'Still do you teaze me?" for he plagu'd me sore;
At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
Then grasp'd him with my hand, for surer hold,
A noble prize, a fish of solid gold!
But fears suspicious in my bosom throng'd,
Lest to the god of ocean he belong'd;
Or, haply wandering in the azure main,
Some favourite fish of Amphitrite's train.
My prize I loos'd, and strictest caution took,
For fear some gold might stick about the hook;
Then safe secur'd him, and devoutly swore
Never to venture on the ocean more;
But live on land as happy as a king:
At this I wak'd: what think you of the thing?
Speak free, for know I am extremely loth,
And greatly fear to violate my oath.

Friend.

Fear not, old friend; you took no oath, for why?
You took no fish—your vision's all a lie.
Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,
Hunger will soon discover your mistake;
Catch real fish; you need not sure be told
Those fools must starve who only dream of gold.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXI.

Ver. 1. Thus Virgil,

Tum variæ venêre artes: labor omnia vincit
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.
Geor. I. 145.

Then all those arts that polish life succeed;
What cannot ceaseless toil, and pressing need!
Warton.

And Perſius, Prol.

Quis expedivit pſittaco ſuum χαιρε,
Picaſque docuit verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artis, ingenſque largitor Venter.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Dryd.

Ver. 3.
Nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. *Virg.*

Ver. 5. Juvenal has,
Nocte brevem ſi forte indulſit cura ſoporem.
Sat. 13. 217.

Ver. 6.
——Sub noctem cura recurſat. *Virg. Æn. B.* 1.

Ver. 19. The Greek is ϗ κυνα, and is an emendation of the learned Johannes Auratus; before it was read ϗχ ενα. *Heinſius.*

Ver. 33. Here I entirely follow the emendation of Heinſius; the text ſtands thus:

Ασφαλιων, μεμφη το καλον ἐαρος, ϗ γαρ ο καιρος
Αυτοματως παρεβα τον εον δρομον.

"Aſphalion, you accuſe the fair ſummer; for that ſeaſon never willingly paſſes its bounds:" which is nonſenſe; but, by tranſpoſing the firſt word of each verſe, thus,

Αυτοματως, μεμφη το καλον ἐαρος, ϗ γαρ ο καιρος,
Ασφαλιων, παρεβα τον εον δρομον.

"In vain, and without any reaſon, you accuſe the
" fair ſummer, &c.

Ver. 42. This ſeems to be taken from that verſe of Euripides, which we read in Plutarch,

Μαντις δ' ἀριστος ὁστις εικαζει καλως,

Which Tully has thus tranſlated,

Qui bene conjecit, vatem perhibebo optumum.

Ver. 46. The Prytaneum was a common-hall in the cities of Greece, where thoſe that had deſerved well of their country were maintained at the public charge; where alſo the fire conſecrated to Vulcan was kept, as that ſacred to Veſta was at Rome. Cicero de Orat. 1. 54. ſays, "Ut ei victus quotidianus in Prytaneo publice præberetur." If this be underſtood of the Prytaneum at Athens, Scaliger obſerves that there is great impropriety in Sicilian fiſhermen mentioning places ſo far remote from the ſcene of their labours; but from what follows, it appears that there was a place in the neighbourhood, very commodious for fiſhing, named Prytaneum, on which nocturnal lamps were fixed, as was cuſtomary, for the convenience of fiſhing by night. Sannazarius was not ignorant of this cuſtom, who in his ſecond Piſcatory Eclogue ſays,

Dumque Alii notoſque ſinus, piſcoſaque circum
Æquora colluſtrant flammis.

While others on the well-known bay,
Or fiſhy ſeas, their lights diſplay.

Ver. 55. Ovid has ſomething ſimilar,

Nunc in mole ſedens moderabar arundine limum.
Met. B. 13. 923.

Ver. 57. There is ſomething very beautiful in what Ovid makes Sappho ſay to Phaon,

Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die, &c.

Which Mr. Pope has greatly improved upon,

Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſſed in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!

Ver. 77. The expreſſion in the original is remarkable, τῳ χρυσῳ βασιλευειν, "to reign in riches;" ſpeaking of the happineſs of the old Corycian farmer, Virgil ſays,

Regum æquabat opes animis. *Geor.* 4. 132.

Ver. 81. Solve metus. *Virg.*

IDYLLIUM XXII.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

THE ARGUMENT.

This is a hymn, after the manner of the ancient Arcadians, in praiſe of Caſtor and Pollux. The firſt part deſcribes the combat between Pollux and Amycus, the ſon of Neptune, and king of the Bebrycians; who valuing himſelf on his ſuperiority in ſtrength, and the art of boxing, uſed to compel every ſtranger that touched upon his coaſt to take up the cæſtus, and make trial of his ſkill in the management of that rude inſtrument of death; for ſo it proved to many, till Pollux, who arrived there with the Argonauts, encountered him, and conquered: Apollonius ſays he ſlew him; but this is denied by other authors.

The ſons of Leda, and of Jove, I ſing,
Immortal Jove, the ægis-bearing king,
Caſtor and Pollux, with the ceſtus grac'd, [brac'd:
Which round his wriſt thick thongs of bull-hide

In ſtrains repeated ſhall my muſe reſound
The Spartan twins with manly virtues crown'd:
Saſeguards of men diſtreſt, and generous ſteeds,
When in the fields of death the battle bleeds;

Safeguards of ſailors, who the Twins implore,
When on the deep the thundering tempeſts roar.
Theſe in the hollow veſſel from the ſide,
Or head or helm pour the high ſwelling tide:
Burſt are the planks, the tackling torn, the maſt
Snapt, the ſails rent before the furious blaſt:
Suſpended ſhowers obſcure the cheerful light,
Fades the pale day before approaching night,
Riſe the rough winds reſounding ſtorms prevail,
And the vext ocean roars beneath the ſcourging hail.
Still you the wreck can ſave, the ſtorm diſpel,
And ſnatch the ſailors from the jaws of hell.
The winds diſperſe, the roaring waves ſubſide,
And ſmooth'd to ſtillneſs ſleeps the lenient tide.
When ſhine the Bears, and 'twixt the Aſſes ſeen,
Though faint their manger, ocean proves ſerene.
O, friends of human kind, in utmoſt need,
Fam'd for the ſong, the lyre, the gauntlet, and the ſteed!
Whoſe praiſes firſt ſhall my rapt muſe rehearſe?
Both claim my praiſe, but Pollux firſt my verſe.
When Argo reach'd (Cyane's iſlands paſt)
Cold Pontus haraſs'd by the northern blaſt,
Soon to Bebrycia, with the ſons of fame,
A freight of chiefs and demigods, ſhe came.
Forth from her ſides, the country to explore,
The crew deſcended to the breezy ſhore:
On the dry beach they raiſed the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables ſpread.
Meanwhile the royal brothers devious ſtray'd
Far from the ſhore, and fought the cooling ſhade.
Hard by, a hill with waving foreſts crown'd
Their eyes attracted; in the dale they found
A ſpring perennial in a rocky cave,
Full to the margin flow'd the lucid wave:
Below ſmall fountains guſh'd, and murmuring near,
Sparkled like ſilver, and as cryſtal clear:
Above tall pines and poplars quivering play'd,
And planes and cypreſs in dark green array'd:
Around balm-breathing flowers of every hue,
The bee's ambroſia, in the meadows grew.
There ſat a chief, tremendous to the eye,
His couch the rock, his canopy the ſky:
The gauntlet's ſtrokes his cheeks and ears around,
Had mark'd his face with many a deſp'rate wound.
Round as a globe, and prominent his cheſt,
Broad was his back, but broader was his breaſt;
Firm was his fleſh, with iron ſinews fraught,
Like ſome Coloſſus, on an anvil wrought.
As rocks, that in the rapid ſtreams abound,
Are waſh'd by rolling torrents ſmooth and round,
The ridges riſe, in cryſtal ſtreams beheld:
So on his brawny arms the riſing muſcles ſwell'd.
A lion's ſpoils around his loins he draws,
Beneath his chin ſuſpended by the paws:
Victorious Pollux, with attentive look,
View'd, and complacent, thus the chief beſpoke:

Pollux.

Peace, gentle friend! to wandering ſtrangers tell
What tribes, what nations in theſe regions dwell?

Amycus.

What peace to me, while on my native ſhore,
I ſee ſtrange gueſts I never ſaw before?

Pollux.

Fear not; no foes, nor mean of birth are here.

Amycus.

Thou haſt no cauſe to bid me not to fear.

Pollux.

Rude are your words, and wrongfully apply'd,
Your manners fierce, your boſom ſwoln with pride.

Amycus.

Thou ſee'ſt me as I am: theſe lands are mine;
I never yet have troubled thee or thine.

Pollux.

Whene'er you come, you will a welcome find,
And preſents, as befits a liberal mind.

Amycus.

Nor I thy welcome, nor thy gifts partake;
I gave no welcome, and no preſents make.

Pollux.

May I not taſte the ſtream that murmurs by?

Amycus.

I'll ſolve that queſtion when thy throat is dry.

Pollux.

Will gold, or other bribe the purchaſe gain?

Amycus.

Nought but to prove thy proweſs on the plain;
Stand forth; let man oppos'd to man provoke,
With gauntlet-guarded arm, th' impending ſtroke;
Eye meeting eye, exert thy utmoſt might,
By feint or force to triumph in the fight.

Pollux.

Whom muſt I fight? mine adverſary who?

Amycus.

Thou ſeeſt thy match, no deſpicable foe.

Pollux.

But what reward ſhall the ſtout victor have?

Amycus.

The conquer'd man ſhall be the conqueror's ſlave.

Pollux.

This is cock's play, and ſuch the terms ſevere
In fight of ſcarlet-creſted chanticleer.

Amycus.

Or be it cock's, or be it lion's play,
Theſe are the fix'd conditions of the fray.

This ſaid, his hollow conch he inſtant blew,
Quick through the coaſt the ſounds alarming flew;
The ſignal rous'd the ſtout Bebrycian train,
Who join'd their chief beneath the ſhady plain.
Illuſtrious Caſtor from the neighbouring ſtrand,
Call'd to the conflict Argo's choſen band.
Meanwhile the combatants, of mind elate,
Drew on their hands the dreadful gloves of fate;
The leathern thongs, that brac'd their ſhoulders round,
Firm to their arms the ponderous gauntlets bound,
Amid the circle now the champions ſtood,
Breathing revenge, and vehement for blood.
Studious each ſtrove the piercing light to ſhun,
And on his ſhoulders catch the gleaming ſun:
You call'd, O Pollux, prudence to your aid;
In Amycus's eyes the ſolar ſplendors play'd.
This did th' enormous chieftain's rage provoke
To ſtrike at once ſome death-denouncing ſtroke;
But watchful Pollux dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his advancing foe;

Incens'd more ardent to the fight he came,
And forward bent to take the furer aim.
Through the Bebrycian band loud clamours run;
Nor leſs the Greeks encourag'd Leda's ſon.
Yet riſing fears their generous breaſts appal,
Leſt on their friend the bulk of Amycus ſhould fall:
Vain fears! for with both hands brave Pollux ply'd
His furious blows, and ſtorm'd on every ſide;
The quick-repeated ſtrokes his rival ſtun,
And curb the force of Neptune's lawleſs ſon.
Giddy with blows the tottering hero ſtood,
And from his mouth diſcharg'd the purple blood.
Loud ſhouted the Greek warriors when they ſaw
Bebrycia's champion's batter'd cheeks and jaw.
His eyes, within their ſockets deep impell'd,
Seem'd leſſen'd, and his bruiſed viſage ſwell'd.
Still the prince ply'd his mighty rival hard,
And feintful ſoon ſurpris'd him off his guard;
And as he ſtagger'd, full upon his brow
With all his force he drove the furious blow,
And maſh'd his front; the giant with the wound
Fell flat, and ſtretch'd his bulk unwieldy on the ground.
But ſoon his vigour and his ſtrength return'd,
He roſe, and then again the battle burn'd:
With iron hands their hollow ſides they pound,
And deal vindictive many a deſperate wound.
Fierce on his foe Bebrycia's monarch preſt,
And made rude onſets on his neck and breaſt:
But Jove's unconquer'd ſon far better ſped,
Who aim'd his thunder at his rival's head.
Faſt down their limbs the ſweat began to flow,
And quickly lay the lofty champion low;
Yet Pollux firmer ſtood with nobler grace,
And freſher was the colour of his face.
How Amycus before Jove's offſpring fell,
Sing, heaven-deſcended muſe; for you can tell:
Your mandates I implicitly obey,
And gladly follow where you lead the way.
Reſolv'd by one bold ſtroke to win renown,
He ſeiz'd on Pollux' left hand with his own;
Then bent oblique to guard againſt a blow,
And ſped his right with vengeance on the foe,
In hopes to ſtrike his royal rival dead,
Who 'ſcap'd the blow, declining back his head;
Then Pollux aim'd his weighty ſtroke ſo well,
Full on the creſt of Amycus it fell,
And gor'd his temples with an iron wound;
The black blood iſſuing flow'd and trickled to the ground.
Still with his left he maul'd his faultering foe,
Whoſe maſh'd teeth crackled with each boiſterous blow;
With ſtrokes redoubled he deform'd his face;
Bruis'd cheeks and jaws proclaim'd his foul diſgrace.
All on the ground he meaſur'd out his length,
Stunn'd with hard thwacks, and deſtitute of ſtrength,
And, hands up-rais'd, with death-preſaging mind,
At once the fight and victory declin'd.
Brave ſon of Jove, though you the conqueſt gain'd,
With no baſe deed the glorious day you ſtain'd;
The vanquiſh'd by his father Neptune ſwore,
That he would never, never injure ſtrangers more.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXII.

Virgil, in his deſcription of the conteſt between Dares and Entellus, has borrowed ſome circumſtances from this encounter between Amycus and Pollux, which ſhall be ſpecified in their courſe: Apollonius Rhodius, in his ſecond book of the Argonautics, has likewiſe deſcribed this laſt-mentioned conteſt but is, in the opinion of Caſaubon, far ſurpaſſed by Theocritus. Speaking of the firſt part of this Idyllium, he ſays, "Porro qui contulerit priorem partem, quæ Pollucis pugilatum cum Amyco deſcribit, cum iis quæ habet Apollonius, reperiet profecto Theocritum tantum excellere Apollonium,

Quantum lenta ſolent inter viburna cupreſſi.

As lofty cypreſſes low ſhrubs exceed. *Warton.*

And yet Scaliger, in his dogmatical manner, gives the preference to Apollonius: "Splendore & arte ab Apollonio Theocritus ſuperatur" Poet. B 5. C. 6 whoſe determination the ingenious tranſlator of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics has adopted; but I am inclined to think, that my friend Mr Warton, who perhaps admires Apollonius more, and underſtands him better than any man in the kingdom may be too partial to his favourite author I ſhall not take upon me to decide in this point, but after the [illegible] of Theocritus, I propoſe to print a tranſlation of the combat between Pollux and Amycus from Apollonius, which I hope will be acceptable to the curious reader, as it has never, that I know of, been tranſlated into Engliſh; he will then have an opportunity of forming a compariſon, and in ſome ſort judging of the merits of the two originals: I profeſs, without any kind of partiality, I have endeavoured to do all the juſtice in my power to them both. It is to be obſerved, that Apollonius flouriſhed in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes, and, therefore, as he wrote after Theocritus, he probably borrowed many things from him.

Ver. 1. In the ſame manner Horace,

Dicam et Alcidem, puerosque Ledæ;
Hunc equis, illum ſuperare pugnis
Nobilem. *B. 1. Ode 12.*

Ver. 3. "The cæſtus, ſays Gilbert Weſt, Eſq. conſiſted of many thongs of leather, or raw hides of balls, wound about the hand and arm up to the elbow: I muſt here obſerve that none of the three Greek poets, Homer Il. B. 23 Appolonius, nor our author, who all have given us a deſcription of the cæſtus, make any mention of plates of lead or iron;" as Virgil has done,

———Tantorum ingentia ſeptem
Terga boum plumbo inſuto, ferroque regebant.
Æn. B. 5.

Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge diſpread,
Ponderous with iron and a weight of lead. *Pitt.*

Amycus is ſaid to have invented the combat of the cæſtus.

Ver. 19. Archbiſhop Potter obſerves, "When the two lambent flames, about the heads of Caſtor and Pollux, appeared together, they were eſteemed an excellent omen, foreboding good weather." Thus Horace,

Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus, &c. *B. 4. Ode 8.*

Thus the twin-ſtars, indulgent, ſave
The ſhatter'd veſſel from the wave. *Duncombe.*

And B. 1. Ode 12. Quorum ſimul alba nautis Stella refulſit, &c.

Soon as their happy ſtars appear,
Huſh'd is the ſtorm, the waves ſubſide,
The clouds diſperſe, the ſkies are clear,
And without murmurs ſleeps th' obedient tide.
Duncombe.

Ver. 24 According to Aratus, there is a little cloud in the ſhell of the crab, between the ſhoulders, on each ſide of which is a ſtar, called the *Aſſes*, the intermediate cloud therefore is properly ſtyled their *Manger*.

Ver. 29. See Idyllium xiii. ver. 27. and note.

Ver. 31 A country near Bithynia in Aſia, bounded on the north by the Euxine ſea.

Ver. 35.
Tunc littore curvo Extruimus toros. *Virg.*

Ver. 37. We may look upon every circumſtance relating to this remarkable combat to commence here, the preceding lines being chiefly a noble encomium on theſe illuſtrious twin-ſons of Jupiter, and then it is obſervable, that this conflict in Theocritus takes up 103 verſes, and the epiſode on the ſame ſubject in Apollonius 97.

Ver. 45.
Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus. *Hor.*

Ver. 49. Virgil, ſpeaking of the Cyclops, ſays,
Nec viſu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.
Æn. 3. 621.

A ſavage fiend! tremendous to the ſight. *Pitt.*

Ver. 57. This is ſurely a new and noble thought, to compare the protuberant muſcles of a giant to the rocky ſhelves under water, that are worn ſmooth and round by the tranſparent ſtream.

Ver. 61. Diomed is thus array'd. Il. B. 10.

This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulder flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung. *Pope.*

Ver. 95. Before trumpets were invented, conchs were uſed to ſound the ſignal for battle. Virgil ſays of Miſenus,

Sed tum forte cavâ dum perſonat æquora conchâ.
Æn. B. 5.

Ver. 97. Thus in Virgil, the ruſtics are ſtirred up to war by Alecto.

Tum vero ad vocem celeres, &c. *Æn. 7. 519.*

Then the mad ruſtics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid ſignal flew to arms.
Nor leſs in ſuccour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy. *Pitt.*

Ver. 101.
Satus Anchiſâ cæſtus pater extulit æquos, &c.
Æn. 5. 424.

Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound
Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around
Pitt.

Ver. 105. Theocritus has Homer frequently in view in deſcribing the combat of the cæſtus. See Il. 23. 685.

Ες μεσσον αγῶνα.

Amid the circle now each champion ſtands. *Pope.*

Ver. 113.
Επι δ' ωρνυτο θεῖος Επειος,
Κοψε δε παπταινοντα παρηϊον.

At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe. *Pope.*

Ver. 115.
Tum pudor incendit vires. *Æn. 5. 455.*

Ver. 117.
It clamor cœlo, &c. 451.

At once the Trojans and Sicilians riſe,
And with divided clamours rend the ſkies. *Pitt.*

Ver. 121. Thus Virgil.
Creber utrâque manu pulſat verſatque Dareta. 460.

Ver. 126. Thus Homer,
Αιμα παχυ πτυοντα.

His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore. *Pope.*

And Virgil,
——Craſſumque cruorem Ore ejectantem. 469.

Ver 137.
Acrior ad pugnam, &c. 454.
Improv'd in ſpirit to the fight he came. *Pitt.*

Ver. 139.
Multa viri nequicquam inter ſe vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vaſtos
Dant ſonitus. 433.

Ver. 145.
———Ερρεε δ' ιδρως
Παντοθεν εκ μελλιων. *Il. B. 23. 688.*

And painful ſweat from all their members flows. *Pope.*

Ver. 150. Theſe addreſſes to the muſes are frequent in the beſt poets.

Pandite nunc Helicona, Deæ, &c. *Æn. 7. 641.*
Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, et memorare poteſtis,

Ver. 156. Virgil follows very cloſe;
Oſtendit dextram inſurgens Entellus, et alte,

Extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.
Æn. B. 5. 443.

Ver. 163.

——Erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.
435.

With swift repeated words their hands fly round
Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws resound. *Pitt.*

Ver. 162. The Greek verse consists of seventeen syllables,

Ἐκ δὲ χυθὲν μελαν αιμα θοως κροταφοιο χανοντος,

and was certainly intended to image the trickling of the blood, which I have endeavoured to preserve in an Alexandrine.

Ver. 169. It was customary in the ancient combats for the vanquished person to stretch out his hands to the conqueror, signifying that he declined the battle, acknowledged that he was conquered, and submitted to the discretion of the victor: thus Turnus in Virgil:

Victi, et victum tendere palmas Ausonii vidêre.

Thine is the conquest; lo! the Latian bands
Behold their general stretch his suppliant hands.
Pitt.

I shall finish my observations on this Idyllium, with a translation of a Greek opinion of Lucillius, showing that the consequences of these kind of battles were sometimes very terrible, though the combatants might escape with their lives and limbs.

On a Conqueror in the Cæstus, *Anthol. B. 2.*

This victor, glorious in his olive wreathe,
Had once eyes, eye-brows, nose and ears, and teeth;
But turning cæstus champion, to his cost,
These and still worse! his heritage he lost;
For by his brother su'd, disown'd at last,
Confronted with his picture he was cast.

IDYLLIUM XXII.

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.

CASTOR and Pollux had carried off Phœbe and Talaira, the daughters of Leucippus, brother of the deceased Aphareus, who were betrothed to Lynceus and Idas, the sons of Aphareus; the husbands pursued the ravishers, and claimed their wives; on this a battle ensued, in which Castor kills Lynceus, and Idas is slain by lightning. Ovid relates the event of this combat very differently. See the Note.

POLLUX, thy name has dignify'd my song:
To Castor now the lofty lays belong;
Fam'd for bright armour on th' embattled plain,
And forming fleeds obedient to the rein.
The bold twin sons of Jove by stealth had led
Leucippus' daughters to their lawless bed.
Lynceus and Idas, much for strength renown'd,
Long since by promise to the damsels bound,
Aphareus' sons, the foul dishonour view'd,
And fir'd with wrath the ravishers pursued.
But when they reach'd deceas'd Aphareus' tomb,
Encompass'd round with venerable gloom,
Each hero leap'd impetuous from his car,
All arm'd, and well appointed for the war.
Lynceus aloud beneath his helmet spoke:
'Why will ye frantic thus the fight provoke?
'Of others wives why make unjust demands?
'Why gleam the naked faulchions in your hands?
'To us Leucippus has betroth'd them both
'Long since, and seal'd the contract with an oath:
'Tis base to make of others wives your prey,
'And bear their riches, mules, and lowing herds away,
'To threat the fire with force, or bribe with wealth,
'And seize on others properties by stealth.
'Oft, though ungrac'd with eloquence and art,
'Thus have I spoke the language of my heart:'
"Princes, my friends, should not on any score
"Solicit maids that are espous'd before:
"Sparta for virgins, Elis for swift steeds
"Are fam'd, large flocks and herds Arcadia breeds;
"Messene, Argos numerous natives boast,
"And fair looks Corinth on the sea-beat coast:
"There nymphs unnumber'd bloom, a lovely race,
"Acknowledg'd beauties both of mind and face:
"There ye may gain the dames your fancies choose;
"No parents will the rich and brave refuse.
"For you the love of noble deeds inspires;
"Ye are the sons of honourable sires.
"Let us our nuptials undisturb'd pursue,
"And we'll unite to find fit brides for you."
'My words ne'er mov'd your unrelenting minds,
'The waves receiv'd them from the driving winds.
'Yet now, ev'n now your deeds let justice guide;
'We both are cousins by the father's side.
'But if mad rage impels you not to yield,
'And arms must fix the fortune of the field;
'Let Idas and brave Pollux both refrain
'From the fell combat on the lifted plain:
'And only I and Castor prove our might,
'By birth the youngest in decisive fight.

'Why ſhould we give our parents cauſe to grieve,
'And their fond arms of all their ſons bereave:
'Let ſome ſurvive our drooping friends to cheer,
'And mate the virgins whom they held ſo dear,
'The wiſe with prudence their diſſenſions ſtate,
'And leſſer ills conclude the great debate.'
Thus he, nor thus in vain; for on the ground
Pollux and Idas plac'd their arms around.
Lynceus firſt march'd undaunted to the field,
And ſhook his ſpear beneath his ample ſhield.
Caſtor to war his brandiſh'd lance addreſt;
And on each helmet wav'd the nodding creſt.
Firſt with their ſpears began the dreadful ſtrife,
Each chief explor'd the avenues of life.
But thus unhurt the battle they maintain'd,
Broke in their ſhields the ſpears ſharp points remain'd: [drew.
Then from their ſheaths their ſhining ſwords they
And fierce to fight the raging heroes flew:
On Lynceus' buckler Caſtor boldly preſt,
And his bright helmet with the triple creſt;
Lynceus, ſharp-ſighted, kept his foe at bay,
And ſtruck his helmet's purple plume away;
Who quick retreating all his art diſplay'd,
And lopt the hand that held the glittering blade:
Down dropt the ſword; to his ſire's tomb he flew,
Where Idas ſat the fatal fight to view:
Cloſe follow'd Caſtor, all his force apply'd,
And furious drove the faulchion in his ſide,
Outguſh'd his bowels through the gaping wound,
And vanquiſh'd Lynceus preſt the gory ground;
In dim, dark miſts the ſhades of death ariſe,
And in eternal ſlumber ſeal his eyes.
Nor was brave Idas by his mother led,
Laocooſſa to the nuptial bed:
For he, vindictive of fall'n Lynceus' doom,
Tore up a column from Aphareus' tomb,
Aiming at Caſtor, dreadfully he ſtood,
The bold avenger of his brother's blood;
Jove interpos'd, and with the forked brand
Quick ſtruck the poliſh'd marble from his hand;
He wreath'd convulſive, ſcorch'd on every ſide,
And in a peal of rattling thunder dy'd.
Thus ſhall the brothers be with conqueſt crown'd,
Brave of themſelves, and ſprung from chiefs renown'd.
Hail, Leda's valiant ſons! my muſe inſpire,
And ſtill preſerve the honour of my lyre.
Ye, and fair Helen, to all bards are dear,
With joy the names of thoſe bold chiefs they hear,
Who in the cauſe of Menelaus drew
Their conquering ſwords, proud Ilium to ſubdue.
Your praiſe, O kings, the Chian muſe recites
Troy's famous city, and the Phrygian fights,
He ſings the Grecian fleet renown'd afar,
And great Achilles, bulwark of the war.
I bring the tribute of a feebler lyre,
Sweet warbling what the rapturous nine inſpire,
The beſt I may; verſe to the gods belongs;
The gods delight in honorary ſongs.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXII. PART II.

Ver. 5. Ovid's account of this battle begins at verſe 700 of the 5th book of his Faſti; "Abſtulerant raptas Phœben," &c.

The ſons of Tyndarus, with conqueſt crown'd,
For boxing one, and one for ſteeds renown'd,
Had ſtol'n, injurious, as their lawful prey,
Leucippus' daughters from their mates away;
Lynceus and Idas claim ſuperior right,
Long ſince affianc'd, and prepare for fight.
Love urges both to combat on the plain,
Theſe to retake, the others to retain.
The brother-twins might well eſcape by ſpeed,
But held it baſe by flying to ſucceed.
All on an open plain the champions ſtood,
Aphidna nam'd, fit place for ſcenes of blood.
Caſtor by Lynceus' ſword receiv'd a wound
Deep in his ſide, and lifeleſs preſt the ground;
Avengeful Pollux, quick advancing near,
Through Lynceus' ſhoulders drove the forceful ſpear:
On him preſt Idas, but Jove's flaming brand
Daſh'd the pois'd javelin from his lifted hand.
F. F.

Ver. 16.

Quo, quo ſceleſti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enſes conditi? *Hor. Epode 7.*
Say, ye vile race, what phrenzy draws
Your darling faulchions in ſedition's cauſe?
Duncombe.

Ver. 33. Thus Æneas ſays,

Sunt aliæ innuptæ Latio & Laurentibus agris,
Nec genus indecores. *Æn. B. 12. 24.*

Ver. 38.

Turnus avis ataviſq. potens. *Æn. 7. 56.*

Ver. 47.

Teucrûm arma quieſcant
Et Rutilûm; noſtro dirimamus ſanguine bellum.
Æn. 12 78.

The celebrated ballad called Chevy Chace, has the ſame thought;

Let thou and I the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide, &c.

Ver. 51. Thus Niſus addreſſes Euryalus in the ſame ſenſe,

Neu matri miſeræ tanti ſim cauſa doloris.
Æn. 9. 216.

Why ſhould I cauſe thy mother's ſoul to know
Such heart-felt pangs! unutterable woe! *Pitt.*

Ver. 60. Thus Mezentius in Virgil,

At vero ingentum quatiens Mezentius haſtam
Ingreditur campo. *Æn. 10. 762.*

Ver. 63. In almoſt all heroic duels, the combatants firſt threw their ſpears, and then made uſe of their ſwords. Thus Hector and Achilles, Iliad, B. 20. and 22. Menelaus and Paris, B. 3. and the reſt of the heroes attack one another. *Potter.*

Ver. 64.

Partes rimatur apertas,
Quà vulnus lethale ferat. *Virg. Æn. B.* 11. 748.

Ver. 67.

Vaginâque cavâ fulgentem diripit enſem.
Æn. B. 10.

And from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew.
Pitt.

Ver. 71. Horace ſays,

Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus.
B. 1. *Ep.* 1.

Hence the proverb of Lyncean eyes: Pindar tells us, Lynceus could diſcover Caſtor and Pollux hid in the trunk of a tree from the top of mount Taygetus: nay, he had ſo piercing a ſight, that if we believe the poets, he could ſee what was doing in heaven and hell: the ground of the fable was, that he underſtood the ſecret powers of nature. Though it may admit of a doubt, whether this is the ſharp-ſighted Lynceus that attended the Argonautic expedition; from the poet's words, Ακριδης ομμασι Λυγκευς, I think it manifeſt that he was.

Ver. 72.

Summaſq. excuſſit vertice criſtas. *Æn.* 12. 492.

But the ſwift javelin ſtrikes his plume away.
Pitt.

Ver. 74.

Strymonio dextram fulgenti diripit enſe.
Æn. B. 10. 414.

The faulchion lops his hand.

Ver. 81.

Olli dura quies oculos, et ferreus urget
Somnus; in æternum clauduntur lumina noctem.
Æn. 10. 745.

Ver. 94.

Fortes Creantur fortibus. *Hor. B.* 4. *Ode* 4.

Ver. 99.

Quincunque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros.
Æn. 11. 255.

Ver. 101. I do not remember that Homer any where mentions Caſtor and Pollux, except in the third book of the Iliad, where the commemoration of them by their ſiſter Helen is finely introduced, and in the true ſpirit of poetry. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe the whole paſſage in the admirable tranſlation of Mr. Pope, becauſe I think it as beautiful and pathetic as almoſt any part of the whole work;

Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain;
Caſtor and Pollux, firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe:
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, and one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant Troy refuſe'd to ſail the ſeas:
Perhaps their ſword ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brother's doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore,
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.

As Theocritus both here and in the 7th Idyllium, ſtyles Homer the Chian Bard, Χιον Αοιδον, we have reaſon to conjecture, that Chios has the honour of being the place of his nativity: Simonides in his Epigram on Human Life, calls him the Man of Chios; for quoting a verſe of Homer, he ſays,

Εν δε το καλλιστον Χιος εειπεν ανηρ.

The Chians pleaded theſe ancient authorities for Homer's being born among them: they mention a race they had, called the Homeridæ, whom they accounted his poſterity; they caſt medals of him; they ſhow to this day an Homerium, or temple of Homer, near Boliſſus; and cloſe their arguments with a quotation from the hymn to Apollo (which is acknowledged for Homer's by Thucydides), where he calls himſelf, "The blind man that inhabits Chios." One cannot avoid being ſurpriſed at the prodigious veneration for his character, which could engage mankind with ſuch eagerneſs in a point ſo little eſſential; that kings ſhould ſend to oracles for the inquiry of his birth-place; that cities ſhould be in ſtrife about it; that whole lives of learned men ſhould be employed upon it; that ſome ſhould write treatiſes, others call up ſpirits about it: that thus, in ſhort, heaven, earth and hell, ſhould be ſought to, for the deciſion of a queſtion which terminates in curioſity only. Thus far Mr. Pope, in his Eſſay on Homer. Yet, though this point is not eſſential, and only matter of curioſity, we may obſerve, that theſe inquiries, diſputes, and contentions, plead ſtrongly in favour of the muſes, and ſet the character of a poet in the moſt eminent and exalted ſtation.

IDYLLIUM XXIII.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

THE ARGUMENT.

An unhappy lover, deſpairing to gain the affections of his miſtreſs, by whom he is deſpiſed, makes away with himſelf: the cruel fair is ſoon after killed by the image of Cupid, that fell upon her as ſhe was bathing.

An amorous ſhepherd lov'd a cruel fair;
The haughty beauty plung'd him in deſpair:
She loth'd the ſwain, nor aught her breaſt could move
She ſcorn'd the lover, and the god of love;

Nor knew the puiſſance of his bow and darts,
To tame the ſtubborneſs of human hearts.
With cold diſdain ſhe griev'd the ſhepherd ſore,
The more he ſigh'd, ſhe ſcorn'd him ſtill the more.
No ſolace ſhe afforded, no ſoft look,
Nor e'er the words of ſweet compaſſion ſpoke:
Her eye, her cheek, ne'er glow'd her flame to prove,
No kiſs ſhe gave, the lenient balm of love:
But as a lion, on the deſert plain,
With ſavage pleaſure views the hunter train;
Thus in her ſcorn ſevere delight ſhe took;
Her words, her eyes, were fierce, and death was in her look.
She look'd her ſoul; her face was pal'd with ire;
Yet ſhe was fair; her frowns but rais'd deſire.
At length, he could no more, but ſought relief
From tears, the dumb petitioners of grief;
Before her gate he wept, with haggard look,
And, kiſſing the bare threſhold, thus he ſpoke:
'Ah, ſavage fair, whom no entreaties move!
'Hard heart of ſtone, unworthy of my love!
'Accept this cord, 'tis now in vain to live,
'This friendly gift, the laſt that I ſhall give;
'I go where doom'd; my love, my life are o'er,
'No more I grieve, and you are teaz'd no more;
'I go the laſt kind remedy to prove,
'And drink below oblivion to my love.
'But, ah! what draughts my fierce deſires can tame,
'Or quench the raging fury of my flame? [doors!
'Adieu, ye doors! eternally adieu!
'I ſee the future, and I know it true.
'Fragrant the roſe, but ſoon it fades away;
'The violet ſweet, but quickly will decay;
'The lily fair a tranſient beauty wears;
'And the white ſnow ſoon weeps away in tears:
'Such is the bloom of beauty, cropt by time,
'Full ſoon it fades, and withers in its prime.
'The days will come when your hard heart ſhall burn
'In ſcorching flames, yet meet no kind return.
'Yet grant this boon, the laſt that I implore:
'When you ſhall ſee, ſuſpended at your door,
'This wretched corſe, paſs not unheeding by,
'But let the tear of ſorrow dim your eye:
'Then looſe the fatal cord, and from your breaſt
'Lend the light robe, and ſcreen me with your veſt:
'Imprint one kiſs when my ſad ſoul is fled;
'Ah, grudge not thus to gratify the dead!
'Fear not---your kiſſes cannot life reſtore:
'Though you relent, yet I ſhall wake no more.
'And laſt, a decent monument prepare,
'And bury with my love my body there;
'And thrice repeat, "Here reſts my friend his head;"
'Or rather add, "My deareſt lover's dead."
'With this inſcription be the ſtone ſupplied;
"By Cupid's dart this hapleſs ſhepherd dy'd:
"Ah! paſſenger, a little moment ſpare
"To ſtop, and ſay, He lov'd a cruel fair."
This ſaid, he tries againſt the wall to ſhove
A mighty ſtone, and to a beam above
Suſpends the cord, impatient of delay,
Fits the dire nooſe, and ſpurns the ſtone away;
Quivering in air he hung, till welcome death
Securely clos'd the avenues of breath.
The fair one, when the pendant ſwain ſhe ſaw,
Nor pity felt, nor reverential awe;
But as ſhe paſs'd, for not a tear ſhe ſhed,
Her garments were polluted by the dead.
Then to the circus, where the wreſtlers fought,
Or the more pleaſing bath of love ſhe ſought:
High on a marble pedeſtal above,
Frown'd the dread image of the god of love,
Aiming in wrath the meditated blow,
Then fell revengeful on the nymph below;
With the pure fountain mix'd her purple blood---
Theſe words were heard emerging from the flood:
"Lovers, farewell; nor your admirers ſlight;
"Reſign'd I die, for Heav'n pronounces right."

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXIII.

The argument of this Idyllium is ſimilar to the argument of Virgil's ſecond eclogue, though this is more tragical: I have taken the liberty to make a general tranſformation, which renders it a thouſand times more natural, decent, and gallant.

Ver. 1.

Formoſum paſtor Corydon ardebat Alexim.
Virg. Ec. 2.

Young Corydon with hopeleſs love ador'd
The fair Alexis, favourite of his lord. *Warton.*

Ver. 7. Ovid ſays of Anaxareté,

Spernit et irridet; factiſque immitibus addit
Verba ſuperba ferox; et ſpe quoque fraudat amantem. *Met. B.* 14. 714.

Ver. 16. The Greek is, Ειχεν αναγκαν, or, as Heinſius more plauſibly reads, Ειδεν αναγκαν, "ſhe looked neceſſity," that is, death or fate; thus Horace has,

Scmotique priûs tarda neceſſitas
Lethi corripuit gradum. *B.* 1. *O.* 3.

And, Te ſemper anteit ſæva neceſſitas. *B.* 1 *O.* 35.

Which elegant uſe of the word *neceſſitas* he has taken from the Grecians: Pindar has, εχθρα αναγκα: and Euripides, δεινη αναγκη, which is exactly the *dira neceſſitas* of Horace, B. 3. O. 24.

Ver. 21. Thus Ovid, ſpeaking of Iphis,

Non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis, et ante fores hæc verba noviſſima dixit.
Met. B. 14.

Ver. 30. Virgil ſays of ſouls that endure tranſmigration,

Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant. *Æn. B.* 6.

To yon dark ſtreams the gliding ghoſts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.
Pitt.

Ver. 34.
Haud ignara futuri. *Virg. Æn.* 4. 50.

Ver. 36. Thus Ovid, in his Art of Love,
Nec violæ ſemper nec hiantia lilia florent,
Et riget amiſſâ ſpina relicta roſâ. *E.* 2. 115.

Ver. 39. Thus Horace,
Fugit retrò
Levis juventas et decor. *B.* 2. *O.* 11.

Ver. 46.
Debitâ ſparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici. *Hor. B.* 2. *O.* 6.

Ver. 53. Thus Virgil,
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen. *Ec.* 5.
With grateful hands his monument erect,
And be the ſtone with this inſcription deck'd.
Warton.

Ver. 55. Of the inclamation at the tomb, Æneas thus tells Deïphobus,
Magnâ Manes ter voce vocavi. *Æn.* 6. 506.

Ver. 61. The fate of Iſis in Ovid is very ſimilar,
Dixit, et ad poſtes, &c. *Met. B.* 14.
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreathes, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe,
For death prepares, and bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life and love.
Garth.

Ver. 79. Moſchus, Idyl. 6. has nearly the ſame thought. Ταυτα λεγω πασιν, κ. τ. λ.
Ye ſcornful nymphs and ſwains, I tell
This truth to you; pray mark it well:
" If to your lovers kind you prove,
" You'll gain the hearts of thoſe you love." *F. F.*

The fate of this ſcornful beauty is ſimilar to that of a youth who was killed by the ſtatue of his ſtepmother falling upon him. See Callimachus, Epig. 11. thus tranſlated by Mr. Duncombe.
A youth, who thought his father's wife
Had loſt her malice with her life,
Officious with a chaplet grac'd
The ſtatue on her tomb-ſtone plac'd;
When, falling ſudden on his head,
With the dire blow it ſtruck him dead:
Be warn'd from hence, each foſter-ſon,
Your ſtepdame's ſepulchre to ſhun.

IDYLLIUM XXIV.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Idyllium is entirely narrative: it firſt of all gives an account how Hercules, when only ten months old, ſlew two monſtrous ſerpents which Juno had ſent to devour him; then it relates the prophecy of Tireſias, and afterwards deſcribes the education of Hercules, and enumerates his ſeveral preceptors. The concluſion of this poem is loſt.

Waſh'd with pure water, and with milk well fed,
To pleaſing reſt her ſons Alcmena led,
Alcides, ten months old, yet arm'd with might,
And twin Iphiclus, younger by a night:
On a broad ſhield, of fine braſs metal made,
The careful queen her royal offſpring laid;
(The ſhield from Pterilus Amphitryon won
In fight, a noble cradle for his ſon!)
Fondly the babes ſhe view'd, and on each head
She plac'd her tender hands, and thus ſhe ſaid:
" Sleep, gentle babes, and ſweetly take your reſt,
" Sleep, deareſt twins, with ſofteſt ſlumbers bleſt;
" Securely paſs the tedious night away,
" And riſe refreſh'd with the fair riſing day."
She ſpoke, and gently rock'd the mighty ſhield;
Obſequious ſlumbers ſoon their eye-lids ſeal'd.
But when at midnight ſunk the bright-ey'd Bear,
And broad Orion's ſhoulder 'gan appear,
Stern Juno, urg'd by unrelenting hate,
Sent two fell ſerpents to Amphitryon's gate,
Charg'd with ſevere commiſſion to deſtroy
The young Alcides, Jove-begotten boy:
Horrid and huge, with many an azure fold,
Fierce through the portal's opening valves they roll'd;
Then on their bellies prone, high ſwoln with gore,
They glided ſmooth along the marble floor;
Their fiery eye-balls darted ſanguine flame,
And from their jaws deſtructive poiſon came.
Alcmena's ſons, when near the ſerpents preſt,
Darting their forked tongues, awoke from reſt;
All o'er the chamber ſhone a ſudden light,
For all is clear to Jove's diſcerning ſight.
When on the ſhield his foes Iphiclus ſaw,
And their dire fangs that arm'd each horrid jaw;
Aghaſt he rais'd his voice with bitter cry,
Threw off the covering, and prepar'd to fly:
But Hercules ſtretch'd out his hands to claſp
The ſcaly monſters in his iron graſp;
Faſt in each hand the venom'd jaws he preſt
Of the curſt ſerpents, which ev'n gods deteſt.
Their circling ſpires, in many a dreadful fold,
Around the ſlow-begotten babe they roll'd,
The babe unwean'd, yet ignorant of fear,
Who never utter'd cry, nor ſhed a tear.
At length their curls they loos'd, for rack'd with pain
They ſtrove to 'ſcape the deathful gripe in vain.
Alcmena firſt o'erheard the mournful cries,
And to her huſband thus: " Amphitryon, riſe;

" Diſtreſsful fears my boding ſoul diſmay;
" This inſtant riſe, nor for thy ſandals ſtay:
" Hark, how for help the young Iphiclus calls!
" A ſudden ſplendour, lo! illumes the walls!
" Though yet the ſhades of night obſcure the ſkies;
" Some dire diſaſter threats: Amphitryon, riſe."
She ſpoke: the prince, obedient to her word,
Roſe from the bed, and ſeiz'd his rich-wrought ſword,
Which, on a glittering nail above his head,
Hung by the baldric to the cedar bed;
Then from the radiant ſheath, of lotos made,
With ready hand he drew the ſhining blade:
Inſtant the light withdrew, and ſudden gloom
Involv'd again the wide-extended room.
Amphitryon call'd his train, that ſlumbering lay,
And ſlept ſecure the careleſs hours away.
" Riſe, riſe, my ſervants, from your couches ſtrait,
" Bring lights this inſtant, and unbar the gate."
He ſpoke: the train, obedient to command,
Appear'd with each a flambeau in his hand:
Rapt with amaze, young Hercules they ſaw
Graſp two fell ſerpents cloſe beneath the jaw:
The mighty infant ſhow'd them to his ſire,
And ſmil'd to ſee the wreathing ſnakes expire;
He leapt for joy that thus his foes he ſlew,
And at his father's feet the ſcaly monſters threw.
With tender care Alcmena fondly preſt,
Half-dead with fear, Iphiclus to her breaſt;
While o'er his mighty ſon Amphitryon ſpread
The lamb's ſoft fleece, and ſought again his bed.
When thrice the cock pronounc'd the morning near,
Alcmena call'd the truth-proclaiming ſeer,
Divine Tireſias; and to him ſhe told
This ſtrange event, and urg'd him to unfold
Whate'er the adverſe deities ordain:
' Fear not,' ſhe cried, ' but fate's whole will ex-
' For well thou know'ſt, O! venerable ſeer,
' Thoſe ills which fate determines, man muſt
' bear.'
She ſpoke: the holy augur thus reply'd:
" Hail, mighty queen, to Perſeus near ally'd;
" Parent of godlike chiefs: by theſe dear eyes,
" Which never more ſhall view the morning
" riſe,
" Full many Grecian maids, for charms renown'd,
" While merrily they twirl the ſpindle round,
" Till day's decline thy praiſes ſhall proclaim,
" And Grecian matrons celebrate thy fame.
" So great, ſo noble will thy offſpring prove,
" The moſt gigantic of the gods above,
" Whoſe arm, endow'd with more than mortal
" Shall many men and many monſters ſlay:
" Twelve labours paſt, he ſhall to heav'n aſpire,
" His mortal part firſt purified by fire,
" And ſon-in-law be nam'd of that dread power
" Who ſent theſe deadly ſerpents to devour
" The ſlumbering child: then wolves ſhall rove
" the lawns,
" And ſtrike no terror in the paſturing fawns.
" But, O great queen! be this thy inſtant care,
" On the broad hearth dry faggots to prepare,
" Aſpalathus, or prickly brambles, bind,
" Or the tall thorn that trembles in the wind,
" And at dark midnight burn (what time they
" came
" To ſlay thy ſon) the ſerpents in the flame.
" Next morn, collected by thy faithful maid,
" Be all the aſhes to the flood convey'd,
" And blown on rough rocks by the favouring
" Thence let her fly, but caſt no look behind.
" Next with pure ſulphur purge the houſe, and
" bring
" The pureſt water from the freſheſt ſpring;
" This, mix'd with ſalt, and with green olive
" crown'd,
" Will cleanſe the late contaminated ground.
" Laſt, let a boar on Jove's high altar bleed,
" That ye in all atchievements may ſucceed."
Thus ſpoke Tireſias, bending low with age,
And to his ivory car retir'd the reverend ſage,
Alcides grew beneath his mother's care,
Like ſome young plant, luxuriant, freſh, and fair,
That ſcreen'd from ſtorms defies the baleful blaſt,
And for Amphitryon's valiant ſon he paſt.
Linus, who claim'd Apollo for his ſire,
With love of letters did his youth inſpire,
And ſtrove his great ideas to enlarge,
A friendly tutor, faithful to his charge.
From Eurytus his ſkill in ſhooting came,
To ſend the ſhaft unerring of its aim.
Eumolpus tun'd his manly voice to ſing,
And call ſweet muſic from the ſpeaking ſtring.
In liſted fields to wreſtle with his foe,
With iron arm to deal the deathful blow,
And each atchievement where fair fame is ſought,
Harpalycus, the ſon of Hermes, taught;
Whoſe look ſo grim and terrible in fight,
No man could bear the formidable ſight.
But fond Amphitryon, with a father's care,
To drive the chariot taught his godlike heir,
At the ſharp turn with rapid wheels to roll,
Nor break the grazing axle on the goal:
On Argive plains, for generous ſteeds renown'd,
Oft was the chief with race-won honours crown'd;
And ſtill unbroke his ancient chariot lay,
Though cankering time had eat the reins away.
To launch the ſpear, to ruſh upon the foe,
Beneath the ſhield to ſhun the faulchion's blow,
To marſhal hoſts, oppoſing force to force,
To lay cloſe ambuſh, and lead on the horſe,
Theſe Caſtor taught him, of equeſtrian fame,
What time to Argos exil'd Tydeus came,
Where from Adraſtus he high favour gain'd,
And o'er a kingdom, rich in vineyards, reign'd.
No chief like Caſtor, till conſuming time
Unnerv'd his youth, and crop'd the golden prime.
Thus Hercules, his mother's joy and pride,
Was train'd up like a warrior: by the ſide
Of his great father's his rough couch was ſpread,
A lion's ſpoils compos'd his grateful bed.
Roaſt meat he lov'd at ſupper to partake,
The bread he fancied was the Doric cake,
Enough to ſatisfy the labouring hind;
But ſtill at noon full ſparingly he din'd.
His dreſs, contriv'd for uſe, was neat and plain;
His ſkirts were ſcanty, for he wore no train.

The concluſion of this Idyllium is wanting in the original.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXIV.

Ver. 7. Virgil says nearly the same thing of the coat of mail which was taken from Demoleus,

Loricam quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse
Victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto.
Æn. B. 5. 260.

By observing the use this shield is put to, we have an agreeable picture presented to the mind: it is an emblem of the peace and tranquillity which always succeed the tumults of war; and likewise a prognostic of the future greatness of this mighty champion in embryo.

Ver. 19. Pindar, in his first Nemæan Ode, tells this same story, which, as it may be a satisfaction to the curious to see how different writers manage the same subject, I shall take the liberty to give in Mr. West's translation.

Then glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned empress of the gods,
Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
They through the opening valves with speed
On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now, in knotty mazes to infold
Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
His dauntless brow, when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd.
Fast by their azure necks he held,
And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcases expell'd,
At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.

Ver. 27. The Greek is, *απ' οφθαλμων δε κακον πυρ Ερχομενοις λαμπτισκε*; "a pernicious flame shot from their eyes as they approached:" Pierson, (see his Versimilia) reads with much more elegance and propriety *Δερχομενοις*, "looking very keenly," as the eyes of serpents are always represented: Hesiod, speaking of dragons, uses the same word twice, *εκ κεφαλων πυρ καιεσθο δερκομενοις*. Theog. ver. 828. and in the shield of Hercules, ver. 145, *λαμπομενοισι δεδορκως*. He brings likewise the authorities of Homer, Æschylus and Oppian, to support this reading. Virgil has,

Ardentesq; oculi suffecti sanguine et igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.
Æn. B. 2. 210.

Ver. 41. Thus Virgil, speaking of the serpents that devoured Laocoon's sons,

——Parva duorum
Corpora natorum, &c.
Æn. B. 2. 213.

And first in curling fiery volumes bound
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round. *Pitt.*

Ver. 64. The Greek is, *υπνον βαθυν εκφυσωντας*, similar to what Virgil says of Rhamnes, Æn. 9. 326.

——In slumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.

Ver. 75. Thus Virgil,
Et trepidæ matres prestere ad pectora natos.
Æn. B. 7. 518.

Ver. 84. Thus Achilles says to Calchas, Il. B. 1.

From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul. *Pope.*

Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth:
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

Ver. 96. The words of Theocritus are *απο φειονω πλατυς ηρως*, "the broad-breasted hero;" I am in doubt how it should be rendered: Creech has translated it, "The noblest burden of the bending sky." In Homer's Odyssey, B. 11. Hercules is thus represented among the shades below,

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould;
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods. *Pope*

On which Mr. Pope observes, 'The ancients imagined, that immediately after death, there was 'a partition of the human composition into three 'parts, the *body*, *image*, and *mind*; the *body* is hu'ried in the earth; the *image*, or *ειδωλον*, descends 'into the regions of the departed; the *mind*, or '*φρην*, the divine part, is received into heaven; 'thus the body of Hercules was consumed in the 'flames, his image is in hell, and his soul in 'heaven.'

Ver. 100. The Greek is, *θνητα δε παντα πυρα Τραχινιος εξει*, "The Trachinian pyre will consume his mortal part." Trachin was a city of Thessaly built by Hercules, and the place to which he sent to Dejanira for the shirt which proved fatal to him, and was the occasion of throwing himself into the fire that consumed him; hence therefore, probably, Theocritus calls it the Trachinian pyre.

Ver. 103. Virgil has, "Nec lupus insidias pecori," &c. Both authors seem to have borrowed from Isaiah, chap. ii. ver. 6. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid."

Ver. 105. Archbishop Potter observes, 'Some'times the ominous thing was burnt with *ligna* '*infelicia*, that is, such sort of wood as was in '*tutelâ inferûm deorum avertentiumque*, sacred to the 'gods of hell, and those which averted evil omens, 'being chiefly thorns and such other trees as 'were fit for no other use than to be burned.

'Sometimes the prodigy, when burnt, was cast 'into the water, and particularly into the sea, 'as Theocritus has described.' Chap. xvii.

Ver. 107. A plant called the Rose of Jerusalem, or our Lady's Thorn. *Johnson's Dict.*

The Greek is παλιουρος, "paliuros," which Martyn says, is most probably the plant which is cultivated in our gardens under the name of Christ's Thorn, and is supposed to be the thorn, of which the crown was made, that was put upon our Saviour's head. Notes on Virg. Ecl. 5.

Ver. 108. The Greek is η ανεμῳ δεδονημενον ἀυον αχερδον, "or the dry acherdus which is agitated by the wind:" it is uncertain what plant will answer to the acherdus of the ancients: Homer in the Odyssey, B. 14. ver. 10. has fenced the sylvan lodge of Eumœus with acherdus, Και εθριγκωσεν ἀχερδῳ,

The wall was stone, from neighb'ring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn. *Pope.*

Ver. 111. The most powerful of all incantations was to throw the ashes of the sacrifice backward into the water. Thus Virgil, "Fer cineres, Amarylli, foras; rivoq; fluenti."

Transque caput jace; ne respexeris. *Ecl.* 8.

Ver. 124. Theocritus has borrowed this from Homer, Il. B. 18. Thetis, speaking of her son, says,

Τον μεν εγω θρεψασα, φυτον ως γουνῳ αλωης.

Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land. *Pope.*

Ver. 140. Virgil says of Dares,

——Nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum, manibusq; inducere cæstus. *Æn. B.* 5.

Ver. 144. In the chariot-race, the greatest care was to be taken to avoid running against the goal; Nestor, in the 23d book of the Iliad, very particularly cautions his son in regard to this point; and Horace says,

——Metaque servidis Evitata rotis. *Ode* 1.

Ver. 154. The Greek is,

Καστορ ιππαλιδας εδαεν, φυγας Αργεος ελθων,
Οπποκα κλαρον απαντα και οινοπεδον μεγα Τυδευς
Ναιε, παρ Αδραστοιο λαβων ιππηλατον Αργος.

"These accomplishments Castor, skilled in horsemanship, taught him, when he came an exile from Argos, at the time that Tydeus ruled over the whole kingdom famed for vineyards, having received Argos from Adrastus. There is great inconsistency in this passage, which nobody, that I know of, has observed or tried to remedy: we have no account in history, that Castor came a fugitive to Argos, but that Tydeus did, we have indisputable authority. See Homer's Il. B. 14. ver. 119. Diomed says of his father, πατηρ δ' ελος Αργει νασθη, κ. τ. λ.

——— My sire: from Calydon expell'd
He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd),
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd:
There rich in fortune's gifts his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field. *Pope.*

On which Eustathius observes; "This is a very "artful colour: Diomed calls the flight of his "father, for killing one of his brothers, *travelling* "*and dwelling* at Argos, without mentioning the "cause or occasion of his retreat." Might I venture to offer an emendation, I would read, φυγας Αργει ελθων, and then the construction might be, "Castor taught him these accomplishments at the time that Tydeus reigned over the kingdom of Argos, whither he had fled an exile, having received the sovereignty from Adrastus." Thus the passage becomes correspondent with Homer, with good sense and history; for Tydeus fled from Calydonia to Argos for manslaughter, where he married Deipyle, the daughter of Adrastus, and it should seem by this passage, afterwards succeeded him in the kingdom.

Ver. 164. A coarse bread like those cakes which the Athenians called πελανοι.

IDYLLIUM XXV.

HERCULES THE LION-SLAYER.

THE ARGUMENT.

HERCULES having occasion to wait upon Augéas king of Elis, meets with an old herdsman, by whom he is introduced to the king, who, with his son Phyleus, had come into the country to take a view of his numerous herds: afterwards Hercules and Phyleus walk together to the city; in the way, the prince admiring the monstrous lion's skin which Hercules wore, takes occasion to inquire where he had it; this introduces an account how Hercules slew the Nemæan lion.

The beginning is wanting.

THE good old herdsman laid his work aside,
And thus complacent to the chief reply'd;
'Whate'er you ask, O stranger, I'll impart,
'Whate'er you wish, and with a cheerful heart;
'For much I venerate the son of May,
'Who stands rever'd in every public way;

'Thoſe moſt he hates of all the gods on high
'Who the lone traveller's requeſt deny.
'The numerous flocks your eyes behold around,
'With which the vales are ſtor'd, the hills are
'crown'd,
'Augeas owns; o'er various walks they ſpread,
'In different meads, in different paſtures fed;
'Some on the banks of Eliſuntus ſtray,
'Some where divine Alphëus winds his way,
'Some in Bupraſium, where rich wines abound,
'And ſome in this well-cultivated ground.
'And though exceeding many flocks are told,
'Each ſeparate flock enjoys a ſeparate fold.
'Here, though of oxen numerous herds are ſeen,
'Yet ſprings the herbage ever freſh and green
'In the moiſt marſh of Menius: every mead,
'And vale irriguous, where the cattle feed,
'Produce ſweet herbs, embalm'd in dewy tears,
'Whoſe fragrant virtue fattens well the ſteers.
'Behold that ſtall beyond the winding flood,
'Which to the right appears by yonder wood,
'Where the wild olive, and perennial plane,
'Grow, ſpread, and flouriſh, great Apollo's fane,
'To which the hinds, to which the ſhepherds bow,
'And deem him greateſt deity below!
'Next are the ſtalls of ſwains, whoſe labours bring
'Abundant riches to the wealthy king;
'Four times each year the fertile ſoil they plough,
'And gather thrice the harveſts which they ſow;
'The lab'ring hinds, whoſe hands the vineyards
'dreſs,
'Whoſe feet the grapes in purple autumn preſs,
'Know well the vaſt domain Augéas owns,
'Rich fields, whoſe lap the golden ear imbrowns,
'Or ſhaded gardens, far as yonder hills,
'Whoſe brows are water'd by reſplendent rills;
'This ſpacious tract we tend with daily care,
'As fits thoſe ſwains who rural labours ſhare.
'But ſay (and all my ſervice you ſhall claim),
'Say for what cauſe you here a ſtranger came:
'Would you the king or his attendants ſee?
'I can conduct you; only truſt to me.
'For ſuch your form, and ſuch your manly grace,
'You ſeem deriv'd from no ignoble race:
'Sure thus the gods, that boaſt celeſtial birth,
'Appear majeſtic to the ſons of earth.'
He ſpoke: and thus Jove's valiant ſon reply'd:
'My wandering ſteps let ſome kind ſhepherd
'guide
'To king Augéas, whom theſe realms obey;
'To ſee Augéas am I come this way.
'But if fair juſtice the good monarch draws
'To Elis, to adminiſter the laws,
'Conduct me to ſome honourable ſwain,
'Who here preſides among his rural train,
'That I to him my purpoſe may diſcloſe,
'And follow what his prudence ſhall propoſe:
'For heaven's eternal wiſdom has decreed,
'That man of man ſhould ever ſtand in need.'
Thus he: the good old herdſman thus reply'd:
'Sure ſome immortal being is your guide:
'For lo! your buſineſs is already done;
'Laſt night the king, deſcendant of the ſun,
'With royal Phyleus, from the town withdrew,
'His flocks unnumber'd, and his herds to view.
'Thus when great kings their own concerns ex-
'plore,
'By wiſe attention they augment their ſtore.
'But let me quick, for time is on the wing,
'In yonder tent conduct you to the king.'
This ſaid, he walk'd before his royal gueſt,
Much wondering, much revolving in his breaſt,
When at his back the lion's ſpoils he ſaw,
And in his hand the club infuſing awe.
He wiſh'd to aſk the hero whence he ſprung?
The riſing query dy'd upon his tongue:
He fear'd the freedom might be deem'd a fault:
'Tis difficult to know another's thought.
The watchful dogs, as near the ſtalls they went,
Perceiv'd their coming by their tread and ſcent,
With open mouths from every part they run,
And bay'd inceſſant great Amphitryon's ſon;
But round the ſwain they wagg'd their tales and
play'd,
And gently whining ſecret joy betray'd.
Looſe on the ground the ſtones that ready lay
Eager he ſnatch'd, he drives them far away;
With his rough voice he terrified them all,
Though pleas'd to find them guardians of his ſtall.
'Ye gods! (the good old herdſman thus began)
'What uſeful animals are dogs to man?
'Had Heav'n but ſent intelligence to know
'On whom to rage, the friendly or the foe,
'No creature then could challenge honour more,
'But now too furious, and too fierce they roar.'
He ſpoke; the growling maſtiffs ceas'd to bay,
And ſtole obſequious to their ſtalls away.
The ſun now weſtward drove his radiant ſteeds,
And evening mild the noontide heat ſucceeds;
His orb declining from the paſtures calls
Sheep to their folds, and oxen to their ſtalls.
Herd following herd, it joy'd the chief to ſee
Unnumber'd cattle winding o'er the lea.
Like watery clouds ariſing thick in heaven,
By the rough ſouth or Thracian Boreas driven;
So faſt the ſhadowy vapours mount on high,
They cover all the region of the ſky;
Still more and more the gathering tempeſt brings,
And weightier burdens on its weary wings.
Thus thickening march the cattle o'er the plain,
More than the roads or meadows can contain;
The luſty herds inceſſant bellowing keep,
The ſtalls are fill'd with ſteers, the folds with
ſheep.
Though numerous ſlaves ſtand round of every kind,
All have their ſeveral offices aſſign'd.
Some tie the cow's hind legs, to make her ſtand
Still, and obedient to the milker's hand:
Some give to tender calves the ſwelling teat,
Their ſides diſtend with milky beverage ſweet.
Some form fat cheeſes with the houſewife's art,
Some drive the heifers from the bulls apart.
Augéas viſited the ſtalls around,
To ſee what ſtores in herds and flocks abound;
With curious eye he mov'd majeſtic on,
Join'd by Alcides and his royal ſon.
Here Hercules, of great and ſteady ſoul,
Whom mean amazement never could controul,
Admir'd ſuch droves in myriads to behold,
Such ſpreading flocks that never could be told.

Not one king's wealth he thought them, nor of ten,
Though greateſt of the rulers over men:
The ſun his ſire this privilege aſſign'd, [kind;
To be in flocks and herds more rich than all man-
Theſe ſtill increas'd; no plague e'er render'd vain
The gainful labour of the ſhepherd ſwain;
Year following year his induſtry was bleſt, [beſt.
More calves were rear'd, and ſtill the laſt were
No cows e'er caſt their young, or e'er declin'd,
The calves were chiefly of the female kind.
With theſe three hundred bulls, a comely ſight,
Whoſe horns were crooked, and whoſe legs were white;
And twice an hundred of bright gloſſy red,
By whom the buſineſs of increaſe was ſped:
But twelve, the flower of all, exulting run
In the green paſtures, ſacred to the ſun;
The ſtately ſwan was not ſo ſilver white,
And in the meads they took ineffable delight:
Theſe, when gaunt lions from the mountain's brow
Deſcend terrific on the herds below,
Ruſh to the war, the ſavage foe they gore,
Their eyes look death, and horribly they roar.
But moſt majeſtic theſe bold bulls among
Stalk'd Phaëton, the ſturdy and the ſtrong;
So radiant, ſo refulgent from afar,
The ſhepherd-ſwains compar'd him to a ſtar.
When round the ſhoulders of the chief he ſpy'd,
Alarming ſight! the lion's tawny hide,
Full at his flank he aim'd his iron head,
And proudly doom'd the matchleſs hero dead:
But watchful Hercules, devoid of fear,
Seiz'd his left horn, and ſtopp'd his mad career;
Prone to the earth his ſtubborn neck he preſt,
Then writh'd him round, and bruis'd his ample cheſt,
At one bold puſh exerted all his ſtrength,
And high in air upheld him at arm's length.
Through all the wondering train amazement ran,
Silent they gaz'd, and thought him more than man.
Phyleus and Hercules (the day far ſpent)
Left the rich paſtures, and to Elis went:
The footpath firſt, which tow'rd the city lay,
Led from the ſtalls, but narrow was the way:
Through vineyards next it paſt, and gloomy glades,
Hard to diſtinguiſh in the greenwood ſhades.
The devious way as noble Phyleus led,
To his right ſhoulder he inclin'd his head,
And ſlowly marching through the verdant grove,
Thus mild beſpoke the progeny of Jove:

'By your laſt bold atchievement it appears,
'Great chief, your fame long ſince has reach'd my ears,
'For here arriv'd a youthful Argive ſwain,
'From Helicé that borders on the main,
'Who for a truth among th' Epëans told,
'That late he ſaw a Grecian, brave and bold,
'Slay a fell lion, fell to huſbandmen,
'That in the Nemean foreſt made his den:
'Whether the chief from ſacred Argos came,
'Or proud Mycené, or Tirynthé claim
'His birth, I heard not: yet he trac'd his line,
'If true my tale, from Perſeus the divine.
'No Greek but you could ſuch a toil ſuſtain;
'I reaſon from that mighty monſter ſlain.
'A perilous encounter! whoſe rough hide
'Protects your ſhoulders, and adorns your ſide.
'Say then, if you are he, the Grecian bold,
'Of whom the Argive's wond'rous tale was told:
'Say, what dread weapon drunk the monſter's blood,
'And how he wander'd to the Nemean wood,
'For not in Greece ſuch ſavages are found,
'No beaſts thus huge infeſt Achaian ground;
'She breeds the ravenous wolf, the bear, the boar,
'Pernicious monſters! but ſhe breeds no more.
'Some wonder'd at accounts ſo ſtrange and new,
'Thought the Greek boaſtful, and his tale untrue.'

Thus Phyleus ſpoke, and as the path grew wide,
He walk'd attentive by the hero's ſide,
To hear diſtinct the toil-ſuſtaining man,
Who thus, obſequious to the prince, began:

"Son of Augéus, what of me you heard
"Is ſtrictly true, nor has the ſtranger err'd.
"But ſince you wiſh to know, my tongue ſhall tell,
"From whence the monſter came, and how he fell
"Though many Greeks have mention'd this affair
"None can the truth with certainty declare.
"'Tis thought ſome god, by vengeful angerſway'd,
"Sent this for a plague for ſacrifice unpaid,
"To puniſh the Phoroneans: like a flood
"He delug'd the Piſæan fields with blood:
"The Bembinæans, miſerable men,
"Felt his chief rage, the neighbours to his den.
"The hardy taſk, this hideous beaſt to kill,
"Euryſtheus firſt enjoin'd me to fulfil,
"But hop'd me ſlain: on the bold conflict bent,
"Arm'd to the field with bow and darts I went,
"A ſolid club, of rude wild olive made,
"Rough in his rugged rind my right hand ſway'd:
"On Helicon's fair hill the tree I found,
"And with the roots I wrench'd it from the ground.
"When the cloſe covert I approach'd, where lay
"The lordly lion lurking for his prey,
"I bent my bow, firm fix'd the ſtring, and ſtrait
"Notch'd on the nerve the meſſenger of fate:
"Then circumſpect I pry'd with curious eye,
"Firſt, unobſerv'd, the ravenous beaſt to ſpy.
"Now mid-day reign'd; I neither could explore
"His paw's broad print, nor hear his hideous roar;
"Nor labouring ruſtic find, nor ſhepherd ſwain,
"Nor cowherd tending cattle on the plain,
"To point the lion's lair: fear chill'd them all,
"And kept the herds and herdſmen in the ſtall.
"I ſearch'd the groves and ſaw my foe at length;
"Then was the moment to exert my ſtrength.
"Long ere dim evening cloſ'd, he ſought his den,
"Gorg'd with the fleſh of cattle and of men:
"With ſlaughter ſtain'd his ſqualid mane appear'd,
"Stern was his face, his cheſt with blood beſmear'd,
"And with his pliant tongue he lick'd his gory beard.
"Mid ſhady ſhrubs I hide myſelf with care,
"Expecting he might iſſue from his lair,

" Full at his flank I ſent a ſhaft, in vain,
" The harmleſs ſhaft rebounded on the plain.
" Stunn'd at the ſhock, from earth the ſavage
" rais'd
" His tawny head, and all around him gaz'd:
" Wondering from whence the feather'd ven-
" geance flew,
" He gnaſh'd his horrid teeth, tremendous to the
" view.
" Vex'd that the firſt had unavailing fled,
" A ſecond arrow from the nerve I ſped:
" In his broad cheſt, the manſion of his heart,
" I launch'd the ſhaft with ineffectual art;
" His hair, his hide the feather'd death repel;
" Before his feet it innocently fell.
" Enrag'd, once more, I try'd my bow to draw,
" Then firſt his foe the furious monſter ſaw:
" He laſh'd his ſturdy ſides with ſtern delight,
" And riſing in his rage prepar'd for fight.
" With inſtant ire his main erected grew,
" His hair look'd horrid, of a brindled hue;
" Circling his back, he ſeem'd in act to bound,
" And like a bow he bent his body round:
" As when the fig-tree ſkilful wheelers take,
" For rolling chariots rapid wheels to make;
" The ſellies firſt, in fires that gently glow,
" Gradual they heat, and like a circle bow;
" Awhile in curves the pliant timber ſtands,
" Then ſprings at once elaſtic from their hands.
" On me thus from afar, his foe to wound,
" Sprung the fell lion with impetuous bound.
" My left hand held my darts direct before,
" Around my breaſt a thick ſtrong garb I wore;
" My right, club guarded, dealt a deadly blow
" Full on the temples of the ruſhing foe:
" So hard his ſkull, that with the ſturdy ſtroke,
" My knotted club of rough wild-olive broke:
" Yet ere I clos'd, his ſavage fury fled,
" With trembling legs he ſtood, and nodding
" head;
" The forceful onſet had confus'd his brain,
" Dim miſts obſcur'd his eyes, and agonizing pain.
" This I perceiv'd; and now, an eaſy prey,
" I threw my arrows and my bow away,
" And ere the beaſt recover'd of his wound,
" Seiz'd his thick neck, and pinn'd him to the
" ground;
" With all my might on his broad back I preſt,
" Leſt his fell claws ſhould tear my adverſe breaſt;
" Then mounting, cloſe my legs in his I twin'd,
" And with my feet ſecur'd his paws behind;
" My thighs I guarded and with all my ſtrength
" Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arms
" length,
" And ſtrangled thus the felleſt of the fell;
" His mighty ſoul deſcending ſunk to hell.
" The conqueſt gain'd, freſh doubts my mind
" divide,
" How ſhall I ſtrip the monſter's ſhaggy hide?
" Hard taſk! for the tough ſkin repell'd the
" dint
" Of pointed wood, keen ſteel, or ſharpeſt flint:
" Some god inſpir'd me, ſtanding ſtill in pauſe,
" To flay the lion with the lion's claws.
" This I accompliſh'd, and the ſpoil now yields
" A firm ſecurity in fighting fields:
" Thus, Phyleus, was the Nemean monſter ſlain,
" The terror of the foreſt and the plain,
" That flocks and herds devour'd, and many a
" village ſwain."

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXV.

Though this noble Idyllium is by far the longeſt of any that Theocritus has left us, containing, excluſive of the beginning which is loſt, no leſs than 281 verſes, yet the commentators, Scaliger, Caſaubon, and D. Heinſius, have not left us one ſingle emendation or note upon it: and therefore I ſhall trouble the reader with but few obſervations: yet theſe gray old critics have been laviſh of their remarks upon the 27th Idyllium, infinitely the moſt obſcene of all the pieces that have been attributed to Theocritus. One remark is very obvious, that the firſt part of this Idyllium, as far as ver. 178 in the tranſlation, is entirely paſtoral and bucolic; containing beautiful deſcriptions of meadows, paſtures, hills, vales, rivers, ſhepherds, herdſmen, and their ſtalls and dogs, flocks and herds innumerable: the ſecond part is an account of a famous exploit performed by Hercules, and therefore the whole muſt ſurely belong to the Arcadian poetry.

Ver. 6. The ancients erected ſtatues to Mercury in the public roads, as guides to travellers, which they called Hermæ; they were of marble and four ſquare; nothing but the head was finiſhed; thus Juvenal, Sat. 8. 53.

——Truncoque ſimillimus Hermæ.
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago.

Ver 13. A river near Elis.

Ver. 14. A famous river of Arcadia near Elis, which the ancients feigned to have ſunk under ground, and ſo paſſed through the ſea, without mixing its ſtreams with the ſalt waters, till arriving at Sicily, it mingled its current with the fountain Arethuſa near Syracuſe. Thus Virgil, Æn. 3. 694. " Alpheum fama eſt," &c.

Hither 'tis ſaid Alphëus from his ſource
In Elis' realms, directs his watery courſe:
Beneath the main he takes his ſecret way,
And mounts with Arethuſa up to day. *Pitt.*

Ver. 15. A city and country of Achaia near Elis, from Buprafius its founder.

Theſe where fair Elis and Buprafium join.
Pope's Il. B. 2.

Ver. 29
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt.
Geor. 2. 200.

There for thy flocks fresh fountains never fail,
Undying verdure clothes the grassy vale. *Warton.*

Ver. 27. This tree was sacred to Apollo, and substituted as a temple where presents were offered to him: Virgil, speaking of an olive tree, Æn. 12. 766. says,

Servati ex undis ibi figere dona solebant
Laurenti divo.

The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.
Pitt.

Ver. 33. Virgil says, that the soil for vines,
Quotannis
Terque quaterque solum scindendum. *Geor. B.* 2.

Thrice and four times, the soil, each rolling year,
The ponderous ploughs and heavy drags must bear.
War.

Ver. 46.
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum.
Virg.

Ver. 55.
Evandrum petimus. *Æn. B.* 8.

Ver. 55. Thus Dido in Virgil,

Jura dabat legesq. viris, operumque laborem
Partibus æquabat justis. *Æn. B.* 1. 511.

Ver. 64.
Dis equidem auspicibus reor, et Junone secundâ,
Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas. *Æn.* 4.

Ver. 81. Here Theocritus imitates Homer; see Odyss. B. 14. 20.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew. *Pope.*

On which Mr. Pope observes, 'What Homer speaks of Ulysses, Theocritus applies to Hercules; a demonstration that he thought it to be a picture of nature, and therefore inserted it in that heroic Idyllium.'

Ver. 88. Thus also Eumæus did,

With show'rs of stones he drives them far away,
The scattering dogs around at distance bay. *Pope.*

Ver. 100. Thus the herds in Virgil return home in the evening,

Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit.
Geor. 4. 433.

When evening homewards drives the calves and sheep. *Warton.*

Ver. 105. This simile finely represents the unnumbered herds of Augéas, and is very like a passage in Homer's Il. B. 4. which I shall beg leave to transcribe.

In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from a lofty promontory's brow,
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows
The clouds condensing as the west-wind blows.
Pope.

Ver. 122. Thus Virgil says in regard to the management of bulls,

Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.
Geor. 3. 214.

Ver. 126. Thus Virgil,

————Ibat rex obsitus ævo;
Et comitem Æneam juxta natumque tenebat. *B. S.*

Ver. 133. We may here observe, that Theocritus makes the great increase of the herds of Augéas, to arise from the gift and influence of the sun, his father.

Ver. 140. This circumstance must occasion a prodigious propagation: thus exceedingly increased the cattle of Jacob. Genesis xxx. 30—43. "Thy cattle is now increased to a multitude: and the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle." And chap. xxxi. 38. Jacob says, "These twenty years have I been with thee; thy ewes and thy she-goats have not cast their young."

Ver. 149. The Greek word is *ὄφεις*, and in this place properly signifies *lions*, as it does also in the Iliad, B. 15. ver. 586.; and the bull Phaëton's being alarmed at seeing the skin of the Nemean lion, ver. 158. seems in a very agreeable manner to determine this construction.

Ver. 182. Was once a city of Achaia, three quarters of a league from Corinth, but swallowed up by the sea.

Ver. 186. Thus Virgil,

Tu mactus vastum Nemeâ sub rupe leonem.
Æn. 8. 294.

Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell. *Pitt.*

Ver. 188. A city near Argos where Hercules was nursed, whence he is called Tirynthius.

Ver. 190. Was grandfather to Amphitryon, the husband of Alcmena.

Ver. 200. Thus Horace,

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis, &c. *B.* 1. *Od.* 22.

Ver. 202.
At rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum semina.
Virg. Geor. 2. 151.

Ver. 211.
At si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros.
Æn. B. 2. 10.

Ver. 217. Inhabitants of a city in Argos: Phoroneus, the son of Inachus, succeeded his father, enlarged his territories, and gathered the people, who were before dispersed about the country into one city, which was called from him Phoronium.
Universal Hist. B. 1. *Ch.* 16.

Virgil compares Pyrrhus to a flood. *Æn.* 2. 496.

Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds;
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds and hinds, and houses to the main.
Pitt.

Ver. 222.

——Ut duros mille labores
Reges ſub Euryſtheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
Pertulerit. *Æn. B.* 8. 291.

The thouſand labours of the hero's hands,
Enjoin'd by proud Euryſtheus' ſtern commands.

Ver. 224. Virgil ſays of Hercules:

——Raptit armo manu, nodiſque gravatum
Rubor. *Æn. B.* 8. 220.

Ver. 232. Thus Pandarus in Homer, Il. 4.

——Couching low,
Fits the ſharp arrow to the well-ſtrung bow.
Pope.

Ver. 237. Ovid ſpeaking of the Calydonian boar, ſays,

Diffugiunt populi; nec ſe, niſi mœnibus urbis,
Eſſe putant tutos. *Met. B.* 8. 298.

Ver. 256. Thus Hector is vexed, that his lance did not penetrate the armour of Ajax, Il. B. 14.

Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew.
Pope.

Ver. 264. There is an image in Virgil very ſimilar to this; B. 12. v. 6. "Tum demum," &c.

As, pierc'd at diſtance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouſes at the ſmart;
And loudly roaring traverſes the plain;
Scourges his ſides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the ſpear; the foe defies,
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies. *Pitt.*

Ver. 270. The Greek is, συκεὸς, *caprificus*, a wild fig-tree: the ſame word occurs in Homer, Il. B. 21, 37, which Mr. Pope renders a ſycamore;

As from a ſycamore, his founding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms, to ſpoke a chariot wheel.

Ver. 278. Thus Cadmus encountering with the dragon;

Inſtantiaque ora retardat
Cuſpide pretentâ. *Ovid. Metam. B.* 3.

Ver. 297. The conſtruction of this paſſage is perplexed, but I hope I have hit upon the right, as the circumſtance of Hercules's heaving the lion from the ground, is exactly the ſame as happened to the bull Phaëton,

And high in air upheld him at arm's length.
Ver. 166.

Indeed the words in the original are very ſimilar.

Ver. 298. Thomſon in his Seaſons, joins this epithet to the hyena: "The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell."

Ver. 306. Aventinus, the ſon of Hercules, is repreſented by Virgil in the ſame dreſs.

Ipſe pedes tegmen torquens immane leonis, &c.
Æn. B. 7. 666.

He ſtalk'd before his hoſt; and, wide diſpread,
A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head;
Then fought the palace in this ſtrange attire,
And look'd as ſtern, and dreadful as his ſire.
Pitt.

IDYLLIUM XXVI.

BACCHÆ.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Idyllium contains a ſhort account of the death of Pentheus, king of Thebes; who refuſing to own the divinity of Bacchus, and endeavouring to prohibit his orgies, is torn in pieces by his own mother Agavé, and by his aunts Ino and Autonoë.

Autonoe, and Agavé, whoſe rough cheeks
Reſembled the ripe apple's ruddy ſtreaks,
With frantic Ino had reſolv'd to keep
Three holy revels on the mountain's ſteep:
Green ivy, and ſweet aſphodel they took,
And leafy branches from the ſhagged oak,
With theſe the madding Bacchanalians made
Twelve verdant altars in an opening glade;
Three to fair Semele they rais'd, and nine
To youthful Bacchus, jolly god of wine.
From cheſts they take, and joyful ſhouting, lay
Their offerings on the freſh erected ſpray;
Such rites they practis'd, and ſuch offerings brought,
As pleas'd the god, and what himſelf had taught.
Lodg'd in a lentiſk-tree, conceal'd from ſight,
Aſtoniſh'd Pentheus ſaw the myſtic rite;
Autonoë firſt the latent monarch ſpy'd,
With horrid yellings down the hill ſhe hy'd,
The orgies of the frantic god o'erthrew,
Which no profane, unhallow'd eye muſt view.
Maddening ſhe rag'd, the reſt all rag'd: and dread
Supplied with pinions Pentheus as he fled;
He hop'd by flight their fury to elude:
With robes tuck'd up they eagerly purſu'd:
Then Pentheus thus: "What means this rage? forbear;"
Autonoë thus: 'You'll feel before you hear.'
His mother roar'd, and ſnatch'd his head away,
Loud as the female lion o'er her prey;

Ino, her foot upon his breaſt diſplay'd,
Wrench'd off his ſhoulder, and the ſhoulder blade;
Autonoë ſteep'd her hands in royal gore;
And all the monarch limb from limb they tore:
Thus drench'd in blood the Theban towers they ſought,
And grief, not Pentheus, from the mountain brought.
Be warn'd; let none the jolly god offend,
Leſt ſorer penalties the wretch attend;
Let none behold his rites with eyes impure;
Age is not ſafe, nor blooming youth ſecure.
For me, the works of righteouſneſs I love,
And may I grateful to the righteous prove!
For this is pleaſing to almighty Jove.
The pious bleſſings on their ſons derive;
But can the children of the impious thrive?
Hail Bacchus, whom the ruler of the ſky,
Great Jove, enclos'd, and foſter'd in his thigh!
Hail, with thy ſiſters, Semele renown'd!
Offſpring of Cadmus, with bright praiſes crown'd,
In hymns of heroines: let none deſame
This act: from Bacchus the incentive came;
'Tis not for man the deeds of deities to blame.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXVI.

Mr. Warton obſerves, "That Euripides, in his Bacchantes, has given a very fine deſcription of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for ſecretly inſpecting their myſteries, which is worked up with the greateſt fire, and the trueſt poetical enthuſiaſm. Theocritus has likewiſe nobly deſcribed this event.

Ver. 1. Theſe were all ſiſters and the daughters of Cadmus and Harmonia.

Ver. 5. Anacreon, Epig. 4. deſcribes three Bacchæ, and ivy is one of their oblations to Bacchus:

Firſt Heliconias with a thyrſus paſt,
Xanthippe next, and Glauca was the laſt;
Lo! dancing down the mountains they repair,
And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear;
Wreaths of the ruſtling ivy for his head,
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed. *F. F.*

Ver. 8. Thus Virgil, Ecl. 5.

En quatuor aras:
Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, quoque altaria Phœbo.

Ver. 15. The ſtory of Pentheus is told by Ovid in the Metam. B. 3. in a manner ſomething different, which I ſhall give in Mr. Addiſon's tranſlation.

Here the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtic orgies ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waſte!
"The boar, my ſiſters! aim the fatal dart,
"And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart."
Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gathering round,
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help! help! my aunt Autonoë, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd, and heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
"And this, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be Agavé's ſhare;"
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore.
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrew'd the plain.

Ver. 27.

Quid? caput abſciſſum demens cum portat Agave
Nati infelicis, ſibi tum furioſa videtur?
Hor. B. 2. Sat. 3.

Ver. 34. There is great beauty in the original. Εξ ορεος πενθημα, και ὁ Πενθευς, φερουσαι, which, ariſing from the ſimilarity of the words πενθημα and Πενθευς, cannot be kept up in the tranſlation.

Ver 45. Ovid mentions the ſame thing, Met. B. 3. 310.

Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener (ſi credere dignum)
Inſuitur femori, maternaque tempora complet.

Ver. 46. She was the mother of Bacchus, and ſiſter to Ino, Agavé, and Autonoë.

Ver. 50. There is a ſimilar thought in Bion, Idyl. 6.

Κρινειν δε τρεσκει θειϊα εργα βροτοισι.
It ill becomes frail mortals to define
What's beſt and fitteſt of the works divine. *F. F.*

IDYLLIUM XXVII.,

Is by the commentators generally attributed to Moſchus, and therefore I may well be excuſed from tranſlating it as the work of Theocritus. Were that not the caſe, it is of ſuch a nature that it cannot

be admitted into this volume: Scaliger, Caſaubon, and Dan. Heinſius, have left more notes upon it in proportion than upon any of the other Idylliums. Creech has *done it* into Engliſh; but the ſpirit is evaporated, and nothing remains but a *caput mortuum*. Dryden generally improves and expatiates upon any ſubject that is ludicrous, and therefore the tenor of his tranſlation will be found very different. The laſt five lines in Greek he has expanded into fourteen.

IDYLLIUM XXVIII.

THE DISTAFF.

ARGUMENT.

Theocritus, going to viſit his friend Nicias, the Mileſian phyſician, to whom he has addreſſed the 11th and 13th Idylliums, carries an ivory diſtaff as a preſent for Theugenis, his friend's wife, and accompanies it with theſe verſes, in which he modeſtly commends the matron's induſtry and virtue.

O distaff, friend to warp and woof,
Minerva's gift in man's behoof,
Whom careful houſewives ſtill retain,
And gather to their houſehold's gain;
With me repair, no vulgar prize,
Where the fam'd towers of Nileus riſe,
Where Cytherea's ſwayful power
Is worſhipp'd in the reedy bower.
Thither, would Jove kind breezes ſend,
I ſteer my courſe to meet my friend,
Nicias, the graces' honour'd child,
Adorn'd with ſweet perſuaſion mild;
That I his kindneſs may requite,
May be delighted, and delight.
Thee, ivory diſtaff I provide,
A preſent for his blooming bride.
With her thou wilt ſweet toil partake,
And aid her various veſts to make.
For Theugenis, the ſhepherds ſhear
The ſheep's ſoft fleeces twice a-year.
So dearly induſtry ſhe loves,
And all that wiſdom points approves.
I ne'er deſign'd to bear thee hence
To the dull houſe of indolence:
For in that city thou wert fram'd
Which Archias built, Corinthian fam'd,
Fair Syracuſe, Sicilia's pride,
Where troops of famous men abide.
Dwell thou with him whoſe art can cure
Each dire diſeaſe that men endure;
Thee to Miletus now I give,
Where pleaſure-crown'd Ionians live,
That Theugenis by thee may gain
Fair honour with the female train;
And thou renew within her breaſt
Remembrance of her muſe-charm'd gueſt.
Admiring thee, each maid will call
The favour great, the preſent ſmall;
For love the ſmalleſt gift commends;
All things are valued by our friends.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXVIII.

Ver. 6. That is, Miletus, a famous city of Ionia, lying ſouth of the river Mæander on the ſea-coaſt. It was founded, according to Strabo, by Nilius the ſon of Codrus, king of Athens, when he firſt ſettled in that part of Aſia. See Univerſal Hiſtory. The fine garments made of Mileſian wool were in great eſteem with the Roman ladies: Horace has, "Mileti textam chlamydem," B. 1. Ep. 17. and "Virgil, Mileſia vellera," Geor. 3.

Ver. 25. Syracuſe, once the metropolis of all Sicily, and a moſt flouriſhing commonwealth, was, according to Tully, the greateſt and moſt wealthy of all the cities poſſeſſed by the Greeks. Thucydides equals it to Athens, when that city was at the height of its glory; and Strabo calls it one of the moſt famous cities of the world for its advantageous ſituation, the ſtatelineſs of its buildings, and the immenſe wealth of its inhabitants. It was built by Archias, one of the Heraclidæ, who came from Corinth into Sicily, in the ſecond year of the eleventh Olympiad. *Univ. Hiſt.*

Ver. 38. Ineſt ſua gratia parvis,

IDYLLIUM XXIX.

THE MISTRESS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS is an expoſtulation with his miſtreſs for her inconſtancy in love. In the original it is called Παιδικα. I have taken the liberty to make a change in the application of it, which renders it far more obvious and natural.

WINE, lovely maid, and truth agree;
I'm mellow—learn this truth from me;
And hear my ſecret thoughts; "I find,
"You love me not with all your mind."
Your beauty life and vigour gives,
In you my half exiſtence lives;
The other half has ſadly ſped,
The other half, alas! is dead.
Whene'er you ſmile auſpicious love,
I'm happy as the gods above;
Whene'er your frowns diſpleaſure ſhow,
I'm wretched as the fiends below.
Sure 'tis unmeet with cold diſdain
To torture thus a love ſick ſwain:
But could my words your thoughts engage,
Experience is the boaſt of age,
Take counſel, and when crown'd with ſtore
Of bleſſings, then you'll praiſe me more.
"Build in one tree a ſingle neſt,
"Which no curſt reptile can infeſt."
Fond and unfix'd you wander now
From tree to tree, from bough to bough.
If any youth your charms commends
You rank him with your faithful friends,
Your firſt true lovers ſet aſide;
This looks like vanity and pride.
Would you live long and happy too,
Love ſome kind equal that loves you.
This will eſteem and favour gain,
Such love will never give you pain;
This wins all hearts, and will controul
The ſtubborn temper of my ſoul.
If with my counſel you agree,
Give me ſweet kiſſes for my fee.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXIX.

Ver. 1.

In vino veritas.

Ver. 6. Thus Horace,

Et ſerves animæ dimidium meæ.

B. 1. *Ode.* 3.

Ver. 10.

Decorum vitam adepti ſumus. *Ter. Heaut. Act* 4. *Sc.* 3.

Ver. 16.

——Seris venit uſus ab annis:
Conſilium ne ſperne meum. *Ovid. Met. B.* 6.

IDYLLIUM XXX.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

VENUS orders the Cupids to bring the boar that had ſlain Adonis before her: ſhe ſeverely upbraids him with his crime, but being ſatisfied that it was accidentally done, ſhe orders him to be releaſed. The meaſure of the verſe is Anacreontic.

WHEN Venus ſaw Adonis dead,
And from his cheeks the roſes fled,
His lovely locks diſtain'd with gore:
She bade her Cupids bring the boar,
The boar that had her lover ſlain,
The cauſe of all her grief and pain.
Swift as the pinion'd birds they rove
Through every wood, throughe very grove;

And when the guilty boar they found,
With cords they bound him, doubly-bound;
One with a chain, ſecure and ſtrong,
Haul'd him unwillingly along;
One pinch'd his tail to make him go,
Another beat him with his bow:
The more they urg'd, the more they dragg'd,
The more reluctantly he lagg'd.
Guilt in his conſcious looks appear'd;
He much the angry goddeſs fear'd.
To Venus ſoon the boar they led—
" O cruel, cruel beaſt! ſhe ſaid,
" Durſt thou that thigh with blood diſtain?
" Haſt thou my deareſt lover ſlain?"
Submiſſive he replies; ' I ſwear
' By thee, fair queen; by all that's dear;
' By thy fond lover; by this chain;
' And by this numerous hunter-train;
' I ne'er deſign'd, with impious tooth,
' To wound ſo beautiful a youth:
' No; but with love and frenzy warm,
' (So far has beauty power to charm!)
' I long'd, this crime I'll not deny
' To kiſs that fair, that naked thigh.
' Theſe tuſks then puniſh, if you pleaſe,
' Theſe are offenders, draw out theſe.
' Of no more uſe they now can prove
' To me, the votaries of love!
' My guilty lips, if not content,
' My lips ſhall ſhare the puniſhment,'
Theſe words, ſo movingly expreſt,
Infus'd ſoft pity in her breaſt;
The queen relented at his plea,
And bade her Cupids ſet him free:
But from that day he join'd her train,
Nor to the woods return'd again;
And all thoſe teeth he burnt with fire,
Which glow'd before with keen deſire.

NOTES ON IDYLLIUM XXX.

This little poem is a fine imitation of Anacreon: Theocritus had before, in his nineteenth Idyllium, copied that delicate maſter in every thing but the meaſure of his verſe. Bion has a moſt beautiful Idyllium on the ſame ſubject. Longepierre ſays of this Ode of Theocritus, " Cette petite piéce " m'a toujours paru ſi jolie, que je croy qu'on me " pardonnera eiſément ſi j'en donne icy une tra- " duction."

Ver. 14. Thus Ulyſſes drives the horſes of Rheſus with his bow, Il. B. 10.

Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along.
Pope.

Ver. 23. Thus Sinon in Virgil,

Vos, æterni ignes, &c.

You, the eternal ſplendours, he exclaims,
And you divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal ſwords, and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths which circled this devoted head;
All, all atteſt.
Pitt.

Ver. 45. The Greek is, Εκαιε τως ἐρωτας, *exuſſit amores*, i. e. *amatorios dentes*.

THE

EPIGRAMS OF THEOCRITUS.

I. *Offerings to the Muſes and Apollo.*

This wild thyme, and theſe roſes, moiſt with dews,
Are ſacred to the Heliconian Muſe,
The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine;
Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic ſhrine;
And there to thee this ſhagg'd he-goat I vow,
That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendant bough.

II. *An Offering to Pan.*

Daphnis the fair, who with bucolic ſong,
And paſtoral pipe could charm the liſtening throng,
To Pan preſents theſe emblems of his art,
A fawn's ſoft ſkin, a crook, and pointed dart,
Three rural pipes, adapted to his lip,
And for his homely food a leathern ſcrip.

III. *To Daphnis Sleeping.*

On earth's ſoft lap, with leafy honours ſpread,
You, Daphnis, lull to reſt your weary head:
While on the hill your ſnares for birds are laid,
Pan hunts your footſteps in the ſecret ſhade,
And rude Priapus, on whoſe temples wave
Gold ivy's leaves, reſolv'd to find your cave:
Ah! fly theſe revellers, at diſtance keep,
And inſtant burſt the ſilken bands of ſleep.

IV. *A Vow to Priapus.*

If by thoſe oaks with roving ſtep you wind,
An image freſh of fig-tree form'd you'll find;
Though cloth'd with bark, three legg'd and void of ears,
Prompt for the pranks of pleaſure he appears
Springs guſh perennial from the rocky hill,
And round the grotto roll their ſparkling rill:
Green myrtles, bays, and cypreſs ſweet abound,
And vines diffuſe their circling arms around.
The vernal ouſels their ſhrill notes prolong,
And modulate the loudly varied ſong;
Sweet nightingales in ſoft-opponent ſtrain,
Perch'd on the ſpray melodiouſly complain.
Repoſe you there, and to Priapus pray,
That Daphne may no more my boſom ſway:
Grant this, a goat ſhall at his altar bleed;
But if I gain the maid, three victims are decreed;
A ſtall-fed lamb, a goat, and heifer fair:
Thus may the god propitious hear my prayer.

V. *The Concert.*

Say wilt thou warble to thy double flute,
And make its melody thy muſic ſuit?
Then, by the nymphs I ſwear, I'll ſnatch the quill,
And on the rural lyre eſſay my ſkill:
The herdſman, Daphnis, on his reed ſhall play,
Whoſe ſprightly numbers make the ſhepherds gay,
Faſt by yon rugged oak our ſtand, we'll keep,
And rob th' Arcadian deity of ſleep.

VI. *Thyrſis has loſt his Kid.*

What profit gain you, wretched Thyrſis, ſay,
Thus, thus to weep and languiſh life away!
Loſt is your favourite kid; the wolf has tore
His tender limbs, and feaſted on his gore;
Your very dogs exclaim, and cry, "What gain,
'When neither bones, nor aſhes now remain!"

VII. *On the Statue of Æſculapius.*

At fam'd Miletus, Pæon's ſon the wiſe
Arriv'd, with learned Nicias to adviſe,
Who to his ſhrine with daily offerings came,
And rais'd this cedar ſtatue to his fame;
The cedar ſtatue by Eëtion wrought,
Illuſtrious artiſt! for large ſums he bought;
The work is finiſh'd to the owner's will,
For here the ſculptor laviſh'd all his ſkill.

VIII. *Orthon's Epitaph.*

To every toping traveller that lives,
Orthon of Syracuſe this warning gives,
With wine o'erheated, and depriv'd of light,
Forbear to travel on a winter's night;
This was my fate; and for my native land
I now lie buried on a foreign ſtrand.

IX. *On the Fate of Cleonicus.*

O stranger! ſpare thy life ſo ſhort and frail,
Nor, but when times are ſeaſonable, ſail.
Poor Cleonicus, innocent of guile,
From Syria haſten'd to rich Thaſos' iſle;
The Pleiads ſunk as he approach'd the ſhore;
With them he ſunk, to riſe, alas! no more.

X. *On a Monument Erected to the Muſes.*

Here Xenocles hath rais'd this marble ſhrine,
Skill'd in ſweet muſic to the tuneful nine:
He from his art acquires immortal fame,
And grateful owns the fountain whence it came.

XI. *Epitaph on Euſthenes the Phyſiognomiſt.*

To Euſthenes, the firſt in wiſdom's liſt,
Philoſopher and phyſiognomiſt,
This tomb is rais'd: he from the eye could ſcan
The cover'd thought, and read the very man.
By ſtrangers was his decent bier adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by poets mourn'd:
Whate'er the ſophiſt merited he gain'd,
And dead, a grave in foreign realms obtain'd.

XII. *On a Tripod dedicated to Bacchus, by Demoteles.*

Demoteles, who near this ſacred ſhrine
This tripod plac'd, with thee, O god of wine!
Whom blitheſt of the deities we call,
In all things prov'd, was temperate in all;
In manly dance the victory he gain'd,
And fair the tenor of his life maintain'd.

XIII. *On the Image of the Heavenly Venus.*

Here Venus, not the vulgar, you ſurvey;
Style her celeſtial, and your offering pay:
This in the houſe of Amphicles was plac'd,
Fair preſent of Chryſogona the chaſte:
With him a ſweet and ſocial life ſhe led,
And many children bore, and many bred.
Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,
Each year improv'd upon the happy pair;
For long as men the deities adore,
With large abundance heav'n augments their ſtore.

XIV. *Epitaph on Eurymedon.*

Dead in thy prime, this tomb contains,
Eurymedon, thy dear remains:
Thou, now with pious men enſhrin'd,
Haſt left an infant here behind;
The ſtate due care of him will take,
And love him for his father's ſake.

XV. *On the ſame.*

O traveller, I wiſh to know
If you an equal praiſe beſtow
On men of honourable fame,
Or to poltroons you give the ſame:
Then "Fair befal this tomb," you'll cry,
As oft you paſs attentive by,
"Eurymedon, alas! is dead;
"Light lie the ſtone upon his head."

XVI. *On Anacreon's Statue.*

With curious eye, O traveller, ſurvey
This ſtatue's form, and home-returning ſay,

" At Teos late with infinite regard,
" I ſaw the image of the ſweeteſt bard,
" Anacreon; who, if ancient poets claim
" The meed of praiſe, deſerves immortal fame;"
Add this; " He lov'd (for this with truth you can)
" The fair, the gay, the young," you'll paint the very man.

XVII. *On Epicharmus.*

The ſtyle is Doric; Epicharmus he,
The poet who invented comedy:
This ſtatue, Bacchus, ſacred ſtands to you;
Accept a brazen image for the true.
The finiſh'd form at Syracuſe is plac'd,
And as is meet, with laſting honours grac'd.
Far fam'd for wiſdom, the preceptive bard
Taught thoſe who gave the merited reward;
Much praiſe he gains who form'd ingenuous youth,
And ſhow'd the paths to virtue, and to truth.

XVIII. *Epitaph on Clita, the Nurſe of Medeus.*

Medeus rais'd, inſpir'd by grateful pride,
This tomb to Clita by the high way ſide:
We ſtill commend her for her foſtering care;
And praiſe the matron when we praiſe the heir.

XIX. *On Archilochus.*

Archilocuus, that ancient bard, behold!
Arm'd with his own iambics keen and bold;
Whoſe living fame with rapid courſe has run
Forth from the riſing to the ſetting ſun.
The muſes much their darling ſon approv'd,
The muſes much, and much Apollo lov'd:
So terſe his ſtyle, ſo regular his fire,
Compoſing verſe to ſuit his ſounding lyre.

XX. *On the Statue of Piſander, who wrote a Poem ſtyled, The Labours of Hercules.*

This ſtatue fam'd Piſander's worth rewards,
Born at Camirus, firſt of famous bards
Who ſung of Hercules, the ſon of Jove,
How with the lion he victorious ſtrove,
And all the labours of this hero bold
The faithful bard in lofty numbers told.
The ſtate regardful of the poet's name,
Hath rais'd this brazen ſtatue to his fame.

XXI. *Epitaph on the Poet Hipponax.*

Old Hipponax the ſatiriſt lies here;
If thou'rt a worthleſs wretch, approach not near:
But if well-bred, and from all evil pure,
Repoſe with confidence, and ſleep ſecure.

XXII. *Theocritus on his own Works.*

A syracusian born, no right I claim
To Chios, and Theocritus my name:
Praxagoras' and fam'd Philina's ſon;
All praiſe I ſcorn'd but what my numbers won.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

Theſe epigrams were never tranſlated into Engliſh before. The ſix that firſt preſent themſelves, are a true model of the ruſtic ſweetneſs, and delicate ſimplicity of the ancient Greek epigram.

I. Ver. 2. That the roſe was conſecrated to the Muſes, appears from Anacreon, Ode 53. χαριεν φυτον τε Μουσων.

In fabled ſong, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite roſe the Muſes praiſe.

And Sappho, Frag. 2.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely roſe,
That on the mountain of Pieria blows. *F. F.*

Ver. 5. Virgil and Horace have ſomething ſimilar.

————Illius aram
Sæpe tener noſtris ab ovilibus imbuit agnus.
Ecl. 1.
Voveram album Libero caprum. *B.* 3. *Ode* 8.

II. Ver. 1. This Daphnis was probably the ſon of Mercury, the fame whoſe ſtory is ſung in the firſt Idyllium. Diodorus Siculus ſuppoſes him to be the author of bucolic poetry; and, agreeable to this, Theon, an old Scholiaſt on Theocritus, in his note on the firſt Idyllium, ver. 141. mentioning Daphnis, ſays, Καθο πρωτως ευρατο Βυκολικην, Inaſmuch as he was the inventer of bucolics: however that be, probably this Daphnis was the firſt ſubject of bucolic ſongs.

III. Ver. 6. The Greek is, κεχοιντα κισσον. This is probably the *pallens*, or *alba hederas* of Virgil, on which Dr. Martyn obſerves (ſee his notes on Ecl. 7. ver. 38.), it is moſt likely that ſort of ivy with yellow berries, which was uſed in the garlands with which poets uſed to be crowned, and Ecl. 8. ver. 13. The poetical ivy is that ſort with golden berries, or *hedera baccis aureis*.

IV. Ver. 2. The ancients often hewed the image of Priapus out of a fig-tree.

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, &c. *Hor. Sat.* 8. *B.* 1.

Ver. 14. I have taken the liberty to addreſs this Epigram to Daphne, inſtead of Daphnis, *puellæ et non paſtori*.

Ver. 15. Here I follow the ingenious interpretation of Dan. Heinſius.

V. Ver. 8. In the firſt Idyllium, the ſhepherds are afraid of diſturbing the Arcadian god's repoſe. See ver. 20.

VII. Ver. 1. Æſculapius, the ſon of Apollo, was called Pæon or Παιων, becauſe of his art in aſſuaging and curing diſtaſes.

VIII. Ver. 5. I here follow the ingenious emendation of Heinſius.

IX. In all the editions of Theocritus in the original, there is only the firſt diſtich of this Epi-

gram, but in Pierſon's Veriſimilia, I find two more added from a MS. in the Palatine library, which was collated by D. Ruhnkenius; as I have tranſlated, I likewiſe take the liberty to tranſcribe the whole.

Ανθρωπε ζωης περιφειδεο, μηδε παρ ωραν
Ναυτιλος ισθι, ως ε πολυς ανθρι βιος.
Δειλαιε Κλεονικη, συ δ' εις λιπαρην Θασον ελθειν
Ηπειγεν κοιλης ημπαρος εκ Συριης.
Εμπορος ω Κλεονικε, δυσιν δ' απο πλειαδος αυτεν,
Ποντοπορων αυτην πλειαδι συνκατεδυς.

Ver. 4. An iſland near Thrace, formerly famous for gold, marble, and wine.

XI. Heinſius has rendered this epigram intelligible, whoſe emendations I follow.

XII. Ver. 6. The Greek is,

Και το καλον, και το προσηκων οφων.

Thus Horace,

Quid verum, atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum. *B.* 1. *Ep.* 1. 11.

XIII. Ver. 1. Plato *in Convivio* ſays, there were two Venuſes, one was the daughter of Cœlus, which we call ουρανιαν or celeſtial: the other the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, which we call παν-δημον or popular.

XVII. Ver. 1. Was brought to Sicily when an infant from the iſland of Cos, and is therefore called a Sicilian; he was the diſciple of Pythagoras, and ſaid to be the firſt inventor of comedy. Plautus imitated him, according to Horace.

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi. *B.* 2. *Ep.* 1. 58.

Even Plato himſelf borrowed many things from him. He preſented fifty-five, or as ſome ſay, thirty-five plays, which are all loſt. He lived, according to Lucian, 97 years. Laertius has preſerved ſome verſes which were inſcribed on one of his ſtatues, which, as they are a teſtimony of the high eſteem antiquity had for his worth, I ſhall tranſcribe.

Ει τι παραλλασσει φαεθων μεγας αλιος αξων,
Και ποντος ποταμων μειζον εχει δυναμιν
Φαμι τοσσυτον εγω σοφια προεχειν Επιχαρμον,
Ον πατρις εσφανως'. αδε Συρακοσιων.

As the bright ſun outſhines the ſtarry train,
And ſtreams confeſs the empire of the main;
We firſt in wiſdom Epicharmus own,
On whom fam'd Syracuſe beſtow'd the crown.

Ver. 9. The Greek is,

Πολλα γαρ ποτ' ην ζωαν τοις παισιν εντε χρησιμα·
Μεγαλα χαρις αυτω.

Mr. Upton, in his obſervations on Shakſpeare, inſtead of παισιν "children," reads πασιν "all mankind; which is plauſible, for the philoſophic comedian ſpoke what was uſeful for all mankind to know, and fitting for common life; and then the tranſlation may run,

Much praiſe, much favour he will ever find,
Whoſe uſeful leſſons mended all mankind.

XIX. Ver. 1. He was a Greek poet, born at Paros, in the third Olympiad. His invectives againſt Lycambes (who after having promiſed his daughter in marrirge, gave her to another) were ſo keen and ſevere, that they made him hang himſelf. He is ſaid to have been the inventor of iambic verſe.

Thus Horace,

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

XX. Piſander was a native of Camirus, a city of Rhodes; he is mentioned by Strabo and Macrobius, as the author of a poem ſtyled Heraclea, which comprehended in two books all the exploits of Hercules: he is ſaid to have been the firſt that repreſented Hercules with a club.

Univ. Hiſt. B. 2. *Ch.* 1.

XXI. Hipponax was a witty poet of Epheſus, but ſo deformed, that the painters drew hideous pictures of him; particularly Bupalus and Anthermus, two brothers, eminent ſtatuaries, made his image ſo ridiculous, that in reſentment he dipped his pen in gall, and wrote ſuch bitter iambics againſt them, that, it is ſaid, they diſpatched themſelves: at leaſt they left Epheſus upon the occaſion. Horace calls Hipponax, *Acer hoſtis Bupalo*; *Epod.* 6.

Alcæus on Hipponax. *Anthol. B.* 3. *Ch.* 25.

No vines the tomb of this old bard adorn
With lovely cluſters, but the pointed thorn,
And ſpiry brambles that unſeen will tear
The eyes of paſſengers that walk too near:
Let travellers that ſafely paſs requeſt,
That ſtill the bones of Hipponax may reſt.

Leonidas on the ſame. *Ibid.*

Softly this tomb approach, a cautious gueſt,
Leſt you ſhould rouſe the hornet in his neſt:
Here ſleeps at length old Hipponax's ire,
Who bark'd ſarcaſtic at his harmleſs ſire.
Beware; ſtay not on this unhallow'd ground;
His fiery ſatires ev'n in death will wound.

Another on the ſame. *Ibid.*

Fly, ſtranger, nor your weary limbs relax
Near the tempeſtuous tomb of Hipponax,
Whoſe very duſt, depoſited below,
Stings with iambics Bupalus his foe.
Rouſe not the ſleeping hornet in his cell:
He loads his limping lines with ſatires fell;
His anger is not pacified in hell.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN POLLUX AND AMYCUS*.

FROM APOLLONIUS, BOOK II.

Fast by the beach ox ſtalls and tents were ſpread
By bold Bebrycians, Amycus their head,
Whom, on the precincts of the winding ſhore.
A fair Bithynian Hamadryad bore
To genial Neptune, in baſe commerce join'd,
Proud Amycus, moſt barbarous of mankind,
Who made this ſtern, inequitable law,
That from his realm no ſtranger ſhould withdraw,
Till firſt with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the liſted field:
Unnumber'd gueſts his matchleſs proweſs ſlew:
Stern he accoſts ſwift Argos' valiant crew,
Curious the reaſon of their courſe to ſcan,
Who, whence they were: and ſcornful thus began:
'Learn what 'tis meet, ye knew, ye vagrant hoſt,
'None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coaſt,
'Is hence by law permitted to depart,
'Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art.
'Chooſe then a chief that can the gauntlet wield,
'And let him try the fortune of the field:
'If thus my edicts ye deſpiſe, and me,
'Yield to the laſt immutable decree.'
Thus ſpoke the chief with inſolent diſdain,
And rous'd reſentment in the martial train:
But moſt his words did Pollux' rage provoke,
Who thus, a champion for his fellows, ſpoke:
"Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
"Lo, we obſequious thy decrees obey!
"Unforc'd this inſtant to the liſts I go,
"Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe."
Stung to the quick with this ſevere reply,
On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye:
As the grim lion pierc'd by ſome keen wound,
Whom hunters on the mountain top ſurround;
Though cloſe hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls glance
On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
Then Pollux doff'd his mantle, richly wrought,
Late from the Lemnian territory brought,
Which ſome fair nymph who had her flame avow'd,
The pledge of hoſpitable love beſtow'd:
His double cloak, with claſps of ſable hue,
Bebrycia's ruler on the greenſward threw,
And his rough ſheephook of wild olive made,
Which lately flouriſh'd in the woodland ſhade.
Then fought the heroes for a place at hand
Commodious for the fight, and on the ſtrand
They plac'd their friends, who ſaw, with wondering eyes,
The chiefs how different, both in make and ſize;
For Amycus like fell Typhœus ſtood
Enormous, or that miſcreated brood
Of mighty monſters, which the heaving earth,
Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a formidable birth.
But Pollux ſhone like that mild ſtar on high
Whoſe riſing ray illumes the evening ſky.
Down ſpread his cheek, ripe manhood's early ſign,
And in his eye fair beam'd the glance divine:
Such ſeem'd Jove's valiant ſon, ſupremely bright,
And equal to the lion in his might.
His arms he pois'd, advancing in the ring,
To try if ſtill they kept their priſtine ſpring,
If pliant ſtill and vigorous as before,
Accuſtom'd to hard toil, the labour of the oar.
But Amycus aloof and ſilent ſtood,
Glar'd on his foe, and ſeem'd athirſt for blood:
With that his ſquire Lycoreus in full view
Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
Of barbarous faſhion, harden'd, rough, and dried;
Then thus the chief, with inſolence and pride:
'Lo, two ſtout pair, the choice I give to thee;
'Accuſe not fate, the reſt belong to me.
'Securely bind them, and hereafter tell
'Thy friends how much thy proweſs I excel:
'Whether to make the ceſtus firm and good,
'Or ſtain the cheeks of enemies with blood.'
Thus ſpoke he boaſtful; Pollux nought reply'd,
But ſmiling choſe the pair which lay beſide.
Caſtor, his brother both by blood and fame,
And Talaüs, the ſon of Bias, came;
Firm round his arms the gloves of death they bind,
And animate the vigour of his mind.
To Amycus, Aratus, and his friend,
Bold Ornytus, their kind aſſiſtance lend:
Alas! they little knew, this conflict o'er,
Thoſe gauntlets never ſhould be buckled more.
Accoutred thus each ardent hero ſtands,
And raiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets fiercely now they cloſe,
And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
Firſt Amycus a furious onſet gave,
Like the rude ſhock of an impetuous wave,
That, heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
Burſts thundering on ſome gallant veſſel's ſide;
The wary pilot, by ſuperior ſkill,
Foreſees the ſtorm, and ſhuns the menac'd ill.
Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux preſt,
Nor ſuffer'd his antagoniſt to reſt:
But Jove's brave ſon obſerves each coming blow,
Quick leaps aſide, and diſappoints the foe;
And where a weak unguarded part he ſpies,
There all the thunder of his arms he plies.
As buſy ſhipwrights ſtoutly labouring ſtrive
Through ſturdy planks the piercing ſpikes to drive,
From head to ſtern repeated blows go round,
And ceaſeleſs hammers ſend a various ſound.

* *See this combat deſcribed by Theocritus, page* 137. &c.

Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes ſprung,
Their daſh'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones rung:
Nor ceas'd they from the ſtrokes that threaten'd death,
Till faint with toil they fairly gaſp'd for breath:
Then firſt awhile remit the bloody fray,
And panting wipe the copious ſweat away.
But adverſe ſoon they meet, with rage they glow,
Fierce as two bulls fight for ſome favourite cow.
Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
Roſe to the ſtroke, reſolv'd his foe to ſmite,
And by one blow the dubious war conclude;
His wary foe, the ruin to elude,
Bent back his head; defeated of its aim
The blow impetuous on his ſhoulder came.
Then Pollux with firm ſtep approaching near,
Vindictive ſtruck his adverſary's ear;
Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke;
Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful ſtroke;
The Grecians ſhouted, with wild rapture fir'd,
And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.

NOTES ON THE COMBAT BETWEEN POLLUX AND AMYCUS.

Ver. 33. Mr. Paul Whitehead has written a ſpirited poem, called the Gymnaſiad, and beſides ſeveral other things, ſeems to have borrowed this ſimile;

Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
While fury kindles at the galling ſmart;
The hero rouſes with redoubled rage,
Flies on his foe, and foams upon the ſtage. *B.* 3.

Ver. 112. Mr. Whitehead has improved upon his original;

As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
Diſpute the proud dominion of the mead,
They fight, they foam, then, wearied in the fray,
Aloof retreat, and lowering ſtand at bay.

THE WORKS

OF

ANACREON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

INTRODUCTION.

It may be neceſſary to inform the reader that many of the following odes were tranſlated ſeveral years ago, at College, for the author's amuſement, without any intention of making them public. But being encouraged by the partiality of friends, and allowed to inſert thoſe odes * of Anacreon, which are elegantly tranſlated by the late Dr. Broome, and a few others †; he determined to give an entire verſion of the Teian bard, as no one of this nation had hitherto done it. Mr. John Addiſon's tranſlation is incomplete, and, excepting a few odes, harſh and crude, and far from being well done. What the late ingenious and learned Mr. Weſt ſays of Cowley's Pindar, may be applied to his odes of Anacreon: "That they have not the "leaſt reſemblance to the manner of the author "whom they pretend to imitate, or, if any, it is "ſuch a reſemblance only as is expreſſed by the "Italian word *caricatura*, a monſtrous and diſtorted likeneſs."

It may be thought a bold undertaking to attempt Sappho, after the high encomiums which Mr. Addiſon, in the Spectator, has paſſed on Philips's tranſlation of her two odes. But, with deference to the authority of ſo good a judge, beſides what the reader will find obſerved with regard to Mr. Philips's miſtaking the true ſenſe of his author, the three firſt lines are amazingly rough and awkward.

Bleſt as th' immortal gods is *he*,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee *all the while*, &c.

It is ſurpriſing, that ſuch unpoetical expreſſions, as thoſe here marked ſhould eſcape the cenſure of the accurate Mr. Addiſon, unleſs we ſuſpect that the partiality of the friend biaſſed the judgment of the critic.

It is equally ſurpriſing, that the beautiful Idylliums of Bion and Moſchus, which charm every reader in the original, ſhould ſcarce ever have been attempted in Engliſh. The tranſlator, therefore, may juſtly claim ſome merit in endeavouring to make theſe elegant Greek writers ſpeak his native language.

He cannot conclude this ſhort introduction, without returning his thanks to an ingenious and worthy friend (whoſe name would do honour to the title page) for his reviſal and correction of this little work, and for thoſe excellent tranſlations of the Idylliums of Moſchus, marked D.

* *Dr. Broomes's Odes were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the name of Charles Cheſter, M. D.*

† *Viz. Odes* 2, 11, 45, 49, and 51.

THE LIFE OF ANACREON.

Anacreon was born at Teos, a ſea-port town of Ionia. Who were his parents is uncertain, though it is conjectured, from good authority, that his family was noble. The time of his birth, according to Barnes, was in the ſecond year of the 55th Olympiad, about the beginning of the reign of Cyrus, in the year of Rome 194, and the 554th before Chriſt. According to this account, he was about eighteen years of age, when Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, came with an army againſt the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians. The Teians, finding themſelves too weak to withſtand the enemy, rather choſe to abandon their country, than their liberty, and therefore tranſported themſelves and their families to the city of Abdera in Thrace; where they had not been long ſettled, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them diſturbance. It is probable, that in theſe conflicts, Anacreon loſt thoſe friends whom he laments in ſome of his epigrams.

We cannot expect many particulars of the life of this poet, becauſe he ſeems to have been a profeſſed deſpiſer of buſineſs, and the cares of the

world. It is certain, that wine, love, and the muſe, had the diſpoſal of all his hours.

From Abdera he went to the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, at that time one of the moſt gay and flouriſhing in Aſia. A perſon of Anacreon's character muſt undoubtedly meet with a welcome reception, wherever wit and pleaſure were eſteemed: Accordingly we find, that he was ſo highly honoured by Polycrates, as not only to be admitted into a ſhare of his friendſhip, but even into his moſt ſecret counſels. How long he continued at Samos is uncertain; but it is probable, that the friendſhip of Polycrates, and the ſplendour of his court, had influence enough to detain him there the greateſt part of his reign. This opinion alſo ſeems confirmed by Herodotus, who aſſures us, that Anacreon was with that prince in his chamber, when he received a meſſage from Orœtes, governor of Sardis, by whoſe treachery Polycrates was ſoon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified *.

A little before this remarkable incident, Anacreon left Samos, and removed to Athens, having been invited thither by Hipparchus the eldeſt ſon of Piſiſtrates, one of the moſt virtuous and learned princes of his time; who, as Plato aſſures us, ſent the moſt obliging letters, with a veſſel of fifty oars, to convey him over the Ægean. The ſame philoſopher who relates this, does Anacreon the honour to ſtyle him "the wiſe Anacreon;" which is the foundation of Monſieur Fontenelle's ingenious dialogue, where he introduces Anacreon and Ariſtotle diſputing the prize of wiſdom, and gives the advantage to our poet.

Hipparchus being aſſaſſinated, he returned to his native country Teos; for, after the death of Cyrus, the Teians had been ſuffered to reinhabit their country unmoleſted. Here he remained, as Suidas informs us, till another commotion in the ſtate obliged him once more to fly to Abdera; where he died in the 85th year of his age.

The manner of his death was very extraordinary; for we are told, that he was choked with a grape-ſtone, as he was regaling on ſome new wine: which has afforded Mr. Cowley a ſubject for a fine elegy, the concluſion of which is very happy:

It grieves me, when I ſee what fate
Does on the beſt of mankind wait,
Poets or lovers let them be;
'Tis neither love nor poeſy
Can arm againſt death's ſmalleſt dart
The poet's head, or lover's heart.
But when their life in its decline
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men.
Nay, in death's hand the grape-ſtone proves
As ſtrong as thunder is in Jove's.

A ſmall part only of his works has eſcaped the malice of time; for, beſides the odes and epigrams that ſtill remain, he compoſed elegies hymns, and iambics. Some writers honour him with the invention of the lyre. How much he was the delight both of the ancients and moderns, appears ſufficiently from thoſe extravagant praiſes which they have beſtowed on him. Horace mentions him with honour:

"Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
"Delevit ætas———— *Lib. 4. Ode 9.*

———blithe Anacreon's ſportive lay
Still lives, in ſpite of time's deſtructive ſway.
Duncombe.

Anacreon had a delicate genius, and there are inexpreſſible charms and graces in his poetry. "His chief excellence, ſays Madam Dacier, conſiſts in imitating nature, and following reaſon: "He preſents no images to the mind but what are "noble and natural." "The odes of Anacreon," ſays Rapin, "are flowers, beauties, and perpetual "graces: it is familiar to him to write what is "natural: He has an air ſo delicate, eaſy, and "graceful, that among all the ancients, there is "nothing comparable to the method he took, nor "to that kind of writing he followed. He flows "ſoft and eaſy, every where diffuſing the joy and "indolence of his mind through all his compoſi-"tions, and turning his harp to the pleaſant and "happy temper of his ſoul."

But no one has given us a juſter character of his writings, than that little god who inſpired them, as Mr. Cowley has made him ſpeak:

All thy verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves, or ſparrows;
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound.

I cannot better conclude this account of Anacreon, than with the following epitaph, as it is tranſlated in the Spectator, No. 551.

On Anacreon. By Antipater.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd by ſuch a prize,
Let wells of milk, and ſtreams of wine ariſe:
So will thine aſhes yet a pleaſure know,
If any pleaſure reach the ſhades below.

To which let me add a fine ſtanza from Dr. Akenſide's Ode on Lyric Poetry, in honour of our poet:

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing:
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me liſten to his lay,
While flowery dreams my ſoul employ;
While, turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the feſtal powers,
Lead youth, and love, and harmleſs joy.

* *See Univerſal Hiſtory, vol. 8. 8vo. page 271.*

ODES OF ANACREON.

With roſes crown'd, on flowers ſupinely laid,
Anacreon blithe the ſprightly lyre eſſay'd,
In light fantaſtic meaſures beat the ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inſpiring juice around:
No care, no thought, the tuneful Teian knew,
But mark'd with bliſs each moment as it flew.

PROGRESS OF POETRY. *By a Lady.*

ODE I.

ON HIS LYRE.

WAKE, O lyre, thy ſilent ſtrings,
" Celebrate the brother-kings,
" Sons of Atreus, fam'd afar,
" Cadmus and the Theban war "---
Rapt I ſtrike the vocal ſhell——
Hark---the trembling chords rebel;
All averſe to arms they prove,
Warbling only ſtrains of love.
Late I ſtrung anew my lyre——
" Heavenly muſe my breaſt inſpire;
" While the ſwelling notes reſound
" Hercules for toils renown'd."
Still the chords rebellious prove,
Anſwering only ſtrains of love!
Farewell heroes, farewell kings!
Love alone ſhall tune my ſtrings.

ODE II.

By another Hand.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE gives all creatures arms,
Faithful guards from hoſtile harms;
Jaws, the lion to defend,
Horrid jaws that wide diſtend!
Horns, the bull, reſiſtleſs force!
Solid hoofs, the vig'rous horſe;
Nimble feet, the fearful hare;
Wings to fly, the birds of air;
Fins to ſwim, the wat'ry kind;
Man, the bold undaunted mind.
Nature laviſhing her ſtore,
What for woman had ſhe more?
Helpleſs woman! to be fair;
Beauty fell to woman's ſhare.
She that's beauteous needs not fear
Sword, or flame, or ſhield, or ſpear:
Beauty ſtronger aid affords,
Stronger far than flames or ſwords,
Stronger far than ſwords or ſhields;
Man himſelf to beauty yields.

ODE III.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

THE ſable night had ſpread around
This nether world a gloom profound;
No ſilver moon nor ſtars appear,
And ſtrong Beötes urg'd the Bear:
The race of man, with toils oppreſt
Enjoy the balmy ſweets of reſt;
When from the heav'nly court of Jove
Deſcended ſwift the god of love,
(Ah me! I tremble to relate)
And loudly thunder'd at my gate.
" Who's there?" I cry'd, " Who breaks my door
" At this unſeaſonable hour?"
The god, with well-diſſembled ſighs,
And moan inſidious thus replies:
" Pray ope the door, dear Sir——'tis I,
" A harmleſs miſerable boy;
" Benumb'd with cold and rain I ſtray
" A long, uncomfortable way——
" The winds with bluſt'ring horror roar——
" 'Tis diſmal dark---Pray ope the door."
Quite unſuſpicious of a foe
I liſten'd to the tale of woe,
Compaſſion touch'd my breaſt, and ſtrait
I ſtruck a light, unbarr'd the gate;
When, lo! a winged boy I ſpy'd,
With bow and quiver at his ſide:
I wonder'd at his ſtrange attire;
Then friendly plac'd him near the fire.
My heart was bounteous and benign,
I warm'd his little hands in mine,
Cheer'd him with kind aſſiduous care,
And wrung the water from his hair.
Soon as the fraudful youth was warm,
" Let's try," ſays he, " if any harm

" Has chanc'd my bow this ſtormy night;
" I fear the wet has ſpoil'd it quite:"
With that he bent the fatal yew,
And to the head an arrow drew:
Loud twang'd the ſounding ſtring, the dart
Pierc'd through my liver and my heart.
Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,
And, " Friend," he cry'd, " I wiſh thee joy;
" Undamag'd is my bow, I ſee,
" But what a wretch I've made of thee."

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

RECLIN'D at eaſe on this ſoft bed,
With fragrant leaves of myrtle ſpread
And flow'ry lote, I'll now reſign
My cares, and quaff the roſy wine.
In decent robe behind him bound,
Cupid ſhall ſerve the goblet round:
For faſt away our moments ſteal,
Like the ſwift chariot's rolling wheel:
The rapid courſe is quickly done,
And ſoon the race of life is run.
Then, then, alas! we droop, we die,
And ſunk in diſſolution lie;
Our frame no ſymmetry retains;
Nought but a little duſt remains.
Why on the tomb are odours ſhed?
Why pour'd libations to the dead?
To me far better while I live,
Rich wines and balmy fragrance give;
Now, now the roſy wreath prepare,
And hither call the lovely fair.
Now, while I draw my vital breath,
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
For joy my ſorrows I'll reſign,
And drown my cares in roſy wine.

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

To make the beverage divine,
Mingle ſweet roſes with the wine;
Delicious will the liquor prove,
For roſes are the flowers of love:
And while with wreaths of roſes crown'd,
Let laughter and the cup go round.
Hail, lovely roſe! to thee I ſing,
Thou ſweeteſt daughter of the ſpring:
All mortals prize thy beauties bright;
In thee the pow'rs above delight.
Gay Cupid, with the graces bland,
When lightly bounding hand in hand,
With nimble feet he beats the ground,
Shows his bright locks with roſes crown'd.
Here then the flow'ry garland bring;
With numbers ſweet I'll wake the ſpring,
And crown'd with roſes, heav'nly flow'rs!
Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bow'rs,
With ſnowy-boſom'd Sappho gay
I'll dance the feather'd hours away.

ODE VI.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

WHILE roſes round our temples twine,
We'll gayly quaff the ſparkling wine:
And, lo! the love alluring fair
Her Thyrſus brandiſhes in air,
With cluſt'ring ivy wreath'd around,
Whoſe branches yield a ruſtling ſound;
With graceful eaſe her ſteps ſhe ſuits
To notes of ſoft Ionian lutes.
A youth, whoſe hair luxuriant flows,
In curls, with breath ambroſial blows
The well-pair'd pipes, and ſweetly clear,
Pours melting muſic on the ear.
Here Cupid too with golden hair,
And Bacchus, ever young and fair,
With Cytherea, who inſpires
Delightful thoughts and warm deſires,
Gay-ſmiling join the feſtive train,
And make an old man young again.

ODE VII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

LOVE waving awful in his hand
His hyacinth-encircled wand,
Forc'd me, averſe, with him to run;
In vain I ſtrove the taſk to ſhun.
Swift o'er the plain our courſe we ply'd,
Through foaming floods, o'er foreſts wide,
O'er hills where rocks impending hung,
Till me, alas! a ſerpent ſtung:
Sore heav'd my heart with dire diſmay,
My ſpirits ſunk---I dy'd away---
Pleas'd Cupid caught my trembling hand,
My face with his ſoft pinions fann'd,
And cry'd, 'Since now my pow'r you prove,
'Dare you ſtill boaſt, you will not love?'

ODE VIII.

THE DREAM.

As on a purple bed ſupine,
Rapt in the pleaſing joys of wine,
I lull'd my weary limbs to reſt,
Methought, with nymphs ſupremely bleſt,
A beauteous band, I urg'd the chaſe,
Contending in the rapid race;
While faireſt youths, with envy ſtung,
Fair as Lyæus ever young,
With jealous leer, and bitter jeſt,
Their keen malevolence expreſt.
Intent on love, I ſtrive to greet
The gameſome girls with kiſſes ſweet,
And, as on pleaſure's brink I ſeem,
Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream.
Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,
My viſionary charmer's fled,
To dream once more I cloſe my eyes:
Again, ye ſoft illuſions, riſe!

ODE IX.

THE DOVE.

" TELL me, dear, delightful dove,
" Emblematic bird of love,
" On your waving wings deſcending,
" Whence you come, and whither tending?

" Tell me whence your snowy plumes
" Breathe such fragrance of perfumes?
" And what master you obey,
" Gentle bird of Venus, say!"
" Blithe Anacreon, the wise,
(Thus the feather'd page replies)
" Sends me o'er the meads and groves
" To Bathyllus whom he loves,
" To Bathyllus, beauteous boy,
" Men's delight, and maidens joy.
" For a sonnet terse and trim,
" Which the poets call a hymn,
" Venus, in her sweet regard,
" Sold me to the gentle bard:
" Happy in his easy sway,
" All his mandates I obey;
" Often through the fields of air
" Song or billet-doux I bear.
" If you serve me well, says he,
" I will shortly make you free.
" He may free me, if he will,
" Yet I'll stay and serve him still:
" For what comfort can I know
" On the mountain's barren brow?
" Or in deserts left alone,
" There to murmur and to moan?
" Or in melancholy wood,
" Pecking berries, nauseous food!
" Now I eat delicious bread,
" By my liberal master fed;
" Now I drink of his own bowl,
" Rosy wine that cheers my soul;
" Sometimes dance, and sometimes play,
" Ever easy, ever gay;
" Or my fragrant pinions spread,
" Hovering o'er my master's head:
" When my limbs begin to tire,
" Then I perch upon his lyre;
" Soothing sounds my eye-lids close,
" Sweetly lulling my repose.
" Now I've told you all I know,
" Friend, adieu——'tis time to go;
" You my speed so long delay,
" I have chatter'd like a jay."

ODE X.

CUPID IN WAX.

A RUSTIC brought, of curious mold,
A waxen Cupid to be sold,
" What price, I cry'd, ingenuous say,
" For this small image shall I pay?"
" Small is the price, reply'd the clown,
" Take it, e'en take it at your own:
" To tell you all without a lie,
" I make no images, not I;
" But dare not in my mansion trust
" This patron of unbounded lust."
" If so, then for this little coin,
" Said I, the deity is mine.
" And now, great god, my breast inspire,
" There kindle all thy gentle fire:
" But, if thou fail'st to favour me,
" I swear I'll make a fire of thee."

ODE XI.

By another Hand.

ON HIMSELF.

OFT, with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me, I'm in years;
I, the mirror when I view,
Find, alas! they tell me true;
Find my wrinkled forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair;
White and few, alas! I find
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
If but few, or none at all,
Asking not, I'll never share
Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care.
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I must snatch what life can give;
Not to love, is not to live.

ODE XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

SAY, chattering bird, that dar'st invade
My slumbers with thy serenade,
And steal'st my visionary bliss,
How shall I punish thee for this?
Say, shall I clip thy soaring wing;
Or, like stern Tereus, Thracian king,
To swallows name of dire dismay,
Tear by the roots thy tongue away?
For, with thy execrable scream,
Thou wak'st me from a golden dream,
And from my arms had snatch'd away
Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.

ODE XIII.

ON ATYS.

As o'er the mountains, o'er the plains,
Unmanly Atys, in loud strains
Great Cybele invoking, mourn'd,
His love to sudden madness turn'd.
Some to the Clarian fountain throng
Of laurell'd Phœbus, god of song,
And, with prophetic draughts inspir'd,
Enraptur'd rave, with frenzy fir'd;
I too, inspir'd with generous wine,
While round me breathe perfumes divine,
And with fair Chloe blest, will prove
The sweetest madness—wine and love.

ODE XIV.

LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

YES, I yield—thy sovereign sway,
Mighty Cupid, I'll obey.
Late with soft persuasive art
Love essay'd to win my heart:
I, inflam'd with rebel pride,
His omnipotence defy'd——

With revengeful fury ſtung,
Strait his bow he bent, he ſtrung,
Snatch'd an arrow wing'd for flight,
And provok'd me to the fight:
I, diſdaining baſe retreat,
Clad in radiant arms complete,
Like Achilles, boldly wield
Glittering ſpear, and ample ſhield;
Thus equipt, reſolve to prove
The terrific power of love.
From his bow the arrows ſped;
I, alas! inglorious fled——
When the quiver at his ſide
Feather'd ſhafts no more ſupply'd,
Love, transform'd into a dart,
Pierc'd, like light'ning, through my heart,
Of my vitals made his prey,
And diſſolv'd my ſoul away.
Now, alas! in vain I wield
Glittering ſpear, and ample ſhield,
Victory in vain diſpute,
Love, I find is abſolute;
All defence to folly turns
When within the battle burns.

ODE XV.

By Dr. Broome.

HAPPY LIFE.

The wealth of Gyges I deſpiſe,
Gems have no charms to tempt the wiſe;
Riches I leave, and ſuch vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my bright hair with unguents flow,
With roſy garlands crown my brow:
This ſun ſhall roll in joy away;
To-morrow is a diſtant day.
Then while the hour ſerenely ſhines,
Toſs the gay die, and quaff thy wines;
But ever in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Leſt death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taſte no more the cup of joy.

ODE XVI.

By Dr. Broome.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Some ſing of Thebes, and ſome employ
Their numbers on the ſiege of Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive ſtrains,
My own captivity and chains.
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horſeman arm'd to ſlay,
My peace alarm: far other foes,
Far other hoſts create my woes;
Strange dangerous hoſts, that ambuſh'd lie
In every bright, love-darting eye!
Such as deſtroy, when beauty arms,
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XVII.

THE SILVER BOWL.

Mulciber, this ſilver take,
And a curious goblet make,
Let thy utmoſt ſkill appear
Not in radiant armour there;
Let me there no battles ſee;
What are arms or wars to me?
Form it with a noble ſweep,
Very wide, and very deep.
Carve not there the Northern Team,
Nor Orion's dreadful beam;
Pleiads, Hyads, Bears diſpleaſe;
What have I to do with theſe?
Why ſhould ſlow Boötes roll,
Why ſhould horrid monſters prowl,
On the margin of my bowl?
Draw me, what I value more,
Vines with purple cluſters ſtore,
Bacchus, ever young and fair,
Cupid with the golden hair,
Gay Bathyllus too be there.
See that, beautiful and bold,
All theſe figures riſe in gold:
In the wine-preſs let them join
Hand in hand to tread the wine.

ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

Contrive me, artiſan, a bowl
Of ſilver ample as my ſoul;
And in the bright compartments bring
The ſweet profuſion of the ſpring;
Let that fair ſeaſon, rich in flowers,
Shed roſes in ambroſial ſhowers;
Yet ſimply plain be thy deſign,
A feſtive banqueting of wine;
No hieroglyphics let it have,
No foreign myſteries engrave:
Let no blood-thirſty heroes wield
Rough armour in the ſilver field;
But draw me Jove's delightful boy,
Bacchus the god of wine and joy:
Let Venus with light ſtep advance,
And with gay Hymen lead the dance.
Beneath the leaf-embeliſh'd vine,
Full of young grapes that promiſe wine,
Let love, without his armour meet
The meek-ey'd graces laughing ſweet.
And on the poliſh'd plain diſplay
A group of beauteous boys at play;
But no Apollo, god of day.

ODE XIX.

WE OUGHT TO DRINK,

The thirſty earth ſucks up the ſhowers
Which from his urn Aquarius pours;
The trees, which wave their boughs profuſe,
Imbibe the earth's prolific juice;
The ſea, in his prodigious cup,
Drinks all the rain and rivers up;
The ſun too thirſts, and ſtrives to drain
The ſea, the rivers, and the rain,
And nightly, when his courſe is run,
The merry moon drinks up the ſun.

Then give me wine, and tell me why,
My friends, ſhould all things drink but I!

ODE XX.

By Dr. Broome.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their ſway,
And ſteal them from themſelves away.
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image ſtands;
And Philomel up-borne on wings,
Through air her mournful ſtory ſings.
Would heaven indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wiſh allow;
Thy envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'ſt always gaze on me;
And, could my naked heart appear,
Thoud'ſt ſee thyſelf—for thou art there!
Or were I made thy folding veſt,
That thou might'ſt claſp me to thy breaſt!
Or, turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy boſom cincture I would grow,
To warm thoſe little hills of ſnow:
Thy ointment, in ſuch fragrant ſtreams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of ſhining pearl, to deck
And cloſe embrace thy graceful neck:
A very ſandal I would be,
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

ODE XXI.

SUMMER.

FILL, fill, ſweet girls, the foaming bowl,
And let me gratify my ſoul:
I faint with thirſt—the heat of day
Has drank my very life away.
O! lead me to yon cooling bowers,
And give me freſher wreaths of flowers;
For thoſe that now my temples ſhade,
Scorch'd by my burning forehead, fade:
But O! my heart, what can remove,
What winds, what ſhades, this heat of love?
Theſe are all vain, alas! I find;
Love is the fever of the mind.

ODE XXII.

By E. G. B. Eſq.

THE BOWER.

HERE, my Cloe, charming maid,
Here, beneath the genial ſhade,
Shielded from each rude wind,
Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd!
Lo! for thee the balmy breeze
Gently fans the waving trees!
Streams that whiſper through the grove
Whiſper low the voice of love,
Sweetly bubbling wanton ſport,
Where perſuaſion holds her court.
Ye who paſs th' enamell'd grove
Through the ruſtling ſhade who rove,
Sure my bliſs your breaſt muſt fire!
Can you ſee, and not admire?

ODE XXIII.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

IF the treaſur'd gold could give
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmoſt care
Still to keep, and ſtill to ſpare;
And when death approach'd, would ſay,
"Take thy fee, and walk away."
But ſince riches cannot ſave
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why ſhould I myſelf deceive,
Vainly ſigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will ſurely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.
Give me freely while I live
Generous wines, in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to chear,
Beauty kind, and friends ſincere;
Happy! could I ever find
Friends ſincere, and beauty kind.

ODE XXIV.

ENJOYMENT.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
And my being's but a ſpan?
'Tis a march that I muſt make;
'Tis a journey I muſt take:
What is paſt I know too well;
What is future who can tell?
Teazing care, then ſet me free,
What have I to do with thee?
Ere I die, for die I muſt,
Ere this body turns to duſt,
Every moment I'll employ
In ſweet revelry and joy,
Laugh and ſing, and dance and play,
With Lycœus young and gay.

ODE XXV.

WINE BANISHES CARES.

WHEN gay Bacchus cheers my breaſt,
All my cares are lull'd to reſt:
Griefs that weep, and toils that teaze,
What have I to do with theſe?
No ſolicitudes can ſave
Mortals from the gloomy grave.
Shall I thus myſelf deceive?
Shall I languiſh? ſhall I grieve?
Let us quaff the generous juice;
Bacchus gave it for our uſe.
For when wine tranſports the breaſt,
All our cares are lull'd to reſt.

ODE XXVI.

THE TRANSPORTS OF WINE.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breaſt,
All my cares are lull'd to reſt,

Rich I ſeem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad ſing;
Ivy-wreaths my temples ſhade,
Ivy that will never fade:
Thus I ſit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of ſtate.
Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler tranſports Bacchus yields:
Fill the bowl—I ever ſaid,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

ODE XXVII.

THE PRAISE OF BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
Generous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my ſoul
With the raptures of the bowl;
Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a feſtive round;
Then I feel, in ſparkling wine,
Tranſports delicate, divine;
Then the ſprightly muſic warms,
Song delights and beauty charms:
Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

ODE XXVIII.

From the Guardian.

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

BEST and happieſt artiſan,
Beſt of painters, if you can,
With your many-colour'd art
Paint the miſtreſs of my heart.
Deſcribe the charms you hear from me
(Her charms you could not paint and ſee)
And make the abſent nymph appear
As if her lovely ſelf were here.
Firſt draw her eaſy-flowing hair,
As ſoft and black as ſhe is fair;
And, if your art can riſe ſo high,
Let breathing odours round her fly.
Beneath the ſhade of flowing jet,
The ivory forehead ſmoothly ſet,
With care the ſable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That fair ſpace which lies between
The meeting ſhade may ſcarce be ſeen.
The eye muſt be uncommon fire,
Sparkle, languiſh, and deſire;
The flames, unſeen, muſt yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The roſy cheeks muſt ſeem to glow
Amidſt the white of new-fall'n ſnow.
Let her lips perſuaſion wear,
In ſilence elegantly fair:
As if the bluſhing rivals ſtrove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be ſure to deck
With every grace her poliſh'd neck;
While all that's pretty, ſoft, and ſweet,
In the ſwelling boſom meet.
The reſt in purple garments veil,
Her body, nor her ſhape conceal.
Enough!——the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will ſpeak anon.

THE SAME ODE IMITATED.

IN THE YEAR 1755,

By another Hand.

BEST of painters, ſhow thy art,
Draw the charmer of my heart;
Draw her as ſhe ſhines away
At the rout, or at the play:
Carefully each mode expreſs,
Woman's better part is dreſs.
Let her cap be mighty ſmall,
Bigger juſt than none at all,
Pretty, like her ſenſe, and little,
Like her beauty, frail and brittle.
Be her ſhining locks confin'd
In a threefold braid behind;
Let an artificial flower
Set the fiſſure off before;
Here and there weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the fineſt ſatin.
Circling round her ivory neck
Frizzle out the ſmart Vandyke;
Like the ruff that heretofore
Good Queen Beſs's maidens wore;
Happy maidens, as we read,
Maids of honour, maids indeed.
Let her breaſt look rich and bold
With a ſtomacher of gold;
Let it keep her boſom warm,
Amply ſtretch'd from arm to arm;
Whimſically travers'd o'er,
Here a knot, and there a flower,
Like her little heart that dances,
Full of maggots, full of fancies.
Flowing looſely down her back
Draw with art the graceful ſack;
Ornament it well with jimping,
Flounces, furbelows and crimping.
Let of ruffles many a row
Guard her elbows, white as ſnow;
Knots below, and knots above,
Emblems of the ties of love.
Let her hoop, extended wide,
Show what petticoats ſhould hide,
Garters of the ſofteſt ſilk,
Stockings whiter than the milk;
Charming part of female dreſs,
Did it ſhow us more or leſs.
Let a pair of velvet ſhoes
Gently preſs her pretty toes,
Gently preſs, and ſoftly ſqueeze,
Tottering like the fair Chineſe,
Mounted high, and buckled low,
Tott'ring every ſtep they go.
Take theſe hints, and do thy duty,
Faſhions are the teſts of beauty;
Features vary and perplex,
Mode's the woman and the ſex.

ODE XXIX.

BATHYLLUS.

Now, illuſtrious artiſan,
Paint the well proportion'd man;

Once again the tints prepare,
Paint Bathyllus young and fair.
Draw his treſſes ſoft and black,
Flowing graceful down his back,
Auburn be the curl'd extremes,
Glowing like the ſolar beams;
Let them negligently fall,
Eaſy, free, and artleſs all.
Let his bright cerulean brow
Grace his forehead white as ſnow.
Let his eyes, that glow with fire,
Gentleſt, mildeſt love inſpire;
Steal from Mars his radiant mien,
Softneſs from th' Idalian queen;
This with hope the heart to bleſs,
That with terror to depreſs.
Next, his cheeks with roſes crown,
And the peach's dubious down;
And, if art can this beſtow,
Let the bluſh ingenuous glow.
But deſcription would be faint,
Teaching you his lips to paint:
There let fair perſuaſion dwell,
Let them gently, ſoftly ſwell,
Seem in ſweeteſt ſounds to break
Willing air, and ſilent ſpeak.
Now you've finiſh'd high the face,
Draw his ivory neck with grace;
All the charms and beauty add,
Such as fair Adonis had.
Let me, next, the boſom ſee,
And the hands of Mercury.
But I'll not preſume to tell,
Artiſt, you who paint ſo well,
How the foot ſhould be expreſt,
How to finiſh all the reſt.
I the price you aſk will give,
For the picture ſeems to live:
Gold's too little, view this piece,
'Tis the pictur'd pride of Greece;
This divine Apollo take,
And from this Bathyllus make.
When to Samos you repair,
Aſk for young Bathyllus there,
Fineſt figure eye e'er ſaw,
From Bathyllus Phœbus draw.

ODE XXX.

CUPID TAKEN PRISONER.

LATE the muſes Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roſes bound,
Bound him faſt, as ſoon as caught,
And to blooming beauty brought.
Venus with large ranſom ſtrove
To releaſe the god of love.
Vain is ranſom, vain is fee,
Love refuſes to be free.
Happy within his roſy chain,
Love with beauty will remain.

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

INDULGE me, Stoics, with the bowl,
And let me gratify my ſoul;
Your precepts to the ſchools confine,
For I'll be nobly mad with wine.
Alcmœon and Oreſtes grew
Quite mad when they their mother's ſlew:
But I, no man, no mother kill'd,
No blood but that of Bacchus ſpill'd,
Will prove the virtues of the vine,
And be immenſely mad with wine.
When Hercules was mad, we know
He graſp'd the Iphitean bow;
The rattling of his quiver ſpread
Aſtoniſhment around and dread.
Mad Ajax with his ſevenfold ſhield,
Tremendous ſtalk'd along the field.
Great Hector's flaming ſword he drew,
And hoſts of Greeks in fancy ſlew.
But I with no ſuch fury glow,
No ſword I have, nor bend no bow:
My helmet is a flowery crown;
In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,
And rant in ecſtacies divine,
Heroically mad with wine.

ODE XXXII.

THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

WHEN thou can'ſt fairly number all
The leaves on trees that fade and fall,
Or count the foaming waves that roar,
Or tell the pebbles on the ſhore:
Then may'ſt thou reckon up the names
Of all my beauties, all my flames.
At Athens, flames that ſtill ſurvive,
Firſt count me only thirty-five.
At Corinth next tell o'er the fair,
Tell me a whole battalion there.
In Greece the faireſt nymphs abound,
And worſe than banner'd armies wound.
Count all that make their ſweet abodes
At Leſbos, or delightful Rhodes.
Then Carian and Ionian dames,
Write me at leaſt two thouſand flames.
What! think'ſt thou this too large a ſum?
Egypt and Syria are to come.
And Crete where Love his ſway maintains,
And o'er a hundred cities reigns.
Yet ſtill unnumber'd, ſtill remain
The nymphs of Perſia and of Spain,
And Indians, ſcorch'd by Titan's ray,
Whoſe charms have burnt my heart away.

ODE XXXIII.

THE SWALLOW.

LOVELY ſwallow, once a year,
Pleas'd you pay your viſit here;
When our clime the ſun-beams gild,
Here your airy neſt you build;
And, when bright days ceaſe to ſmile,
Fly to Memphis or the Nile:
But, alas! within my breaſt
Love for ever makes his neſt;
There the little Cupids lie,
Some prepare their wings to fly,

Some unhatch'd, ſome form'd in part,
Lie cloſe neſtling at my heart,
Chirping loud; their ceaſeleſs noiſe
All my golden peace deſtroys:
Some, quite fledg'd and fully grown,
Nurſe the younglings as their own;
Theſe, when feather'd, others feed,
And thus propagate their breed.
Dreadful torment I ſuſtain,
What, alas! can eaſe my pain:
The vaſt flocks of loves that dwell
In my breaſt no tongue can tell.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Though cold winter o'er my brow
Sheds a ſcatter'd ſhower of ſnow,
Waving locks of ſilver hair;
Fly me not, capricious fair.
Though the ſpring's enlivening power
Bloſſoms in your beauty's flower,
Fly me not, nor ſlight my love;
In this chaplet, lo! are wove
Lucid colours blending bright
Roſes red, and lilies white:
We, methinks, reſemble thoſe;
I the lily, you the roſe.

ODE XXXV.

ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

This pictur'd bull is mighty Jove,
Who meditates ſome prank of love;
On his broad back, with pleaſing care,
He ſafely bears the Tyrian fair:
Lo! buoyant on the foaming tide,
He throws the circling winds aſide,
Securely ſteering through the ſea.
No other daring bull but he,
Would leave his heifers on the plain,
To tempt the dangers of the main.

ODE XXXVI.

By Dr. Broome.

LIFE SHOULD BE ENJOYED.

Talk not to me of pedant rules,
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who ſolemnly in form adviſe;
At beſt impertinently wiſe.
To me more pleaſing precepts give,
And teach the ſcience how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that ſpring from too much thought;
To learn ſoft leſſons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old—I ſee my head
With hoary locks by time o'erſpread:
Then inſtant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at leaſt in thought.
Alas! inceſſant ſpeeds the day,
When I muſt mix with common clay;
When I muſt tread the diſmal ſhore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII.

By Dr. Broome.

THE SPRING.

See! winter's paſt; the ſeaſon's bring
Soft breezes with returning ſpring;
At whoſe approach the graces wear.
Freſh honours in their flowing hair;
The raging ſeas forget to roar,
And ſmiling, gently kiſs the ſhore;
The ſportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now riſes into day;
The cranes from freezing ſkies repair,
And ſailing float to warmer air;
Th' enlivening ſuns in glory riſe,
And gayly dance along the ſkies;
The clouds diſperſe, or, if in ſhowers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers.
See! verdure clothes the teeming earth;
The olive ſtruggles into birth;
The ſwelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promiſe future wine:
Bleſt juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Yes, I'm old, I'm old, 'tis true;
What have I with time to do?
With the young and with the gay,
I can drink as much as they.
Let the jovial band advance,
Still I'm ready for the dance:
What's my ſceptre, if you aſk,
Lo! I ſway a mighty flaſk.
Should ſome mettled blade delight
In the bloody ſcenes of fight,
Let him to this ſtage aſcend,
Still I'm ready to contend—
Mix the grape's rich blood, my page,
We in drinking will engage.
Yes, I'm old; yet with the gay
I can be as briſk as they;
Like Silenus 'midſt his train,
I can dance along the plain.

ODE XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

When I drain the roſy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my ſoul:
To the nine I raiſe my ſong,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counſels, then farewell:
Let the winds that murmur, ſweep
All my ſorrows to the deep.
When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.

When I quaff the ſparkling wine,
And my locks with roſes twine,
Then I praiſe life's rural ſcene,
Sweet, ſequeſter'd, and ſerene.
When I ſink the bowl profound,
Richeſt fragrance flowing round,
And ſome lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inſpires the ſtrain.
When from goblets deep and wide
I exhauſt the generous tide,
All my ſoul unbends—I play
Gameſome with the young and gay.
When the foaming bowl I drain,
Real bleſſings are my gain;
Bleſſings which my own I call:
Death is common to us all.

ODE XL.

CUPID WOUNDED.

Once as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roſes lay,
A rude bee that ſlipt unſeen,
The ſweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Strait he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and ſobs, and runs, and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely laughter-loving dame;
Then he thus began to plain;
" Oh! undone—I die with pain——
" Dear mamma, a ſerpent ſmall,
" Which a bee the ploughmen call,
" Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
" Oh!—has ſtung me to the heart."
Venus thus reply'd, and ſmil'd;
' Dry thoſe tears, for ſhame! my child;
' If a bee can wound ſo deep,
' Cauſing Cupid thus to weep,
' Think, O think! what cruel pains
' He that's ſtung by thee ſuſtains.'

ODE XLI.

THE BANQUET OF WINE.

Now let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine,
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng
The dance, and patroniz'd the ſong;
In heart, in ſoul, with love the ſame,
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.
Revelry he nam'd his heir;
The graces are his daughters fair:
Sadneſs in Lethe's lake he ſteeps;
Solicitude before him ſleeps.
When in large bowls fair boys produce
The heart-exhilerating juice,
Then all our ſorrows are reſign'd,
They fly and mingle with the wind.
The generous bowl then let us drain,
Diſmiſſing care, forgetting pain:
For life, what pleaſure can it give,
If with anxiety we live?
And what hereafter may betide
No living caſuiſt can decide.
The days of man are fix'd by fate,
Dark and obſcure, though ſhort the date.
Then let me, warm with wine, advance,
And revel in the tipſey dance;
Or, breathing odours, ſport and play
Among the fair, among the gay.
As for thoſe ſtubborn fools that will
Be wretched, be they wretched ſtill.
But let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine.

ODE XLII.

ON HIMSELF.

When Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
In ſprightly dance my heart delights;
When with blithe youths I drain the bowl,
The lyre can harmonize my ſoul:
But when, indulging amorous play
I frolic with the fair and gay,
With hyacinthine chaplet crown'd,
Then, then the ſweeteſt joys abound;
My honeſt heart nor envy bears,
Nor envy's poiſon'd arrows tears;
By rankling malice never ſtung,
I ſhun the venom-venting tongue.
And at the jovial banquet hate
Contentions, battles, and debate:
When to the lyre's melodious ſound
With Phyllis in the dance I bound,
The blooming fair, the ſilver lyre,
Should only dance and love inſpire:
Then let us paſs life's peaceful day
In mirth and innocence away.

ODE XLIII.

THE GRASHOPPER.

Thee, ſweet graſhopper, we call
Happieſt of inſects all,
Who from ſpray to ſpray canſt ſkip,
And the dew of morning ſip:
Little ſips inſpire to ſing;
Then thour't happy as a king.
All, whatever thou canſt ſee,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various ſeaſons yield,
All the produce of the field.
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lov'ſt the farmer and the farm;
Singing ſweet when ſummer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful nine
Seated round the throne divine;
Dear to Phœbus, god of day,
He inſpir'd thy ſprightly lay,
And with voice melodious bleſt,
And in vivid colours dreſt,
Thou from ſpoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wiſeſt daughter of the earth!
Fond of ſong, and full of mirth;

Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
No blood riots in thy veins;
To the blest I equal thee;
Thou'rt a demi-deity.

ODE XLIV.

THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D that late I pinions wore,
And swiftly seem'd through air to soar;
Me fleeter Cupid quick as thought,
Pursu'd, and in an instant caught,
Though at his feet hung weights of lead:
What can this vision mean, I said?
Its mystic sense I thus explain;
I who ere-while have worn the chain
Of many a fair-one for a day,
Then flung the flowery band away,
Am now involv'd and fetter'd fast
In links that will for ever last.

ODE XLV.

By another Hand.

CUPID'S DARTS.

As the god of manual arts
Forg'd at Lemnos missile darts,
Darts of steel for Cupid's bow,
Source of joy, and source of woe;
Venus, fast as Vulcan wrought,
Ting'd them in a honey'd draught:
But her son in bitter gall
Ting'd them, doubly-ting'd them all.
Here, releas'd from wars alarms,
Enters the fierce god of arms;
Whether led by will or chance,
Here he shakes his weighty lance.
Cupid's shafts with scornful eyes
Strait he views, and strait decries:
"This is slight, and that a toy,
'Fit for children to employ."
'These (said Cupid) I admit
'Toys indeed, for children fit:
'But, if I divine aright,
'Take it———this is not so slight.'
Mars receives it; Venus smiles
At her son's well-season'd wiles.
Mars with sudden pain possest,
Sighs from out his inmost breast:
"Cupid, you aright divine,
"Not so slight this shaft of thine;
"Small of size: but strong of make!
"Take it—I have try'd it—take."
'No, reply'd the wanton boy,
'Keep it, Mars, 'tis but a toy.'

ODE XLVI.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

LOVE's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love, is painful too:
But, alas! the greatest pain
Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.
May he be completely curst,
Who the sleeping mischief first
Wak'd to life, and vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the fordid ore.
Gold creates in brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murders, massacres, and wars:
But the worst effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

ODE XLVII.

YOUNG OLD-AGE.

YES, yes, I own, I love to see
Old men facetious, blithe, and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful swim th' harmonious round:
But when old-age jocose though gray,
Can dance and frolic with the gay;
'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

ODE XLVIII.

By Dr. Broome.

GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire!
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms, and heroes slain in fight:
Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine!
The statutes of the god of wine:
He, legislator, statutes draws.
And I, his judge, enforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty trust,
Compel his votaries to be just;
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the sprightly dance we rise;
We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound;
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE XLIX.

By another Hand.

TO A PAINTER.

WHILE you my lyre's soft numbers hear,
Ingenious painter, lend an ear,
And, while it charms your ravish'd heart,
Display the wonders of your art.
First draw a nation blithe and gay,
Laughing and sporting life away;
Let them in sprightly dances bound,
While their shrill pipes the Bacchæ sound;

And, if you can perfection give,
Bid every breathing figure live:
And then, left life inſpir'd prove,
To make them happy, bid them love.

ODE L.

By Dr. Broome.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

See! ſee! the jolly god appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears;
With ſparkling wine full char'd it flows,
The ſov'reign cure of human woes
Wine gives a kind releaſe from care,
And courage to ſubdue the fair;
Inſtructs the cheerful to advance,
Harmonious in the ſprightly dance.
Hail, goblet rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic cluſters roll,
As ready to refil the bowl.
Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our beſt phyſician all the year;
Thus guarded, no diſeaſe we fear,
No troubleſome diſeaſe of mind
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new wine.

ODE LI.

By another Hand.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

Rare artiſt, whoſe inventive ſkill
Could this orb with wonders fill!
Where the mimic ocean glides
Soft with the well diſſembled tides;
The waves ſeem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous queen of love:
The workman's fancy mounted high,
And ſtole th' idea from the ſky.
Tranſporting ſight!—the waves conceal
But what 'twere impious to reveal!
She, like ſome flower all bloſſom'd gay;
Shines along the ſmiling way.
The amorous waters, as ſhe ſwims,
Crowd to embrace her ſnowy limbs;
Then, proudly ſwelling to be preſt,
Beneath her ſnowy fragrant breaſt,
Ambitiouſly upriſe on high,
And liſt the goddeſs to the ſky:
And, while her lucid limbs they lave,
She brightens the tranſparent wave;
So violets enlighten'd glow,
Surrounded by the lily's ſnow.
But ſee! a lovely ſmiling train,
Conſpicuous o'er the limpid main,
The queen attends! in triumph moves
Gay Cupid with his laughing loves.
On dolphins borne, in ſtate they ride,
And beautify the ſilver tide;
Dancing around in ſhoals they play,
And humble adoration pay.
Rare art, that life to phantoms gives!
See! ſee! a ſecond Venus lives.

ODE LII.

By Dr. Broome.

GRAPES, OR THE VINTAGE.

Io! the vintage now is done!
And purpled with th' autumnal ſun:
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The ſweeteſt product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And ſwift the damſels trip away:
The youths alone the wine preſs tread,
For wine's by ſkilful drunkards made.
Meantime the mirthful ſong they raiſe,
Io! Bacchus to thy praiſe!
And viewing the bleſt juice in thought,
Quaff an imaginary draught.
Gaily through wine the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are gray.
Through wine the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the ſilence of the groves:
Where ſtretch'd beneath th' embowering ſhade
He ſees ſome love-inſpiring maid;
On beds of roſy ſweets ſhe lies,
Inviting ſleep to cloſe her eyes:
Faſt by her ſide his limbs he throws,
Her hand he preſſes—breathes his vows;
And cries, "My love, my ſoul, comply
"This inſtant, or alas! I die."
In vain the youth perſuaſion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at leaſt denies:
Then, ſcorning death through dull deſpair,
He ſtorms th' unwilling willing fair;
Bleſſing the grapes that could diſpenſe
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII.

By Dr. Broome.

THE ROSE.

Come, lyriſt, tune thy harp, and play
Reſponſive to my vocal lay;
Gently touch it, while I ſing
The roſe, the glory of the ſpring.
To heaven the roſe in fragrance flies,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the ſkies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waſte of flowers,
The gaily ſmiling graces wear,
A trophy in their flowing hair:
Thee Venus, queen of beauty, loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
In fabled ſong, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite roſe the muſes praiſe:
To pluck the roſe the virgin train
With blood their pretty fingers ſtain;

Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy.
The rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays;
O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And rosy wreaths adorn our brows!
Lovely smiling rose, how sweet
All objects where thy beauties meet!
Aurora, with a blushing ray,
And rosy fingers, spreads the day:
The graces more enchanting show,
When rosy blushes paint their snow;
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth!
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth;
And, "This," she cry'd, "I this ordain
"My favourite, queen of flowers to reign."
But first, th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create;
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew:
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And strait the rose adorns the leaves.
The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV.

By Dr. Broome.

GROWN YOUNG.

When sprightly youth my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haste, crown, Cybeba, crown my brows,
With garlands of the fragrant rose!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am young,
And dance the mirthful youths among.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Blest juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet how sweet I sing!
How blest am I, who thus excel
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV.

By Dr. Broome.

THE MARK.

The stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban, that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE LVI.

By Dr. Broome.

OLD AGE.

Alas! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to gray;
The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is banish'd from my faded face:
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himself half-dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear:
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye,
I soon must sicken, soon must die.
For this the mournful groan I shed,
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can stedfastly survey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all senseless in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LVII.

THAT WE SHOULD DRINK WITH MODERATION.

Bring hither, boy, a mighty bowl,
And let me quench my thirsty soul;
Fill two parts water, fill it high,
Add one of wine, for I am dry:
Thus let the limpid stream allay
The jolly god's too potent sway.
Quick, boy, dispatch—My friends, no more,
Thus let us drinking rant and roar;
Such clamorous riot better suits
Unpolish'd Scythia's barbarous brutes:
Let us, while music tunes the soul,
Mix temperance in the friendly bowl.

ODE LVIII.

THE LOVE-DRAUGHT.

As late of flow'rets fresh and fair
I wove a chaplet for my hair,
Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,
The wanton god of love I spy'd,
I seiz'd him, resolute of soul,
And plung'd him in my flowing bowl,
Resolv'd to have a draught divine,
And fairly swallow'd him in wine:
E'er since his fluttering wings impart
Strange titillations to my heart.

ODE LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

Why thus with ſcornful look you fly,
Wild Thracian filly, tell me why?
Think'ſt thou that I no ſkill poſſeſs,
And want both courage and addreſs?
Know, that whenever I think fit
To tame thee with a galling bit,
Juſt where I pleaſe, with tighten'd rein,
I'll urge thee round the duſty plain,
Now on the flowery turf you feed,
Or lightly bound along the mead,
So wild, ſo wanton, and untry'd,
You want ſome youth to mount and ride.

ODE LX.

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF STRATOCLES AND MYRILLA.

Venus, fair queen of gods above,
Cupid thou mighty power of love,
And Hymen bland, by heaven deſign'd
The fruitful ſource of human kind:
To you, as to the lyre I ſing,
Flows honour from the ſounding ſtring;
Propitious to the numbers prove,
O, Venus, Hymen, god of love.
View, gentle youth, with rapture view
This blooming bride, ordain'd for you:
Riſe quick, and feaſt on all her charms,
Leſt, like a bird, ſhe fly your arms.
O happy youth! by Venus bleſt,
But happier on Myrilla's breaſt:
'See how the fair-one, ſweetly coy,
'All ſoft confuſion, meets the joy,
'Blooming as health, freſh as May-flowers,
'And bright as radiant noon-tide hours.'
Of all the flowers upon the plains,
The roſe unmatch'd in beauty reigns;
Myrilla thus in charms excells,
She ſhines the roſe among the belles.
O may, bleſt youth, the god of day
The pleaſing toils of love ſurvey;
And may a beauteous blooming boy
Crown your ſoft vows with laſting joy!

ODE LXI.

ON GOLD.

When gold, that fugitive unkind,
With pinions ſwifter than the wind,
Flies from my willing arms away,
(For gold with me will never ſtay)
With careleſs eyes his flight I view,
Who would perfidious foes purſue?
When from the glittering miſchief free,
What mortal can compare with me?
All my inquietudes of mind
I give to murmur with the wind:
Love ſweetly tunes my melting lyre
To tender notes of ſoft deſire.
But when the vagrant finds I burn
With rage, and ſlight him in his turn,
He comes, my quiet to deſtroy,
With the mad family of joy:
Adieu to love, and ſoft deſire!
He ſteals me from my ſoothing lyre.
O faithleſs gold! thou dear deceit!
Say, wilt thou ſtill my fancy cheat?
This lute far ſweeter tranſport brings,
More pleaſing theſe love-warbled ſtrings:
For thou with envy and with wiles
Me of my deareſt love beguiles,
Daſhing the cup of ſweet deſire,
And robb'ſt me of my golden lyre.
Then, for with me thou wilt not ſtay,
To faithleſs Phrygians ſpeed'ſt away,
Proud and aſſiduous to pleaſe
Thoſe ſons of perfidy and eaſe.
Me from the muſe thou would'ſt detain,
But all thy tempting arts are vain;
Ne'er ſhall my voice forget to ſing,
Nor this right hand to touch the ſtring:
Away to other climes! Farewell!——
Leave me to tune the vocal ſhell.

ODE LXII.

ON THE SPRING.

What bright joy can this exceed,
This of roving o'er the mead?
Where the hand of Flora pours,
Sweeteſt, voluntary flow'rs:
Where the zephyr's balmy gale
Wantons in the lovely vale.
O! how pleaſing to recline
Underneath the ſpreading vine,
In the cloſe concealment laid
With a love inſpiring maid!
Fair, and ſweet, and young, and gay,
Chatting all the live-long day.

ODE LXIII.

TO CUPID.

Mighty god of flames and darts,
Great controuler of all hearts;
With thee Venus, lovely fair,
Venus with the golden hair,
And the bright-ey'd Dryads play,
Nymphs that on the mountains ſtray:
Come, propitious to my vow;
Leave the the mountain's rugged brow;
Quick deſcend into the plain,
Where the object of my pain,
Sweet Eurypyle imparts
Anxious hopes to youthful hearts;
Melt to love the yielding fair,
Teach her not to give deſpair;
Thou my paſſion muſt approve,
Melt the yielding fair to love.

ODE LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Idalian god, with golden hair,
O Cupid, ever young and fair,

Fly to my aid, and ſafely ſhroud
Me in a purple-beaming cloud,
And on thy painted wings convey
A faithful lover on his way.
Thy blandiſhments diſturb my reſt,
And kindle tumults in my breaſt;
The pleaſing poiſon was convey'd
Late from the lovely Leſbian maid;
Her ſun-bright eye diſcharg'd a dart,
That rankling preys upon my heart:
In ſparkling wit beyond compare,
She ſlights, alas! my ſilver hair,
Regardleſs of my heart-felt pain,
And fondly loves ſome happier ſwain.

ODE LXV.

ON HIMSELF.

I LATELY thought, delightful theme!
Anacreon ſaw me in a dream,
The Teian ſage, the honey'd bard,
Who call'd me with a ſweet regard;
I, pleas'd to meet him, ran in haſte,
And with a friendly kiſs embrac'd.
'Tis true, he ſeem'd a little old,
But gay and comely to behold;
Still bow'd to Cytherea's ſhrine,
His lip was redolent of wine:
He reel'd as if he ſcarce could ſtand,
But Cupid led him by the hand.
The poet, with a gentle look,
A chaplet from his temples took,
That did of ſweet Anacreon breathe,
And ſmiling gave to me the wreath.
I from his brow the flow'ry crown
Receiv'd, and plac'd it on my own:
Hence all my woes unnumber'd flow,
E'er ſince with raging love I glow.

ODE LXVI.

By Dr. Broome.

ON APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninſpir'd, the ſtring
I waken and ſpontaneous ſing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That liſts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impells and I obey.
Attend, ye groves! the muſe prepares
A ſacred ſong in Phrygian airs;
Such as the ſwan expiring ſings,
Melodious, by Cayſter's ſprings,
Where liſtening winds in ſilence hear,
And to the gods the muſic bear.
Celeſtial muſe! attend and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus ſing;
To Phœbus and the muſe belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic ſong.
Begin, begin the lofty ſtrain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain!
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And ſcorn'd a god that offer'd ſhame.
With glorious pride his vows ſhe hears,
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to claſp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives
His hope—he ſeizes only leaves.
Why burns my raptur'd breaſt? ah! why?
Ah! whither ſtrives my ſoul to fly;
I feel the pleaſing frenzy ſtrong,
Impulſive to ſome nobler ſong:
Let, let the wanton fancy play,
But guide it, leſt it devious ſtray.
But, O! in vain—my muſe denies
Her aid, a ſlave to lovely eyes;
Suffice it to rehearſe the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying ſwains;
Nor dare to wield the ſhafts of love
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.
I yield! Adieu the lofty ſtrain!
Anacreon is himſelf again:
Again the melting ſong I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay,
See! ſee! how, with attentive ears,
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in bow'ry ſhades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

ODE LXVII.

ON LOVE.

To love I wake the ſilver ſtring,
And of his ſoft dominion ſing:
A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,
The ſweeteſt, faireſt flowers that blow:
All mortals own his mighty ſway,
And him the gods above obey.

ODE LXVIII.

THE SUPPLICATION.

QUEEN of the woodland chaſe, whoſe darts
Unerring pierce the mountain-harts,
Diana chaſte, Joves daughter fair,
Suppliant to thee I breathe my prayer.
Deſcend, propitious to my vow,
To where the ſtreams of Lethe flow:
In pity aid a hapleſs race,
Bright goddeſs of the woodland chaſe;
With holy awe they own thy ſway,
And meek in reverence obey.

ODE LXIX.

ARTEMON.

A Fragment.

Now Artemon, a favourite name,
Inſpires Eurypyle with flame:
An upſtart of ignoble blood,
Who plodded late in ſhoes of wood;
And round his waiſt, inſtead of veſt,
Wore a cow's ſtinking hide undreſt,
Which might, on fit occaſion, yield
Rank covering for a rotten ſhield.

This wretch, with other wretches vile,
Liv'd hard by drudgery and toil;
Oft ſentenc'd cruel pains to feel
At whipping-poſt, or racking-wheel:
But now, conſpicuous from afar,
He rides triumphant in his car;
With golden pendants in his ears,
Aloft the ſilken reins he bears,
Proud, and effeminately gay:
His ſlaves an ivory ſkreen diſplay,
To guard him from the ſolar ray.

ODE LXX.

TO HIS BOY.

Boy, while here I ſit ſupine,
Bring me water, bring me wine;
Bring me, to adorn my brow,
Wreaths of flowers that ſweetly blow:
Love invites——O! let me prove
The joys of wine, the ſweets of love.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

This ode is, with great reaſon and propriety, placed at the head of theſe beautiful little poems: for love, the argument, is in a good meaſure the argument of all the reſt.—The invention of it has been eſteemed ſo happy and gallant, and the turn ſo delicate, that the beſt maſters of antiquity have copied this excellent original. Horace had it in view, Ode 12. Book 2.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare,
Pæno purpureum ſanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis.

Dire Hannibal, the Roman dread,
Numantian wars which rag'd ſo long,
And ſeas with Punic ſlaughter red,
Suit not the ſofter lyric ſong.
Lord Chief Baron Gilbert.

Ovid has imitated it in ſeveral of his elegies: In the following diſtich he ſeems to have comprehended the ſubſtance of the whole ode. *Eleg.* 12. *Book* 3.

Cum Thebæ, cum Troja forent, cum Cæſaris acta;
Ingenium movit ſola Corinna meum.

Though Thebes and Troy remain, and Cæſar's praiſe,
Illuſtrious themes that might my fancy raiſe,
Corinna only can inſpire my lays.

Bion of Smyrna has beautifully imitated this ode at the end of the fourth idyllium.

Ην μην γαρ βρατον αλλον η αθανατον τινα μελπω,
Καμβαινει μευ γλοσσα, και ὡς παρος ȣκ ετ' αειδει.
Ην δ' αυτ' ες τον Ερωτα και ες Λυκιδαν τι μελισ-[δω,
Και τοκα μοι σχαιροισα δια ςοματος ρεει ωδα.

To praiſe a hero, when I ſtrike the lyre,
Or nobly daring to ſome god aſpire,
In ſtrains more languid flows the nerveleſs ſong,
The fault'ring accents die upon my tongue;
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers ſweetly flow.

Ver. 3. Agamemnon and Menelaus, the chief commanders at the ſiege of Troy. By the Atridæ the poet means the Trojan, and by Cadmus the Theban war.

Ver. 9. M. Dacier judiciouſly obſerves, in his notes on the twenty-ſixth ode of the firſt book of Horace, that the poets, when they would celebrate any extraordinary ſubject, were wont to ſay they had new-ſtrung their lyre.

— —Hunc fidibus novis,
Hùnc Leſbio ſacrare plectro,
Teque tuaſque decet ſorores.

To ſound his praiſe, O muſe, is thine,
In concert with the tuneful nine,
On the fam'd Leſbian lyre new-ſtrung,
In numbers ſweet, as old Alcæus ſung.

Ver. 14. The Greek word, αντιφονειν, is very ſtrong and expreſſive, and means, "to return a contrary ſound." To underſtand this paſſage clearly, we muſt imagine that Anacreon is ſinging and playing upon the lyre; which, inſtead of anſwering to his voice in heroic numbers, returned only the ſounds of love. Tibullus has a ſimilar expreſſion, Eleg. 4. Book 3.

Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere ſonora,
Nec ſimiles chordis reddere voce ſonos.

No more I tun'd the loud reſounding ſtring,
Nor to the lyre's ſweet melody could ſing.

Ver. 15.
——Heroum clara valete
Nomina, non apta eſt gratia veſtra mihi.
Ovid, Eleg. 1. *Book* 2.

Ye heroes of immortal fame, adieu!
Ill ſuits the warbling of my lyre with you.

ODE II.

Phocylides has copied great part of this ode in his admonitory poem:

Ὅπλον ἑκαστῳ νειμε Θεος φυσιν· ηεροφοιτον
Ορνισι μεν πολλην ταχυτητ' αλκην τε λεουσι,
Ταυροις δ' αυτοχυτοις κεραεσσιν, κεντρα μελισσαις
Εμφυτον αλκαρ εδωκε' λογος δ' ερυμ' ανθρωποισι.

Arms to all creatures God's abundant care
Affords; light pinions to the birds of air;
The lordly lion boasts his matchless might;
The bull's bright horns are terrible in fight;
The sting sharp-pointed is the bee's defence;
The shield and buckler of mankind is sense.

Ver. 10. The Greek word φρονημα generally signifies prudence; and so Stephens has translated it: But as it would be highly absurd to suppose that nature had forgot that useful ingredient in the composition of the ladies, we must look out for another interpretation. Φρονημα equally signifies magnanimity. It is similar to an expression of Tully, in Off. 1. 19.—"Elatio et magnitudo animi:" And as Mr. John Addison, in his note on this passage observes, "By courage, when applied to man, is properly meant that superiority "of mind, which is man's peculiar characteristic "and charter of dominion."

Ver. 14. Coluthus, in his poem on the Rape of Helen, has the same thought, speaking of Venus:

Μουνη Κυπρις αναλκις εην θεος. ου βασιληων
Κοιρανιην. ουδ' εγχος αρηιον, ου βελος ἑλκω·
Αλλα τι δειμαινω περιωσιον: αντι μεν αιχμης,
Ως θοον εγχος εχουσα μιλιφρονα δεσμον ερωτων.

Of all the gods, no regal sway I bear,
Nor, weak and timid, wield the martial spear;
Yet great my pow'r, for my resistless darts
Are smiles and loves that triumph over hearts.

And a little further,

Εργα μοθων ουκ οιδα· τι γαρ σακεων Αφροδιτη;
Αγλαιη πολυ μαλλον αριστευουσι γυναικες.

No fights I know, averse to war's alarms;
Idalian Venus has no need of arms:
The fair are irresistible in charms.

Nonnus introduces Venus speaking after the same manner:

Εγχος εμον πελε καλλος, εμον ξιφος επλε το μορφη.

Resistless beauty for a sword I wear,
And charms more piercing than the pointed spear.

The Romas were so fully convinced of the power of beauty, that the word *fortis*, strong or valiant, signifies likewise fair or handsome; as appears by two passages in Plautus.——Bacchid. Act 2. Sc. 2. 38. "Sed Bacchis etiam tibi fortis visa est? Et Miles Glor. Act. 4. Sc. 3. 13. Ecquid fortis visa est?

ODE III.

This, as Longepierre observes, is one of the most beautiful of Anacreon's odes. Nothing can be more ingenious than the fiction, which is something similar to the fable of the Serpent and the Labourer.

Ver. 4 Two constellations near the northern pole Bootes is also called Arctophylax, or the Bear-keeper. Aratus, in his Phenomena, has three lines perfectly similar to this passage of Anacreon.

Εξοπιθεν δ' Ελικης φερεται ελαοντι εοικως
Αρκτοφυλαξ, τον ῥ' ανδρες επικλειουσι Βοωτην,
Οὐνεχ' ἁμαξαιης ἐπαφωμενος ειδεται Αρκτου.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the Bear,
Arctophylax, on earth Boötes nam'd,
Sheds o'er the arctic car his silver light.

Ver. 40. The ancients placed the seat of love in the liver, as might be proved from several passages.

Cum tibi fervens amor et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum.

Hor. B. 1. Ode 2.

And burning love and lothsome lust,
Such as the madding fillies fires,
Still in thy canker'd liver rage. *Duncombe.*

Theocritus, Idyll. 11. ver. 16.

—το οἱ ἡπατι παξε βελεμνον.

—She in his liver fix'd a dart.

And in the thirteenth Idyl. ver. 72. speaking of Hercules, he says,

—— Χαλεπος γαρ εσω θεος ἡπαρ αμυσσεν.

For in his liver love had fix'd a wound.

There is an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthalogia, to the same purpose.

Ληξον, Ερος. κραδιης τε και ἡπατος ει δ' ἐπιθυμεις
Βαλλειν, αλλο τι μου των μελεων μεταβα.

Cease, love, to wound my liver and my heart:
If I must suffer, choose some other part.

ODE IV.

Ver. 2. Madam Dacier observes, that the ancients, by way of indulgence, used to repose themselves on large heaps of fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers.

Ver. 7. Seneca, in his Hercules Furens, Act 1. Scene 2. Ver. 177. has the same sentiment.

——Properat cursu
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.

With rapid motion, never at a stay,
Life swiftly posts along, and, day by day,
The year's great wheel incessant rolls away.

Ver. 14. Anthologia, Book 7.

Εν ζωοισι τα τερπνα τα Κωπριδος εν δ' Αχεροντε
Οστεα και σποδιη, παρθενε, κεισομεθα.

Phyllis, while living, let us life employ
In the ſoft tranſports of Idalian joy:
For when we die, (and die alas! we muſt)
All that remains is aſhes, bones, or duſt.

Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra fumus. *Hor.*

But to the dreary realms below
Who ſink, muſt no return for ever know!
Enroll'd among the mighty dead,
Our body will be duſt, our ſoul a ſhade.
Duncombe.

There are two epigrams in the ſecond book of the Anthologia, very ſimilar to this paſſage of Anacreon:

Και πινε, και, τερπνȣ, Δημοκρατες· ȣ γαρ ες αειι
Πιομεθ', ȣδ αιει τερψιος ἑξομεθα.
Και ςεφανȣς κεφαλος πυκασωμεθα, και μυρισωμεν
Αυτȣς, πριν τυμβοις ταυτα φερειν ἑτερȣς.
Νυν εν εμοι πιετω μεθυ το πλεον οςεα τάμα.
Νεκρα δε Δευκαλιων αυτα κατακλυσατω.

Drink and rejoice, for let us wiſely think,
My friend, we muſt not always laugh and drink:
Our heads we'll crown with flow'rs and rich perfumes
Before they're vainly laviſh'd on our tombs.
Cares and anxieties I now reſign,
Or drown them in a mighty bowl of wine.
When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,
Drench my cold carcaſe in a wat'ry flood.

Με μυρα, μη ςεφανȣς λιθιναις ςηλαιτι χαριζȣ,
Μηδε το πυρ φλεξης· εις κενον ἡ δαπανη.
Ζωντι μοι, ειτι θελεις χαρισαι.

On the cold tombs no fragrant unguents ſhed,
No flow'ry chaplets unavailing ſpread,
Nor kindle living lamps to light the dead.
Vain are theſe honours; rather while I live,
To me the ſweet, the rich oblation give.

Of theſe cuſtoms of the ancients of pouring ſweet unguents on the tombs of the dead, and crowning them with flowers, &c. See Potter's Antiquities.

Ver. 22. The ancients believed, that the happy ſouls in the Elyſian fields enjoyed thoſe pleaſures which they moſt delighted in when living. Thus Virgil,

Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.

Thoſe raiſe the ſong divine, and theſe advance
In meaſur'd ſteps to form the ſolemn dance. *Pitt.*

Tibullus, Book 1. Eleg. 3.
Sed me, quod facilis tenero ſum ſemper amori,
Ipſa Venus campos ducet in Elyſios:
Hic choreæ, cantus vigent, &c.

Then love my ghoſt (for love I ſtill obey'd)
Will grateful uſher to th' Elyſian ſhade:
There joy and ceaſeleſs revelry prevail,
There ſoothing muſic floats on ev'ry gale;
There painted warblers hop from ſpray to ſpray,
And, wildly-pleaſing, ſwell the gen'ral lay:
There ev'ry hedge, untaught, with caſſia blooms,
And ſcents the ambient air with rich perfumes:
There ev'ry mead a various plenty yields;
There laviſh Flora paints the purple fields:
With ceaſeleſs light a brighter Phœbus glows,
No ſickneſs tortures, and no ocean flows:
But youths aſſociate with the gentle fair,
And ſtung with pleaſure, to the ſhades repair:
With them love wanders whereſoe'er they ſtray,
Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play:
But chief the conſtant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the ſhade.
Grainger.

I hope the reader will not think this quotation tedious, as the paſſage is admirably tranſlated, and contains a beautiful deſcription of Elyſium.

ODE V.

The Grecians eſteemed the roſe more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, of which there needs no other proof than this ode of Anacreon, and likewiſe the fifty-third, where he praiſes this beautiful flower with the greateſt addreſs and delicacy. The Romans equally valued it. Horace ſays,

Hunc vina et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amenæ ferra jube roſæ.

Here wine, and oil, and roſes bring,
Too ſhort-liv'd daughters of the ſpring.
Duncombe.

His complaint of the ſhortneſs of the roſe's duration is an artful and delicate manner of praiſing that flower.

Ver. 5. The ancients uſed wreaths of flowers, and perfumes at their entertainments, not only for pleaſure, but becauſe they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

ODE VI.

This ode, in the original bears the ſame title as the former, Εις ροδον, On the Roſe, But, as it is univerſally agreed, to be a miſtake of the copyiſts, the editors of Anacreon have given it various appellations. Barnes calls it Κωμος, which he tranſlates *Feſtivium amatoria*, The Feſtivial of Love. Dr. Trapp intitles it Συμποσιον. *Convivium*, The Banquet. Madam Dacier would have it called The Maſquerade: but I agree with Longepierre, who thinks it ought to be ſtyled The Party of Pleaſure.

Ver. 4. The hyrſus was a ſpear enriched with wreaths of ivy, and ſometimes of vine-leaves: It was uſed as a weapon by thoſe who attended the revels of Bacchus.

Ver. 10. Mr. Longepierre quotes a moſt beautiful epigram from the ſeventh book of the Anthologia, near the end, ſimilar to this paſſage; which, I think, cannot have juſtice done it in an Engliſh tranſlation:

Κερη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθησπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις·
Νεκταρ ειην το φιλημα· το γαρ στομα νεκταρος επ-
πει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

Phyllis the gay, in robe of beauty dreſt,
Late on my lips a humid kiſs impreſt;
The kiſs was nectar which the fair beſtow'd,
For in her am'rous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiſs!
My ſoul was drunk with ecſtaſy of bliſs.

Ver. 12. Προχεων λιγειαν ομφην, "pouring a "liquid ſound" The expreſſion is very delicate. Horace has ſomething like it, Ode 24 B. 1.

Cui liquidam pater vocem cum cithara dedit.

Who ſhar'ſt from Jove the melting voice and lyre.
Duncombe.

Ver. 14 The ancient poets always repreſented Bacchus young and beautiful. So Ovid, Metam. book 4. ver. 17.

——Tibi enim incomſumpta juventas,
Tu puer æternas, tu formoſiſſimus alto
Conſpiceris cœlo: tibi, cum ſine cornibus adſtas,
Virgineum caput eſt——

To thee eternity of youth is giv'n;
Unrivall'd in thy bloom thou ſhin'ſt in heav'n:
Conceal thy horns, and ev'ry charming grace
Of virgin beauty brightens in thy face.

ODE VII.

Ver. 2. Madam Dacier and Barnes thought, ὑακινθινη might ſignify the colour of the wand or rod; but as the hyacinth is no where deſcribed to be of any colour, the interpretation will not hold good. The thought is poetical, and worthy of Anacreon, to ſuppoſe Cupid's wand adorned with little wreaths of that delicate flower tied round it: Or perhaps, by ὑακινθινη ραβδῳ, the poet meant only a ſingle hyacinth; for ραβδος may ſignify the ſtalk or ſtem of a flower: and then the moral of this charming ode will latently inculcate the irreſiſtible force of love, in whoſe hands a flower is as powerful as his bow and arrows that are tipt with fire.

A late right reverend author, much admired for the elegance of his writings, ſeems to have had an eye to this ode when he compoſed the following lines on a fan:

Flavia the leaſt and flighteſt toy
Can with reſiſtleſs art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of ſmall force in love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton motions ſo,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolneſs to the matchleſs dame,
To every other breaſt a flame.

Ver. 8. His being ſtung by a ſerpent, as Madam Dacier obſerves, was to puniſh his inſenſibility, and to ſhow that love, if he would ſubmit to his dominion, would take him under his protection.

ODE VIII.

Ver. 8. Lyæus was a name given to Bacchus. It is derived from the word λυειν, to looſe or free, becauſe wine frees the mind from anxieties.

Ver. 15. Madam Dacier commends the delicacy and beauty of this ode, though in her tranſlation all the ſpirit evaporates: The two laſt lines

Μεμονωμενος δ' ὁ τλημεων Παλιν εθελον καθευδην.

Thus miſerably left alone, I wiſh'd to ſleep again;

ſhe has rendered thus: "Etant donc tout triſte de "me voir ainſi demeure ſeul, je ne trouvai point "de meilleure conſolation, que de me remettre à "dormir." There are ſome beautiful lines in Ovid's Epiſtle of Sappho to Phaon, as Mr. Pope has taught her to ſpeak, which will elucidate this paſſage of Anacreon.

O night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And dreſt in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
But when with day the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes, to dream of you again.

ODE IX.

Faber ſays of this ode, that it does not ſeem to be the work of one man only, but that the Graces joined in concert with the Muſes to finiſh this beautiful little piece.

To underſtand it properly, we muſt remember, that it was a cuſtom among the ancients, when they undertook long journeys, and were deſirous of ſending back any news with uncommon expedition, to take tame pigeons along with them. When they thought proper to write to their friends, they let one of theſe birds looſe, with letters faſtened to its neck: The bird, once releaſed, would never ceaſe its flight till it arrived at its neſt and young ones. The ſame cuſtom ſtill obtains among the Turks, and in ſeveral eaſtern countries. Longepierre has a quotation from Ælian, book 6. chap. 7. which proves that the crow, Κορωνη was ſometimes employed in this office. The paſſage may be thus tranſlated: "In Egypt, near the lake "Myris, the natives ſhow the monument of a "crow, of which they give the following ac-"count: That it was brought up by one of their "kings called Marrhes, whoſe epiſtles it carried, "whereſoever he pleaſed, with greater expedi-"tion than the ſwifteſt of his meſſengers: That, "when he gave his orders, it immediately under-"ſtood which way to direct its flight, through "what country to paſs, and where to ſtop. To "recompenſe theſe ſervices, when it died, Marrhes "honoured it with a monument and an epi-"taph."

Ver. 6. 'The Greeks perfumed their birds, as we perfume our lap-dogs.' *Madam Dacier.*

Ver. 12. Bathyllus was a young Samian of great beauty, and admired by Anacreon. See Ode 29th. Horace has taken notice of this paſſion:

Non aliter Samio dicunt arſiſſe Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
Qui perſæpe carvâ teſtudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem. *Epod.* 14.

Such was the fate Anacreon prov'd
So fondly he Bathyllus lov'd,
Accuſtom'd his complaints to ſuit
In eaſy meaſures to the lute. *Duncombe.*

This youth was alſo a favourite of Polycrates, who erected a ſtatue to him that repreſented Apollo playing upon the lyre.

Ver. 15, 16. The poet could not pay himſelf a more delicate compliment, than by ſaying that Venus, the mother of the Graces, was glad to purchaſe a little hymn of his compoſing at the price of one of her favourite doves. This paſſage is a proof, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods; which are all loſt, except, perhaps, part of the 50th and 52d odes to Bacchus, the 58th to Cupid, the 60th to Diana, and the 64th to Apollo. The 62d ode is alſo an hymeneal hymn.

Ver. 35. The dove praiſes the liberality of his maſter for admitting him to drink of the ſame wine as himſelf; which was an indulgence the ancients never allowed to any but their favourites. Thus Homer introduces Achilles entertaining Ajax, Ulyſſes, and Phœnix, Iliad 9. ver. 202.

With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every ſoul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
Pope.

ODE X.

The commentators obſerve, that Anacreon makes this young country man ſpeak in the Doric dialect, which was the moſt ruſtic, to ridicule the unpoliteneſs of a perſon who could be ſo inſenſible of the charms of love, as to wiſh to part with his images.

Ver. 11. In the Greek, the price offered is a drachm, an Attic coin, value about ſevenpence halfpenny Engliſh.

Ver 16. Barnes obſerves, that it was uſual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, juſt as they fancied they had been uſed by them. The modern Indians chaſtiſe their idols with ſcourges, whenever any calamity befalls them. There is a paſſage in the ſeventh Idyllium of Theocritus, ſimilar to this of our poet, where a perſon, after having made his ſupplication to the god Pan, pleaſantly enough threatens him:

Ει δ' αλλως νευσαις, καλα μεν χροα παντ' ονυχεσσι
Δακνομενος κνασαιο, κ. τ. λ.

But may'ſt thou, if thou dar'ſt my boon deny,
Torn by ſell claws on beds of nettles lie;
All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole,
Where Heber's waves down Edon's mountains roll;
And in the ſcorching heats of ſummer glow,
Where under Blemyan rocks Nile's boiling waters flow.

ODE XI.

That natural facility of thought, and that ſweet ſimplicity of expreſſion, which are ſo deſervedly admired in the writings of Anacreon, abound in the original of this beautiful ode. Horace gives us his true character, when he tells us he wrote, "non elaboratum ad pedem," in unlaboured verſe; verſe that flows with ſo much eaſe, that it ſeems to have coſt him no care or trouble. He played upon his lyre, and the numbers came; therefore he ſays of him in another place:

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas——— *Hor. L.* 4. *Od.* 9.

———and blithe Anacreon's ſportive lay
Still lives, in ſpite of time's deſtructive ſway.
Duncombe.

We have an imitation of this ode in an epigram of Palladas, in the 47th chapter of the 2d book of the Anthologia.

Γεραλεον με λυνκικες απασκωπ]ησι, λεγον]ες
Εις το κατοπ]ρον ὁραν λειψανον ἡλικιης.
Αλλ' εγω ει λευκας φορεω τριχας, ειτε μελαινας;
Ουκ αλεγω. βιοτῳ προς τελος ερχομενος.
Ευοδμοις δε μυροισι. και ευπε]αλοις ςεφανοισι,
Και βρομιῳ πανυ φρον]ιδας αργαλεας.

To me the wanton girls inſulting ſay,
'Here in this glaſs thy fading bloom ſurvey:'
Juſt on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
Whether my locks are black, or ſilver white;
Roſes around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And diſſipate anxieties in wine.

Ver. 6. The hair was always eſteemed by the ancients the principal ornament of beauty. Apuleius has this remarkable paſſage in the ſecond book of his Mileſiacks: "Even Venus herſelf, if "ſhe was deſtitute of hair, though ſurrounded by "the Graces and Loves, would not have charms to "pleaſe her own huſband Vulcan." Longepierre quotes a paſſage from Petronius, where Eumolpus calls the hair the chief grace of beauty:

Quod ſummum formæ decus, cecidere capilli,
Vernantesque comas triſtis abegit hyems.
Nunc umbrâ nudata ſuâ jam tempora mœrunt,
Arcaque attritis nidet aduſta pilis.
O fallax natura deûm! quæ prima dediſti
Ærati noſtræ gaudia, prima rapis.
Infelix modo crinibus nitebas
Phœbo pulchrior, & ſorore Phœbi:
At nunc lævior ære, vel rotundo
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
Ridentes fugis & times puellas.

Ut mortem citius venire credas,
Scito jam capitis periſſe partem.

Fall'n is thy hair, for woeful winter hoar
Has ſtol'n thy bloom, and beauty is no more;
Thy temples mourn their ſhady honours ſhorn,
Parch'd like the fallow, deſtitute of corn.
Fallacious gods! whoſe bleſſings can betray;
What firſt ye give us, firſt ye take away.
Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,
As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,
Now view'ſt, alas! thy forehead ſmooth and plain
As the round fungus, daughter of the rain;
Smooth as the ſurface of well-poliſh'd braſs,
And fly'ſt with fear each laughter-loving laſs.
Death haſtes amain; thy wretched fate deplore;
Fall'n is thy hair, and beauty is no more.

ODE XII.

Ver. 6. The poet very judiciouſly endeavours to terrify the ſwallow with the mention of Tereus, whoſe palace, as the ancients have remarked, was carefully avoided by thoſe birds. Pliny ſays, "Arx "Regum Thraciæ, a Terei nefaſto crimine inviſa "Hirundinibus." See alſo Solinus. From this paſſage of Anacreon it ſhould ſeem, that Philomela was changed into a ſwallow, and not Progne, as Ovid and others have aſſerted.

Ver. 10. Madam Dacier ſays, that this paſſage, and another in the eight ode——

Intent on love, I ſtrive to greet
The gameſome girls with kiſſes ſweet,
And, as on pleaſure's brink I ſeem,
Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream.

undoubtedly furniſhed Horace with that beautiful ſentiment in the firſt ode of the fourth book:

Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo; jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure volubiles.

Which Mr. Pope has admirably imitated:

Thee dreſs'd in fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhorn by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Argentarius imitates this paſſage in an epigram, in the firſt book of the Anthologia, which begins,

Ορνι, τι μοι φιλον ὑ πνον αφηρπασας; ἡδυ δη
Πυρρης
Ειδωλον κοιτης ῳχετ' αποπταμενον.

Invidious ſwallow, with thy horrid ſcream
Why haſt thou wak'd me from ſo ſweet a dream?
Stunn'd by thy noiſe fair Pyrrha, like the wind,
Flew from my arms, juſt yielding to be kind.

Agathias has alſo imitated it in an epigram, in the ſeventh book of the Anthologia.

Πασαν εγω την νυκτα κινυρομαι· ευτε δ' επελθῃ
Ορθρος, ελιννυσαι μικρα χαριζομενος.
Αμφιπεριτρυζουσι χελεδονίς· ες δε με δακρυ
Βαλλυσι, γλυκερον κωμα παρωσαμεναι.
Ω φθονεραι παυσασθε λαλητριδες· ου γαρ εγώγε
Την φιλομελειαν γλωσσαν απεθρισαμην.
Αλλ' Ιτυλον κλαιοιτε κατ' ουρεα, καὶ γοαοιτε
Εις αιπος, κραναην αυλιν εφεζομεναι,
Βαιον ἱνα κνωσσοιμεν· ισως δε τις ἡξει ονειρος
Ὁς με Ροδανθειοις πεχεσιν αμφιβαλοι.

All night I ſigh with cares of love oppreſt,
And when the morn indulges balmy reſt,
Theſe twitt'ring birds their noiſy mattins keep,
Recall my ſorrows, and prevent my ſleep;
Ceaſe envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
I raviſh'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deſerts wild, or on ſome mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys, in an elegy of woe.
Me leave to ſleep: in viſionary charms,
Some dream perhaps may bring Rodanthe to my arms.

ODE XIII.

Ver. 2. A young Phrygian of great beauty, beloved by Cybele the mother of the gods, who made him her prieſt, on condition that he ſhould live chaſte: but he broke his vow, and as a puniſhment, ſhe afflicted him with madneſs, in the tranſports of which he deprived himſelf of the diſtinction of his ſex, and would have killed himſelf, had not Cybele, moved with compaſſion, transformed him into a pine-tree.

Ver. 5. Claros was a city of Ionia near Colophon, rendered famous for a fountain conſecrated to Apollo, who from thence was called Clarius. Tacitus gives an account of it in the ſecond book of his Annals. where, ſpeaking of Germanicus, he ſays, "Apellitque Colophona, ut Clarii Apollinis "oraculo uteretur. Non femina illic, ut apud "Delphos; ſed certis è familiis, & ferme Mileto "accerſitus ſacerdos, numerum modo conſultan-"tium & nomina audit: tum in ſpecum degreſſus, "hauſtâ fontis arcani aquâ, ignarus plerumque li-"terarum & carminum, edit reſponſa verſibus com-"poſitis ſuper rebus quas quis mente concepit.— He landed at Colophon, to conſult the oracle of Apollo at Claros. The perſon that delivers the oracles there, is not a woman, as at Delphos, but a man ſelected out of certain families, and frequently from Miletus. This prieſt only inquires the number and names of thoſe that conſult the deity. After that, having entered his grotto, and drank of the myſterious water, he anſwers the queſtion of his inquirers in verſe, though he is generally illiterate, and unacquainted with the muſes.

Ver. 6. The Greek is δαφνηφοροιο, laurel-wearing Phœbus; becauſe when Daphne eſcaped his purſuit by being changed into a laurel, he conſecrated that tree to himſelf. *Ovid Metamorph.*

Cui Deus, At quoniam conjux mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea: semper habebunt
Te coma, te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ.

To whom the God—" Because thou canst not be
" My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
" Be thou the prize of honour and renown,
" The deathless poet and the poem crown."

Dryden.

ODE XIV.

The subject of this ode is to show the irresistible nature of love. In this little piece, Anacreon discovers a wonderful delicacy of invention: Nothing can be imagined more entertaining than this combat, the preparation for it, the issue of it, and that natural and admirable reflection with which it concludes.

Ver. 12. Anacreon arms himself with a spear and shield, to contend with love. In an ancient epigram of the Anthologia, book 7. we have an account of a combatant, who put on the breastplate of reason, to withstand the attacks of this dangerous enemy

Ωπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδε με νικησει, μουνος εων προς ένα.
Θνατος δ' αθανατω συνελευσομαι· ην δε βοηθον
Βακχον εχη, τι μονος προς δυ' εγω δυναμαι;

With love I war, and reason is my shield,
Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:
If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
One mortal cannot combat two such gods.

Ver. 19, 20.
The author of an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia, complains, in like manner, that love had exhausted his quiver by shooting at him.

Μηκετι τις πτηξειε Ποθου βελός· ιοδοκην γαρ
Εις εμε λαβρος Ερως εξεκενωσεν όλην.

No more let Cupid's shafts the world appal,
For in my bosom he has lodg'd them all.

Ver. 21. This thought is very beautiful and ingenious. It is taken from an ancient piece of gallantry, which ought not to be passed over in silence The heroes of antiquity, when in any desperate engagement they found their darts spent, their strength exhausted, and saw no prospect of surviving long, would collect all their spirits and strength, and rush headlong with amazing impetuosity upon their enemies, that even in death the weight of their bodies, thus violently agitated, might bear down their adversaries. Examples of this kind of heroism are frequent in Lucan. Book 3d, speaking of a brave veteran:

——Tum vulnere multo
Effugientem animam lapsos collegit in artus
Membraque contendit toto, quicunque manebat,
Sanguine, et hostilem, defessis robore membris,
Insiliit solo nociturus pondere puppin.

B. 3. Ver. 622.

And, book 6. ver. 204. speaking of Scæva:

——tot munera belli
Solus obit, densamque ferens in pectore sylvam
Jam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, elegit hostem.

Encumber'd sore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.

Rowe.

ODE XV.

Ver. 1. Gyges was the favourite of Candaules, king of Lydia, whose queen was remarkably beautiful, and passionately admired by her husband. In his vanity, he extolled her charms above measure to Gyges, and, to convince him of her beauty, determined to show her to him naked; which he effected, but not without the queen's discovering that affront; who next morning sent privately for Gyges, and resolutely told him, he must either suffer immediate death for what he had done, or dispatch Candaules, and take her and the kingdom of Lydia for his recompense. The choice was difficult, as he greatly valued his master: However, the love of life prevailed—he stabbed Candaules, married the queen, and took possession of the kingdom.

Ver. 8. There is an epigram in the second book of the Anthologia, that has the same turn:

Πινε, και ευφραινου· τι γαρ αυριον η τι το, μέλλον,
Ουδεις γινωσκει· μη τρεχε, μη κοπια.
Ὡς δυνασαι χαρισαι, μεταδος, φαγε, θνητα λογιζου,
Το ζην του μη ζην ουδεν όλως απεχει.
Πας ὁ βιος τοιοσδε ροπην μονον αν προλαβη τις.
Αν δε θανης, ἑτερου παντα, συ δ' ουδεν εχεις.

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,
And drink—to-morrow is a distant day:
Improve on time; to bliss each moment give;
Not to enjoy this life, is not to live:
Our goods are now our own, but when we die
They come to others, whilst in dust we lie,
And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy.

Horace expresses himself in the same manner, Book 1. Ode 9.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere: et
Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas;
Dum virenti canities abest
Morosa———

To-morrow and her works defy;
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r
Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain,
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Dryden.

ODE XVI.

Ver. 1. Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned

by Eteocles, the ſon of Œdipus and Jocaſta, refuſing his brother Polynices his ſhare in the government, though they had previouſly agreed, after their father's death, to rule alternately year by year. Æſchylus wrote a tragedy on this ſubject.

Ver. 3. Ovid has imitated this paſſage—Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.

Vincor, et ingenium ſumptis revocatur ab armis,
Reſque domi geſtas, et mea bella cano.

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious ſtrain
Of arms and war, to ſing of love again:
My themes are acts which I myſelf have done,
And my muſe ſings no battles but my own.

Ver. 9. Nonnus calls the eyes the archers of love, ακοντιστηρες ερωτων: and there is ſomething ſimilar to this in an epigram of the Anthologia, book 7.—which, ſpeaking of love, ſays,

Ου με λεληθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Inſidious archer, not unſeen you lie,
Though ambuſh'd cloſe in Zenephelia's eye.

ODE XVII.

This elegant ode is quoted by Gellius, who ſays it was ſung and played upon inſtruments at an entertainment where he was preſent.

Ver. 9. The poet alludes to the conſtellations; which Vulcan deſcribed on the ſhield of Achilles. See Homer's Iliad, book 18.

There ſhone the image of the maſter-mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;
Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon completely round,
The ſtarry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd,
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Pope.

Ver. 10. Anacreon calls Orion, στυγνον, odious, becauſe he is the forerunner of tempeſts, and therefore dreadful to mariners. Horace calls him *infeſtus*, Epode 15.

Dum pecori lupus, et nautis infeſtus Orion.

As long as wolves purſue the fearful ſheep,
And ſtern Orion rages o'er the deep.

ODE XVIII.

Ver. 19. It is not without reaſon that Anacreon, after having mentioned Venus, introduces love among the graces; being ſenſible, that, though beauty alone might pleaſe, yet, without the aid of other charms, it could not long captivate the heart.

Καλλος ανευ χαριτων τερπει μονον· ȣ κατεχει δε,
Ὡς ατερ αγκιστρȣ νηχομενον δελεαρ.

Beauty without the graces may impart
Charms that will pleaſe, not captivate the heart;
As ſplendid baits without the bearded hook
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Ver. 23. The poet deſires that Apollo may not be deſcribed upon his bowl, becauſe he was ſo unfortunate as to kill his favourite Hyacinthus, as he was playing with him at quoits.

ODE XIX.

Ver. 5. The original is, Πινει θαλασσα δ' αυρας, 'The ſea drinks up the air.' All the commentators are ſilent here, except Dr. Trapp, who owns he did not underſtand the expreſſion. Might I venture to make an eaſy alteration of the text, I would read, Πινει θαλασσ' αναυρȣς, 'The ſea drinks up the rivers.' See Ode vii. Δια δ' ὀζεων μ' αναυρων, 'Through rapid rivers,' or 'torrents.' It is likewiſe uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the beſt authors. Moſchus, Idyllium 2. 31. See alſo Hoelzinus on Apollonius Rhodius, Book 1. 9. This emendation makes the ſenſe full and complete.

Ver. 10. The moon is ſaid to drink up the ſun, becauſe ſhe borrows her light from that luminary.

ODE XX.

Ver. 4. Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom, according to Homer, having ſix ſons and ſix daughters, ſhe became ſo proud of her offspring and high birth, that ſhe had the vanity to prefer herſelf to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, who, to revenge the affront offered to their parent, in one day ſlew all her children; upon which Niobe was ſtruck dumb with grief, and remained ſtupid. For that reaſon, the poets have feigned her to be turned into a ſtone. The ſtory is told by Ovid in the ſixth book of the Metamorphoſes; but perhaps better by Pope, in his tranſlation of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, where Achilles is introduced thus ſpeaking to Priam:

Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine;
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line:
But two the goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve the avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none,
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone)
The gods themſelves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock (for ſuch was heaven's high will)
Through deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;

Where, round the bed whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's ſhaggy brow
She ſtands, her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Pope.

There are two ſhort epigrams in the Anthologia, which perhaps the reader will be glad to ſee in Engliſh.

Ὁ τυμβος ὁτος ενδον εκ εχει νεκρον.
Ὁ νεκρος ὁτος εκτος εκ εχει ταφον.
Αλλ' αυτος αυτε νεκρος εϛι και ταφος.

This weeping tomb within no corſe contains;
This weeping corſe without a tomb remains:
For, by a ſtrange irrevocable doom,
This image is the carcaſe and the tomb.

Εκ ζωης με Θεοι τευξαν λιθον· εκ δε λιθοιο
Ζωην Πραξιτελης εμπαλιν ειργασα[το.

I once was Niobe, and fill'd a throne,
Till fate ſevere transform'd me into ſtone:
Behold the change which mimic art can give!
From ſtone Praxiteles has made me live.

I cannot conclude my notes on this ode without firſt obſerving, that this gallant original has been copied by ſeveral maſters. I ſhall produce one example, becauſe it is the ſhorteſt, which is an epigram of Dionyſius the ſophiſt.

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην ϛυ δε γε ϛειχηϛα παρ' αυγας,
Ϛτηθεα γυμνωσαις, και με πνεονϛα λαβοις.
Ειθε ροδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερϛιν
Αραμενη, κομιϛαις ϛηθεϛι χιονϛοις
Ειθε κρινον γενομην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερϛιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον ϛης χρυτης κορϛης.

I wiſh myſelf a gentle breeze to blow,
O'er your fair boſom unconfin'd I'd flow,
And wanton on thoſe little hills of ſnow.
I wiſh myſelf a roſe in purple dreſt,
That you might place me on your ſnowy breaſt.
I wiſh myſelf a lily, lovely fair,
That I might kiſs your ſkin, and gather whiteneſs there.

ODE XXI.

Ver. 2. The Greek is, πιειν αμυϛι. Amyſtis, as Madam Dacier obſerves, was a manner of drinking among the Thracians, ſo called from their ſwallowing down a certain quantity of liquor without fetching breath, or ſhutting the mouth. Horace takes notice of it in Book 1. Ode 39.

"Neu multi Damalis meri
"Baſſum Threiciâ vincat amyſtide."

Baſſus ſhall Damalis o'ercome,
And drain the goblet at a draught.
Duncombe.

Ver. 9. The reflection the poet here makes is exceedingly natural, beautiful, and ſtrong; "When "love has once got poſſeſſion of the heart, all ex- "terior remedies will have no effect;" agreeably to the concluſion of the fourteenth ode:

All defence to folly turns,
When within the battle burns.

ODE XXII.

This ode is by Anacreon addreſſed to Bathyllus; but the tranſlator has, with more decency and gallantry, applied it to a lady.

Ver. 10. The original is, Πηγη ῥεουϛα πειθυς, *a Fountain rolling Perſuaſion*, than which nothing can be more delicate or poetical, as moſt of the commentators have obſerved.

Longepierre quotes a beautiful epigram from the Anthologia, book 1. ſimilar to this ode; where the god Pan is ſuppoſed to ſpeak.

Ερχευ και κατ' εμαν ἱδευ πιτυν, ἁ το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακως εχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρῳ·
Ηνι δε και κρηνιϛμα μελιϛαγες ενθα μελιϛοδων
Ἡδυν εφεμαιοις ὑπνον αγοι καλαμοις.

Reſt here beneath my ſhady pine reclin'd,
Whoſe tall top ſweetly murmurs to the wind;
Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with its ever gurgling ſong;
Here on my ſolitary pipe I play,
Or ſweetly ſleep the tranquil hours away.

ODE XXIII.

One cannot but be ſurpriſed at the wretched taſte of Faber, who has rejected this ode as ſpurious, and not Anacreon's, when perhaps it is not inferior in beauty to the beſt of them; as Barnes and Trapp have amply proved by explaining a Greek idiom, with which it is ſcarce worth while to trouble the Engliſh reader.

Ver. 3, 4. Theſe words ſeem to allude to an anecdote in the hiſtory of Anacreon, which I ſhall explain. Stobæus tell us, that Anacreon, having received a preſent of five talents of gold from Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was ſo embarraſſed with cares and ſolicitudes about his treaſure, that he could not ſleep for two nights ſucceſſively: Whereupon he ſent back the preſent, with this apology to his patron, 'That, however valuable the ſum 'might be, it was not a ſufficient price for the 'trouble and anxiety of keeping it."

ODE XXIV.

Ver. 7. Tibullus ſays, "Ite procul durum curæ "genus, ite labores."

Hence all ye troubles, vaniſh into air,
And all the wrinkled family of care.

Macedonius concludes an epigram with this diſtich, Anthologia, book 1.

Την γαρ Ανακρεοντος ενι παραπιδεσσι φυλασσω
Παρρασιην, ὁτι δει φροντιδα μη κατεχειν.

I like Anacreon's counſel wond'rous well,
To let no troubles in my boſom dwell.

Ver. 13, 14. Julian, in an epitaph he compoſed

on Anacreon, makes him repeat the same lesson after he was dead.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' ειπα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω·
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιπαλησθε κονιν.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry
Loud from the tomb, " Drink, mortals, ere you
" die."

ODE XXV.

Ver. 1, 2.

Dissipat Evius cutas edaces. *Hor. B.* 2. 11.

Th' enlivening god will fordid care refine.
Duncombe.

——neque aliter
Mordaces diffugiunt sollicitudines. *Book* 1. 18.

'Tis wine, wine alone, that can drown ev'ry care.
Duncombe.

ODE XXVI.

This ode, as Longepierre observes, is in the same style as the two preceding, and the next ensuing. There is a fragment of Bacchylides remaining, which has great affinity to these four, but chiefly to this very ode.

Γλυκει αναγκη σευομενα κυλικων
Θαλπησι θυμον Κυπριδος·
Ελπις δ' αιθυσσει φρενας
Αναμιγνυμενα Διονυσιοισι δωροις,
Ανδρασι δ' υψοβαλω
Πεμπει μεριμνας.
Αυλος μεν πολεων
Κρηδεμνον λυει.
Πασι δ' ανθρωποις
Μοναρχησειν δοκει.
Χρυσω δε ελεφανθ τε
Μαρμαιρουσιν οικοι.
Πυροφοροι δε κατ αιγληεντα
Νηες αγουσιν απ' Αιγυπτου
Μεγιστον πλουτον,
Ως πινοντος ὁρμαινει κεαρ.

When the rosy bowl we drain,
Gentle love begins to reign:
Hope, to human hearts benign,
Mingles in the friendly wine,
And with pleasing visions fair
Sweetly dissipates our care.
Warm with wine we win renown,
Conquer hosts, or storm a town,
Reign the mighty lords of all,
And in fancy rule the ball:
Then our villas charm the sight,
All with gold and ivory bright;
Ships with corn from Egypt come,
Bearing foreign treasures home:
Thus each bliss that fills the soul,
Luxuriant rises from the bowl.

Ver. 5, 6.

Pastores hederâ crescentem ornate poetam.
Virg.

With ivy wreaths your youthful poet crown.

On which passage Servius remarks, that poets are crowned with ivy, as being consecrated to Bacchus; either because they are enthusiasts, like the Bacchanals, or because ivy, being an evergreen, is a symbol of that eternity which they acquire by their compositions. Horace says,

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis.

An ivy crown ennobles me,
Whose darling joy is poetry. *Duncombe.*

ODE XXVII.

Ver. 5, 6. In the forty-first ode, Anacreon calls Bacchus, τον εφευρετην χορειας, The inventor of dancing. So Tibullus,

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.
L. 1. *Eleg.* 7.

This as swains quaff'd, spontaneous numbers came,
They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecstasy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in measur'd awkwardness the ground.
Grainger.

ODE XXVIII.

Ver. 10. Neither the Greeks nor Romans seem to have esteemed one particular colour of the hair more than another; for we find both black and light colour equally admired.

Ver. 19, 20. Baxter, Barnes, and Stephens, trifle ridiculously on this passage. The Greek, ὑγρον, is humid. Madam Dacier judiciously observes, 'That eyes, in which there is the least 'degree of humidity, are uncommonly vivid and 'full of fire.'

Ver. 25. The ancients, to give us an idea of a mouth perfectly agreeable, generally represented it by the lips of persuasion. Anthol. B. 7.

Καλλος εχεις Κυπριδος, Πειθως σομα σομα και ακμην
Εαρινων ωρων.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are your's,
And the fresh beauty of the vernal hours.

Ver. 30. The Greek is, Αυγδινω, that is, marble; from Lygdos, a place in the island of Paros, famous for the finest marble. *Trapp.*

Ver. 33, 34. Ovid has a similar passage in the first book of the Metamorphoses, V. 500.

——laudat digitosque manusque,
Brachiaque, et nudos mediâ plus parte lacertos;
Si qua latent meliora putat.———

———He view'd
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Dryden.

ODE XXIX.

Ver. 7, 8. Anacreon describes the hair of Bathyllus black towards the head, but lower down gradually inclining to a yellow. Horace calls

this colour Myrrheus, "Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem," book 3, ode 14. On which an ancient critic remarks, "Colorem myrrheum in "crinibus hodie quoque dicunt qui medius est "inter flavum et nigrum:"—Even at this day they call that hair of a myrrh colour, which is between black and yellow. Ovid describes the colour of his mistress's hair thus, Amor. l. 1. eleg. 14.

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureis illis;
Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color:
Qualem clivosæ madidis in vallibus Idæ
Ardua, direpto cortice, cedrus habet.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue
They were, but of a dye between the two:
Such as in rindless cedar we behold,
The black confounded with the dusky gold.

Ver. 9, 10. Petronius says, "Crines ingenio suo "flexi, per totos se humeros effuderant:"—Her hair, negligently floating where it pleased, diffused itself over her shoulders.

Ver. 23. Meleager, as Longepierre observes, calls his mistress ηδυ ροδον πειθους, *The sweet Rose of Persuasion.* Anthologia.

Ver. 43, 44. The poet could not give us a more perfect idea of the beauty of this young Samian: He tells the painter, "If he would draw "a good likeness of Bathyllus, he must copy the "portrait of Apollo, the most beautiful of the "gods; and if he would make a good picture of "Apollo, he must paint Bathyllus."

Ver. 45. Bathyllus had a celebrated statue erected to his honour at Samos by Polycrates. See Apuleius.

ODE XXX.

This ode is very fine, and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe Anacreon would inculcate that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself.

Madam Dacier.

Ver. 5, 6. Moschus in his Run-away Love, makes Venus offer a reward to any one who should only discover where he was.

——Ὁ μανυπας γερας ἑξει
Μισθος τοι το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος.——

Whoe'er shall bring the news, his fee is this,
I Venus will reward him with a kiss.

ODE XXXI.

Ver. 5. Alcmæon was the son of Amphiaraüs and Eriphyle. His father had been put to death by the contrivance of his mother, whom, on that account, he slew. Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra, to revenge the death of his father Agamemnon, who, at his return from the Trojan war, had been murdered by her and her lover Ægisthus. They were both tormented by the furies.

Ver. 12. Iphytus was the son of Eurytus king of Oechalia, and slain by Hercules, who carried off his bow.

Ver. 15. When the armour of Achilles was adjudged to Ulysses, Ajax was so enraged at the affront, that he ran mad; and falling upon a flock of sheep, which he took for so many Grecians, first slew them, and then himself. Homer celebrates his shield for its extraordinary size. Iliad, Book 7.

Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.

Pope.

Ver. 17. Hector and Ajax made an exchange of presents (see Iliad 7.) which gave birth to a proverb, 'That the presents of enemies are generally fatal:' For Ajax with this sword afterwards killed himself; and Hector was dragged, by the belt which Ajax gave him, at the chariot of Achilles.

There is an epigram to this purpose, Anthol. B. 3. C. 14.

Ἑκτωρ Αιαντι ξιφος ωπασεν' Ἑκτορι δ' Αιας
Ζωστηρ, αμφοτερων ἡ χαρις εις θανατον.

Hector bestowed on Telamon the brave
A sword; the Greek to godlike Hector gave
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,
And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

ODE XXXII.

Ver. 9. Corinth, the metropolis of Achaia, was so famous for rich courtezans, who would only entertain the wealthy, that it occasioned the proverb, "Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum," 'Every man cannot go to Corinth.' Laïs asked Demosthenes a thousand drachms for one favour; to which he replied, 'I will not buy repentance at so dear a rate.' *Longepierre.*

Ver. 19. Anacreon says of Crete, απαντ' εχουσης, 'abounding with all things,' to express its fertility. Virgil says it had an hundred cities:

Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

Fair Crete sublimely towers amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove the sovereign of the gods;
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains. *Pitt.*

Homer, in the Iliad, gives Crete a hundred cities, B. 2.

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.

But, in the Odyssey, only ninety;

Crete awes the circling waves; a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle. *B. 19.*

Therefore, it is probable, that in the time of the Trojan war it had no more than ninety cities, but a hundred in the days of Homer.

ODE XXXIII.

Ver. 5. It was an opinion generally received among the ancients, that ſwallows, and ſeveral other birds croſſed the ſea, on the approach of winter, in ſearch of warmer climates. Thus Virgil, Æneid 6. v. 311.

Quàm multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.

Thick as the feather'd flocks in cloſe array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair,
To warmer ſuns and more indulgent air. *Pitt.*

Others thought they hid themſelves in the cleſts of the rocks. Thus Ovid, "Cum glaciantur aquæ, ſcopulis ſe condit hirundo."

Pecklinius, in his book "De Aëris et Elementi defectu, et vitâ ſub aquis," aſſures us, that ſwallows retire to the bottom of the water during the winter; and that it is common for the fiſhermen on the coaſts of the Baltic to take them in their nets in large knots, clinging together by their bills and claws; and that, upon their being brought into a warm room, they will ſeparate, and begin to flutter about as in ſpring. Kercher, in his book "De mundo ſubterraneo," affirms the ſame, and that in the northern countries they hide themſelves under ground in the winter, whence they are often dug out. *Longepierre.*

Ver 6 Memphis was a city ſituated on the Nile, a little below Delta, and the reſidence of the kings of Egypt. By the Nile, Anacreon means Ethiopia, whence that river derives its ſource.

Ver. 8. Anacreon is not ſingular in repreſenting Cupid as a bird, and with propriety, becauſe he is furniſhed with wings, and his flight is ſurpriſingly rapid. Bion ſpeaks of love as a bird: See his ſecond Idyllium.

ODE XXXIV.

Ver. 10. Virgil has very happily mixed theſe two colours, though upon a different occaſion, Æneid. l. 12. v. 67.

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba roſâ——

So looks the beauteous ivory ſtain'd with red;
So roſes mix'd with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues.—— *Pitt.*

ODE XXXV.

This ode was compoſed on a picture repreſenting the rape of Europa. See an Idyllium of Moſchus upon the ſame ſubject.

ODE XXXVI.

Ver. 12. A philoſopher in Petronius makes the ſame reflection. "Ego ſic ſemper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram conſumerem." "Wherever I am, I always enjoy "the preſent day, as if I never expected to ſee "another."

Ver. 18. Horace ſays in the ſame ſenſe,

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.——

Too ſoon cut off from cheerful light,
We muſt deſcend to ſullen night,
And in the realms of fabled ſhades below,
Thy pining ghoſt no joy ſhall know.
Duncombe.

ODE XXXIV.

Ver. 5. The expreſſion in Greek is extremely delicate and happy. The waves of the ſea are mollified into tranquillity: Απαλυνεται γαληνη. Every letter, every ſyllable, is as liquid and ſmooth as the calm he deſcribes. A famous old Scotch biſhop, Gawin Douglas, in his Deſcription of May, ſeems to have had this paſſage in view.

For to behald it was an glore to ſe
The ſtabyllit wyndys and the calmyt ſe,
The ſoft ſeſſoun, the firmament ſerene,
The loune illuminate are, and firth amene.

Or, as it is tranſlated by Mr. Fawkes,

How calm! how ſtill! how pleaſing to behold
The ſea's broad boſom where no billows roll'd:
The ſeaſon ſoft, the firmament ſerene,
Th' illumin'd landſcape, and the wat'ry ſcene!

ODE XXXVIII.

Ver. 7. In the Bacchanalian dances among the ancients, the leader of them bore a rod or ſceptre.

Ver. 17. Silenus was the foſter-father and tutor of Bacchus, repreſented by a little, flat-noſed, bald, fat, tun-bellied, old drunken fellow, riding on an aſs. Ovid draws his picture thus:

——Bacchæ ſatyrique ſequuntur,
Quique ſenex ferulâ titubantes ebrius artus
Suſtinet, et pando non fortiter hæret aſello.
Metamorph. L. 4.

Around the Bacchæ and the Satyrs throng;
Behind, Silenus drunk lags ſlow along;
On his dull aſs he nods from ſide to ſide,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.
Euſden.

ODE XXXIX.

Ver. 3. Anacreon is not the only one who aſſerts, that Bacchus is the beſt friend to the muſes. If, as Horace ſays, you give credit to old Cratinus, the comic Greek poet, "Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt. Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus." "No verſes long can pleaſe, or long can "live, which water-drinkers write." There is an epigram in the firſt book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδω,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις ἐπος.

Wine is the poet's generous horse;
But water-drinkers works of course
Are languid, cold, and void of force.

Aristophanes, in his comedy called Peace, humorously tells us, that, when the Lacedemonians came to besiege Athens, Cratinus died of grief on seeing a hogshead broken, and the wine running out.

Ver. 7. Horace has expressed himself in the same manner:

——Tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis——

Lov'd by the muses, to the wind
Be all my fears and griefs resign'd,
To drown them in the Cretan main. *Duncombe.*

ODE XL.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his nineteenth Idyllium.

Τον κλεπταν ποτ' Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

As Cupid once, the slyest rogue alive,
Was stealing fragrant honey from the hive,
A little bee, inflam'd with rage and grief,
Pierc'd with his sting the finger of the thief.
He blew the tortur'd hand, he stamp'd the ground,
He ran, and to his mother show'd the wound;
And loud began through anguish to complain,
That a small bee should cause such racking pain.
Fair Venus smil'd her sobbing son to see,
And said, 'Thou too art little, like a bee,
'And yet what mighty wounds are made by
'thee!'

Ver. 13. Madam Dacier says, that Anacreon makes Cupid speak in this manner, because, according to the Pagan theology, the language of the gods was different from that of men: but, as Longepierre ingeniously observes, to render a passage of this nature learned, is to make it obscure; for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an infant, who had heard of the stinging of serpents, when he found himself stung by a little creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The labourers might call it a bee, if they pleased; his pain and fright made him persist that it was a serpent.

ODE XLI.

Ver. 3, 4. Tibullus says the same:

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.
L. 1. Ecl. 7.

This as swains quaff'd, spontaneous numbers came,
They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecstacy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in measur'd awkwardness the ground.
Grainger.

Ver. 8. Madam Dacier supposes this to be the passage on which the opinion, that the graces were the daughters of Bacchus and Venus, was founded.

Ver. 16. Macedonius, in an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, C. 25. says, that to banish care was a precept of Anacreon's.

Την γαρ Ανακρεοντος ενι πραπιδεσσι φυλασσω
Παρφασιην, ὁτι δει φροντιδα μη κατεχειν.

For still I hold Anacreon's rule the best,
To banish care for ever from my breast.

Ver. 19, 20. Anacreon is not singular in enforcing the necessity of enjoying life from the brevity and uncertainty of it. Rufinus has an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, Epigram 143, to this purpose:

Let us, my friend, in joy refine,
Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff the wine:
Short is the space for human joys;
What age prevents not, death destroys.

And Martial,

Non est, crede mihi, sapienti dicere, 'Vicam;'
Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

"I'll live to-morrow," 'tis not wise to say:
'Twill be too late to-morrow---live to day.

ODE XLII.

Ver. 13, 14. Thus our poet in his seventh epigram says,

I ne'er can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his, whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the graces joins.

Ver. 19. The Greek is, Βιον ησυχον φερωμεν. Anacreon esteemed tranquillity the happiest ingredient of life: Thus, Ode 39th, he praises the γαληνην βιοτου,

——Life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

ODE XLIII.

Ver. 4, 5. Dew is the nourishment of grashoppers. Thus Virgil, Eclogue 5. ver. 77.

Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ.

Bees feed on thyme, and grashoppers on dew.

The Greek poets also describe the grashopper as a musical insect. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 1.

—Τεττιγος επει τυγε φερτερον αδεις.

Thy song is sweeter than the grashopper's.

Antipater, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 1. says,

Αρκει Τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα πιοντες
Αειδειν κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

Inspir'd by dew the grashoppers rejoice,
Nor boasts the swan so musical a voice.

Ver. 15. Ælian, writing againſt thoſe who eat graſhoppers, ſays, They are ignorant how much they offend the muſes, the daughters of Jupiter. Whence it appears, that theſe animals were eſteemed ſacred to the muſes, and the eating of them accounted an impiety. The following is a tranſlation of an epigram from the firſt book of the Anthologia, chap. 33. containing a beautiful complaint of a graſhopper againſt that practice.

Τιπτε μὲ τον, κ. τ. λ.

Why do ye, ſwains, a graſhopper purſue,
Content with ſolitude, and roſy dew?
Me, whoſe ſweet ſong can o'er the nymphs prevail;
I charm them in the foreſt, hill, or dale,
And me they call their ſummer-nightingale.
See, on your fruits the thruſh and blackbird prey!
See, the bold ſtarlings ſteal your grain away!
Deſtroy your foes---why ſhould you me purſue
Content with verdant leaves, and roſy dew?

Ver. 23. The Athenians called themſelves Τεττιγες, graſhoppers, and ſome of them wore little graſhoppers of gold in their hair, as badges of honour, to diſtinguiſh them from others of later duration; and likewiſe as a memorial that they were born of the earth like thoſe inſects.

Ver. 25, 26. Homer repreſents the gods as free from blood. Speaking of Venus wounded, book 5. he ſays,

From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded god;
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood!
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
Pope.

ODE XLIV.

Nothing can be more politely imagined than this ode, nor more courtly than the turn of it. Behold, ſays Madam Dacier, one of the fineſt and moſt gallant odes of antiquity; and if ſhe, for whom it was compoſed, was as beautiful, all Greece could produce nothing more charming.

ODE XLV.

Monſ. Le Fevre was ſo tranſported with this ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

Felix, ah! nimium felix, cui carmine tali
Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
Quid melius dictaret amor, riſuſque jocique,
Et cum germanis gratia juncta ſuis?

Thrice happy he! to whoſe enraptur'd ſoul
Such numbers from th' Aonian mountains roll:
More finiſh'd what could love or laughter write,
Or what the graces dictate more polite?
John Addiſon.

Ver. 2. Lemnos was an iſland of the Ægean Sea ſacred to Vulcan, who in the firſt book of the Iliad, gives an account of Jupiter's throwing him down from heaven, and his fall upon that iſland:

Once in your cauſe I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;
Toſs'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground:
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motion loſt;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.
Pope.

Ver. 6. Horace calls it the nectar of Venus:

——oſcula quæ Venus
Quintâ parte ſui nectaris imbuit.

Lips, which Venus bath'd for joy
In her celeſtial dew. *Jeffreys.*

Ver. 23, 24. This ſentiment is extremely delicate, intimating, that one cannot even touch the darts of Cupid with ſafety. Moſchus concludes his firſt Idyllium with a ſimilar thought:

Perhaps he'll ſay, 'Alas! no harm I know,
'Here take my darts, my arrows, and my bow.'
Ah! touch them not, fallacious is his aim,
His darts, his arrows all art tipt with flame.

ODE XLVI.

Ver. 6.
Nil tibi nobilitas poterit conducere amanti.
Propertius.

Your noble birth pleads not the cauſe of love.

Ver. 8. Ovid ſays the ſame:

Aurea ſunt verè nunc ſecula: plurimus auro
Venit honos: auro conciliatur amor.

This is the golden age; all worſhip gold:
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty ſold.
Our iron age is grown an age of gold,
'Tis who bids moſt, for all men would be ſold.
Dryden.

Ver. 13. Phocylides, in his Admonitory Poem, ver. 38, &c. ſeems to have imitated this paſſage.

Ἡ φιλοχρημοσυνη, κ. τ. λ.

On ſordid avarice various evils wait,
And gold, falſe, glittering, is the tempting bait.
O curſed gold! in whom our woes combine,
Why doſt thou thus with pleaſing ruin ſhine?
Cauſe of the parent's curſe, of brethren's ſtrife,
Wars, murders, and all miſeries of life.

ODE XLVII.

Ver. 8. Longepierre quotes a paſſage from Guarini, where the ſame ſentiment is expreſſed, though in a different manner; and which is tranſlated by John Addiſon.

——O Coriſca mia cara,
D'anima Linco e non di forze ſono;
E'n queſto vecchio tronco
E più che foſſe mai verde il deſio.

Yes, my Coriſca, Lincus is the ſame,
Though not in youthful force, in youthful flame;

Though age and wrinkles on my front appear,
My heart is green, and love ſtill bloſſoms there.

ODE XLVIII.

Ver 8. It was cuſtomary with the ancients, at their entertainments, to chooſe a king or maſter of the revels, who both regulated the ſize of the cups, and the quantity each perſon was to drink: He was generally choſen by the caſt of a die.

Nec regna vini fortiere talis. *Hor.*

No longer by the die's ſucceſsful caſt
Shalt thou controul the gay repaſt. *Duncombe.*

—Quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi--- *L. 2. Ode 7.*

Who, nam'd by Venus, at the jovial board
The laws of drinking ſhall preſcribe? *Duncombe.*

ODE XLIX.

Ver. 5. It is probable, that in this ode Anacreon had in view the image of peace, which Vulcan repreſented upon the ſhield of Achilles. *Iliad* 18.

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war;
Here ſacred pomp and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the ſtreets the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute and cittern's ſilver ſound;
Through the fair ſtreets the matrons in a row
Stand in the porches, and enjoy the ſhow. *Pope.*

ODE L.

Ver. 4. Homer introduces Helen mixing ſuch a bowl. *Odyſſey, B* 4.

Meantime with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl;
Temper'd with drugs of ſovereign uſe, t' aſſwage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of deſpair. [mind
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe,
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Fenton.

ODE LI.

Ver. 6. There are ſeveral epigrams in the fourth book of the Anthologia, on Venus riſing from the ſea. I ſhall give a tranſlation of one of them, beginning,

Των εκφυγεσων, κ. τ. λ.

Apelles, rapt in ſweet ſurpriſe,
Saw Venus from the ocean riſe;
What art before could never give,
He made the breathing picture live.
Her radiant locks luxuriant flow'd;
Her lovely eyes ſerenely glow'd:
Like two round apples ripe, her breaſt
Roſe, gently ſuing to be preſt.

Ver 23.

So when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal ſhell,
And every grace unſung the waves conceal.
Garth's Diſp. B. 6.

As when ſweet Venus, ſo the fable ſings,
Awak'd by Nereids from the ocean ſprings;
With ſmiles ſhe ſees the threatening billows riſe,
Spreads ſmooth the ſurge, and clears the louring ſkies;
Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly * conch and ſilver turtles bound;
Her treſſes ſhed ambroſial odours round.
Tickell. Proſp. of Peace.

ODE LII.

Ver. 3. Homer, in his beautiful deſcription of the Vintage book 18 introduces young men and maids employed in the ſame office.

To this one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year. *Pope.*

ODE LIII.

This ode will be underſtood by ſuppoſing that Anacreon celebrates a roſe, and requeſts a lyriſt to play to his voice.

Ver. 13, 14 The roſe was conſecrated to the muſes. See Sappho.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely roſe
That on the mountain of Pieria blows.

Ver. 21. The roſe is celebrated in the fifth ode of Anacreon: in a fragment of Sappho: and in the fourteenth Idyllium of Auſonius, in which are the following beautiful lines:

Quàm longa una dies, ætos tam longa roſarum,
Quas puheſcentes longa fenecta premit:
Quam modo naſcentem rutilus conſpexit Eoüs,
Hanc veniens ſero veſpere vidit anum.

See! in the morning blooms the roſe!
But ſoon her tranſient glories cloſe:
She opens with the riſing day,
And with the ſetting fades away. *Duncombe.*

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* *In Dodſley's Miſcellanies it is by miſtake printed, the pearly couch. Venus, ſpeaking of a beautiful woman, ſays,*

Hæc et cœruleis mecum conſurgere digna
Fluctibus; et noſtrâ potuit conſidere conchâ.
Statius.

Ver. 30. Ῥοδοδακτυλος, "rosy finger'd," is an epithet frequently used by Homer, and applied to the morning. Dryden also uses it:

The rosy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears.

Milton's description of the morning is also very beautiful:

——The morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light—— *B. 6. V. 2.*

Ver. 35. It is well known, that the rose is used as an ingredient in the composition of several medicines.

Ver. 37. The ancients used roses in embalming their dead. Venus anoints the body of Hector with unguent of roses, to prevent it from corruption, Iliad, book 23.

Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance shed.
Pope.

They also crowned the tombs of their friends with roses and other flowers.

Ver. 41. Nothing preserves its fragrance, when dried, longer than the rose.

——και ῥοδον αυον ολειται. *Theocr. Id. 27.*

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last.
Dryden.

Ver. 46. Bion tells us, that the blood of Adonis gave birth to the rose. Αἱμα ῥοδον τικτει.

Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers;
From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose,
Cærulean-bright anemonies from those.

ODE LIV.

Ver. 5. Cybeba, or Cybele, seems to be the name of a female attendant, taken from Cybele the mother of the gods.

ODE LV.

Ver. 3, 4. The Greek is τιαρα, *tiara*, an ornament for the head, like the modern turban. Addison quotes a passage from Dionysius, containing a description of the situation and manners of the Parthians, which he has thus translated:

Beyond the Caspian streights those realms extend,
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.
Vers'd only in the rougher arts of war,
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.
On every plain the whistling spear alarms,
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;
For there no food the little heroes taste,
Till warlike sweat has earn'd the short repast.

ODE LVI.

We are indebted for this ode to Henry Stephens, It is also extant in Stobæus, who acknowledges it to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 1, 2. Theocritus finally touches upon the progress which old age makes on the human body.

——απο κροταφων πελομεσθα
Παντες γηραλεοι, και επισαχερω ες γενυν ερπει
Λευκαινων ὁ χρονος.——

First from our temples age begins her race,
Thence whitening time creeps softly o'er the face.
Creech.

Ver. 3.

——fugit retro
Levis juventas, et decor, aridâ
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum. *Hor. B. 2. O. 14.*

Behold our years! how fast they fly;
Youth vanishes, and beauty fades;
Age drops her snow upon our heads,
And drives sweet slumbers from our eye!
Duncombe.

Ver. 14. Catullus, speaking of Lesbia's sparrow, says,

Qui nunc et per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam.

Death has summon'd it to go,
Pensive to the shades below:
Dismal regions! from whose bourne,
Alas! no travellers return.

See also Moschus on the death of Bion:

But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wise,
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,
In tombs forgotten lie, no suns restore,
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.

ODE LVII.

Ver. 3. The ancients usually drank their wine mixed with water. Madam Dacier observes, that Hesiod prescribes three measures of water to one of wine, in summer.

Ver. 10. The Scythians were remarkable for their intemperance in drinking and quarrelling over their cups.

ODE LVIII.

This little ode is extant in the seventh book of the Anthologia, and ascribed to Julian, απο των ὑπαρχων Αιγυπτε, a king of Egypt, who wrote several other things with elegance. As its beauty has hitherto procured it a place in most of the editions of Anacreon, it was thought worthy to be retained in this translation.

ODE LIX.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this ode at the beginning of the 23d ode of the first book, the 5th of the second; but particularly in the 11th of the third.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

She ſports along the verdant plain
Like a fleet filly, ſhuns the rein,
Fears to be touch'd : nor yet will prove,
Wild and untry'd, the pleaſing pains of love.
Duncombe.

ODE LX.

Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote the amours of Doſicles and Rodanthe, has preſerved this Epithalamium ; which, as Madam Dacier obſerves, is a ſort of poem that uſed to be ſung to a new-married couple on the morning after the ceremony.

Ver. 4. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus calls marriage, Σωτηριον τȣ γειȣς, " The preſerver of mankind."

Ver. 12. The Greek is Μη σε φȣγη περδικος αγρα, " Leſt the partridge ſhould eſcape you ;" alluding to the coyneſs of a young bride.

Ver. 15. Theſe four lines are taken from a tranſlation of this poem, which appeared in the Student.

Ver. 25. The Greek is, Κυπαςιττος πεφυκοι σευ ενικητω, " May a cypreſs grow in your gardens!" that is, ' May a child, as beautiful and as long ' lived as a cypreſs, crown your happineſs.' Madam Dacier obſerves, this was a proverbial way of ſpeaking.

ODE LXI.

The Vatican manuſcript acknowledges this ode to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 9. 10. Horace has imitated this paſſage, Book i. Ode 26. which is an argument for the authenticity of this ode. See ode 39th.

Let the winds that murmur, ſweep
All my ſorrows to the deep.

Ver. 28. The poet calls the Phrygians, faithleſs, from their king Laomedon's deceiving Apollo and Neptune of the reward he had promiſed them for building the walls of Troy : and from his defrauding Hercules of his recompence, who had delivered his daughter Heſione from being devoured by a ſea-monſter. *Madam Dacier.*

ODE LXII.

This ode has alſo the authority of the Vatican manuſcript to claim Anacreon for its author.

Ver. 7. 8. Madam Dacier remarks, that the vines in Greece were ſo high as to form a commodious ſhade.

ODE LXIII.

We owe the preſervation of this fragment to Dion Chryſoſtom.

ODE LXIV.

This fragment is cited by Athenæus. Barnes ſuppoſes it to have been written on the poeteſs Sappho ; and, to confirm his opinion, produces the teſtimonies of Chamælon and Hermeſianax the Colophonian ; the laſt of which in his third elegy, ſays,

Καί γαρ τον ὁ μελιχρος κ. τ. λ.

For ſweet Anacreon lov'd the Leſbian dame;
The muſe-rapt maid inſpir'd the brighteſt flames,
And oft his native iſle he would reſign
For wit more brilliant, and for better wine.

Ver. 10. The following lines are ſuppoſed to be part of the anſwer which Sappho returned to Anacreon :

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μυς', ενισπες
Ὑμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Ταιος χωρας ὁν αειδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Ye muſes ever fair and young,
High ſeated on the golden throne,
Anacreon ſent to me a ſong
In ſweeteſt numbers, not his own ;
For by your ſacred raptures fir'd,
The poet warbled what the muſe inſpir'd.

ODE LXV.

This and the five following odes are not tranſlated by Addiſon.

Some have imagined that this ode was not written by Anacreon, becauſe he himſelf is the ſubject of it : but Barnes endeavours to prove it genuine from the ninth ode and the ſixty-ſixth, in both which Anacreon makes mention of himſelf : and from the frequent liberties which the beſt poets have taken of mentioning themſelves in their own compoſitions.

ODE LXVI.

It is certain, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods : this is undoubtedly one of them, and perhaps the moſt entire of any that remain. See the note on the 16th verſe of the ninth ode.

ODE LXVIII.

This is, as Madam Dacier remarks, an entire hymn, or part of one, compoſed in honour of Diana, in favour of ſome town ſituated on the river Lethe, which ſhe ſuppoſes to be Magneſia, near Epheſus.

It was probably made on occaſion of ſome battle in which the Magneſians had been defeated. The poet entreats Diana to aſſiſt a people in diſtreſs, who depended only upon her protection.

ODE LXIX.

The fourth epode of Horace has a great ſimilitude to this ode :

Licet ſuperbus ambules pecuniâ, &c.

Though ſtore of wealth you now poſſeſs,
Condition changes not with dreſs
" Shall he who tir'd the lictor's hand,
" Scourg'd by the magiſtrate's command.
" With corn a thouſand acres load,
" With chariots wear the Appian road,
" And, in contempt of Otho, ſit
" With the knight's order in the pit?"

Duncombe.

THE EPIGRAMS OF ANACREON.

EPIGRAM I.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

THE tomb of great Timocritus behold!
Mars ſpares the baſe, but ſlays the brave and bold.

EPIGRAM II.

ON AGATHON.

FOR Agathon, in fighting fields renown'd,
Abdera mourns his funeral pile around;
For him ſhe mingles tears with bright applauſe,
Who nobly ſuffer'd in his country's cauſe;
No youth ſo brave, unknowing how to yield,
E'er periſh'd in the thunder of the field.

EPIGRAM III.

ON THE SON OF CLEENOR.

THEE, Cleënorides the bold, the brave,
Stern Neptune ſunk beneath the whelming wave:
Thy country's love ſo nobly fill'd thy mind,
Thou dar'dſt to truſt, too credulous, the wind:
The fair, though faithleſs, ſeaſon urg'd thy doom,
And wrapp'd thy beauties in a wat'ry tomb.

EPIGRAM IV.

ON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THREE BACCHÆ.

FIRST Heliconias with a Thyrſus paſt,
Xanthippe next, and Glauca is the laſt;
Lo! dancing down the mountains they repair,
And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear;
Wreath'd of the ruſt'ling ivy for his head,
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed.

EPIGRAM V.

ON MYRON'S COW.

FEED, gentle ſwain, thy cattle far away,
Leſt they too near the cow of Myron ſtray,
And thou, if chance fallacious judgment err'd,
Drive home the breathing ſtatue with the herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

ON THE SAME.

THIS heifer is not caſt, but rolling years
Harden'd the life to what it now appears:
Myron unjuſtly would the honour claim,
But nature has prevented him in fame.

The following Epigrams were collected by Barnes, and firſt added to his Edition of our Poet: The firſt five on the authority of a Manuſcript Anthologia at Paris; the reſt on the credit of a Heidleberg Manuſcript.

EPIGRAM VII.

ON COMPANY.

I NE'ER can think his converſation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his whoſe wit the pleaſing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

EPIGRAM VIII.

A DEDICATION TO JUPITER, IN THE NAME OF PHIDOLA.

PHIDOLA, as a monument of ſpeed,
This mare, at Corinth bred, to Jove decreed.

EPIGRAM IX.

TO APOLLO IN THE NAME OF NAUCRATES.

GOD of the ſilver bow, and golden hair,
Hear Naucrates's vows, and grant his prayer!

EPIGRAM X.

ANOTHER DEDICATION.

LYCÆUS' ſon Praxagoras, beſtow'd
This marble ſtatue to his guardian god:
View well the whole—what artiſt can ſurpaſs
The finiſh'd work of Anaxagoras?

EPIGRAM XI.

ANOTHER.

MINERVA'S grove contains the favour'd ſhield,
That guarded Python in the bloody field.

EPIGRAM XII.

ANOTHER, BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN Hermes' buſt, Leocrates, you rais'd,
The Graces bland the beauteous image prais'd;
The joyful academe extoll'd your name;
The ſpeaking buſt ſhall eternize your fame.

EPIGRAM XIII.

ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

To Ariſtoclides, the beſt of friends,
This honorary verſe the muſe commends:
Bold and adventurous in the martial ſtrife,
He ſav'd his country, but he loſt his life.

EPIGRAM XIV.

PRAXIDICE this flowery mantle made,
Which fair Dyſeris firſt deſign'd;
Mark how the lovely damſels have diſplay'd
A pleaſing unity of mind.

EPIGRAM XV.

UNDER A STATUE.

CALITILES firſt fix'd me on this baſe
Fair riſing to the view:
His ſons gave ornament and grace;
To them your thanks are due.

EPIGRAM XVI.

ANOTHER.

THIS trophy Areiphilus's ſon
To Bacchus conſecrates, for battles won.

EPIGRAM XVII.

ANOTHER.

THESSALIA's monarch, Echecratides,
Has fix'd me on this baſe,
Bacchus, the jolly god of wine, to pleaſe,
And give the city grace.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

To Mercury your oraiſons addreſs,
That Timonactes meet with wiſh'd ſucceſs,
Who fix'd theſe porticoes, my ſweet abode,
And plac'd me ſacred to the herald-god.
All who the bright-ey'd ſciences revere,
Strangers and citizens, are welcome here.

EPIGRAM XIX.

GREAT Sophocles, for tragic ſtory prais'd,
Theſe altars to the gods immortal rais'd.

EPIGRAM XX.

O MERCURY! for honours paid to thee
May Tlæas live in calm ſecurity;
Years of ſereneſt pleaſure may he gain,
And o'er th' Athenian race a long and happy reign!

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Ver. 2. Priam, ſpeaking of the moſt valiant of his ſons, ſays,

Τυς μεν απωλεσ' Αρης—— *Iliad, B. 2. ver. 260.*

All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew. *Pope.*

EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 2. The Teians, after their expulſion from Iona by Harpagus the general of Cyrus, ſailed into Thrace, and ſettled in the city of Abdera; where they had not been long, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them diſturbance. It ſeems to be in theſe conflicts that Anacreon loſt thoſe friends whom he celebrates in his epigrams. See the firſt, ſecond, and thirteenth.

EPIGRAM III.

This Cleonorides, as Barnes obſerves, ſeems to have been caſt away in attempting a voyage from Abdera to his native country Teios, in the winter.

EPIGRAM V.

Myron was the moſt celebrated artiſt of his time for caſting ſtatues in braſs. Petronius ſpeaking of him, ſays, "Pene hominum animas ferarumque æra comprehenderat:" He had almoſt found the art to encloſe the ſouls of men and beaſts in braſs.

Among the many epigrams, which have been compoſed on Myron's cow, the following from Auſonius deſerves commendation:

Bucula ſum, cælo genitoris facta Myronis
Ærea; nec factam me puto, ſed genetam.
Sic me taurus init; ſic proxima bucula mugit;
Sic vitulus ſitiens ubera noſtra petit.
Miraris quid fallo gregem? gregis ipſe magiſter
Inter paſcentes me numerare ſolet.

By Myron's chiſſel I was form'd of braſs;
Not art, but nature, my great mother was.
Bulls court my love; the heifers lowing ſtand;
And thirſty calves my ſwelling teat demand.
Nor deem this ſtrange—the herdſman oft has err'd,
And number'd me among the grazing herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

I found this epigram, thus excellently tranſlated, in a paltry edition of Anacreon in Engliſh, printed by Curl.

The following epigram on an excellent modern work has expreſſed the ſame thought with the ſame ſimplicity.

ON CLARISSA.

This work is nature's, every title in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardſon to print.

EPIGRAM VIII.

Ver. 2. Pauſanias, Eliac. l. 2. c. 13. mentions this mare of Phidola's, and tells us ſhe was named Aura, or Air; and that ſhe won the race herſelf, after her rider was thrown.

EPIGRAM X.

Ver. 4. Anaxagoras, a native of Ægina, was a celebrated ſtatuary. He flouriſhed both before and after the expedition of Xerxes. *Barnes.*

EPIGRAM XI.

When the ancients eſcaped any imminent danger, it was uſual for them to conſecrate ſome memorial of it in the temples of their gods. Thus Horace, l. 1. Ode 5.

Me tabula ſacer, &c.

For me, the ſacred tablet ſhows,
That I have hung my dripping clothes
At Neptune's ſhrine——— *Duncombe.*

EPIGRAM XII.

Ver. 3. The Athenian academy was not far diſtant from the Areopagus, in a grove without the city.

EPIGRAM XIII.

Nothing among the ancient Greeks and Romans was eſteemed a greater act of piety, than to fight for the good of the community; and they, who have greatly fallen in ſo righteous a cauſe, are embalmed with immortal honours. Tyrtæus wrote ſome noble poems on martial virtue. The following lines are tranſlated from a fragment of his: Speaking of the hero that dares to die for his country, he ſays,

His fair renown ſhall never fade away,
Nor ſhall the mention of his name decay,
Who glorious falls beneath the conqueror's hand,
For his dear children, and his native land,
Though to the duſt his mortal part we give,
His fame in triumph o'er the grave ſhall live.
Anon.

EPIGRAM XIV.

Addiſon quotes a paſſage from Shakſpeare ſimilar to this epigram:

We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſamplar, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem;
Or with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart.
Midſummer Night's Dream.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

Ver. 1. The ancients eſteemed Mercury the general protector of learning; and therefore uſually placed his ſtatue in their libraries, and in the porticoes before their public ſchools and academies.
Addiſon.

EPIGRAM XIX.

This epigram, notwithſtanding what Barnes ſays to the contrary, is thought not to be Anacreon's; the mention of Sophocles being too repugnant to chronology, to admit it for genuine.

THE WORKS

OF

SAPPHO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

THE LIFE OF SAPPHO.

Sappho was a native of Mitylene in the iſland of Leſbos. Who was her father is uncertain, there being no leſs than eight perſons who have contended for that honour; but it is univerſally acknowledged that Cleis was her mother. She flouriſhed, according to Suidas, in the 42d Olympiad; according to Euſebius, in the 44th Olympiad, about 600 years before our Saviour Chriſt. She was contemporary with Pittacus, the famous tyrant of Mitylene, and the two celebrated poets, Steſichorus and Alcæus. Barnes has endeavoured to prove, from the teſtimonies of Chamæleon and Hermeſianax, that Anacreon was one of her lovers; but this amour has been generally eſteemed too repugnant to chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical fiction.

She married one Cercolas, a man of great wealth and power in the iſland of Andros, by whom ſhe had a daughter named Cleis. He leaving her a widow very young, ſhe renounced all thoughts of a ſecond marriage, but not the pleaſures of love; not enduring to confine that paſſion to one perſon, which, as the ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be reſtrained even to one ſex.

But no one ſeems to have been the object of her admiration ſo much as the accompliſhed Phaon, a young man of Leſbos; who is ſaid to have been a kind of ferryman, and thence fabled to have carried Venus over the ſtream in his boat, and to have received from her, as a reward, the favour of becoming the moſt beautiful man in the world. She fell deſperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily in purſuit of him, he having withdrawn himſelf thither on purpoſe to avoid her. It was in that iſland, and on this occaſion, that ſhe compoſed her hymn to Venus.

Her poem was ineffectual for the procuring that happineſs which ſhe prayed for in it. Phaon was ſtill obdurate, and Sappho was ſo tranſported with the violence of her paſſion, that ſhe reſolved to get rid of it at any rate.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was uſual for deſpairing lovers to make their vows in ſecret, and afterwards to fling themſelves from the top of the precipice into the ſea. For it was an eſtabliſhed opinion, that all thoſe who were taken up alive, would immediately be cured of their former paſſion. Sappho tried the remedy; but periſhed in the experiment. The original of this unaccountable humour is not known. Ovid repreſents Sappho as adviſed to undertake this ſtrange project by the viſion of a ſea-nymph, of which ſhe ſent the following account to the cruel Phaon:

Hic ego cum laſſos, &c.

Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry virgin ſtood;
She ſtood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence and ſeek the fair Leucadian main:
" There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending
" ſteep
" Apollo's ſhrine ſurveys the rolling deep;
" There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
" Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps be-
" low!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go ye, nymphs, thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove:
How much I fear, but, ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood pro-[fane!

Pope.

The Romans erected a moſt noble ſtatue of porphyry to her memory: and the Mitylenians, to expreſs their ſenſe of her worth, and the glory they received from her being born amongſt them, paid her ſovereign honours after her death, and coined money with her head for the impreſs.

The beſt idea we can have of her perſon, is from her own deſcription of it in Ovid:

Si mihi difficilis formam, &c.

To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting charms ſupply'd.

Though ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heaven itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd.

Pope.

To give the Engliſh reader a true notion what opinion the ancients entertained of her works, would be to collect a volume in her praiſe. She was honoured with the glorious title of the tenth muſe. Horace ſays,

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. *L. 4. Ode 9.*

Enchanting Sappho's lyric muſe
In every breaſt muſt love infuſe;
Love breathes on every tender ſtring,
And ſtill in melting notes we hear her ſing.

Duncombe.

On the revival of learning, men of the moſt refined taſte accounted the loſs of her writings inеſtimable, and collected the ſacred relics with the utmoſt aſſiduity: though Mr Addiſon (in the Spectator, No. 223.) judiciouſly obſerves: "I do "not know, by the character that is given "of her works, whether it is not for the benefit "of mankind that they are loſt. They were "filled with ſuch bewitching tenderneſs and rap- "ture, that it might have been dangerous to have "given them a reading."

Voſſius, in the third book of his Inſtitutiones Poeticæ, ſays, that none of the Greek poets excelled Sappho in ſweetneſs of verſe; and that ſhe made Archilochus the model of her ſtyle, but at the ſame time took great care to ſoften and temper the ſeverity of his expreſſion.

Hoffman, in his Lexicon, ſays, "Some authors "are of opinion, that the elegy which Ovid made "under the name of Sappho, and which is in- "finitely ſuperior to his other elegies, was all, "or at leaſt the moſt beautiful part of it, ſtolen "from the poems of the elegant Sappho."

She was the inventreſs of that kind of verſe which (from her name) is called the Sapphic. She wrote nine books of Odes, beſides Elegies, Epigrams, Iambics, Monodies, and other pieces; of which we have nothing remaining entire, but an Hymn to Venus, an Ode preſerved by Longinus (which, however, the learned acknowledge to be imperfect), two Epigrams, and ſome other little Fragments. I ſhall conclude my account of this celebrated lady in the words of Mr. Addiſon, taken from the above-mentioned Spectator.

"Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there "is none whoſe fragments are ſo beautiful as thoſe "of Sappho. They gave us a taſte of her way of "writing, which is perfectly conformable with "that extraordinary character we find of her in "the remarks of thoſe great critics who were "converſant with her works when they were en- "tire. One may ſee, by what is left of them, "that ſhe followed nature in all her thoughts, "without deſcending to thoſe little points, con- "ceits, and turns of wit with which many of our "modern lyrics are ſo miſerably infected. Her "ſoul ſeems to have been made up of love and "poetry: ſhe felt the paſſion in all its warmth, "and deſcribed it in all its ſymptoms. She is "called by ancient authors the tenth muſe; and "by Plutarch is compared to Cacus the ſon of "Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame."

THE WORKS OF SAPPHO.

Mark, muſe! the conſcious ſhade and vocal grove,
Where Sappho tun'd her melting voice to love,
While echo each harmonious ſtrain return'd,
And with the ſoft complaining Leſbian mourn'd.

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

ODES.

ODE I.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

VENUS, bright goddeſs of the ſkies,
To whom unnumber'd temples riſe,
Jove's daughter fair, whoſe wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
O! liſten gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddeſs, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid preferr'd,
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To liſten to my tales of love.

The radiant car your ſparrows drew;
You gave the word, and ſwift they flew,
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aſpect mild, and look ſerene.

Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton feather'd band,
Then, with a ſweet, enchanting look,
Divinely ſmiling, thus you ſpoke:
'Why didſt thou call me to thy cell?
'Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

'What healing medicine ſhall I find
'To cure thy love-diſtemper'd mind?
'Say, ſhall I lend thee all my charms,
'To win young Phaon to thy arms?
'Or does ſome other ſwain ſubdue
'Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who?

'Though now, averſe, thy charms he ſlight,
'He ſoon ſhall view thee with delight;
'Though now he ſcorns thy gifts to take,
'He ſoon to thee ſhall offerings make;
'Though now thy beauties fail to move,
'He ſoon ſhall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And eaſe my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchſafe to be my gueſt,
And calm this tempeſt in my breaſt!
To thee, bright queen, my vows aſpire;
O grant me all my heart's deſire!

ODE II.

Whatever might have been the occaſion of this ode, the Engliſh reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he ſuppoſes it to have been written in the perſon of a lover ſitting by his miſtreſs.

Addiſon, Spectator, No. 229.

MORE happy than the gods is he
Who, ſoft-reclining, ſits by thee;
His ears thy pleaſing talk beguiles,
His eyes thy ſweetly dimpled ſmiles.

This, this, alas! alarm'd my breaſt,
And robb'd me of my golden reſt:
While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faultering on my tongue.

With ſubtle flames my boſom glows,
Quick through each vein the poiſon flows:
Dark, dimming miſts my eyes ſurround;
My ears with hollow murmurs ſound.

My limbs with dewy chillneſs freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings ſeize,
And loſing colour, ſenſe and breath,
I ſeem quite languiſhing in death.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

We are indebted for this hymn to Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, who quotes it as a pattern of perfection. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes it to be entirely hiſtorical; and that it was written after Phaon, her inconſtant lover, had withdrawn himſelf from the iſland of Leſbos to Sicily, in order to avoid the importunities of an amorous miſtreſs. It was in Sicily, therefore, and on the abovementioned occaſion, that ſhe is ſuppoſed to have made this hymn.

Ver. 13. Sappho ſays, the chariot of Venus was drawn by ſparrows, becauſe they are of all birds the moſt amorous.

Ver. 20. There is ſomething very pretty in this circumſtance, wherein Venus is deſcribed as ſending away her chariot, upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a ſhort tranſient viſit which ſhe intended to make her.

Madam Dacier.

ODE II.

This beautiful ode is preſerved by Longinus, in his treatiſe of the Sublime.

Ver. 1. There is an epigram in the Anthologia, which ſeems to be an imitation of this ſtanza.

Εὐδαίμων ὁ βλέπων σε, τρισόλβιος ὅστις ἀκούει,
Ἡμίθεος δ' ὀφίλων, ἀθάνατος δ' ὁ συνών.

The youth who ſees thee may rejoice,
But bleſt is he who hears thy voice,
A demigod who ſhall thee kiſs,
Who gains thee is a god in bliſs.

Longinus has obſerved, that "this deſcription of "love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature; and "that all the circumſtances, which follow one "another in ſuch a hurry of ſentiments, notwithſtanding they appear repugnant to each other, "are really ſuch as happen in the frenzies of "love." He farther ſays: "Sappho, having obſerved the anxieties and tortures inſeparable to "jealous love, has collected and diſplayed them "all with the moſt lively exactneſs." And Dr. Pierce judiciouſly obſerves, that "in this ode ſhe "endeavours to expreſs that wrath, jealouſy, and "anguiſh, which diſtracted her with ſuch a va"riety of torture. And therefore, in the following verſes of Boileau's tranſlation, the true ſenſe "is miſtaken:

——dans les doux tranſports, où s'egare mon ame.
"And,
——je tombe en des douces langueurs.

"As the word *doux* will by no means expreſs the "rage and diſtraction of Sappho's mind; it being "always uſed in a contrary ſenſe." There are two lines in Philips's tranſlation of this ode which are liable to the ſame objection:

For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt.
And,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd.

Mr. Addiſon, in his Spectator on this ode, relates the following remarkable circumſtance from Plutarch: "That author, in the famous ſtory of "Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, "his mother-in-law, and (not daring to diſcover "his paſſion) pretended to be confined to his bed "by ſickneſs, tells us, that Eraſtratus, the phyſician, found out the nature of his diſtemper by "thoſe ſymptoms of love which he had learned "from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the "room of the love-ſick prince, when theſe ſymptoms diſcovered themſelves to his phyſician; "and it is probable, that they were not very diſferent from thoſe which Sappho here deſcribes "in a lover ſitting by his miſtreſs."

Madam Dacier ſays, that this ode of Sappho is preſerved entire in Longinus, whereas, whoever looks into that author's quotation of it, will find, that there muſt at leaſt have been another ſtanza, which is not tranſmitted to us.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

The Pleiads now no more are ſeen,
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon ſerene,
In dark and diſmal clouds o'ercaſt;
The love appointed hour is paſt:
Midnight uſurps her ſable throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone.

FRAGMENT II.

This ſeems to have been addreſſed to an arrogant unlettered lady, vain of her beauty and riches.

Whene'er the fates reſume thy breath,
No bright reverſion ſhalt thou gain;
Unnotic'd ſhalt thou ſink in death,
Nor ev'n thy memory remain:

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,
Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.

To Pluto's mansions shalt thou go,
The stern, inexorable king,
Among th' ignoble shades below
A vain, ignoble thing;
While honour'd Sappho's muse-embellish'd name
Shall flourish in eternity of fame.

FRAGMENT III.

TO VENUS.

VENUS, queen of smiles and love,
Quit, O! quit the skies above,
To my lowly roof descend,
At the mirthful feast attend,
Hand the golden goblet round,
With delicious nectar crown'd:
None but joyous friends you'll see,
Friends of Venus, and of me.

FRAGMENT IV.

CEASE, gentle mother, cease your sharp reproof,
My hands no more can ply the curious woof,
While on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,
And lovely Phaon steals my soul away.

FRAGMENT V.

ON THE ROSE.

WOULD Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose (mankind will all agree),
The rose the queen of flowers should be,
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:
Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its fragrance is the breath of love;
Its foliage wantons in the air
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair:
It shines in blooming splendour gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play.

The following is Part of an Ode which Sappho is supposed to have written to Anacreon.—See the Notes on the 64th Ode of Anacreon.

YE muses, ever fair and young,
High-seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own;
For, by your sacred raptures fir'd,
The poet warbled what the muse inspir'd.

TWO EPIGRAMS OF SAPPHO.

EPIGRAM I.

MENISCUS, mourning for his hapless son,
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

EPIGRAM II.

THE much-lov'd Timas lodges in this tomb,
By death insatiate ravish'd in her bloom;
Ere yet a bride, the beauteous maid was led
To dreary coasts, and Pluto's mournful bed.
Her lov'd companions pay the rites of woe,
All, all, alas! the living can bestow:
From their fair heads the graceful curls they shear,
Place on her tomb, and drop the tender tear.

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

Ver. 6. A shepherd, in the idyllium intituled ΘΑΡΙΣΤΤΣ (which is generally ascribed to Theocritus, but by Daniel Heinsius is attributed to Moschus) wishes a city-girl, who had slighted him, the punishment of living and dying an old maid.

——may you ne'er find one
Worthy your love in country or in town,
But, to a virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lie
alone!

Bowles.

FRAGMENT II.

Sappho is not the only good writer, who, from a due sense of the excellence of their works, have promised themselves immortality. Virgil has expressed himself in the same manner at the beginning of the third Georgic:—Horace, in several places, particularly in the ode Exegi Monumentum:—But Ovid, in the strongest terms,

Jamque opus exegi, &c.

I've now compil'd a work, which nor the rage
Of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age,
Is able to destroy———

Ver. 5. Pieria was a mountain in Macedonia, dedicated to the muses. By this expression, Sappho seems to hint, that the lady who furnished the occasion of this satire, was not conversant in the politer studies, nor acquainted with the muses.

FRAGMENT III.

This fragment should be joined with the fourth ode of Anacreon; for as Sappho desires Venus to be her cup-bearer, so Anacreon appoints Cupid the same office:

In decent robe, behind him bound,
Cupid shall serve the goblet round.

FRAGMENT IV.

Hephæſtion produces this fragment from the ſeventh book of Sappho's Odes. Horace ſeems to have had it in view, Book 3. Ode 12.

Tibi qualem Cytheræ puer ales
Tibi tales, operoſæque Minervæ
Studium auſert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri.

The winged boy, in wanton play,
Thy work and baſket ſteals away:
Thy web and Pallas' curious toils
Are now become fair Hebrus' ſpoils. *Duncombe.*

FRAGMENT V.

We are indebted to Achilles Tatius for this fragment, which is generally aſcribed to Sappho. In the beginning of the ſecond book of that romancer, Clitophon tells us, his miſtreſs ſung this eulogy on the roſe at an entertainment. If the reader turns back to the fifth and fifty-third odes of Anacreon, he will find other encomiums on this beautiful flower.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Longepierre obſerves, that it was uſual among the ancients to place on the tombs of their friends the inſtruments peculiar to the art or myſtery which they exerciſed when alive. Of this we have examples in Homer and Virgil. In the eleventh book of the Odyſſey, ver. 75. Elpenor makes this requeſt to Ulyſſes in hell:

Σημα τε μοι χευαι, &c.

A tomb along the wat'ry margin raiſe,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To ſhow poſterity Elpenor was:
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the ſmooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
Broome.

In the beginning of the twelfth book we find the ſuit was granted:

A riſing tomb, the ſilent dead to grace,
Faſt by the roarings of the main we place;
The riſing tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it roſe the tapering oar. *Pope.*

In the ſixth book of the Æneid, ver. 232. Æneas places on the tomb of Miſenus,

——ſuaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque.

This done; to ſolemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;
The towering top his well-known enſigns bore,
His arms, his once-lov'd trump, and tapering oar.
Pitt.

Theſe ſort of epitaphs were more general, conciſe, and inſtructive, than thoſe which afterwards prevailed. *Longepierre.*

Madam Dacier alſo obſerves, that emblems of the humours of the deceaſed were ſometimes placed on their monuments, as in this epigram on a woman named Myro:

Μη θαμβει μασιγα Μυρως επι σηματι λευσσων,
Γλαυκα, βιον, χαραταν χηνα, θοαν σκυλακα.

O'er Myro ſee the emblems of her ſoul,
A whip, a bow, a gooſe, a dog, an owl.

The whip denoted, that ſhe uſed to chaſtiſe her ſervants; the bow, that her mind was always bent on the care of her family: the gooſe, that ſhe loved to ſtay at home; the dog, that ſhe was fond of her children; and the owl, that ſhe was aſſiduous in ſpinning and tapeſtry, which were the works of Pallas, to whom the owl was conſecrated. *Dacier.*

At the Earl of Holderneſs's, at Aſke in Yorkſhire, is an old picture, with a device which ſeems to be borrowed from this. It is ſuppoſed to be drawn by Hans Holbein, and repreſents a woman (ſaid to be Queen Elizabeth's houſekeeper) ſtanding on a tortoiſe, with a bunch of keys by her ſide, her finger on her lips, and a dove on her head. Under it is this inſcription:

Uxor amet, ſileat, ſervet, nec ubique vagetur;
Hoc teſtudo docet, claves, labra, junctaque turtur.

Which has been thus tranſlated:

Be frugal, ye wives, live in ſilence and love,
Nor abroad ever goſſip and roam,
This learn from the keys, the lips, and the dove,
And tortoiſe, ſtill dwelling at home!

EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 7. The ceremony of cutting off the hair among the ancients, in honour of the dead, was a token of a violent affection. Thus Achilles, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, offers his to Patroclus. And the little Cupids tear their hair for grief at the death of Adonis: See *Bion.* Herodotus tells us, that Mardonius cut off his, after his defeat. Many more inſtances of this extraordinary cuſtom might be produced; but theſe will, probably, be thought ſufficient. I ſhall finiſh my obſervations on this excellent poeteſs, with an ingenious ſurmiſe in regard to the above-mentioned ceremony: it was practiſed, perhaps, not only in token of ſorrow, but might alſo have a concealed meaning, that, as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, ſo was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

THE WORKS

OF

B I O N.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

THE LIVES OF BION AND MOSCHUS.

We know little relating to theſe two celebrated paſtoral poets: And therefore their hiſtory may be compriſed in few words.

Bion was born at Smyrna, a famous city of Aſia Minor, which alſo has the faireſt title to the birth of Homer: For this father of poets is ſaid to have been the ſon of the river Meles, which flows not far from its walls; and therefore he is called Meleſigenes. To this river Moſchus, in his Idyllium on the death of Bion, addreſſes himſelf; and makes that fine compariſon between theſe two poets:

Τυτο τοι, ω ποταμων λιγυφωνατε, κ. τ. λ.

Meles! of ſtreams in melody the chief,
Now heaves thy boſom with another grief;
Thy Homer died, great maſter of the ſong,
Thy Homer died, the muſes ſweeteſt tongue;
Then did thy waves in plaintive murmurs weep,
And roll'd thy ſwelling ſorrows to the deep.
Another ſon demands the meed of woe,
Again thy waters weep in long-drawn murmurs flow.
Dear to the fountains was each tuneful ſon,
This drank of Arethuſe, that Helicon.
He ſung Atrides' and Achilles' ire,
And the fair dame that ſet the world on fire:
This form'd his numbers on a ſofter plan,
And chanted ſhepherds loves, and peaceful Pan.

We are not informed in what part of the world he lived, though it is evident that he ſpent much of his time in Sicily; and there it was, probably, that the wonderful ſweetneſs of his compoſitions drew together great numbers of admirers and diſciples; among whom was Moſchus, as may be deduced from the above-mentioned poem:

I too, with tears, from Italy have brought
Such plain bucolics as my maſter taught;
Which, if at all, with tuneful eaſe they flow,
To thy learn'd precepts, and thy art I owe.
To other heirs thy riches may belong;
I claim thy paſtoral pipe and Doric ſong.

Theſe two laſt verſes prove, that he was not in neceſſitous circumſtances. From the ſame Idyllium, it appears, that he died by poiſon, not accidentally, but by the appointment of ſome great man:

O hapleſs Bion! poiſon was thy fate;
The baneful potion circumſcrib'd thy date,
How could fell poiſon cauſe effect ſo ſtrange,
Touch thy ſweet lips, and not to honey change?

Which probably was not unpuniſhed:

But ſoon juſt vengeance will the wretch purſue.

It is likewiſe evident from the above-mentioned authority, that he was contemporary with Theocritus. And this famous Syracuſan flouriſhed under Ptolemy Philadelphus, who began his reign in the fourth year of the 123d Olympiad, that is, about 285 years before Chriſt.

Moſchus was born at Syracuſe, and was the diſciple of Bion, as was before obſerved. Suidas will have him to have been a profeſſor of grammar at Syracuſe: but it is certain, that when he wrote his beautiful elegy on the death of his maſter, his reſidence was among the Italians, (though perhaps in thoſe parts that lie over againſt Sicily, called Great Greece); and probably he ſucceeded him in governing the poetic ſchool. Some critics have formerly aſſerted, that Moſchus and Theocritus are the ſame perſon; but they are ſufficiently confuted by a paſſage in the elegy, where Moſchus introduces Theocritus bewailing the ſame misfortune in another country which he was lamenting in Italy.

"The few remains of theſe two poets," ſays Kennet, "are reckoned among the ſweeteſt pieces "of the ancient delicacy. They ſeem, in a great "meaſure, to have neglected that blunt ruſticity "and plainneſs, which was ſo admired an art of "their great rival Theocritus; for they always "aim at ſomething more polite and genteel, "though equally natural, in their compoſitions." Mr. Longepierre obſerves, that "the beauty of "theſe Idylliums can never be ſufficiently ad-"mired. If I dare not, ſays he, affirm, that theſe "two poets are ſuperior to Theocritus himſelf; "yet, I may ſafely aver, that in general they are "more correſpondent to the taſte of the preſent "age; which can never be brought to reliſh that "extreme ſimplicity, which abounds in Theo-"critus. Bion and Moſchus are not leſs natural "than he is; but though their ſimplicity is pure "nature, it is leſs ruſtic, and more elegant; and "their poems, having a more pleaſing and agree-"able air, one may with juſtice affirm, that Bion "has more grace, ſweetneſs, and delicacy, and "leſs ruſticity (if I may be allowed the expreſ-"ſion) than Theocritus; and that Moſchus keeps "the middle track between them both. How-"ever, if their works are not admitted among "ſome for ſuch true paſtorals, they will certainly "paſs among the beſt judges for better poems."

There is a remarkable paper in the Guardian, No. 40. containing a parallel between the paſtorals of Mr. Pope and Mr. Phillips (by the way written by Pope himſelf, though the former papers on paſtoral poetry were compoſed by Mr. Tickell). It abounds with the fineſt ſarcaſtic irony, which Phillips not having penetration enough to ſee through, made an apology to Pope on the occaſion, declaring that he had no hand in it, nor knew the author. It concludes thus: 'After all 'that has been ſaid, I hope none can think it any 'injuſtice to Mr. Pope, that I forebore to mention 'him as a paſtoral writer: ſince, upon the whole, 'he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, 'whom we have excluded that rank; and on 'whoſe eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it 'may be ſaid, that they are by no means paſto-'rals, but ſomething better.'

THE WORKS OF BION.

Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful lay——
Alas! the Muſes will no longer ſtay,
No longer on theſe lovely coaſts abide;
With him they warbled, and with him they died:
With Bion periſh'd all the grace of ſong,
And all the kiſſes of the fair and young:
The little Loves, lamenting at his doom,
Beat their fair breaſts, and weep around his tomb.

MOSCHUS ON THE DEATH OF BION.

IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

THE death of fair Adonis I deplore;
The lovely youth Adonis is no more:
The cruel fates have cut his vital thread,
And all the Loves lament Adonis dead.
Ah Venus! never more in purple reſt,
For mournful ſable change thy flow'ry veſt;
Thy beauteous boſom beat, thy loſs deplore
Aloud with ſighs, Adonis is no more!
For the lov'd youth theſe copious tears I ſhed,
And all the Cupids mourn Adonis dead
Methinks I ſee him on the mountain lie,
The boar's keen tuſk has pierc'd his tender thigh;
Weltering he lies, expiring on the ground,
And near him Venus all in ſorrow drown'd;
I ſee the crimſon flood faſt trickling flow
Down his white ſkin that vies with winter ſnow;
I ſee the luſtre of his eyes decay,
And on his lips the roſes fade away:
Yet who can Venus from thoſe lips divide,
Though their ſweet kiſſes with Adonis dy'd?
To Venus ſweet, ev'n now his breath is fled,
Yet all her kiſſes cannot warm the dead.
The fate of fair Adonis I deplore;
The Loves lament, Adonis is no more!
A deep wide wound is in his thigh impreſt,
But Venus bears a deeper in her breaſt.
His beagles round a mournful howling keep;
And all the Dryads of the mountains weep:
But Venus quite abandon'd to deſpair,
Her locks diſhevell'd, and her feet all bare,
Flies through the thorny brake, the bri'ry wood,
And ſtains the thickets with her ſacred blood:
With piercing cries Adonis ſhe bewails,
Her darling youth, along the winding vales;
While the blood ſtarting from his wounded thigh,
Streams on his breaſt, and leaves a crimſon dye.
Ah me! what tears fair Cytherea ſhed,
And how the Loves deplor'd Adonis dead!
The Queen of Love no longer now a bride,
Has loſt her beauty ſince Adonis dy'd;
Though bright the radiance of her charms before,
Her lover and her beauty are no more!
The mountains mourn, the waving woods bewail,
And rivers roll lamenting through the vale;
The ſilver ſprings deſcend in ſtreams of woe
Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow:
And every flower in drooping grief appears
Depreſs'd, and languiſhingly drown'd in tears:
While Venus o'er the hills and vallies flies,
And, "Ah! Adonis is no more," ſhe cries.
Along the hills and vales, and vocal ſhore,
Echo repeats, "Adonis is no more."
Who could unmov'd theſe piteous wailings hear,
Or view the love-lorn queen without a tear?
Soon as ſhe ſaw him wounded on the plain,
His thigh diſcolour'd with the crimſon ſtain,
Sighing ſhe ſaid, and claſp'd him as he lay,
"O ſtay, dear hapleſs youth! for Venus ſtay!
"Our breaſts once more let cloſe embraces join,
"And let me preſs my glowing lips to thine,
"Raiſe, lov'd Adonis, raiſe thy drooping head,
"And kiſs me ere thy parting breath be fled,
"The laſt fond token of affection give,
"O! kiſs thy Venus, while the kiſſes live;

" Till in my breaſt I draw thy lingering breath,
" And with my lips imbibe thy love in death.
" This farewell kiſs, which ſorrowing thus I take,
" I'll keep for ever for Adonis' ſake.
" Thee to the ſhades the Fates untimely bring
" Before the drear, inexorable king;
" Yet ſtill! live unhappy and forlorn;
" How hard my lot to be a goddeſs born!
" Take, cruel Proſerpine, my lovely boy,
" Since all that's form'd for beauty, or for joy,
" Deſcends to thee, while I indulge my grief,
" By fruitleſs tears ſoliciting relief.
" Thou dy'ſt, Adonis, and thy fate I weep,
" Thy love now leaves me like a dream in ſleep,
" Leaves me bereav'd no more a blooming bride,
" With unavailing Cupids at my ſide.
" With thee my zone, which coldeſt hearts could
" warm,
" Loſt every grace, and all its power to charm.
" Why didſt thou urge the chaſe, and raſhly dare
" T' encounter beaſts, thyſelf ſo wond'rous fair!"
Thus Venus mourn'd, and tears inceſſant ſhed,
And all the Loves bewail'd Adonis dead;
Sighing they cry'd, " Ah! wretched queen,
" deplore
" Thy joys all fled, Adonis is no more."
As many drops of blood as from the wound
Of fair Adonis trickled on the ground,
So many tears ſhe ſhed in copious ſhowers:
Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to
flowers.
From theſe in crimſon beauty ſprung the roſe,
Cerulean-bright anemonies from thoſe.
The death of fair Adonis I deplore,
The lovely youth Adonis is no more.
No longer in lone woods lament the dead,
O Queen of Love! behold the ſtately bed,
On which Adonis, now deprivd of breath,
Seems ſunk in ſlumbers, beauteous ev'n in death.
Dreſs him, fair goddeſs, in the ſofteſt veſt,
In which he oft with thee diſſolv'd to reſt;
On golden pillow be his head reclin'd,
And let paſt joys be imag'd in thy mind.
Though death the beauty of his bloom devours,
Crown him with chaplets of the faireſt flowers;
Alas! the flowers have loſt their gaudy pride,
With him they flouriſh'd, and with him they dy'd.
With odorous myrtle deck his drooping head,
And o'er his limbs the ſweeteſt eſſence ſhed:
Ah! rather periſh every rich perfume,
The ſweet Adonis periſh'd in his bloom.
Clad in a purple robe Adonis lies;
Surrounding Cupids heave their breaſts with ſighs,
Their locks they ſhear, exceſs of grief to ſhow,
They ſpurn the quiver, and they break the bow.
Some looſe his ſandals with officious care,
Some in capacious golden veſſels bear
The cleanſing water from the cryſtal ſprings;
This bathes his wound, that fans him with his
wings.
For Venus' ſake the pitying Cupids ſhed
A ſhower of tears, and mourn Adonis dead.
Already has the nuptial god diſmay'd,
Quench'd his bright torch, for all his garlands fade.
No more are joyful hymenæals ſung,
But notes of ſorrow dwell on ev'ry tongue;
While all around the general grief partake
For lov'd Adonis, and for Hymen's ſake.
With loud laments the Graces all deplore,
And cry, 'the fair Adonis is no more.'
The Muſes wailing the wild woods among,
Strive to recal him with harmonious ſong:
Alas! no ſounds of harmony he hears,
For cruel Proſerpine has clos'd his ears.
Ceaſe, Venus, ceaſe, thy ſoft complaints forbear,
Reſerve thy ſorrows for the mournful year.

IDYLLIUM II.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

A YOUTH, once fowling in a ſhady grove,
On a tall box-tree ſpy'd the God of Love,
Perch'd like a beauteous bird; with ſudden joy
At ſight ſo noble leap'd the ſimple boy.
With eager expedition he prepares
His choiceſt twigs, his bird-lime, and his ſnares,
And in a neighb'ring covert ſmil'd to ſee
How here and there he ſkipt, and hopt from tree
to tree.
When long in vain he waited to betray
The god, enrag'd he flung his twigs away,
And to a ploughman near, an ancient man,
Of whom he learnt his art, the youngſter ran,
Told the ſtrange ſtory, while he held his plough,
And ſhow'd the bird then perch'd upon a bough,
The grave old ploughman archly ſhook his head,
Smil'd at the ſimple boy, and thus he ſaid:
" Ceaſe, ceaſe, my ſon, this dangerous ſport give
" o'er,
" Fly far away, and chaſe that bird no more:
" Bleſt, ſhould you fail to catch him!—Hence,
" away!
" That bird, believe me, is a bird of prey;
" Though now he ſeems to ſhun you all he can,
" Yet ſoon as time ſhall lead you up to man,
" He'll ſpread his flutt'ring pinions o'er your
" breaſt,
" Perch on your brow, and in your boſom neſt."

IDYLLIUM III.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I ſlumbering lay, before my ſight
Bright Venus roſe in viſions of the night:
She led young Cupid; as in thought profound
His modeſt eyes were fix'd upon the ground;
And thus ſhe ſpoke: " To thee, dear ſwain, I
" bring
" My little ſon; inſtruct the boy to ſing."
No more ſhe ſaid; but vaniſh'd into air,
And left the wily pupil to my care:
I, ſure I was an idiot for my pains,
Began to teach him old bucolic ſtrains;
How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute:
Love, to my leſſons quite regardleſs grown,
Sung lighter lays, and ſonnets of his own,
Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love,
I, ſure the ſimpleſt of all ſhepherd ſwains,
Full ſoon forget my old bucolic ſtrains:

The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

IDYLLIUM IV.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The ſacred nine delight in cruel love,
Tread in his ſteps, and all his ways approve:
Should ſome rude ſwain whom love could ne'er refine,
Woo the fair Muſes, they his ſuit decline;
But if the love-ſick ſhepherd ſweetly ſing,
The tuneful choir attending in a ring,
Catch the ſoft ſounds, and tune the vocal ſhell;
This truth by frequent precedent I tell:
For when I praiſe ſome hero on my lyre,
Or, nobly daring to a god aſpire,
In ſtrains more languid flows the nerveleſs ſong,
Or dies in faultering accents on my tongue:
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers ſweetly flow.

IDYLLIUM V.

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

If merit only ſtamps my former lays,
And thoſe alone ſhall give me deathleſs praiſe,
But if ev'n thoſe have loſt their bright applauſe,
Why ſhould I labour thus without a cauſe?
For if great Jove or Fate would ſtretch our ſpan,
And give of life a double ſhare to man,
One part to pleaſures and to joy ordain,
And vex the other with hard toil and pain;
With ſweet complacence we might then employ
Our hours, for labour ſtill enhances joy.
But ſince of life we have but one ſmall ſhare,
A pittance ſcant which daily toils impair,
Why ſhould we waſte it in purſuit of care?
Why do we labour to augment our ſtore,
The more we gain, ſtill coveting the more?
Alas, alas! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a ſpan.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

Cleodamus.

Say, in their courſes, circling as they tend,
What ſeaſon is moſt grateful to my friend?
Summer, whoſe ſuns mature the teeming ground,
Or golden Autumn, with full harveſts crown'd?
Or Winter hoar, when ſoft reclin'd at eaſe,
The fire fair blazing, and ſweet leiſure pleaſe?
Or genial Spring, in blooming beauty gay?
Speak, Myrſon, while around the lambkins play.

Myrſon.

It ill becomes frail mortals to define
What's beſt and fitteſt of the works divine;
The works of nature all are grateful found,
And all the ſeaſons in their various round.
But ſince my friend demands my private voice,
Then learn the ſeaſon that is Myrſon's choice.
Me the hot Summer's ſultry heats diſpleaſe;
Fell Autumn teems with peſtilent diſeaſe;
Tempeſtuous Winter's chilling froſts I fear;
But wiſh for purple Spring through all the year.
Then neither cold nor heat moleſts the morn;
But roſy plenty fills her copious horn;
Then burſting buds their odorous blooms diſplay,
And Spring makes equal night and equal day.

IDYLLIUM VII.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

MYRSON AND LYCIDAS.

Myrſon.

Say, wilt thou, Lycidas, ſweet ſhepherd ſwain,
Begin ſome ſoothing, ſoft Sicilian ſtrain,
Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
Sung to the ſea-nymph, to compoſe his mind,
And ſent it in the whiſpers of the wind?

Lycidas.

What can I ſing that Myrſon will commend?
With pleaſure I would gratify my friend.

Myrſon.

Repeat the ſong which moſt my taſte approves,
Achilles' ſtol'n embrace, and hidden loves;
How the bold hero laid his arms aſide,
A woman's robe the manly ſex belied,
And Deidamia ſoon became his bride.

Lycidas.

When with fair Helen Paris croſs'd the deep,
Brought her to Troy and made Oenone weep;
The injur'd ſtates of Greece were all alarm'd,
Spartans, Mycenians, and Laconians arm'd:
The treachery ſtung their ſouls, and bloody vengeance warm'd;
In cloſe diſguiſe his life Achilles led,
Among the daughters of King Lycomed:
Inſtead of arms the hero learn'd to cull
The ſnowy fleece, and weave the twiſted wool.
Like theirs, his cheeks a roſy bloom diſplay'd,
Like them he ſeem'd a fair and lovely maid;
As ſoft his air, as delicate his tread,
Like them he cover'd with a veil his head;
But in his veins the tides of courage flow'd,
And love's ſoft paſſion in his boſom glow'd;
By Deidamia's ſide from morn to night
He ſat, and with ineffable delight
Oft kiſs'd her ſnow-white hand, or gently preſs'd
The blooming virgin to his glowing breaſt.
His ſoul was all enraptur'd with her charms,
Ardent he long'd to claſp her in his arms;
Oft in her ear theſe words enamour'd ſaid,
" By pairs your ſiſters preſs the downy bed;
" But we, two maids of equal age and bloom,
" Still ſleep divided in a ſeparate room.
" Why ſhould the night, more cruel than the day,
" Steal the ſweet virgin whom I love away?"

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IDYLLIUM VIII.

LOVE RESISTLESS.

Sweet Venus, daughter of the main,
Why are you pleas'd with mortals pain?
What mighty treſpaſs have they done,
That thus you ſcourge them with your ſon?
A guileful boy, a cruel foe,
Whoſe chief delight is human woe.
You gave him wings, alas! and darts,
To range the world and ſhoot at hearts;

For man no safety thus is found———
His flight o'ertakes, his arrows wound.

IDYLLIUM IX.

FRIENDSHIP.

THRICE happy they! whose friendly hearts can burn
With purest flame, and meet a kind return.
With dear Pirithoüs, as poets tell,
Theseus was happy in the shades of hell:
Orestes' soul no fears, no woes depress;
'Midst Scythians he with Pylades was blest.
Blest was Achilles while his friend survived,
Blest was Patroclus every hour he liv'd;
Blest when in battle he resign'd his breath,
For his unconquer'd friend reveng'd his death.

NOTES ON THE IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

All the beauties and graces that can possibly embellish a poem of this nature, are united in this delicate Idyllium. And, therefore, the most polite scholars, and the best critics of every age, have deservedly esteemed it one of the finest and most perfect remains of antiquity.

Ver. 20. See Moschus, ver. 97, &c.

See Venus too her beauteous bosom beat!
She lov'd her shepherd more than kisses sweet,
More than those last dear kisses which in death
She gave Adonis, and imbib'd his breath.

Ver. 43. Virgil, Eclogue 5.

Daphni, tuum interitum, montes sylvæque loquuntur.

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore.
Dryden.

And Eclogue 10.

Illum etiam lauri illum etiam flevere myricæ,
Pinifer illum etiam solâ sub rupe jacentem
Mænalaus, & gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi.

For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub appears.
Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping stone. *Dryden.*

Ver. 44. See the beginning of Moschus's Idyllium on the death of Bion.

Ver. 47.

Ye drooping flowers, diffuse a languid breath,
And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death.
Moschus.

Ver. 55. There is a similar beautiful description in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 4.

But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast:
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound:
Then her warm lips to the cold face apply'd,
"And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?" she cry'd!
"My Pyramus! whence sprung thy cruel fate?
My Pyramus! ah! speak, ere 'tis too late:
"I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore,
"One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before."
At Thisbe's name awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying eyes; with dying eyes he try'd
On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and dy'd.
Addison.

Ver. 69. Virgil says of Orpheus, Georg. B. 4.

——Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.

Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light;
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king. *Dryden.*

Ver. 72. Thus Spenser, Faery Queen, B. 3. C. 4. St. 38.

O! what avails it of immortal seed
To been ybred, and never born to die?
For better I it deem to die with speed,
Than waste in woe, and wailful miserie.

Ver. 74 Thus Catullus,

At vobis malè sit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia Bella devoratis.

Ah! death, relentless to destroy
All that's form'd for love or joy.

Ver. 81. The Cestus of Venus is thus described by Homer.

Η, ῥα ἀπο στηθεσφιν ελυσατο κεστον, κ. τ. λ.
Iliad 14. *ver.* 214.

She from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill and high embroidery grac'd;
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still surviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. *Pope.*

Ver. 93. Some authors say, that anemonies, and not roses, sprung from the blood of Adonis. See Ovid's Metamorph. Book 10. at the end.

——Where the blood was shed,
A flower began to rear its purple head:
Such as on Punic apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy rind, but half conceal'd.
Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet anemony.

The feeble ſtems to ſtormy blaſts a prey,
Their ſickly beauties droop, and pine away.
The winds forbid the flow'rs to flouriſh long,
Which owe to winds their name in Grecian ſong.
Euſden.

Ver. 114. Moſchus imitates this in his poem on the death of Bion:

The little loves, lamenting at his doom,
Beat their fair breaſts, and weep around his tomb.

Thus Ovid,

Ecce puer Veneris fert everſamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, & ſine luce facem.
Aſpice demiſſis ut eat miſerabilis alis,
Pectoraque infeſta tundit aperta manu.
Extipiunt lacrymas ſparſi per colla capilli,
Oraque ſingultu concutiente ſonant.
Amor. B. 3. El. 9.

See Venus' ſon his torch extinguiſh'd brings,
His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow;
See, penſive how he droops with flagging wings,
And ſtrikes his bared boſom many a blow.
Looſe and neglected, ſcatter'd o'er his neck,
His golden locks drink many a falling tear:
What piteous ſobs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his ſwoln cheek? Ah ſorrow too ſevere!
Anon.

Ver. 115. For the ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, ſee the Notes on the ſecond Epigram of Sappho.

Ver. 118. The cuſtom of waſhing the dead is very ancient. At the latter end of the fourth book of the Æneid, Anna ſays of the body of her ſiſter Dido,

——date vulnera lymphis
Abluam, &, extremus ſi quis ſuper halitus errat,
Ore legam———

Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
Pitt.

The cuſtom of catching the parting breath may be compared with the 65th and 66 verſes above, "Till in my breaſt," &c. See a beautiful complaint made by the mother of Euryalus, in the Æneid, book 9. ver. 486.

——nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, preſſive oculos, aut vulnera lavi, &c.

Nor did thy mother cloſe thy eyes in death,
Compoſe thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanſe the gore,
Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er. *Pitt.*

Ver. 120.

—Cupid caught my trembling hand,
And with his wings my face he fann'd.

Ver. 136. The time appointed for mourning for the dead, among the ancients, was ten months which was originally the year both of the Greeks and Romans.

The anniverſary of the death of Adonis was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the ſame; and that the Jews abſtained from ſwine's fleſh, becauſe Adonis was killed by a boar. Auſonius, in Epigram 30. affirms that Bacchus, Oſiris, and Adonis, are one and the ſame.
Langhorne.

Ovid makes Venus inſtitute this feſtival, Metamorph. book 10 at the end.

——luctus monumenta manebunt
Semper, Adoni, mei repetitaque mortis imago
Annua plangoris peraget ſimulamina noſtri.

For thee, loſt youth, my tears and reſtleſs pain,
Shall in immortal monuments remain:
With ſolemn pomp, in annual rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my Adonis mourn'd. *Euſden.*

IDYLLIUM II.

Spenſer has imitated this Idyllium in his Shepherd's Calendar for the month of March, but in a language too harſh for modern ears.

Ver. 8. The original Greek, Τα και τα του Ερωτα μεταλμενον, admirably deſcribes a bird, hopping about from bough to bough, which the tranſlator has endeavoured to imitate.

IDYLLIUM III.

This beautiful Idyllium, which in a pleaſing fiction deſcribes the power of love, is preſerved by Stobæus.

IDYLLIUM IV.

Ver. 12 Sappho's ſituation is much the ſame, though on a different occaſion. See ſtanza 2d.

While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faultering on my tongue.

Anacreon's firſt Ode bears a great ſimilitude to this Idyllium.

IDYLLIUM V.

This fragment is preſerved by Stobæus.

Ver. 11.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam. *Hor. L. 1. Ode 4.*

——Life's ſhort, fleeting ſpan
Allows no long protracted plan. *Duncombe.*

Non ſemper idem floribus eſt honos, &c.

——quid æternis
Conſiliis animum fatigas? *L. 2. Ode 11.*

Not always vernal flowers their pride retain,
And full orb'd moons are ſure to wane:
Why tire we then the narrow mind,
For cares eternal too confin'd? *Duncombe.*

Thus Manilius,

Quid tam ſolicitis vitam conſummimus annis,
Torquemurque metu, cæcaque cupidine rerum,
Æterniſque ſenes curis, dum quærimus ævum
Perdimus; & nullo votorum fine beati,
Victuros agimus ſemper, nec vivimus unquam?

Why do we thus conſume our years
In blind deſires and anxious fears?
For in the ſearch, grow gray with pain,
We loſe the bliſs we ſtrive to gain:
And thus, abſorb'd by diſtant views,
In thoughts of living life we loſe. *D.*

IDYLLIUM VI.

Ver. 18.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.
Virg. Ecl. 3.

The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
The bloſſoms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
And nature has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
Dryden.

IDYLLIUM VII.

Ver. 3. The fable of Polyphemus and Galatea has furniſhed matter for ſeveral poets, particularly Theocritus in his 6th and 11th Idylliums, and Ovid in the 13th book of the Metamorphoſes, Fable 8th; who has borrowed freely from Theocritus. See alſo Bion's 6th Fragment.

Ver. 9. The ſtory of Achilles and Deidamia is told at large by Statius in the Achilleid.

IDYLLIUM VIII.

Ver. 7. There is a ſimilar thought in a Greek epigram:

Φευγειν δη τον Ερωτα κενος πονος· ω γαρ αλυξω
Πεζος απο πτηνω πυκνα διωκομενος.

Of ſhunning love 'tis vain to talk,
When he can fly, and I but walk.

IDYLLIUM IX.

Ver. 9. Longepierre and Laurentius Gambara have given the ſame interpretation of this paſſage; and it ſeems to be confirmed by what Patroclus ſays to Hector, in the 16th book of the Iliad, when he is juſt expiring:

Inſulting man! thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand. *Pope.*

EPIGRAMS.

FRAGMENT I.

ON HYACINTHUS.

Deſponding ſorrow ſeiz'd Apollo's heart;
All cures he try'd, and practis'd every art;
With nectar and ambroſia dreſt the wound:
Uſeleſs, alas! all remedies are found,
When fate with cruel ſhears encompaſſes around.

FRAGMENT II.

Thus to the ſmith, It is not fair,
My friend, for ever to repair,
And ſtill another's aid to aſk:
Make your own pipe; 'tis no ſuch arduous taſk.

FRAGMENT III.

Invite the Muſes, Love, and in your train,
Ye ſacred Muſes bring me Love again!
And ever grant, my wiſhes to complete,
The gift of ſong—no remedy ſo ſweet!

FRAGMENT IV.

Incessant drops, as proverbs ſay,
Will wear the hardeſt ſtones away.

FRAGMENT V.

On a ſteep cliff, beſide the ſandy beach,
Sudden I ſtop, and, whiſpering ſoft, beſeech
Relentleſs Galatea; even in age
Love ſtill ſhall bloom, and ſtill my hopes engage.

FRAGMENT VI.

Let me not paſs without reward!
For Phœbus on each tuneful bard
Some gift beſtows: the nobleſt lays
Are owing to the thirſt of praiſe.

FRAGMENT VII.

In beauty boaſts fair womankind;
Man, in a firm, undaunted mind.

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

This is a ſmall fragment of an Idyllium on the death of Hyacinthus, whom Apollo unfortunately ſlew as he was playing with him at quoits.

Ver. 2. Apollo is ſaid to have invented phyſic. He tells Daphne, Ovid Metamorph. book 1.

Inventum medicina meum eſt, opiferque per orbem
Dicor, et herborum ſubjecta potentia nobis.

Medicine is mine; what herbs and ſimples grow
In fields and foreſts, all their powers I know;
And am the great phyſician call'd below.
Dryden.

FRAGMENT II.

I have always thought, that this fragment ſhould be underſtood, allegorically, of thoſe who, though they have riches (or talents) in abundance, yet make no uſe of them. *Longepierre.*

FRAGMENT III.

Thus Apollo, in Ovid, Metamorph. Book 1.

Hei mihi, quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis!

To cure the pains of love, no plant avails. *Dryden.*

FRAGMENT IV.

This proverb is common almoſt to every nation. Thus Ovid,

Quid magis eſt durum ſaxo, quid mollius undâ?
Dura tamen molli ſaxa cavantur aquâ.

And,

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, ſed ſæpe cadendo.

FRAGMENT V.

This ſeems to have been part of a ſpeech of Polyphemus, in an Idyllium on the ſubject of Acis and Galatea; which Ovid probably imitated in his Metamorph. Book 13. For, ſimilar to this fragment, are the following lines;

—gradiens ingenti littora paſſu
Degravat———

——with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood.

And,

Prominet in pontum, &c.

A promontory, ſharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows;
This airy walk the giant lover choſe. *Dryden.*

FRAGMENT VII.

Similar to this is the ſecond Ode of Anacreon.

THE WORKS

OF

MOSCHUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

THE WORKS OF MOSCHUS.

O Solitude, on me beſtow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, ſuch as on th' Auſonian ſhore
Sweet Dorian Moſchus trill'd of yore!
GRAINGER'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

IN ſearch of her ſon, to the liſtening crowd,
T' other day lovely Venus thus cry'd him aloud:
'Whoever may chance a ſtray Cupid to meet,
'My vagabond boy, as he ſtrolls in the ſtreet,
'And will bring me the news, his reward ſhall be this,
'He may freely demand of fair Venus a kiſs;
'But if to my arms he the boy can reſtore,
'He's welcome to kiſſes, and ſomething ſtill more.
'His marks are ſo plain, and ſo many, you'll own
'That among twenty others he's eaſily known.
'His ſkin is not white, but the colour of flame;
'His eyes are moſt cruel, his heart is the ſame:
'His delicate lips with perſuaſion are hung;
'But, ah! how they differ, his mind and his tongue! troul,
'His voice ſweet as honey; but nought can con-
'Whene'er he's provok'd, his implacable ſoul.
'He never ſpeaks truth, full of fraud is the boy;
'And woe is his paſtime, and ſorrow his joy.
'His head is embelliſh'd with bright curling hair;
'He has confident looks, and an inſolent air.
'Though his hands are but little, yet darts they can fling
'To the regions below, and their terrible king.
'His body quite naked to view is reveal'd,
'But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are conceal'd.
'Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
'He ſkips here and there, to the old, to the young,
'From the men to the maids on a ſudden he ſtrays,
'And hid in their hearts on their vitals he preys.
'The bow which he carries is little and light,
'On the nerve is an arrow wing'd ready for flight,
'A little ſhort arrow, yet ſwiftly it flies
'Through regions of ether, and pierces the ſkies.
'A quiver of gold on his ſhoulders is bound,
'Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound:
'Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain ſtrive to ſhun
'His arrows—ſo fell and ſo cruel my ſon,
'His torch is but ſmall, yet ſo ardent its ray,
'It ſcorches the ſun, and extinguiſhes day.
'O you, who perchance may the fugitive find,
'Secure firſt his hands, and with manacles bind;
'Show the rogue no compaſſion, though oft he appears
'To weep—his are all hypocritical tears.
'With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
'Your vigilant care with a treacherous ſmile.
'Perhaps with a laugh kiſſes ſweet he will proffer;
'His kiſſes are poiſon, ah! ſhun the vile offer.
'Perhaps he'll ſay, ſobbing, "No miſchief I know;
"Here take all my arrows, my darts, and my bow!"
'Ah! beware, touch them not—deceitful his aim;
'His darts and his arrows are all tipt with flame.'

IDYLLIUM II.

EUROPA.

THE Queen of Love, on amorous wiles intent,
A pleaſing dream to fair Europa ſent.
What time ſtill night had roll'd the hours away,
And the freſh dawn began to promiſe day,
When balmy ſlumbers, and compoſing reſt,
Cloſe every eye, and ſooth the penſive breaſt,
When dreams and viſions fill the buſy brain,
Prophetic dreams, that never riſe in vain:
'Twas then Europa, as ſhe ſleeping lay,
Chaſte as Diana, ſiſter of the day,
Saw in her cauſe the adverſe ſhore engag'd
In war with Aſia; terribly they rag'd:
Each ſeem'd a woman; that in foreign guiſe,
A native this, and claim'd the lovely prize

With louder zeal: 'The beaute us nymph, she
'said,
'Her daughter was, and in her bosom bred.'
But she, who as a stranger was array'd,
Forc'd to her arms the unresisting maid:
Call'd her her right, by all the powers above,
Giv'n her by Fate, and Ægis-bearing Jove.
The fair Europa, struck with sudden dread,
All pale and trembling started from her bed;
Silent she sat, and thought the vision true,
Still seem'd their forms to strive before her view:
At length she utter'd thus the voice of fear;
"Ye gods, what spectres to my sight appear?
"What dreams are these, in fancy's livery dress't,
"That haunt my sleep, and break my golden rest?
"And who that form that seem'd so wond'rous
"kind?
"The dear idea still delights my mind.
"She, like a mother, press'd me in her arms:
"But, O ye gods! that send such strange a-
"larms,
"Preserve these visionary scenes from harms."
She said, and lightly from her couch she sprung,
Then sought her comrades, beautiful and young,
Her social mates; with them she lov'd to lave
Her limbs unblemish'd in the crystal wave:
With them on lawns the sprightly dance to lead,
Or pluck sweet lilies in the flowery mead.
The nymphs assembled soon, a beauteous band!
With each a curious basket in her hand;
Then reach'd those fields where oft they play'd
before,
The fragrant fields along the sea-beat shore,
To gather flowers, and hear the billows roar.
Europa's basket, radiant to behold,
The work of Vulcan, was compos'd of gold;
He gave it Lybia, mighty Neptune's bride,
She Telephassa, next in blood ally'd;
From her bequeath'd to fair Europa came
This splendid basket of celestial frame.
Fair in the work the milk-white Iö stood
In roughen'd gold, and lowing paw'd the flood,
(For Vulcan there had pour'd the azure main)
A heifer still, nor yet transform'd again.
Two men stood figur'd on the ocean's brim,
Who watch'd the cow, that seem'd inclin'd to
swim.
Jove too appear'd enamour'd on the strand,
And strok'd the lovely heifer with his hand:
Till, on the banks of Nile again array'd,
In native beauty shone the blooming maid:
The seven-mouth'd Nile in silver currents roll'd,
And Jove was sculptur'd in refulgent gold.
Near piping Hermes sleepless Argus lies,
Watching the heifer with his hundred eyes:
From Argus slain a painted peacock grew,
Fluttering his feathers stain'd with various hue,
And, as a ship expands her swelling sail,
He round the basket spread his starry tail.
Such were the scenes the Lemnian god display'd,
And such the basket of the Tyrian maid.
The lovely candids gather'd flow'rets bright,
Sweet to the smell and beauteous to the sight;
The fragrant hyacinth of purple hue,
Narcissus, wild thyme, and the violet blue;
Some the gilt crocus or pale lily chose,
But fair Europa cropp'd the blooming rose;
And all her mates excell'd in radiant mien,
As 'midst the graces shines the Cyprian queen.
Not long, alas! in these fair fields she shone,
Nor long unloos'd preserv'd her virgin zone;
Saturnian Jove beheld the matchless maid,
And sudden transports the rapt god invade;
He glows with all the fervid shame of love;
For Cupid's arrows pierce the breast of Jove.
But, best his amorous intent to screen,
And shun the jealous anger of his queen,
He laid his immortality aside,
And a bull's form th' intriguing god bely'd;
But not of earthly shape, or mortal breed,
Such as at large in flowery pastures feed;
Whose stubborn necks beneath the yoke we bow,
Break to the wain, or harness to the plough.
His golden hue distinguish'd him afar;
Full in his forehead beam'd a silver star:
His large blue eyes, that shone serenely bright,
Languish'd with love, and sparkled with delight:
On his broad temples rose two equal horns,
Like that fair crescent which the skies adorns.
Gently he moves with peaceful look and bland,
And spreads no terror in the virgin band:
Nearer they drew, with eager longing led
To stroke his sides, and pat his comely head:
His breath divine ambrosial odours yields,
Sweeter than fragrance of the flowery fields.
At fair Europa's feet with joy he stands,
And prints sweet kisses on her lily hands.
His foamy lips she wipes, unaw'd by dread,
And strokes his sides, and pats his comely head.
Gently he low'd, as musical and clear
As notes soft warbled on the raptur'd ear:
And, as on earth his pliant knees he bent,
Show'd his broad back, that hinted what he
meant;
Then turn'd his suppliant eyes, and view'd the
maid;
Who thus, astonish'd to her comrades said:
"Say dearest mates, what can this beast in-
"tend?
"Let us (for lo! he stoops) his back ascend,
"And ride in sportive gambols round the mead;
"This lovely bull is sure of gentlest breed;
"So meek his manner, so benign his mind,
"He wants but voice to equal human kind."
So spoke the fair, and up she rose to ride,
And call'd her lingering partners to her side:
Soon as the bull his pleasing burden bore,
Vigorous he sprung, and hasten'd to the shore.
The nymph dismay'd invok'd the virgin band
For help, and wav'd her unavailing hand.
On the soft bosom of the azure flood
With his fair prize the bull triumphant rode:
Up-rose the Nereids to attend his train,
And all the mighty monsters of the main.
Cerulean Neptune was the Thunderer's guide,
And for the passing pomp he smooth'd the tide:
The Tritons hail'd him as he steer'd along,
And sounded on their conchs the nuptial song.
On Jove's broad back the lovely damsel borne,
Grasp'd with her fair right hand his polish'd
horn,

Her left eſſay'd her purple robe to ſave,
That lightly bruſh'd the ſurface of the wave:
Around her head ſoft breath'd the gentle gale,
And fill'd her garment like a ſwelling ſail.
Europa's heart throbb'd quick with chilling fear,
Far from her much-lov'd home, and comrades dear;
No ſea-beat ſhore ſhe ſaw, nor mountain's brow,
Nor aught but ſky above, and waves below.
Then with a mournful look the damſel ſaid:
"Ah! whither wilt thou bear a wretched maid?
"Who, and whence art thou, wond'rous creature, "ſay?
"How can'ſt thou fearleſs tread the wat'ry way?
"On the broad ocean ſafely ſails the ſhip,
"But bulls avoid, and dread the ſtormy deep.
"Say, can a bull on ſea-born viands feed?
"Or, if deſcended from celeſtial breed,
"Thy acts are inconſiſtent with a god: [flood;
"Bulls rove the meads, and dolphins ſwim the
"But earth and ocean are alike to thee. [ſea.
"Thy hoofs are oars that row thee through the
"Perhaps, like airy birds, thou ſoon wilt fly,
"And ſoar amidſt the regions of the ſky.
"Ah! wretched maid, to leave my native home,
"And ſimply dare with bulls in meads to roam!
"And now on ſeas I ride—ah! wretched maid!
"But, O! I truſt, great Neptune, in thy aid;
"Soon let my eyes my great conductor hail,
"For not without a deity I fail."
Thus ſpoke the nymph, and thus the bull reply'd:
"Courage, fair maid, nor fear the foaming tide:
"Though now a bull I ſeem to mortal eyes,
"Thou ſoon ſhalt ſee me ruler of the ſkies.
"What ſhape I pleaſe, at will I take and keep,
"And now a bull I croſs the boundleſs deep;
"For thy bright charms inſpire my breaſt with "love:
"But ſoon ſhall Crete's fair iſle, the nurſe of Jove,
"Receive Europa on its friendly ſtrand,
"To join with me in Hymen's bliſsful band:
"From thee ſhall kings ariſe in long array,
"To rule the world with delegated ſway."
Thus ſpoke the god; and what he ſpoke prov'd true:
For ſoon Crete's lofty ſhore appear'd in view:
Jove ſtrait aſſum'd another form and air,
And loos'd her zone; the Hours the couch prepare,
The nymph Europa thus, through powerful love,
Became the bride of cloud-compelling Jove:
From her ſprung mighty kings in long array,
Who rul'd the world with delegated ſway.

IDYLLIUM III.

ON THE DEATH OF BION

Ye woods, with grief your waving ſummits bow,
Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,
From weeping urns your copious ſorrows ſhed,
And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead:
Ye ſhady groves, in robe of ſable hue
Bewail; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew:
Ye drooping flowers, diffuſe a languid breath,
And die with ſorrow at ſweet Bion's death:
Ye roſes change from red to ſickly pale,
And, all ye bright anemonies, bewail:
Now, hyacinth, thy doleful letters ſhow
Inſcrib'd in larger characters of woe
For Bion dead, the ſweeteſt ſhepherd ſwain.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin the mournful ſtrain!
Ye nightingales, that perch among the ſprays,
Tune to meoldious elegy your lays,
And bid the ſtreams of Arethuſe deplore
Bion's ſad fate; lov'd Bion is no more:
Nor verſe nor muſic could his life prolong,
He died, and with him died the Doric ſong.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful ſtrain!
Ye ſwans of Strymon, in loud notes complain,
Penſive, yet ſweet, and droop the ſickly wing,
As when your own ſad elegy ye ſing.
All the fair damſels of Oëagria tell,
And all the nymphs that in Biſtonia dwell,
That Doric Orpheus charms no more the plains.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin the mournful ſtrains!
No more he ſooths his oxen at the yoke,
No more he chants beneath the lonely oak.
Compell'd, alas! a doleful dirge to ſing
To the grim god, the deaf Tartarean king.
And now each ſtraggling heifer ſtrays alone,
And to the ſilent mountains makes her moan;
The bulls loud bellowing o'er the foreſts rove,
Forſake their paſture, and forget their love.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful lay!
Thy fate, O Bion, wept the god of day;
Pan griev'd; the dancing Satyrs and the Fauns
March'd ſlow and ſad, and ſigh'd along the lawns:
Then wail'd the Nymphs, that o'er the ſtreams preſide,
Faſt flow'd their tears, and ſwell'd the cryſtal tide,
Mute Echo now laments the rocks among,
Griev'd ſhe no more can imitate thy ſong.
The flow'rets fade, and wither'd are the trees,
Thoſe loſe their beauty, and their verdure theſe.
The ewes no more with milky udders thrive,
No more drops honey from the fragrant hive;
The bees, alas! have loſt their little ſtore,
And what avails it now to work for more,
When from thy lips the honey's ſtol'n away?
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin the mournful lay!
Ne'er did the dolphin on the azure main
In ſuch pathetic energy complain;
Nor Philomel with ſuch melodious woe,
E'er wail'd, nor ſwallow on the mountains brow;
Nor did Alcyone transform'd deplore
So loud her lover daſh'd upon the ſhore.
Not Memnon's birds ſuch ſigns of ſorrow gave,
When, ſcreaming round, they hover'd o'er his grave;
As now in melancholy mood they ſhed
Their plaintive tears, lamenting Bion dead.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful lay!
The nightingales, that perch upon the ſpray,
The ſwallows ſhrill, and all the feather'd throng,
Whom Bion taught, and raviſh'd with his ſong,
Now ſunk in grief their penſive muſic ply,
And ſtrive to ſing their maſter's elegy;
And all the birds in all the groves around
Strain their ſweet throats to emulate the ſound:

Ye turtles too, the gentle bard deplore,
And with deep murmurs fill the founding ſhore.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful lay!
Who now, lov'd ſhepherd, on thy pipe ſhall play?
Still, ſtill, methinks, the melting notes I hear,
But ah! more faint they die upon my ear.
Echo, ſtill liſtening, roves the meads along,
Or near the rocks ſtill meditates thy ſong.
To Pan I'll give thy tuneful pipe, though he
Will fear, perchance, to be ſurpaſs'd by thee.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful ſtrain!
Thee Galatea weeps, ſweet ſhepherd-ſwain;
For oft thy graceful form her boſom warm'd,
Thy ſong delighted, and thy muſic charm'd:
She ſhunn'd the Cyclops, and his numbers rude,
But thee with ardent love the nymph purſu'd:
She left the ſea, her element, and feeds,
Forlorn, thy cattle on the flowery meads.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful lay!
Alas! the muſes will no longer ſtay,
No longer on theſe lonely coaſts abide;
With thee they warbled, and with thee they died:
With Bion periſh'd all the grace of ſong,
And all the kiſſes of the fair and young.
The little Loves, lamenting at his doom,
Strike their fair breaſts, and weep around his tomb.
See Venus too her beauteous boſom beat?
She lov'd her ſhepherd more than kiſſes ſweet,
More than thoſe laſt dear kiſſes, which in death
She gave Adonis, and imbib'd his breath.
Meles! of ſtreams in melody the chief,
Now heaves thy boſom with another grief;
Thy Homer died, great maſter of the ſong,
Thy Homer died, the Muſes ſweeteſt tongue:
Then did thy waves in plaintive murmurs weep,
And roll'd thy ſwelling ſorrows to the deep:
Another ſon demands the meed of woe,
Again thy waters weep in long-drawn murmurs flow.
Dear to the fountains was each tuneful ſon,
This drank of Arethuſe, that Helicon:
He ſung Atrides' and Achilles' ire,
And the fair dame that ſet the world on fire:
This form'd his numbers on a ſofter plan,
And chaunted ſhepherds loves, and peaceful Pan;
His flock he tended on the flower, meads,
And milk'd his kine, or join'd with wax the reeds;
Oft in his boſom he would Cupid take,
And Venus lov'd him for her Cupid's ſake.
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, the mournful ſtrains!
Thee all the cities of the hills and plains,
Illuſtrious bard, in ſilent grief deplore;
Aſcra for Heſiod ne'er lamented more;
Not thus Bœotia mourn'd her Theban ſwan,
Nor thus the tears for bold Alcœus ran;
Not Ceos for Simonides, nor thus
Griev'd Paros for her bard Archilocus:
The ſhepherds of the Leſbian iſle have long
Neglected Sappho's for thy ſweeter ſong:
And all that breathe the paſt'ral reed rehearſe
Thy fate, O Bion, in harmonious verſe.
Sicelidas, the Samian ſhepherd ſweet,
And Lycidas, the blitheſt bard of Crete,
Whoſe ſprightly looks erſt ſpoke their hearts elate,
Now ſorrowing mourn thy ſad untimely fate;
Mourns to Philetas' elegiac muſe,
And ſweet Theocritus of Syracuſe:
I too, with tears, from Italy have brought
Such plain bucolics as my maſter taught;
Which, if at all with tuneful eaſe they flow,
To thy learn'd precepts and thy art I owe,
To other heirs thy riches may belong,
I claim thy paſt'ral pipe and Doric ſong;
In Doric ſong my penſive boon I pay:
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin the mournful lay!
Alas! the meaneſt flowers which gardens yield,
The vileſt weeds that flouriſh in the field,
Which dead in wint'ry ſepulchres appear,
Revive in ſpring, and bloom another year:
But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wiſe,
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,
In tombs forgotten lie, no ſuns reſtore,
We ſleep, for ever ſleep, to wake no more.
Thou too lieſt buried with the ſilent dead:
Fate ſpares the witlings, but thy vital thread
Snapp'd cruel chance! and now its my hard lot
To hear the dull bards (but I envy not)
Grate their harſh ſonnets flaſhly, rude, and vain:
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin the mournful ſtrain!
O hapleſs Bion! poiſon was thy fate;
The baneful potion circumſcrib'd thy date:
How could fell poiſon cauſe effect ſo ſtrange,
Touch thy ſweet lips, and not to honey change?
How could the ſavage wretch, that mix'd the draught,
Hear heavenly muſic with a murderous thought?
Could not thy ſongs his helliſh purpoſe ſway?
Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin the mournful lay!
But ſoon juſt vengeance will his crime purſue,
While I with pious tears thy tomb bedew.
Could I like Orpheus, as old poets tell,
Or mighty Hercules, deſcend to hell;
To Pluto's dreary manſion I would go,
To hear what muſic Bion plays below.
Liſt to my counſel gentle ſhepherd ſwain,
And ſoftly warble ſome Sicilian ſtrain,
(Such as, when living, gave divine delight)
To ſooth the empreſs of the realms of night:
For ſhe, ere Pluto ſeiz'd the trembling maid,
Sung Dorian lays, and in theſe meadows play'd.
Not unrewarded ſhall thy numbers prove,
The dame will pity, though ſhe cannot love:
At once ſhe heard the Thracian's tuneful prayer,
And gave him back Eurydice the fair,
She'll pity now thy more melodious ſtrain,
And ſend thee to thy hills and woods again.
Could I in powerful harmony excel,
For thee my pipe ſhould charm the rigid king of [hell.

IDYLLIUM IV.

MEGARA.

Megara.

"Why theſe complaints, and whence that dread-
"ful ſigh?
"Why on thy cheek do thus the roſes die?
"Is it to ſee thy glorious ſun ſuſtain,
"From worthleſs hands, pre-eminence of pain?
"A lion tortur'd by a fawn—Great Jove!
"Why ſuch injurious treatment muſt I prove?

" Why with ſuch adverſe omens was I born?
" Wretch that I am! E'er ſince the nuptial morn
" When to my arms my matchleſs lord was given,
" Dear have I priz'd him as the light of heaven,
" And prize him ſtill——Sure none has ſuffer'd more,
" Or drank ſuch draughts of ſorrow's cup before.
" With Phœbus' gift, his bow, he pierc'd the hearts
" Of his own ſons; or rather arm'd with darts
" Which fates or furies furniſh'd, every child
" In his own houſe he ſlew, with frenzy wild.
" Than dreams more dreadful, with theſe ſtream-ing eyes,
" (While to their mother, with inceſſant cries,
" Their helpleſs mother, they exclaim'd in vain)
" By their own ſire I ſaw the children ſlain.
" But as a bird bewails her callow brood,
" While in the brake a ſerpent drains their blood,
" And all too weak the wiſh'd relief to bring,
" Twittering her ſhrill complaints, on feeble wing
" At diſtance hovers, nor will venture near
" The fell deſtroyer, chill'd with conſcious fear;
" So I, all frantic, the wide manſion o'er,
" Unhappy mother, my loſt ſons deplore.
" O bleſt Diana, goddeſs of the chaſe,
" Tyrant confeſs'd o'er woman's helpleſs race,
" With my dear ſons, had thy envenom'd dart
" Kindly transfix'd their mother's bleeding heart,
" Then my ſad parents might with friendly care,
" Have ſeen one pile our breathleſs bodies bear,
" At once with many a tear, to every ſhade
" The decent rites of ſepulture have paid,
" And in one golden urn that ſacred earth
" Our aſhes have receiv'd, which gave us birth.
" But Thebes they now inhabit fam'd for ſteeds,
" Or toilſome till Aönia's fruitful meads:
" While to my ſorrows no relief is given,
" At Tiryns, ſacred to the queen of heaven,
" In tears unnumber'd waſting life away,
" To joy a ſtranger, to deſpair a prey.
" But ſoon my lord will bliſs my eyes again,
" For various labours he muſt yet ſuſtain
" By land and ſea, like iron or a rock
" Unmov'd, and ſtill ſuperior to the ſhock:
" While like a ſtream thy ſorrows ever flow,
" By day, by night, alike diſſolv'd in woe.
" Of all to me by ties of kindred join'd,
" Thou only now canſt cheer my anxious mind:
" Far from this manſion, though in blood ally'd,
" Beyond the pine-clad iſthmus they reſide.
" Not one remains who can conſole my grief,
" Or to a wretched woman give relief,
" Except my ſiſter Pyrrha; all the day
" She too bewails her huſband ſnatch'd away,
" Thy Iphiclus: wretched all thy line,
" Whether their ſire be mortal or divine!"
Faſt while ſhe ſpoke, th' o'erflowing tears diſtill'd
Adown her cheeks, and her fair boſom fill'd;
Her ſons her parents riſing to her view:
In ſad ſociety, Alcmena too
Roll'd the big tear; and from her heaving breaſt,
In accents ſage, her daughter thus addreſt:

" Why, hapleſs parent, ſhould thine eyes o'er-flow?
" Why ſhould remembrance thus renew thy woe?
" Why thus afflict us both? or why once more
" Repeat the loſs we oft have wept before?
" Sure each ſad day ſufficient ſorrow bears;
" And none but wretches would recount our cares!
" Be cheer'd, my daughter, and, theſe ills forgot,
" Think that the gods a happier doom allot.
" And though on grief thy thoughts are all em-ploy'd,
" I no excuſe require, with pleaſure cloy'd.
" Much I lament, that thou ſo vaſt a weight
" Of woe ſhouldſt ſhare in our diſaſtrous fate.
" For, O bleſt Proſerpine and Ceres, know,
" (Powers juſtly dreaded by the perjur'd foe)
" That I not more could love thee, if my womb
" With thee had teem'd, or had thy virgin-bloom
" Alone remain'd a parent's hope to crown:
" A truth, Megara, not to thee unknown!
" Then think I view thee with no careleſs eye;
" No, though in grief with Niobe I vie:
" Grief for a ſon indulgence ſure may gain,
" To me endear'd by ten long months of pain;
" And, ere I brought him to the realms of day,
" My life by pangs was nearly ſnatch'd away,
" Sent on new toils he to a diſtant ſhore
" Now roams, and I may ne'er behold him more.
" Beſides, I lately ſaw, with wild affright,
" A direful viſion in the dead of night:
" Some great impending ill, if right I deem,
" Awaits my ſons, from this myſterious dream.
" In ſleep, methought, my Hercules I ſpy'd,
" His garments like a labourer, thrown aſide,
" And, ſpade in hand, employ'd, with arduous toil,
" To delve a ditch in ſome well cultur'd ſoil,
" But when his taſk the wiſh'd ſucceſs had crown'd,
" And his wide fence had girt the vineyard round,
" He left his ſpade fix'd deeply in the plain,
" And ſtrait prepar'd to clothe his limbs again;
" When, quick as thought, above the trench, behold
" Deſtructive flames, which round the hero roll'd!
" From theſe reſiſtleſs foes alarm'd he flew,
" With footſteps ſwift, as ſwiftly they purſue:
" While, like a ſhield, the ſpade now ſerves to guard
" His half-ſcorch'd body, and the fire to ward.
" At length Iphiclus, running to his aid,
" (Such was my viſion) by his feet betray'd,
" Before he reach'd him, fell with headlong force,
" And there unable to reſume his courſe,
" Lay ſtiff and proſtrate, like a feeble ſage,
" Who falling to the ground through helpleſs age,
" There fix'd remains, till by ſome ſtranger rear'd,
" Pitying his hoary hairs, and ſilver beard:
" So on the plain was brave Iphiclus thrown.
" To ſee my ſons unaided and alone,
" Faſt flow'd my tears, till morn with roſeate ray
" Diſpell'd my ſlumbers, and reſtor'd the day.
" Such were the viſions of this night of dread!
" Far from our houſe, on curs'd Euryſtheus' head
" Theſe omens turn! Be my preſages true,
" And him, O fate, with vengeance juſt purſue!"

ILYLLIUM V.

THE CHOICE.

When zephyrs gently curl the azure main,
On land, impatient, I can scarce sustain
At ease to dwell; a calm yields more delight:
But when old ocean to a mountain's height
Rolls, with tremendous roar, his foaming floods,
I lothe the sea, and sigh for fields and woods.
Safe is the land; then piny forests please, [trees:
Though hoarse winds whistle through the bending
Hapless the fisher's life! the sea his toil,
His house a bark, and faithless fish his spoil.
But O! to me how sweet are slumbers, laid
Beneath a lofty plane's embowering shade;
And thence the tinkling of a rill to hear,
Whose sound gives pleasure unallay'd by fear! D.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

Pan sighs for Echo o'er the lawn:
Sweet Echo loves the dancing Faun;
The dancing Faun fair Lyda charms;
As Echo Pan's soft bosom warms,
So for the Faun sweet Echo burns;
Thus all, inconstant in their turns,
Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd,
Pursue, and are themselves pursu'd.
As much as all slight those that woo,
So those that slight are slighted too:
Thus rages by capricious fate,
Alternate love, alternate hate.
Ye scornful nymphs and swains, I tell
This truth to you, pray, mark it well:
"If to your lovers kind you prove,
"You'll gain the hearts of those you love."

IDYLLIUM VII.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail, golden star! of ray serene
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen,
O Hesper! glory of the night,
Diffusing through the gloom delight;
Whose beams all other stars outshine,
As much as silver Cynthia thine;
O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my shepherd swain;
He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way!
May the bright star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of love!

IDYLLIUM VIII.

ALPHEUS.

From Pisa where the sea his flood receives,
Alpheus, olive-crown'd, the gift of leaves,
And flowers, and sacred dust is known to bring,
With secret course to Arethusa's spring;
For, plunging deep beneath the briny tide,
Unmix'd, and unperceiv'd his waters glide.
Thus wonder-working love, with mischief fraught
The art of diving to the river taught.

D.

IDYLLIUM IX.

EUNICA; OR THE HERDSMAN.

When lately I offer'd Eunica to kiss,
She fleer'd and she flouted, and took it amiss;
"Be gone, you great booby, she cry'd with a frown, [clown!
"Do you think that I long for your kisses, you
"The sparks of the city my favours esteem—
"You never shall kiss me; no, not in a dream.
"How pleasing you look! and how gently you "play! [you say!
"How soft is your voice! and what fine things
"So neat is your beard, and so comely your hair!
"And your lips, to be sure, are a delicate pair.
"But on your dear person I never shall doat;
"So pray keep your distance—you smell like a "goat."
Thus spoke the proud huffey, and view'd me all round, [ground;
With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the
Then mimick'd my voice with satirical sneer,
And sent me away with a flea in my ear.
My blood quickly boil'd, in a violent pique,
And, red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek;
For it vex'd me, that thus in derision she jeer'd
My looks, and my voice, and my hair, and my beard.
But, am I not handsome, ye shepherds, say true?
Or has any god alter'd my person anew?
For lately, on oaks like the ivy, with grace
My hair and my beard added charms to my face;
My brows were coal-black, and my forehead milk-white,
And my eyes like Minerva's were azure and bright; [flow
My lips sweet as cream, and from them would
Words sweeter than honey, and softer than snow.
My songs are enchanting: nor aught can exceed
The tunes of my pipe, or the notes of my reed.
The girls of the country, if they had their wills,
Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the hills;
For they say that I'm fair, but this minx of the town
Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown.
Alas! she forgot, or perhaps did not know,
That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below;
That beauty's fair queen fell in love with a swain,
And help'd him his cattle to tend on the plain;
Adonis, while living, in groves she ador'd,
And when dead, she in groves and on mountains deplor'd.
If right my conjecture, Endymion, I ween,
Like me, too, once tended his steers on the green;
Yet the moon in this herdsman took such a delight,
That she met him at Latmos, and kiss'd him all night.

Ev'n Cybele mourn'd for a herdſman; and Jove
Snatch'd a boy from his flock to be waiter above.
But Eunica diſdains me, nor liſts to my vow;
Is ſhe better than Cynthia or Venus, I trow?
May ſhe never find lovers in city or plain,
But lie always alone, yet ſtill wiſhing in vain! 50

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

AN EPIGRAM.

Disguis'd like a ploughman, Love ſtole from the ſky,
His torch, and his bow, and his quiver, thrown by;
And with pouch at his ſhoulder, and goad in his hand,
Began with yok'd oxen to furrow the land:
And, "O Jove, be propitious, he cry'd, or I vow,
"That I'll yoke thee, Europa's ſam'd bull, to my "plough."

This juſtly-admired epigram makes us regret that Moſchus has left us no more. Tibullus, as Broekhuſius obſerves, probably alludes to this epigram in the beginning of his Elegy 3. Book 2. particularly in this verſe.

Verbaque aratoris ruſtica diſcit amor.

Now Cupid joys to learn the ploughman's phraſe,
And, clad a peaſant, o'er the fallow ſtrays. *Grainger.*

NOTES ON THE IDYLLIUMS.

IDYLLIUM I.

This beautiful Idyllium is imitated by Spenſer, in his Faery Queen, B. 3. c. 6. ſt. 11.

It fortuned, fair Venus having loſt
Her little ſon, the winged god of love,
Who for ſome light diſpleaſure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as flit as airy dove,
And left her bliſsful bower of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When ſhe for aught him ſharply did reprove,
And wander'd in the world in ſtrange array,
Diſguis'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him bewray.)
Him for to ſeek, ſhe left her heavenly houſe,
And ſearched every way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
She promiſs'd kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her brings.

Meleager alſo has copied this fine original of Moſchus, and given us a picture of Cupid much in the ſame manner. See Anthologia, B. 7. Epig. 16.

Κηρυσσω τον Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

I'm in ſearch of a Cupid that late went aſtray,
And ſtole from my bed with the dawn of the day.
His aſpect is bold, his tongue never lies ſtill,
And yet he can whine, and has tears at his will.
At human misfortunes he laughs and he ſneers;
On his ſhoulders a quiver and pinions he wears:
'Tis unknown from what ſire he deduces his birth;
'Tis not from the air, nor the ſea, nor the earth;
For he's hated by all—but, good people, beware;
Perhaps for a heart he's now laying a ſnare—
Ha, ha, cunning Cupid, I ſee where you lie,
With your bow ready bent:—In Zenophila's eye

Ver. 13, 14. Thus the royal Pſalmiſt, Pſalm lv. ver. 22. "The words of his mouth are ſofter "than butter, having war in his heart; his words "were ſmoother than oil, and yet be they very "ſwords." And Solomon, Proverbs, chap. v. ver. 3. "For the lips of a ſtrange woman drop as "an honey-comb, and her mouth is ſmoother than "oil."

Ver. 41. There is an epigram of Crinagoras, Anthol. B. 4. chap. 12 which may illuſtrate this paſſage: It is on an image of Cupid bound.

Και κλαιε κα ςεναζε, κ. τ. λ.

Perfidious wretch, you now may cry,
And wring your hands, and ſob, and ſigh:
Who now your advocate will be?
Who now from chains will ſet you free?
You oft, by cauſeleſs doubts and fears,
From other eyes have forc'd the tears,
And, by your bitter biting darts,
Inſtill'd love's poiſon into hearts.
O love, who laugh'd at human bail,
Now all your arts eluſive fail,
And juſtice will at laſt prevail.

Ver. 46. Thus Virgil, Æneid, Book 1. ver. 687.

Cum dabit amplexus, atque oſcula dulcia ſiget,
Occultum inſpires ignem, falaſque veneno.

And when the queen ſhall ſtrain thee in her arms,
The gentle paſſion by degrees inſpire
Through all her breaſt, then fan the riſing fire,
And kindle all her ſoul—— *Pitt.*

IDYLLIUM II.

This poem has been printed in ſome of the moſt ancient editions of Theocritus; and therefore ſome critics have taken it for granted that he was the author, without recollecting, that, in the time of the later Grecians, all the ancient Idylliums were collected together in one volume, and the name of Theocritus prefixed to the whole; on which occaſion there is an epigram in the Anthologia, aſcribed to Artemidorus:

Βυκολικας μυσας σποραδες ποκα νυν δ' αμα πασαι
Εντι μιας μανδρας, εντι μιας αγελας.

The paſt'ral muſes, ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
A ſingle flock, a ſingle fold contains.

This is one of thoſe Idylliums which has been adjudged to Moſchus Beſides, Urſinus tells us (as we are informed by Mr. Heſkin) "that in "two very ancient manuſcripts which he had "ſeen, one belonging to the Vatican, the other "to the Medicean Library, he obſerved, that the "Idyllium intituled Europa, was aſcribed to Moſ-"chus."

Ver 8.

Poſt mediam noctem, cum ſomnia vera.
Hor. B. 1. Sat. 10.

——at dead of night,
When dreams are real—— *Duncombe.*

Ver. 51. The fable of Iö is told at large by Ovid in the firſt book of the Metamorphoſes, and finely tranſlated by Mr. Dryden; to whom I refer the curious reader, the ſtory being too long to inſert here.

Ver. 81. Ovid has told the ſtory of the Rape of Europa, in the ſecond book of the Metamorphoſes: which, to prevent the trouble of referring to the particular ſimilar paſſages, I ſhall give all together under this note, in the language of Mr. Addiſon. The Engliſh reader will ſee at one view, even through the medium of tranſlation, how cloſely the Roman has copied the Sicilian bard.

The dignity of empire laid aſide,
The ruler of the ſkies, the thundering god,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulder clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſullied by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the work an's hand;
His eye balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd, and languiſh'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight:
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtrok'd his head.
He ſtood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons on the neighb'ring ſtrand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow ſand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breaſt.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſs'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where he now dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the ſhore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: One hand is borne
Upon his back, the other graſps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through ſtorms and tempeſts he the virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the Dictæan ſhore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true ſhape he captivates the maid.

Ver. 93. Horace imitates this paſſage, and deſcribes a young bullock in the ſame manner:

Fronte curvatos imitatos ignes
Tertium lunæ referenti ortum,
Quà notam duxit, niveus videri;
Cætera fulvus. *B. 4. Ode 2.*

—— on whoſe brows,
Full in the front a ſtar its luſtre ſhows;
A gloſs of fallow hue adorns
His ſkin; the creſcent of his horns,
So ſharply turn'd, ſalutes the ſight,
Like Cynthia's fires, the third revolving night.
J. Duncombe.

Ver. 129. See a ſimilar deſcription in Virgil's Æneid, B. 5. near the end.

A thouſand forms attend the glorious god,
Enormous whales, and monſters of the flood;
Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;
Here the ſwift Tritons ſhoot along the tides;
There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,
With aged Phorcus, and his azure train;
And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main.
Pitt.

See alſo the latter end of the fifty-firſt ode of Anacreon.

Ver. 143. Thus Virgil, Æneid, Book 3. ver. 192.

Poſtquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ullæ [tus.
Apparent terræ, cœlum undique, et undique pon-

Now vaniſh'd from our eyes the leſſening ground;
And all the wide horizon ſtretching round,
Above was ſky, beneath was ſea profound.
Pitt.

Which he has borrowed from Homer, Odyſſ. Book 12. ver. 403.

Paſt ſight of ſhore, along the ſurge we bound,
And all above is ſky, and ocean all around.
Pope.

Horace has in a maſterly manner imitated this whole Idyllium, but particularly this paſſage, Book 3. Od. 27.

Sic et Europe niveum doloſo
Credidit tauro latus, et ſcatentem
Belluis pontum, mediaſque fraudes
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis ſtudioſa florum, et
Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ,
Nocte ſubluſtri, nihil aſtra præter
Vidit et undas.

Europa thus the bull careſs'd,
And his broad back advent'rous preſs'd;
But when the monſters of the main
She ſaw, her heart was fill'd with throbbing pain.
She, who, along the flowery meads,
Wove wreaths for her companions heads,
Now in the gloom ſees nought around
But twinkling ſtars, and ocean's waves profound.
W. Duncombe.

IDYLLIUM III.

Some have been ſo abſurd as to aſcribe this beautiful Idyllium to Theocritus, becauſe it was originally inſerted in the collection that went under his name; but that he is not the author of it, is plain from a paſſage in this very Idyllium, which mentions Theocritus as bewailing the death of Bion.

Moſchus, in this Idyllium, ſo frequently alludes to Bion's on the death of Adonis, that it will be unneceſſary to point out all the reſembling places.

Ver. 11. The ſtory of the transformation of Hyacinthus is told by Ovid, in the tenth book of the Metamorphoſes:

Ipſe ſuos gemitus foliis inſcribit, et *ai, ai*,
Flos habet inſcriptum, funeſtaque litera ducta eſt.

——the god upon its leaves
The ſad expreſſion of his ſorrow weaves;
And to this hour the mournful purple wears
Ai, ai, inſcrib'd in funeral characters. *Ozell.*

Ver. 33. See a ſimilar paſſage in Virgil's fifth eclogue, as tranſlated by Dryden:

The ſwains forgot their ſheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters, brought their herds to drink.
The thirſty cattle, of themſelves, abſtain'd
From water, and their graſſy fare diſdain'd:
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore.

Ver. 41. Thus Ovid on the death of Orpheus, Metamorph B. 11.

——lacrymis quoque flumina dicunt
Increviſſe ſuis: obſcuraque carbaſa pullo
Naiades et dryades, paſſoſque habuere capillos.

Naiads and dryads with diſhevell'd hair
Promiſcuous weep, and ſcarfs of ſable wear;
Nor could the river gods conceal their moan,
But with new floods of tears augment their own.

Ver. 53. Dolphins are ſaid to utter a mournful cry, like a man in diſtreſs, and to be wonderfully fond of harmony; witneſs the fable of Arion. Longepierre thinks this paſſage alludes to the ſtory of Heſiod; who (as Plutarch relates) being aſſaſſinated, his body was thrown into the ſea, and received by a ſhoal of dolphins, and, on the very day when the feaſt of Neptune was celebrated, brought by them aſhore near the city of Molicria; by which means the murderers were diſcovered, and ſuffered the puniſhment due to their crime.

Ver 57. Alcyone is fabled to have been the wife of Ceyx, a king of Thrace. They were remarkable for their conjugal affection. On his being drowned, ſhe endeavoured to caſt herſelf into the ſea, but was immediately transformed into a king's-fiſher, as was likewiſe the body of her huſband. The ſtory is told by Ovid, in the eleventh book of the Metamorphoſes, and admirably tranſlated by Dryden.

Ver 59 For Memnon's birds, ſee Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book 13.

Ver. 101. The river Meles waſhes the walls of Smyrna, a city of Aſia Minor, where Bion was born. It is alſo ſuppoſed to have been the birth-place of Homer, and therefore that river is ſaid to have been his father; whence he is called Meleſigenes.

Ver 123. Pindar.

Ver. 129. This and the ſix following lines are a tranſlation of ſix Greek verſes which were wanting in the ancient editions of our poets. They are ſuppoſed to be ſupplied by Marcus Muſurus of Crete, though Scaliger affirms that they were wrote by Moſchus.

Ver. 131. Sicelidas, Lycidas, and Philetas, are mentioned by Theocritus in his ſeventh Idyllium.

Ver. 145. This fine ſentiment has been embelliſhed by ſeveral authors. Thus Spenſer:

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in winter's blade?
Yet ſoon as ſpring his mantle hath diſplay'd,
It flow'reth freſh, as it ſhould never fail.
But thing on earth that is of moſt avail,
As virtue's branch and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.

And Catullus:

Soles occidere et redire poſſunt:
Nobis, cum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.

The ſun, that ſinks into the main,
Sets, with freſh light to riſe again:
But we, when once our breath is fled,
Die, and are number'd with the dead;
With endleſs night we cloſe our day,
And ſleep eternity away.

Admirable is that of Job, chap. 14. "Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down.—"There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down that "it will ſprout again, and that the tender branch "thereof will not ceaſe; but man dieth, and "waſteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghoſt, "and where is he? He lieth down, and riſeth "not, till the heavens be no more."

Ver. 178. Pluto carried away Proſerpine from the fields of Enna in Sicily. Thus Milton, Paradiſe Loſt, Book 4 ver. 209.

——not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpine gathering flowers

Herſelf a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world———

See alſo Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book 5.

IDYLLIUM IV.

This poem contains a dialogue between Megara, the wife of Hercules, and Alcmena his mother, wherein they recapitulate their mutual misfortunes. This famous hero gave great umbrage to Euryſtheus, king of Mycenæ; who, fearing he would in time diſpoſſeſs him of his crown, tried all methods to deſtroy him. Hercules, ſenſible of his dangerous ſituation, conſulted the Oracle: and being anſwered that it was the will of the gods that he ſhould ſerve Euryſtheus twelve years, was thrown into ſo deep a melancholy, that it turned at length into a furious frenzy; during which he put away his wife Megara, and murdered all the children he had by her, which are ſuppoſed to have been twelve, becauſe the king impoſed on him the ſame number of labours, as in expiation for their murder, after he had recovered his ſenſes. Hercules is ſuppoſed to have been abſent on one of theſe expeditions when this dialogue commences.

Ver. 21. Virgil has happily imitated this beautiful ſimile in his Georgics, Book 4. ver. 511.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fœtus; quos durus arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

Which is as happily tranſlated by Dryden.

So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
By ſtealth, convey'd the feather'd innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains,
And melancholy muſic fills the plains.

Ver. 33. Megara was the daughter of Creon, king of Thebes, a city of Bœotia. It may not be improper to remark, that Moſchus, contrary to the common opinion, ſuppoſes the parents of Megara to have been living when Hercules ſlew his children, whereas Euripides and Seneca aſſure us, that Lycus, a Theban exile, murdered Creon and his ſons, to obtain the crown: and that Hercules did not kill his children, till he had puniſhed Lycus. *Longepierre*

Ver. 42. A city of Peloponneſus near Argos, where Hercules dwelt; and from thence was ſtyled 'the Tirynthian hero.'

Ver. 59. Iphiclus was the ſon of Amphitryon and Alcmena, and the twin-brother of Hercules.

Ver. 71. Thus St. Matthew, chap. vi. ver. 34. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Ver. 86. For the ſtory of Niobe, ſee Ovid's Metam. book 6. See alſo the notes on the twentieth Ode of Anacreon.

Ver. 88. That is, ten lunar months, St. Auguſtine explains it thus: "Quod dicunter decem "menſes pregnantis, novem ſunt pleni; ſed in- "tium decimi pro toto accipitur."

Ver 90. The birth of Hercules was attended with the moſt excruciating pains to Alcmena, owing to the jealouſy and hatred of Juno; from which ſhe was delivered by the addreſs of Galanthus. See *Ovid's Metam.* book 9.

Ver. 105. Theſe were probably intended to be emblems of thoſe flames in which this hero was afterwards conſumed on Mount Œta. See *Ovid's Metam.* book 9.

Ver. 108. This circumſtance of the flames purſuing Hercules is very ſimilar to a paſſage in the Iliad, book 21. where the rivers Simois and Scamander unite, purſue, and attack Achilles with all their waves:

Now here, now there, he turns on every ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels. *Pope.*

IDYLLIUM V.

Ver. 4. Moſchus perhaps in this paſſage had Homer in his view, *Iliad*, Book 2.

As when the winds, aſcending by degrees,
Firſt move the whitening ſurface of the ſeas,
The billows float in order to the ſhore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing ſtorm the deeps ariſe,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the ſkies.
Pope.

Ver. 8. In the original it is, ἀ πιτυς ἀδει, the pine tree ſings. Thus Theocritus Idyll. I. ver. 1. —ᾳ πιτυς μελισδεται.

——that pine-tree's boughs, by yonder ſpring,
In pleaſing murmurs mix, and ſweetly ſing.
Creech.

IDYLLIUM VI.

The following modern ballad is cloſely copied from this Idyllium.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Tom loves Mary paſſing well,
But Mary ſhe loves Harry;
While Harry ſighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miſcarry.
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
While Thomas ſlights her paſſion:
So very freakiſh are the turns
Of human inclination!

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal deſpiſes Mary,
And all the flouts that Bell receives
From Tom, ſhe vents on Harry.
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they purſue,
But hates the kind purſuer.

Mol gave Hal a wreath of flowers,
Which he, in amorous folly,
Conſign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly.

If one of all the four had frown'd
You ne'er ſaw people glummer,
But if one ſmiles, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this leſſon learn,
Throughout the Britiſh nation,
How much 'tis every one's concern
To ſmile a reformation:
And ſtill through life this rule purſue,
Whatever objects ſtrike you,
" Be kind to them that fancy you,
" That thoſe you love may like you."

Ver. 10. Thus Theocritus, Idyllium 6.

——φευγει τον φιλεοντα, και φιλεοντα διωκει.

She, driven ſtill by an unlucky fate,
Flies thoſe that love, and follows thoſe that hate.
Creech.

And Horace, Book 1. Ode 33.

Inſignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in aſperam
Declinat Pholoen———

For Cyrus, ſee! Lycoris, grac'd
With ſlender forehead burns;
For Pholoe, he——— *Duncombe.*

Ver. 15. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 23.

Lovers, farewell; revenge has reach'd my ſcorn;
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.
Dryden.

IDYLLIUM VII.

This Idyllium has given occaſion to the following ode to Cynthia, by a lady of Huntingdon; which muſt be allowed to have ſurpaſſed the original.

Siſter of Phœbus, gentle queen,
Of aſpect mild and ray ſerene,
Whoſe friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer!
Attractive Power! whoſe mighty ſway
The ocean's ſwelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, ſeem to raiſe
A liquid altar to thy praiſe:
The wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
Invoke to their infernal bower:
But I to no ſuch horrid rite,
Sweet queen, implore thy ſacred light;
Nor ſeek, while all but lovers ſleep,
To rob the miſer's treaſur'd heap;
Thy kindly beams alone impart,
To find the youth who ſtole my heart,
And guide me from thy ſilver throne,
To ſteal his heart, or find my own!

Ver. 3. Thus Homer, Iliad, Book 22, ſpeaking of the ſame ſtar:

Οιος δ' αστηρ, κ. τ. λ.

As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night. *Pope.*

IDYLLIUM VIII.

The ſtory of Alpheus and Arethuſa, is related at large by Ovid, in his Metamorp. Book 5. Virgil alſo mentions it in his Æneid, Book 3.

Sicanio prætenta ſinu jacet inſula contra
Plemmyrium undoſum; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama eſt huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egiſſe vias ſubter mare; qui nunc
Ore, Arethuſa, tuo Siculus confunditur undis.

An iſle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the ſides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis ſaid, Alpheus, from his ſource
In Elis' realms, directs his wat'ry courſe;
Beneath the main, he takes his ſecret way,
And mounts with Arethuſa's ſtreams to day.
Pitt.

Ver. 3. Moſchus calls the duſt ſacred, becauſe the Olympic games, which conſtituted no ſmall part of the religion of the ancients, were celebrated at Elis, from whence Alpheus flowed.

IDYLLIUM IX.

This Idyllium, though uncommonly inſerted in the works of Theocritus, has, by Daniel Heinſius and other critics, been adjudged to Moſchus; and, therefore, is here tranſlated. There is another Idyllium, of which Moſchus is ſuppoſed to have been the author, containing a dialogue between Daphnis and a ſhepherdeſs; but that is thought too looſe to be here inſerted. The curious reader may ſee it tranſlated by Dryden.

THE WORKS

OF

MUSÆUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

THE WORKS

OF

MUSÆUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

FRANCIS HARDES, M.A.

THE WORKS OF MUSÆUS.

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Oft, by the covert of night's ſhade,
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid;
Through foaming ſeas his paſſion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar.
The conſcious virgin, from the ſea-girt tower,
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bower.

DODSLEY'S MISCELL. Vol. iv. p. 308.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS celebrated poem on the Loves of Hero and Leander has been admired by the politeſt ſcholars for many ages: And though Mr. Waller, and ſeveral other writers of the fineſt taſte, have conjectured it to be one of the ſtories

Which old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung,

yet many convincing arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the work of a later author, a grammarian of that name, who lived in the fifth century.

Nor let the Engliſh reader look upon the title of grammarian as a term of reproach, though now frequently uſed as ſuch. The profeſſion ſtyled by the ancients γραμματικη, was the ſame with the belles lettres among the moderns: And the appellation of grammarian was particularly applied to thoſe who excelled in every kind of polite writing.

The firſt Engliſh tranſlation of the following poem appeared in the year 1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton. It has ſince that time been frequently attempted; but with what ſucceſs, is left to the judgment of others.

SING, muſe! the conſcious torch, whoſe nightly ray
Led the bold lover through the wat'ry way,
To ſhare thoſe joys which mutual faith hath ſeal'd,
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd.
Abydos, Seſtos, ancient towns, proclaim,
Where gentleſt boſoms glow'd with pureſt flame.
I hear Leander daſh the foaming tide!
Fix'd high in air, I ſee the glimmering guide!
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy that burn'd ſerenely bright:
Whoſe beams, in fair effulgency diſplay'd,
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Seſtion maid:
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,
To blaze for ever 'midſt the ſtars above,
And ſtyle it gentle harbinger of love:
For ſure on earth it ſhone ſupremely kind,
To ſooth the anguiſh of the love-ſick mind,
Till cloth'd in terrors roſe the wint'ry blaſt,
Impetuous howling o'er the wat'ry waſte:
And, O! inſpire me, goddeſs, to reſound
The torch extinguiſh'd, and the lover drown'd.
Againſt Abydos ſea-beat Seſtos ſtood,
Two neighb'ring towns, divided by the flood:
Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,
And gain'd two conqueſts with a ſingle dart:
On two fond hearts the ſweet infection prey'd,
A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid:
Of Seſtos ſhe, fair Hero was her name;
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came.
Their forms divine a bright reſemblance bore,
Each was the radiant ſtar of either ſhore.
Thou, whom the fates commiſſion here to ſtray,
Awhile the turret's eminence ſurvey;
Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide
Her lover rolling on the boiſterous tide;

The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn strait
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.
Say, heav'nly muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydinian into love?
Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir'd,
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admir'd?
Fair Hero, priestess to th' idalian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien,
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that stood
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood:
Chaste, and unconscious of love's pleasing pain,
She seem'd a new-born Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew:
Blest in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night,
Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen;
For where superior beauty shines confest,
It kindles envy in each female breast.
To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,
Oft pour'd libations to the god of love;
Taught by th' example of the heavenly dame,
To dread those arrows that were tipt with flame.
Vain all her caution, fruitless prov'd her prayer;
Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair.
For now the sacred festival appear'd,
By pious Sestians annually rever'd,
At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.
Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,
The day to rev'rence, and the feast to share.
From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
And high Hœmenia, hastes the youthful train;
Not one remain'd of all the female race
Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
Afar from spicy Libanus advance
The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;
From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
And all Abydos celebrates the day.
To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
All that admire the gay, the young the fair;
For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,
Joy at the news, and follow with delight,
Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
Who give their whole devotion to the fair.
As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,
Her face a soften'd dignity display'd;
Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermillion shed,
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red:
A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose:
But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle dress't,
Flowers half unveil'd adorn'd her flowing vest,
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.
The ancient sages made a false decree,
Who said, the graces were no more than three;
When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove
The priestess worthy of the queen of love.

Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress't,
Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,
The earthly priestess match'd the heav'nly queen.
The wondering crowds the radiant nymph admire,
And every bosom kindles with desire;
Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms;
Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts pursue,
They sigh, and send their souls at every view.
Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:
" I oft at Sparta wondering have beheld
" Young maids contending in the listed field,
" Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
" Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes;
" Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,
" Such beauty blended with such graceful air:
" Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race)
" Beneath the priestess Venus hides a grace.
" My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,
" But my fond fancy ever could admire.
" O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
" Though fate that instant strike the lover dead:
" Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
" I on the gods will look superior down.
" Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree,
" To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!"
Thus spoke the general voice; the train apart
Conceal the wound deep rankling in the heart.
But when Leander saw the blooming fair,
Love seiz'd his soul instead of dumb despair;
Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,
He sought occasion to reveal his love;
The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,
Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire,
Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart,
With piercing anguish stings th' unguarded heart:
For on the eye the wound is first impress't,
Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
Now hope and confidence invade his soul;
Then fear and shame alternately controul:
For through his bosom thrill'd a conscious shame
Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame:
Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
With step ambiguous, and affected air,
The youth advancing sac'd the charming fair:
Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by art,
Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;
With nods and becks he kept the nymph in play,
And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.
Soon as she saw the fraudful youth beguil'd,
Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;
Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
Sweetly vermillion'd with the rosy grace;
Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries,
She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.

Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
Down to the weſt declin'd the ſolar ray;
And dewy Heſper ſhone ſerenely bright,
In ſhadowy ſilence leading on the night.
Soon as he ſaw the dark involving ſhade,
Th' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming maid,
Her lily hand he ſeiz'd, and gently preſt,
And ſoftly ſigh'd the paſſion of his breaſt:
Joy touch'd the damſel, though ſhe ſeem'd diſpleas'd,
And ſo n withdrew the lily hand he ſeiz'd.
The youth perceiv'd, through well diſſembled wiles,
A heart juſt yielding by conſenting ſmiles;
Then to the temple's laſt receſs convey'd
The unreluctant, unreſiſting maid:
Her lovely feet, that ſeem'd to lag behind,
But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.
She feign'd reſentment with an angry look,
And, ſweetly chiding, thus indignant ſpoke:
" Stranger, what madneſs has poſſeſs'd thy
" brain,
" To drag me thus along the ſacred fane?
" Go—to your native habitation go——
" 'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments ſo.'
" Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,
" Leſt their juſt vengeance you repent too late:
" If not of me, of Venus ſtand afraid,
" In her own fane ſoliciting a maid:
" Hence ſpeed your flight; and Venus' anger
" dread;
" 'Tis bold aſpiring to a virgin's bed."
Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,
And ſhow'd her anger, and her fondneſs too:
The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,
Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd:
For nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,
And chidings are the harbingers of love.
He kiſs'd her ſnowy neck, her fragrant breaſt:
And thus the tranſport of his ſoul expreſt:
" O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are ſeen
" The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!
" For ſure no virgin of terreſtrial race
" Can vie with Hero in the blooms of face:
" I deem your lineage from the gods above,
" And ſtyle you daughter of Saturnian Jove.
" Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
" Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
" Bleſt, doubly bleſt, the fruitful womb that bore
" This heavenly form for mortals to adore.
" Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,
" And to my wiſhes prove as kind as fair:
" As Venus' prieſteſs juſt to Venus prove,
" Nor ſhun the gentle offices of love.
" O let us, while the happy hour invites,
" Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.
" No maid can ſerve in Cytherea's fane;
" Her eyes delight not in the virgin train.
" But would fair Hero ſecret rites explore,
" The laws of Venus, and her pleaſing lore,
" Thoſe rites are practis'd in the bridal bed,
" And there muſt Hero, yet a maid, be led:
" Then as you fear the goddeſs to offend,
" In me behold your huſband and your friend,
" Ordain'd by Cupid, greateſt god above,
" To teach you all the myſteries of love:
" As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
" Made Hercules, with diſtaff in his hand,
" To every taſk of Omphale ſubmit;
" Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,
" Sent me to you. 'Tis needleſs to relate
" The chaſte Arcadian Atalanta's fate;
" Who from th' embraces of Milanion fled,
" Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed:
" But vengeful Venus caus'd the nymph to burn
" With equal flame, and languiſh in her turn.
" O let example warn you to revere
" The wrathful goddeſs, and your lover hear!"
Thus ſpoke the youth—his magic words controul
Her wavering breaſt, and ſoften all her ſoul.
Silent ſhe ſtood, and, rapt in thought profound,
Her modeſt eyes were fix'd upon the ground:
Her cheeks ſhe hid, in roſy bluſhes dreſt,
And veil'd her lily ſhoulders with her veſt:
On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,
Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
By ſecret ſigns a yielding mind is meant;
And ſilence ſpeaks the willing maid's conſent.
Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart
Diffus'd the pleaſing poiſon to her heart;
Leander's form, inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and ſet her ſoul on fire.
While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her ſight,
Leander view'd, with exquiſite delight,
Her ſwelling breaſt, and neck as ivory white.
At length her face with lovely bluſhes ſpread
She rais'd, and thus in ſweet confuſion ſaid:
" Stranger, thy words ſuch magic ſounds con-
" vey
" With ſoft compaſſion rocks would melt away.
" Who form'd thy tongue with ſuch perſuaſive
" art
" To pour delightful ruin on the heart?
" Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
" My lone retirement on the Thracian ſhore?
" Thy ſpeech, though pleaſing, flow'd to me in
" vain:
" How can a ſtranger Hero's love obtain?
" Should I in public give to thee my hand,
" My parents would forbid the nuptial band;
" And ſhould'ſt thou here in cloſe concealment
" Our ſecret paſſion would itſelf betray: [ſtay
" For ſoon the voice of ſcandal-ſpreading fame
" The deed of ſilence would aloud proclaim
" But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;
" For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
" In yon high tower, which cloſe to Seſtos ſtands,
" And all the roaring Helleſpont commands,
" With one attending damſel I remain;
" For ſo my parents and the fates ordain!
" No nymphs coeval to ſweet muſic's ſound
" Lead the ſmooth dance, or lightly beat the
" ground;
" But ſtormy winds eternal diſcord keep,
" And bluſtering bellow through the boundleſs
" deep."
Thus ſpoke the prieſteſs; and with modeſt grace,
Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face;

For on her cheeks the roſeate bluſh that hung
Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.
Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce deſire:
But anxious doubt his muſing breaſt alarms;
How ſhall he gain admittance to her charms?
Nor long he paus'd, for love in wiles abounds,
Well pleas'd to heal the boſoms which he wounds;
'Twas he, whoſe arrows men and gods controul,
That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted ſoul:
Who thus, while ſighs upheav'd his anxious breaſt,
The nymph with artful eloquence addreſt:
" For thee, dear object of my fond deſire,
" I'll croſs the ocean though it flame with fire:
" Nor would I fear the billow's loud alarms,
" While every billow bore me to thy arms;
" Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boiſterous main,
" Tempeſtuous winds ſhould round me roar in vain:
" But oft as night her ſable pinions ſpread,
" I through the ſtorm would ſwim to Hero's bed:
" For rich Abydos is the home I boaſt,
" Not far divided from the Thracian coaſt.
" Let but my fair a kindly torch diſplay,
" From the high turret to direct my way;
" Then ſhall thy daring ſwain ſecurely glide,
" The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,
" Thyſelf my haven, and thy torch my guide:
" And while I view the genial blaze afar,
" I'll ſwim regardleſs of Boötes' car,
" Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain
" That never bathes his brightneſs in the main:
" Thy ſtar, more eminently bright than they,
" Shall lead the lover to his bliſsful bay.
" But let the torth, O nymph divinely fair!
" My only ſafety be thy only care!
" Guard well its light when wint'ry tempeſts roar,
" And hoarſe waves break tumultuous on the ſhore,
" Leſt the dire ſtorms that blacken all the ſky,
" The flame extinguiſh, and the lover die.
" More would'ſt thou know? Leander is my name,
" The happieſt huſband of the faireſt dame."
Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
The nights in raptures of myſterious joy;
Her taſk, ſecure th' extended torch to keep,
And his, to croſs th' unfathomable deep:
On promis'd bliſs their fruitful fancies fed,
Eceſtatic pleaſures of the nuptial bed;
Till the fond nymph, when decency requir'd,
Back to her tower unwillingly retir'd:
Leander ere he left his lovely bride,
Mark'd well the ſtation of the blazing guide,
Then fought Abydos croſs the founding tide.
What now but amorous ſcenes their thoughts employ,
Confus'd ideas of the genial joy?
Slow roſe on leaden wings the morning light,
Slow noon came on—the lovers wiſh'd it night.
At length dark gloom a duſky mantle ſpread;
Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence ſhed.
All but Leander lay diſſolv'd in reſt,
Love kept a ceaſeleſs vigil in his breaſt.
Silent he wander'd on the winding ſhore,
The deep reſounded with tremendnous roar:
Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious ſight
Explor'd the torch's love-proclaiming light:
He little deem'd, alas! its flame would prove
The blaze of death, though meant the torch of love.
Soon as fair Hero from her tower ſurvey'd
Th' horizon darken'd in the ſable ſhade,
The torch on high ſhe fix'd: its flames inſpire
Leander's boſom with the kindred fire:
Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,
And with the glowing ſignal glow'd th' enamour'd man.
But when he heard the hoarſe-reſounding roar
Of thundering billows breaking on the ſhore,
Aghaſt he ſtood, he ſhrunk, and thus addreſt
Theſe words of courage to his trembling breaſt:
" Ah cruel love! whoſe woe the waves conſpire!
" The waves are water, but I burn with fire;
" Be bold my heart, the foaming billows brave,
" Nor fear the threat'nings of the wint'ry wave.
" Fair Venus roſe propitious from the main;
" She calms the ocean's rage and ſooths the lover's pain."
He ſpoke, and ſtraight his lovely limbs undreſt,
And folded round his head the various veſt;
Then, dauntleſs, plunging in the foaming tide,
Daſh'd with his arms th' intruding waves aſide:
Full in his view he kept the ſhining mark,
Himſelf the pilot, paſſenger, and bark.
While faithful Hero, to her promiſe true,
Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew;
Oft with her robe ſhe ſcreen'd the torch's blaze
From dangerous bluſts that blew a thouſand ways:
Till the tir'd youth, on rolling ſurges toſt,
Securely landed on the Seſtian coaſt.
Soon as ſhe ſaw her lover ſafe on ſhore,
Eager ſhe ran, and led him to her tower,
Welcom'd with open arms her panting gueſt,
And, ſweetly ſmiling, to her boſom preſt:
Then dumb with joy the ſhivering youth ſhe led,
Still wet and weary to the genial bed,
Wip'd his fair limbs, and fragrant oils apply'd,
To cleanſe his body from the oozy tide;
Then claſp'd him cloſe, ſtill panting, to her breaſt,
And thus with fond endearing words addreſt:
" My life, my lover, thou haſt ſuffer'd more
" Than fondeſt bridegroom e'er endur'd before:
" Deſtin'd, alas! dread troubles to ſuſtain
" On the rough boſom of the briny main;
" Now let ſweet joy ſucceed in ſorrow's place,
" And lull thy labours in my warm embrace."
She ſpoke: He loos'd her virgin zone to prove
The ſacred rites and myſteries of love.
No youths with meaſur'd dance the nuptials crown'd,
Nor tuneful Hymen's congratulating ſound:
No bard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer,
To ſmile propitious on the wedded pair:
No nuptial torch its golden luſtre ſhed,
Bright torch of love to grace the bridal bed!
No lö Pæans muſically rung;
No greeting parents Hymeneals ſung:
But all was gloom, and ſilence all around,
Inſtead of muſic's love-inſpiring ſound.
Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
They taſted pleaſures mutual faith had ſeal'd;

In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,
In raptures never usher'd to the day:
Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,
Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.
Thus Hero liv'd unnotted, unbetray'd,
Each night a woman, and each day a maid.
Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.
Thus rapt in hidden joys, each blissful night
They past in ecstacies of full delight:
But soon, alas! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
And short the transports of that bridal bed!
For now relentless winter, that deforms
With frost the forest, and the sea with storms,
Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main;
The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,
Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
Rouze from their beds the scatter'd storms that sleep
In the dark caverns of the dreary deep:
The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
Nor dares the wint'ry turbulence explore,
But drags his vessel to the safer shore.
But thee, bold youth, no wint'ry storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main.
For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)
Thee not the furious tempest could controul,
Nor calm the glowing raptures of the soul.
Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter nigh,
Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd, shown the light,
But she, ah hapless! burns with fond desire,
'Tis love inflames her while the fates conspire:
The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,
No more the gentle harbinger of love.
'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
The winds tempestuous o'er the wat'ry world;
The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar,
And dash the foaming billows on the shore:
Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
Glows with remembrance of the bridal bed;
And while fierce tempests howl on every side,
Float on the bosom of the briny tide.
Waves roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are driven,
Swell'd into mountains, and upheav'd to heaven:
Bleak-blasts, loud roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,
Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep.
From every part the blustering terrors fly,
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky.
The growling thunder of the vast profound
The rocks rebellow, and the shores rebound.
Amidst the wat'ry war, with toils oppress'd
O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulfs distress'd,
Leander oft with suppliant prayer implor'd
The sea-sprung goddess, and old ocean's lord:
Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,
Nor was unmindful of th' Athenian maid;
But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain;
Love must submit to what the fates ordain.
From wave to wave the hapless youth is toss't,
Now heav'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost;
His weary'd feet no more his will obey,
His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
Borne on the surge supine, and void of breath
He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.
Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,
Extinct at once the flame, and lovers fires,
Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.
While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,
And fondly sighing, chid his long delay,
Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose.
Now rose the morn, in ruffet vest array'd,
Still from th' impatient fair the lover stay'd:
Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around
O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,
Haply to spy her lover should he stray,
The light extinguish'd 'midst the wat'ry way:
But when she saw him breathless on the sand,
Stretch'd, ghastly pale, by death's relentless hand,
She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbing breast
Rent the gay honours of her flowery vest;
Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,
And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last:
Nor could the fates this faithful pair divide
They liv'd united, and united died.

NOTES ON HERO AND LEANDER.

Ver. 23. Abydos was a city of Asia, situated on the Hellespont, over-against Sestos, a city in the Thracian Chersonnesus. Geographers are of opinion, that the castles of the Dardanelles were built on the ruins of these two places: But they are manifestly mistaken; for there are no remains of antiquity to be seen near those castles, but very remarkable ones three miles farther, where the channel is considerably narrower. Le Brun assures us, that the strait at these ruins is only half a mile over, and that one of them is still called Sestos, and the other Abydos or Avido. Pliny and Herodotus say, the narrowest part of the channel is about seven stadia, or furlongs.

Ver. 60. In the first Idyllium of Moschus, Venus complains of Cupid, that

His darts and arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

Ver. 144. Virgil finely describes the conflict of various passions in the breast of Turnus, Æneid, book 12. ver. 666.

——æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.

A thouſand various thoughts confound the chief,
He ſtood, he gaz'd his boſom ſwell'd with grief;
Pride, conſcious valour, fury, love and ſhame,
At once ſet all the hero in a flame. *Pitt.*

Ver. 383. Thus in the third book of the Odyſſey, Polycaſte, the daughter of Neſtor, bathes and anoints Telemachus.

Sweet Polycaſte took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. Broome remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men frequently occurs in the Odyſſey: neither is this done by women of inferior quality; but we have here a young princeſs bathing, anointing, and clothing the naked Telemachus.

Ver. 494. "They were lovely and pleaſant in "their lives, and in their death they were not di-"vided."

2 Sam. chap. 1. ver. 23.

THE WORKS

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

FAWKES'S APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

PREFACE.

THE author of this poem was the ſon of Silleus and Illeus. He was born at Alexandria in Egypt, and educated under Callimachus: He received the name of Rhodius, or the Rhodian, either from his mother, whoſe name was Rhoda, or, more probably, from the city Rhodes. During his ſtay in this place, he finiſhed his Argonautic poem, and founded a ſchool of rhetoric. Ptolemy Euergetes, in whoſe reign our poet flouriſhed, two hundred and forty-four years before Chriſt, recalled him from his retirement at Rhodes, and appointed him ſucceſſor to Eratoſthenes in the care of the Alexandrian library. The favours which had been conferred on Callimachus in the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, were continued to him by his ſucceſſor Ptolemy Euergetes. So that Callimachus, no leſs than his ſcholar, was protected and patronized by his prince. This circumſtance, among others, gave occaſion to thoſe jealouſies and diſſentions which ſubſiſted between theſe rival poets. Callimachus is ſuppoſed to have alluded, in the following lines, to that invidious ſpirit which prevailed in his ſcholar.

Ὁ φθόνος Ἀπόλλωνος ἐπ' ὄατα λάθριος εἶπεν,
Οὐκ ἄγαμαι τὸν ἀοιδὸν, ὅς οὐ, ὅσα Πόντος, ἀείδει.
Call. Hymn. ad Ap. v. 105.

For Apollonius, anxious to eſtabliſh his own reputation, and jealous of his maſter's, had depreciated thoſe more numerous, but lighter productions, in which the muſe of Callimachus excelled; epigrams, hymns, and elegies.

It will be no improper introduction to the following poem, to trace the ſubject of it to its ſource: nor can we expect to be guided through its intricacies by a ſafer clue, than that which the ancients have afforded us.

Ino was the wife of Athamas, king of Orchomenos: from whom he was ſoon after divorced, and married Nephele. But ſhe incurring his diſpleaſure, he reſtored the repudiated Ino to his bed. By her he had two children, Learchus and Melicerta; by Nephele he had Phrixus and Helle. Ino beheld the children of her rival with a jealous eye. For they, being the eldeſt, had a prior claim to their father's inheritance. Reſolved on their deſtruction, ſhe concerted the following plan, as moſt likely to effect it. A grievous famine laying waſte the country, it was judged expedient to conſult the oracle about the means of ſuppreſſing it. Ino having gained over the prieſts to her intereſt, prevailed on them to return this anſwer: that the ravages of famine could no otherwiſe be ſuppreſſed, than by the ſacrifice of Nephele's children. Phrixus, who was made acquainted with the cruel purpoſe of Ino, freighted his veſſel with his father's treaſures, and embarked with his ſiſter Helle for Colchis. The voyage proved fatal to her; and the ſea, into which ſhe fell, was named from her the Helleſpont. But Phrixus arrived ſafe at Colchis; and was protected from the cruelties of his ſtep-mother Ino, at the court of Æetes his kinſman, who beſtowed on him his daughter Chalciope in marriage. Upon his arrival, he conſecrated his ſhip to Mars: on whoſe prow was repreſented the figure of a ram. This embelliſhment, it is ſuppoſed by ſome of the hiſtorians, gave riſe to the fiction, of his having ſwam to Colchis on the back of that animal, of his having ſacrificed it to Mars, and hung up its fleece in the temple of that god. It is this imaginary fleece which is celebrated by the poets for having given birth to the expedition of the Argonauts. A variety of whimſical conjectures have been formed concerning it. Some are of opinion, that it was a book of ſheep-ſkins, containing the myſteries of the chemic art. Others have aſſured us, that it ſignified the riches of the country, with which their rivers, that abounded in gold, ſupplied its inhabitants: and that, from the ſheep-ſkins made uſe of in collecting the golden duſt, it was called the Golden Fleece.

For a further illuſtration of the ſubject of this poem, it will be neceſſary to inſert the following hiſtory.

Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, had two ſons by Neptune, Neleus and Pelias: by Cretheus ſhe had Æſon, Pheres and Amithaon. The city of Iolcos in Theſſaly, which Cretheus built, was the capital of his dominions. He left his

kingdom at his death to Æſon his eldeſt ſon; but made no proviſion for Pelias. Pelias, however, growing every day more powerful, at length dethroned Æſon. And hearing that his wife Alcimeda was delivered of a ſon, he was reſolutely bent on his deſtruction. For he had been forewarned by the oracle that he muſt be dethroned by a prince, deſcended from Æolus, and who ſhould appear before him with one foot bare. Æſon and Alcimeda being informed of the tyrant's intention, conveyed their ſon to mount Pelion, where he was educated by Chiron. Having attained to maturity, he conſulted the oracle; who encouraged him to repair to the court of Iolcos Pelias, hearing of the arrival of this ſtranger, and of the circumſtance of his appearance with only one ſandal, concluded that this muſt be the perſon, whom the oracle had foretold. Having made himſelf and his ſituation known to his uncle, Jaſon demanded of him the crown, which he had ſo unjuſtly uſurped. Pelias was greatly alarmed at this requiſition. But knowing that a thirſt for glory is the darling paſſion of youth, he contrived to appeaſe his nephew's reſentment by diſcloſing to him the means of gratifying his ambition. He aſſured him, that Phrixus, when he ſailed from Orchomenos, had carried with him a fleece of gold, the poſſeſſion of which would at the ſame time enrich and immortalize him. The propoſal had its deſired effect Jaſon ſignified his acceptance of it, and collected ſpeedily the moſt illuſtrious princes of Greece, who were eager to embark in a cauſe, that was at once advantageous and honourable. Who theſe heroes were, the route they took, the dangers with which they encountered, and the ſucceſs they met with, are particulars recorded by Apollonius, and on which he has laviſhed all the graces of poetry.

Such is the hiſtory of the Golden Fleece, as delivered down to us by the ancient poets and hiſtorians. This celebrated expedition is generally ſuppoſed to be the firſt era of true hiſtory. Sir Iſaac Newton places it about forty-three years after the death of Solomon, and nine hundred and thirty-ſeven years before the birth of Chriſt. He apprehends, that the Greeks, hearing of the diſtractions of Egypt, ſent the moſt renowned heroes of their country in the ſhip Argo, to perſuade the nations on the coaſt of the Euxine ſea to throw off the Egyptian yoke, as the Lybians, Ethiopians, and Jews had before done. But Mr. Bryant has given us a far different account of this matter in his very learned ſyſtem of mythology: whoſe ſentiments on this head I have endeavoured to collect, and have ventured to give them a place in this preface. For the novelty of his hypotheſis, and the learning and ingenuity with which it is ſupported, cannot fail to entertain and inſtruct us.

The main plot, ſays the learned and ingenious mythologiſt, as it is tranſmitted to us, is certainly a fable, and replete with inconſiſtencies and contradictions. Yet many writers, ancient and modern, have taken the account in groſs; and without heſitation, or exception to any particular part, have preſumed to fix the time of this tranſaction. And having ſatisfied themſelves in this point, they have preſumed to make uſe of it for a ſtated era. Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that this hiſtory, upon which Sir Iſaac Newton built ſo much, did certainly not relate to Greece; though adopted by the people of that country. He contends, that Sir Iſaac's calculation reſted upon a weak foundation. That it is doubtful, whether ſuch perſons as Chiron or Muſæus ever exiſted; and ſtill more doubtful, whether they formed a ſphere for the Argonauts. He produces many arguments to convince us, that the expedition itſelf was not a Grecian operation: and that this ſphere at any rate was not a Grecian work: and if not from Greece, it muſt certainly be the produce of Egypt. For the aſtronomy of Greece confeſſedly came from that country: conſequently the hiſtory to which it alludes, muſt have been from the ſame quarter. Many of the conſtellations, ſays our author, are of Egyptian original. The zodiac, which Sir Iſaac Newton ſuppoſed to relate to the Argonautic expedition, was, he aſſerts, an aſſemblage of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

After having enumerated all the particulars of their voyage, the different routes they are ſuppoſed to have taken, and the many inconſiſtencies with which the whole ſtory abounds, Mr. Bryant proceeds to obſerve, that the mythology, as well as the rites of Greece, was borrowed from Egypt, and that it was founded upon ancient hiſtories, which had been tranſmitted in hieroglyphical repreſentations. Theſe, by length of time, became obſcure; and the ſign was taken for the reality, and accordingly explained. Hence aroſe the fable about the bull of Europa, and the like. In a word theſe is the ſame hiſtory under a different allegory and emblem. In the wanderings of Rhea, Iſis, Aſtarte, Iona and Damater, is figured out the ſeparation of mankind by their families, and their journeying to their places of allotment. At the ſame time, the diſperſion of one particular race of men, and their flight over the face of the earth, is principally deſcribed. Of this family were the perſons, who preſerved the chief memorials of the ark in the Gentile world. They repreſented it under different emblems, and called it Demater, Pyrrha, Selene, Meen, Argo, Argus, Archas, and Archaius, or Architè. The Grecians, proceeds the learned writer, by taking this ſtory of the Argo to themſelves, have plunged into numberleſs difficulties. In the account of the Argo, we have undeniably the hiſtory of a ſacred ſhip, the firſt that was ever conſtructed. This truth the beſt writers among the Grecians confeſs, though the merit of the performance they would fain take to themſelves. Yet after all their prejudices, they continually betray the truth, and ſhow that the hiſtory was derived to them from Egypt. The cauſe of all the miſtakes in this curious piece of mythology aroſe from hence. The Arkites, who came into Greece, ſettled in many parts, but eſpecially in Argolis and Theſſalia; where they introduced their rites and worſhip. In the former of theſe re-

gions, they were commemorated under a notion of the arrival of Da-naus, or Danaus. It is supposed to have been a person, who fled from his brother Ægyptus, and came over in a sacred ship given him by Minerva. This ship, like the Argo, is said to have been the first ship constructed; and he was assisted in the building of it by the same Deity, Divine Wisdom. Both histories relate to the same event. Danaus, upon his arrival, built a temple, called Argus, to Iona, or Juno; of which he made his daughters priestesses. The people of the place had an obscure tradition of a deluge, in which most perished, some few only escaping. The principal of these was Deucalion, who took refuge in the acropolis, or temple. Those who settled in Thessaly, carried with them the same memorials concerning Deucalion, and his deliverance; which they appropriated to their own country. They must have had traditions of this great event strongly impressed upon their minds; as every place, to which they gave name, had some reference to that history. In process of time, these impressions grew more and more faint, and their emblematical worship became very obscure and unintelligible. Hence they confined the history of this event to their own country; and the Argo was supposed to have been built, where it was originally enshrined. As it was reverenced under the symbol of the moon, called Man or Mon, the people from this circumstance named their country Ai-mona, in after times rendered Aimonia.

This extract from the ingenious and learned mythologist, will enable the reader to form some idea of his sentiments on this subject.

But whatever disgust the grave historian may have conceived at this unsightly mixture of the marvellous and the probable, the poet needs not be offended at it. Fiction is his province. He may be allowed to expatiate in the regions of fancy without controul, and to introduce his fiery bulls and sleepless dragons without the dread of censure.

The Argonautic expedition has been the admired subject of the Greek and Roman poets from Orpheus, or rather from Onomacritus, who lived in the times of Pisistratus, to those of our author's imitators, who lived in the decline of the Roman empire. To weigh the merits of these ancient poets in the just scale of criticism, and to appropriate to each his due share of praise, is a task too arduous and assuming for an humble editor to engage in. Yet such is the partiality of translators and editors to their favourite poets, that they wish either to find them seated above their rivals and contemporaries, on the summits of Parnassus, or, if possible, to fix them there. But vain are these wishes, unless the testimonies of the first writers of antiquity concur to gratify them. The reputation of Apollonius can neither be impaired nor enhanced by the strictures of Scaliger and Rapin: the judgment of Quintilian and Longinus may, indeed, more materially affect it. They have delivered their opinions on our author in the following words:

Ἐπείτοι γε καὶ ἄπτωτος ὁ Ἀπολλώνιος, ὁ τῶν Ἀργονευτικῶν ποιητὴς ἆρ' ὖν Ὅμηρος ἂν μαλλον, ἢ Ἀπολλώνιος ἐθέλοις γενέσθαι. *Sect. xxxiii. Longin. de Sublim.*

Non contemnendum edidit opus æquali quandam mediocritate.

Quinctil. Inst. Orat. l. x c. 1.

Unfortunately, as it should seem, for the Rhodian, these celebrated strictures wear the double face of approbation and censure. The praise that is conveyed under the term ἄπτωτος, that he no where sinks, is lost in the implication, that he is no where elevated. The expression *non contemnendum opus*, apparently a flattering meiosis, is limited to its lowest sense by the subsequent observation, *æquali quadam, mediocritate.* But we must not desert our poet even in this extremity; for if imitation implies esteem and admiration, Apollonius's noblest eulogy will be found in the writings of Virgil. Those applauded passages in this poet, which are confessedly imitated from our author, may serve as a counterpoise to the sentence of the critics. Apollonius was Virgil's favourite author. He has incorporated into his Æneid his similes and his episodes; and has shown the superiority of his judgment by his just application and arrangement of them.

But it is not the Mantuan poet only, who has fetched from this storehouse the most precious materials. Valerius Flaccus, who has made choice of the same subject with the Rhodian, has discovered through every part of his work a singular predilection for him. He is allowed to have imitated the style of Virgil with tolerable success; but he is indebted for the conduct of his poem chiefly to Apollonius. It is remarkable, that Quintillian, who has objected mediocrity to our author, has mentioned this his closest imitator in terms of the highest respect. Yet must it be confessed that the genius of Flaccus seldom soars so high, as when it is invigorated and enlightened by the muse of Apollonius.

But the admiration in which this writer has been held by the Roman poets, did not expire with them. The rage of imitation, far from ceasing, has caught congenial spirits in every succeeding period; and the most approved passages in this elegant poem have been diffused through the works of the most admired moderns. It were needless to mention any other than Milton and Camoens. Milton's imitations of Apollonius are, many of them, specified in the notes inserted in Bishop Newton's valuable edition of all that writer's poetical works. Camoens, who has hitherto been known to the English reader only through the obscure and crude version of Fanshaw, has appeared of late greatly to advantage in the very animated translation of Mr. Mickle. That the refined taste of Camoens was formed on the model of the Greek and Roman poets, is evident throughout the Lusiad; which abounds in allusions to the pagan mythology, and is enriched with a profusion of graces drawn from the ancient classics. In the number of these it can be no disparagement to his poem to reckon Apollonius Rhodius; to the merit of whose work Camoens, if I misjudge not,

was no ſtranger. The ſubject of the Portugueſe poem bears a ſtriking reſemblance to that which our author has choſen. For the heroes both of Portugal and Greece traverſed unknown ſeas, in purſuit of the wealth with which an unknown country was expected to ſupply them. Camoens not only alludes to Argo and her demigods, but ſeems particularly fond of drawing a compariſon betwixt the heroes of his country and thoſe of Theſſaly.

Here view thine Argonauts, in ſeas unknown, &c.
B. i. p. 9.

With ſuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the firſt keel the Euxine ſurges plough'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece,
Orac'lous Argo ſail'd from wond'ring Greece.
B. iv p. 172.

And ſoon after;

While each preſag'd that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet ſhould give ſome ſtarry band a name.

"The ſolemnity of the night ſpent in devotion, the affecting grief their friends and fellow-citizens, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and intereſting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the claſſics. See the concluding note to B. iv

Apollonius has admitted into his firſt book, on a ſimilar occaſion, moſt of the abovementioned particulars, and many others equally intereſting. The prayer of Jaſon, and the ſacrifices previous to their embarkation, are circumſtantially related. The lamentations of Alcimeda at the loſs of her ſon, the ſilent grief of Æſon his father, and the tears of his friends, contribute to make this parting ſcene the moſt pathetic imaginable. Through the whole of this affecting interview, Camoens ſeems not to have loſt ſight of Apollonius. But, leſt it ſhould be ſaid that a ſimilarity of ſituations naturally produces a ſimilarity of ſentiments, and that we ought not to interpret a reſemblance like this, which might be caſual only, to be the effect of ſtudied imitation; another paſſage may be ſelected from the Luſiad, which is univerſally admired for its genuine ſublimity, and is affirmed to be the happieſt effort of unaſſiſted genius. "The apparition, which in night hovers athwart the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandeſt fiction in human compoſition; the invention his own!" See the Diſſertation prefixed to Mr. Mickle's Tranſlation of the Luſiad.

There is a paſſage in the third book of Apollonius, to which the deſcription of the apparition at the Cape bears a ſtriking reſemblance: I mean the appearance of the ghoſt of Sthenelus, ſtanding on his tomb, and ſurveying the Argonauts as they ſail beſide him. The deſcription of Camoens is indeed heightened by many additional circumſtances, and enriched with a profuſion of the boldeſt images. The colouring is his own; but the firſt deſign and outlines of the piece appear to be taken from our poet

But it is time to quit the imitators of Apollonius, and to give ſome account of his tranſlators.

Dr. Broome, well known in the literary world for the part he took in the tranſlation of the Odyſſey, and for his notes annexed to it, has given an elegant verſion of the Loves of Jaſon and Medea, and of the ſtory of Talaus; which are publiſhed with his original poems. Mr. Weſt, who has transfuſed into his verſion of the Odes of Pindar, much of the ſpirit of his ſublime original, has preſented us, in an Engliſh dreſs, with one or two detached pieces from our author. Mr. Ekins has tranſlated the third book, and about two hundred lines of the fourth. Had this gentleman undertaken a verſion of the whole poem, Mr. Fawkes, I am confident, would have deſiſted from the attempt. The public has long been in poſſeſſion of ſeveral tranſlations of this latter writer. Thoſe of Anacreon and Theocritus are acknowledged to have conſiderable merit. The work before us was undertaken at the requeſt of Mr. Fawkes's particular friends; and the increaſing number of his ſubſcribers encouraged him to perſevere in his deſign; but the completion of it was prevented by the premature ſtroke of fate. What part the editor has taken in this work, is a matter of too ſmall importance to need an explanation. But leſt his motive ſhould be miſtaken, and vanity ſhould be ſuppoſed to have inſtigated what friendſhip only ſuggeſted, he begs leave to add, as the beſt apology he can offer for engaging in this work; that with no other ambition than to aſſiſt his friend, did he comply with his ſolicitations to become his coadjutor; and with no other motive does he now appear as his editor, than to enable the widow to avail herſelf of thoſe generous ſubſcriptions, for which ſhe takes occaſion here to make her thankful acknowledgments.

March 27, 1780.

THE ARGONAUTICS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book commences with the liſt and character of the Argonauts. Before they embark, two of the chiefs quarrel, but are pacified by the harmony of Orpheus. They ſet ſail, and land at Lemnos, an iſland inhabited by female warriors; who, though they had ſlain their huſbands, and turned Amazons, are ſo charmed with theſe heroes, that they admit them to their beds. Thence they ſail to the country of the Dolions, and are kindly received by their king Cyzicus. Looſing from thence in the night, and being driven back by contrary winds, they are miſtaken for Pelaſgians, with whom the Dolions were then at war. A battle enſues, in which Cyzicus and many of his men are ſlain. The morning diſcovers the unhappy miſtake. Thence they ſail to Myſia. Hercules breaks his oar; and while he is gone into a wood to make a new one, Hylas is ſtolen by a nymph, as he is ſtooping for water at a fountain. Hercules and Polyphemus go in ſearch of him. Meanwhile the Argonauts leave them behind, and ſail to Bithynia.

Inspir'd by thee, O Phœbus, I reſound
The glorious deeds of heroes long renown'd,
Whom Pelias urg'd the golden fleece to gain,
And well-built Argo wafted o'er the main,
Through the Cyanean rocks. The voice divine
Pronounc'd this ſentence from the ſacred ſhrine:
'Erelong and dreadful woes, foredoom'd by fate,
'Through that man's counſels ſhall on Pelias wait,
'Whom he, before the altar of his god,
'Shall view in public with one ſandal ſhod.'
And, lo! as by this oracle foretold,
What time adventurous Jaſon, brave and bold,
Anaurus paſt, high ſwoln with winter's flood,
He left one ſandal rooted in the mud.
To Pelias, thus, the haſty prince repair'd,
And the rich banquet at his altar ſhar'd.
The ſtately altar, with oblations ſtor'd,
Was to his ſire erected, ocean's lord,
And every power that in Olympus reigns,
Save Juno, regent of Theſſalia's plains.
Pelias, whoſe looks his latent fears expreſs'd,
Fir'd with a bold adventure Jaſon's breaſt;
That, ſunk in ocean, or on ſome rude ſhore
Proſtrate, he ne'er might view his country more.
Old bards affirm this warlike ſhip was made
By ſkilful Argus, with Minerva's aid.
'Tis mine to ſing the chiefs, their names and race,
Their tedious wanderings on the main to trace,
And all their great atchievements to rehearſe:
Deign, ye propitious nine, to aid my verſe.
Firſt in the liſt, to join the princely bands,
The tuneful bard, enchanting Orpheus, ſtands;
Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's ſhore,
Near Pimpla's mount, to bold Œagrus bore.
Hard rocks he ſoften'd with perſuaſive ſong,
And ſooth'd the rivers as they roll'd along.
Yon beeches tall, that bloom near Zona, ſtill
Remain memorials of his vocal ſkill:
His lays Piera's liſtening trees admire,
And move in meaſures to his melting lyre.
Thus Orpheus charm'd, who o'er the Biſtons reign'd,
By Chiron's art to Jaſon's intereſt gain'd.
Aſterion next; whoſe ſire rejoic'd to till
Pireſian vallies by Phylleion's hill,
Born near Apidanus, who ſportive leads
His winding waters through the fertile meads;
There where, from far, Enipeus, ſtream divine,
And wide Apidanus their currents join.
The ſon of Elatus, of deathleſs fame,
From fair Lariſſa, Polyphemus came.
Long ſince, when in the vigour of his might,
He join'd the hardy Lapithæ in fight
Againſt the Centaurs; now his ſtrength reclin'd
Through age, yet young and martial was his mind.
Not long at Phylace Iphiclus ſtaid,
Great Jaſon's uncle; pleas'd he join'd his aid,

And march'd to meet th' adventurous band from far,
Urg'd by affinity and love of war.
Nor long Admetus, who at Pheræ reign'd,
Near high Chalcodon's bleating fields remain'd.
Echion, Erytus, for wiles renown'd,
Left Alope, with golden harvests crown'd;
The gainful sons of Mercury: with these
Their brother came, the bold Æthalides;
Whom fair Eupolema, the Phthian, bore
Where smooth Amphrysos rolls his watery store:
Those, Menetus, from thy fair daughter sprung,
Antianira, beautiful and young.
Coronus came, from Gyrton's wealthy town,
Great as his sire in valour and renown,
Cæneus his sire; who, as old bards relate,
Receiv'd from Centaurs his untimely fate.
Alone, unaided, with transcendent might,
Boldly he fac'd, and put his foes to flight.
But they, reviving soon, regain'd their ground;
Yet fail'd to vanquish, and they could not wound.
Unbroke, unmov'd, the chief his breath resigns,
O'erwhelm'd beneath a monument of pines.
From Titaresus Mopsus bent his way,
Inspir'd an augur by the god of day,
Eurydamas, to share fair honour's crown,
Forsook near Xynia's lake his native town,
Nam'd Ctimena: Menœtius join'd the band,
Dismiss'd from Opus by his sire's command.
Next came Eurytion, Irus' valiant son,
And Eribotes, seed of Teleon.
Oïleus join'd these heroes, fam'd afar
For stratagems and fortitude in war;
Well skill'd the hostile squadrons to subdue,
Bold in attack, and ardent to pursue.
Next by Canethus, son of Abans, sent,
Ambitious Canthus from Eubœa went;
Doom'd ne'er again to reach his native shore,
Nor view the towers of proud Cerinthus more.
For thus decreed the destinies severe,
That he and Mopsus, venerable seer,
After long toils and various wanderings past,
On Afric's dreary coast should breathe their last.
How short the term assign'd to human woe,
Cloth'd as it is by death's decisive blow!
On Afric's dreary coast their graves were made,
From Phasis distant far their bones were laid,
Far as the east and western limits run,
Far as the rising from the setting sun.
Clytius and Iphitus unite their aid,
Who all the country round Œchalia sway'd;
These were the sons of Eurytus the proud,
On whom his bow the god of day bestow'd;
But he, devoid of gratitude, defy'd,
And challeng'd Phœbus with a rival's pride.
The sons of Æacus, intrepid race!
Separate advanc'd, and from a different place.
For when their brother unawares they slew,
From fair Ægina diverse they withdrew.
Fair Salamis king Telamon obey'd,
And valiant Peleus Phthia's sceptre sway'd.
Next Butes came from fam'd Cecropia far,
Brave Teleon's son, a chief renown'd in war.
To wield the deadly lance Phalerus boasts,
Who, by his sire commission'd, joins the hosts.

No son, save this, e'er bless'd the hoary sage,
And this Heaven gave him in declining age:
Yet him he sent, disdaining abject fears,
To shine conspicuous 'midst his gallant peers.
Theseus, far more than all his race renown'd,
Fast in the cave of Tænarus was bound
With adamantine fetters, (dire abode)!
E'er since he trod th' irremeable road
With his belov'd Pirithoüs: had they sail'd,
Much had their might, their courag'd much availd.
Bœotian Tiphys came, experienc'd well
Old ocean's foaming surges to foretel,
Experienc'd well the stormy winds to shun,
And steer his vessel by the stars or sun.
Minerva urg'd him by her high command,
A welcome mate to join the princely band.
For she the ship had form'd with heav'nly skill,
Though Argus wrought the dictates of her will.
Thus plann'd, thus fashion'd, this fam'd ship excell'd
The noblest ships by oar or sail impell'd.
From Aræthyrea, that near Corinth lay,
Phlias, the son of Bacchus, bent his way;
Bless'd by his sire, his splendid mansion stood
Fast by the fountains of Asopus' flood.
From Argos next the sons of Bias came,
Areius, Talaus, candidates for fame,
With bold Leodocus, whom Pero bore,
Neleus' fair daughter, on the Argive shore;
For whom Melampus various woes sustain'd,
In a deep dungeon by Iphiclus chain'd.
Next Hercules, endued with dauntless mind,
At Jason's summons stay'd not long behind.
For warn'd of this adventurous band, when last
The chief to Argos from Arcadia past,
(What time in chains he brought the living boar,
The dread, the bane of Erymanthia's moor,
And at the gates of proud Mycenæ's town,
From his broad shoulders hurl'd the monster down):
Unask'd the stern Mycenian king's consent,
Instant to join the warlike host he went.
Young Hylas waited with obsequious care,
The hero's quiver and his bow to bear.
Next came the list of demigods to grace,
He who from Danaüs deriv'd his race,
Nauplius; of whom fam'd Prætus was the son
Of Prætus Lernus; thus the lineage run:
From Lernus Naubolus his being claim'd,
Whose valiant son was Clytoneüs nam'd.
In navigation's various arts confess'd
Shone Nauplius' skill, superior to the rest:
Him to the sea's dread lord, in days of yore,
Danaüs' fair daughter, Amymone bore.
Last of those chiefs who left the Grecian coast,
Prophetic Idmon join'd the gallant host;
(Full well he knew what cruel fate ordain'd;
But dreaded more than death his honour stain'd)
The son of Phœbus by some stol'n embrace,
And number'd too with Æolus's race.
He learn'd his art prophetic from his sire,
Omens from birds, and prodigies from fire.
Illustrious Pollux, fam'd for martial force,
And Castor, skill'd to guide the rapid horse,

Ætolian Leda sent from Sparta's shore:
Both at one birth in Tyndarus house she bore.
No boding fears her generous mind depress'd;
She thought like them whom Jove's embrace had blest'd.
Lynceus and Idas, from Arene's wall,
Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd her call:
The sons of Aphareus, of matchless might,
But Lynceus stands renown'd for piercing sight:
So keen his beam that ancient fables tell,
He saw through earth the wondrous depths of hell.
With these bold Periclymenus appears,
The son of Neleus, most advanc'd in years
Of all his race; his sire's unconquer'd pride:
Him with vast strength old ocean's lord supply'd,
And gave the power when hard in battle press'd,
To take whatever form might suit him best.
From Tegea's towers where bore Aphidas sway,
Amphidamas and Cepheus took their way,
The sons of Aleus both; and with them went
Ancæus, by his sire Lycurgus sent.
Of those the brother, and by birth the first,
Was good Lycurgus; tenderly he nurs'd
His sire at home; but bade his gallant son
With the bold chiefs the race of glory run.
On his broad back a bear's rough spoils he wore,
And in his hand a two-edg'd pole-ax bore,
Which, that the youth might in no danger share,
Were safe secreted by his grandsire's care.
Augeas, too, lord of the Elean coast,
Sail'd, brave associate, with the warlike host.
Rich in possessions, of his riches proud,
Fame says his being to the sun he ow'd.
Ardent he wish'd to see the Colchian shore,
And old Æeta who the sceptre bore.
Asterius and Amphion, urg'd by fame,
The valiant sons of Hyperasius came
From fair Pellene, built in days of yore
By Pelle's grandsire on the lofty shore.
From Tænarus, that yawns with gulf profound,
Euphemus came, for rapid race renown'd.
By Neptune forc'd, Europa gave him birth,
Daughter to Tityus, hugest son of earth.
Whene'er he skimm'd along the watery plain,
With feet unbath'd he swept the surging main,
Scarce brush'd the surface of the briny dew,
And light along the liquid level flew.
Two other sons of Neptune join'd the host,
This from Miletus on th' Ionian coast,
Erginus nam'd, but that from Samos came,
Juno's lov'd isle, Ancæus was his name;
Illustrious chiefs, and both renown'd afar
For the joint arts of sailing and of war.
Young Meleager, Œneus' warlike son,
And sage Laocoon march'd from Calydon.
From the same father he and Œneus sprung;
But on the breasts of different mothers hung.
Him Œneus purpos'd with his son to send,
A wise companion, and a faithful friend.
Thus to the royal chiefs his name he gave,
And, green in years, was number'd with the brave.
Had he continu'd but one summer more
A martial pupil on th' Ætolian shore,
First on the lists of fame the youth had shone,
Or own'd superior Hercules alone.
His uncle too, well-skill'd the dart to throw,
And in th' embattled plain resist the foe,
Iphiclus, venerable Thestius' son,
Join'd the young chief and boldly led him on,
The son of Lernus, Palæmonius, came,
Olenian Lernus; but the voice of fame
Whispers that Vulcan was the hero's sire,
And, therefore, limps he like the god of fire.
Of nobler port or valour none could boast;
He added grace to Jason's godlike host.
From Phocis Ipithus with ardour press'd
To join the chiefs; great Jason was his guest,
When to the Delphic oracle he went,
Consulting fate, and anxious for th' event.
Zetes and Calais of royal race,
Whom Orithyïa bore in wint'ry Thrace,
To bluster Boreas in his airy hall,
Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd the call.
Erectheus, who th' Athenian sceptre sway'd,
Was parent of the violated maid,
Whom dancing with her mates rude Boreas stole,
Where the fam'd waters of Iliffus roll;
And to his rock-fenc'd Sarpedonian cave
Convey'd her, where Erginus pours his wave:
There, circumfus'd in gloom and grateful shade,
The god of tempests woo'd the gentle maid.
They, when on tip-toe rais'd, in act to fly,
Like the light-pinion'd vagrants of the sky,
Wav'd their dark wings, and, wondrous to behold!
Display'd each plume distinct with drops of gold;
While down their backs, of bright cerulean hue,
Loose in the wind their wanton tresses flew.
Not long with Pelias young Acastus stay'd;
He left his sire to lend the Grecians aid.
Argus, whom Pallas with her gifts inspir'd,
Follow'd his friend, with equal glory fir'd.
Such the compeers of Jason highly fam'd;
And all these demigods were Minyans nam'd.
The most illustrious heroes of the host
Their lineage from the seed of Minyas boast:
For Minyas' daughter, Clymena the fair,
Alcmeda, great Jason's mother bare.
When all was furnish'd by the busy band
Which vessels destin'd for the main demand;
The heroes from Iölcos bent their way
To the fam'd port, the Pagasæan bay,
And deep-environ'd with thick gathering crowds,
They shone like stars resplendent through the clouds.
Then thus among the rout, with wondering look,
Some swain survey'd the bright-arm'd chiefs and spoke:
'Say, what can Pelias, mighty Jove, intend,
'Far, far from Greece so great a force to send!
'Sure, should Æeta spurn the sons of Greece,
'And to their claims refuse the golden fleece,
'That self-same day shall see his palace crown'd
'With glittering turrets levell'd to the ground.
'But endless toils pursue them as they go,
'And fate has mark'd their desperate steps with woe.'
Thus, when he saw the delegated bands,
Spoke the rude swain with heaven-uplifted hands:
The gentler females thus the gods implore,
"Safe may they reach again their native shore:"

And thus ſome matron mild her mind expreſs'd,
(Tears in her eye, and terrors at her breaſt)
' Unfortunate Alcimeda, thy fate
' Now frowns malignant, though it frowns ſo late;
' Nor wills the tenor of thy life to run
' Serene and peaceful, as it firſt begun.
' On Æſon too attend unnumber'd woes;
' Far, better far, a lingering life to cloſe,
' And bury all his ſorrows in the tomb,
' Unconſcious of calamities to come.
' Oh! had both Phrixus and the ram been drown'd
' When Helle periſh'd in the gulf profound:
' But the dire monſter was with voice endu'd,
' And human accents from his mouth enſu'd,
' To ſad Alcimeda denouncing ſtrife,
' And woes to cloud the evening of her life.'
Thus ſpoke ſome matron as the heroes went;
Around their lords the menial train lament:
Alcimeda embrac'd her ſon with tears,
Each breaſt was chill'd with ſad preſaging fears.
Age-drooping Æſon heard the general moan,
Wrapp'd in ſoft robes, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
But Jaſon ſooths their fears, their boſom warms,
And bids his ſervants bring the burniſh'd arms.
They, with a downcaſt look and lowly bow,
Obey their chief with ſilent ſteps and ſlow.
The penſive queen, while tears bedew her face,
Her ſon ſtill circles with a fond embrace.
Thus to her nurſe an infant orphan ſprings,
And weeps unceaſing as ſhe cloſely clings;
Experienc'd inſults make her loath to ſtay
Beneath a ſtepdame's proud, oppreſſive ſway.
Thus in her royal breaſt the ſorrows pent
Forc'd ſighs and tears, and ſtruggled for a vent.
Still in her arms ſhe held her favourite ſon,
And comfortleſs with faultering ſpeech begun:
' Oh had I died on that deteſted day,
' And with my ſorrows ſigh'd my ſoul away,
' When Pelias publiſh'd his ſevere decree,
' Severe and fatal to my ſon and me!
' Thyſelf had then my aged eyelids clos'd, [poſ'd;
' And thoſe dear hands my decent limbs com-
' This boon alone I wiſh'd thee to impart,
' This wiſh alone lay dormant at my heart.
' But now, alas! though firſt of Grecian names,
' Admir'd and envy'd by Theſſalian dames,
' I, like an handmaid, now am left behind,
' Bereav'd of all tranquillity of mind.
' By thee rever'd, in dignity I ſhone,
' And firſt and laſt for thee unloos'd my zone.
' For unrelenting hate Lucina bore,
' Thee, one lov'd ſon, ſhe gave, but gave no more.
' Alas! not ev'n the viſions of the night
' Foretold ſuch fatal woes from Phrixus' flight.'
Thus mourn'd Alcimeda; her handmaids hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.
Then Jaſon theſe conſoling words addreſs'd,
To ſooth the riſing anguiſh of her breaſt:
" Ceaſe, mother, ceaſe exceſs of grief to ſhow,
" Oh! ceaſe this wild extravagance of woe.
" Tears cannot make one dire diſaſter leſs;
" They cheriſh grief, and aggravate diſtreſs.
" Wiſely and juſtly have the gods aſſign'd
" Unthought-of miſeries to all mankind.
" The lot they give you, though perchance ſevere,
" Confiding in Minerva, bravely bear.
" Minerva firſt this bold adventure mov'd,
" Apollo, and the oracles approv'd.
" Theſe calls of heaven our confidence command,
" Join'd with the valour of this princely band.
" Haſte, royal mother, to your native tow'rs,
" Paſs with your handmaids there the peaceful hours.
" Forbode not here calamities to come:
" Your female train will re-conduct you home."
He ſpoke; and from the palace bent his way,
Graceful of port; ſo moves the god of day
At Delos, from his odour-breathing ſanes,
Or Claros ſituate on Ionian plains,
Or Lycia's ample ſhores, where Xanthus leads
His winding waters through irriguous meads.
Thus Jaſon march'd majeſtic through the crowd,
And fame auſpicious rais'd her voice aloud:
When lo! the prieſteſs of Diana came,
Their guardian goddeſs, Iphias was her name,
Bending with age, and kiſs'd the chief's right hand;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd to ſpeak; the haſty band
With ſpeedy footſteps from the dame withdrew,
And Jaſon mingled with his valiant crew.
Then from the tower-fenc'd town he bent his way,
And reach'd ere long the Pagaſæan bay;
There join'd his comrades waiting on the coaſt,
And there ſaluted his confederate hoſt.
When from Iölcos, lo, the wondering train
Obſerve Acaſtus haſtening o'er the plain,
And with him Argus, his compeer and friend;
Unknown to Pelias, to the ſhip they tend.
Argus around his brawny ſhoulders ſlung
A bull's black ſpoils that to his ancles hung.
Acaſtus wore a mantle rich and gay,
Wrought by his ſiſter lovely Pelopa.
Thus rob'd, the chiefs approach'd the crowded ſhore:
Illuſtrious Jaſon ſtay'd not to explore
What cauſe ſo long detain'd them, but commands
To council all the delegated bands.
On ſhrouds and ſails that cover'd half the beach,
And the tall, tapering maſt, in order each,
The heroes ſat; then riſing o'er the reſt,
His bold aſſociates Jaſon thus addreſs'd:
' Since now the ſtores lie ready on the ſtrand,
' And ſince our chiefs and arms are all at hand,
' No longer let us waſte the golden day,
' But the firſt ſummons of the breeze obey.
' And, ſince we all with equal ardour burn
' For Colchian ſpoils, and hope a ſafe return,
' Impartial chooſe ſome hero fam'd afar
' To guide the veſſel, and conduct the war,
' Let him, your ſovereign chief, with foreign foes
' The terms of treaty, and of fight propoſe.'
He ſpoke; with earneſt eyes the youthful band
Mark bold Alcides for ſupreme command;
On him with voice unanimous they call,
Own him their leader, and the lord of all.
In the mid circle ſat the godlike man,
His broad right hand he wav'd, and thus began:
" Let none to me this arduous taſk aſſign,
" For I the glory with the charge decline.

" Jason alone shall lead this valiant band,
" The chief who rais'd it, let that chief com-
" mand."
Thus briefly spoke th' unconquerable man;
Loud approbation through the circle ran:
Then Jason rose (complacence fill'd his breast),
And thus the pleas'd attentive throng address'd:
' Friends and associates, since your wills decree
' This great, this honourable trust to me,
' No longer be our enterprise delay'd:
' To Phœbus first be due oblations paid;
' Let then a short repast our strength renew:
' And, till my herdsmen to our gallant crew
' With beeves return, the best my stalls contain,
' Strive we to launch our vessel in the main.
' And when close stow'd our military stores,
' Each take his post, and ply the nimble oars.
' To Phœbus first, Embasian Phœbus, raise,
' The smoking altar; let the victims blaze.
' He promis'd, if due rites to him I pay, [way.
' To point through ocean's paths our dubious
He said, and instant to the task he flew;
Example fir'd his emulative crew.
They heap'd their vestments on a rock, that stood
Far from the insults of the roaring flood,
But, in times past, when win'try storms prevail'd,
Th' encroaching waves its towering top assail'd.
As Argus counsel'd, with strong ropes they bound,
Compacting close, the vessel round and round:
Then with stout nails the sturdy planks they join'd,
To brave the fury of the waves or wind:
Next delv'd with spades a channel deep and wide,
Through which the ship might launch into the tide.
Near to the water deeper was the way,
Where wooden cylinders transversely lay;
On these they heav'd the vessel from the plain,
To roll her, smoothly-gliding, to the main.
Then to the benches, tapering oars they fix'd;
A cubit's measure was the space betwixt:
This was the station for the labouring bands,
To tug with bending breasts, and out-stretch'd hands.
First Tiphys mounted on th' aërial prow
To issue orders to the train below,
That at his word, their strength uniting, all
Might join together, and together haul.
With eager look th' attentive heroes stand,
And wait impatient till he gave command;
Then all at once, with full exerted sway,
They move her from the station where she lay,
And pushing instant, as the pilot guides,
On smooth round rollers Pelian Argo glides;
Glibly she glides: loud shouts the jovial band;
They haul, they pull, they push her from the strand.
Beneath the huge hulk groan the rollers strong;
Black smoke arises as she moves along;
With swift descent she rushes to the main:
Coercive ropes her rapid race restrain.
Then, next, their sails they hoisted, fix'd their oars,
The mast erected, and embark'd the stores.
By lots on benches were the heroes plac'd,
And with two heroes every bench was grac'd.
On great Alcides, formidable name,
And on Ancæus, who from Tegea came,
With voice unanimous, the martial host
Bestow'd the centre's honourable post.
To watchful Tiphys was the helm assign'd,
To stem the waves, and catch the favouring wind.
This done, with stones beside the shore which lay,
They rear'd an altar to the god of day,
Embasian Phœbus, and the surface round
With the dry branches of an olive crown'd.
Meanwhile the herdsmen drove two beeves well fed
From Jason's stalls; youths to the altar led
The victims; some brought water from the lake;
Some the due offering of the salted cake.
Jason, while these the sacrifice prepare,
Thus to his parent god prefers his pray'r:
' Patron of Pagasæ, thine ear we claim,
' Guard of the city grac'd with Æson's name:
' When to consult thine oracle I went,
' It promis'd to reveal this great event,
' The final issue of our bold emprise:
' On thee, chief author, all our hope relies.
' Conduct my comrades to the far-fam'd fleece,
' Then safe restore them to the realms of Greece.
' And here I vow, whatever chiefs return,
' So many bulls shall on thine altar burn;
' A sacrifice at Delphos is decreed,
' And in Ortygia shall the victims bleed.
' But now these humble offerings which we pay,
' Gracious accept, far-darting god of day.
' Be thou, O father, our auspicious guide,
' When hence we sail across the sounding tide.
' Smooth the rough billows, and let breezes bland
' Propitious waft us to the Colchian land.'
Thus pray'd he suppliant, and prepar'd to make
The sacred offering of the salted cake.
Alcides, fam'd for manly strength and sway,
And bold Ancæus rose the beeves to slay.
Alcides' club impress'd a deadly wound
On the steer's front, and fell'd him to the ground.
Thy axe, Ancæus, at one sturdy stroke,
The steer's skull fractur'd, and the neck-bone broke,
Down fell the victim, floundering with the blow,
Prone on his horns, and plough'd the sand below.
The ready train, that round in order stood,
Stab the fallen beeves, and shed the life-warm blood;
Then from the body strip the smoking hide,
The beasts they quarter, and the joints divide;
The thighs devoted to the gods they part,
On these the fat, involv'd in cawls, with art
They spread, and as the lambent flame devours,
The Grecian chief the pure libation pours.
Joy fill'd the breast of Idmon to behold,
How from the thighs the flame reluctant roll'd
In purple volumes, and propitious smoke;
And thus the seer, inspir'd by Phœbus spoke:
' Though various perils your attempt oppose,
' And toils unnumber'd bring unnumber'd woes;
' Yet shall ye safe return, ye sons of Greece,
' Adorn'd with conquest, and the golden fleece.
' Me cruel fate ordains on Asia's shore
' To die, nor ne'er behold my country more.

'And though my deſtiny long fix'd I knew,
'Yet, ſtill reſolv'd, I join'd the martial crew;
'Inflam'd with glory to the hoſt I came,
'Of life regardleſs, emulous of fame.'
Thus he, the hoſt the fate of Idmon mourn,
But joy tranſports them for their wiſh'd return.
The ſun, remitting now his fiercer ray,
Pours from the weſt the faint remains of day:
Low as he ſinks, the lofty rocks expand
Their lengthen'd ſhadows o'er the diſtant land.
On leafy couches now the warlike train
Repoſe along the beach that ſkirts the main.
Before the chiefs are ſavoury viands plac'd,
And generous wines, delicious to the taſte.
The hours in mutual converſe they employ,
In feſtive ſongs, and undiſſembled joy.
Thus at the banquet ſport the young and gay,
When mirth breaks in, and envy ſkulks away.
But not unmark'd was Jaſon's penſive look;
Idas beheld him, and licentious ſpoke:
'What doubts, what fears, do Æſon's ſon perplex?
'What dangers fright him, and what ſorrows vex?
'Proclaim thy thoughts: or is thy dubious mind
'Diſmay'd with terrors of the daſtard kind?
'Now by this ſtout, unconquer'd lance, I ſwear,
'On which in war victorious wreaths I bear,
'Scorning from Jove's aſſiſtance to receive
'Thoſe palms, which this reſiſtleſs lance can give)
'No foes ſhall brave, no wiles of war withſtand,
'Though Jove frown adverſe, this impetuous hand.
'Such Idas is, for proweſs fam'd afar,
'Arene's boaſt, the thunderbolt of war."
This ſaid, the boaſter ſeiz'd a goblet, fill'd
With racy wine, and to the bottom ſwill'd.
O'er his black beard and cheeks the liquor flow'd:
Th' aſſembled hoſt with indignation glow'd.
Then Idmon roſe, and boldly thus reply'd:
"Vain wretch! to brand our leader and our guide;
"And more irreverent ſtill, thus ſluſh'd with wine,
"To dare reproach ſuperior powers divine.
"Far different ſpeech muſt cheer the ſocial train;
"Thy words are brutiſh, and thy boaſts are vain.
"Thus, fame reports, the Aloïdæ ſtrove
"Long ſince to irritate the powers above
"By vile aſperſions, infamouſly free;
"Yet they in valour far exceeded thee.
"Slain by the ſhafts of Phœbus, down they fell,
"Though high aſpiring, to the depths of hell."
He ſaid; but Idas, with ſarcaſtic ſneer,
Laughing, provok'd the venerable ſeer:
'Declare, wiſe augur, if the gods decree,
'The ſame perdition ſhall be hurl'd on me,
'Which ſam'd Aloëus' impious ſons befel
'When ſlain by Phœbus, and condemn'd to hell.
'Meantime eſcape, or manfully withſtand,
'Vain ſeer, the fury of this vengeful hand.'
Thus Idas ſpoke, impatient of controul,
And riſing rage inflam'd his fiery ſoul;
Nor had they here ceas'd fiercely to conteſt,
But Jaſon and his friends their wrath repreſs'd.
'Twas then, the jarring heroes to compoſe,
Th' enchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus roſe,
And thus, attuning to the trembling ſtrings
His ſoothing voice, of harmony he ſings:
"How at the firſt, beneath chaotic ſway,
"Heaven, earth, and ſea, in wild diſorder lay;
"Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
"And beauteous order from confuſion roſe.
"How in yon bright ethereal fields above
"The lucid ſtars in conſtant orbits move;
"How the pale queen of night, and golden ſun,
"Through months and years their radiant journeys run:
"Whence roſe the mountains, clad with waving woods,
"The cryſtal founts; and hoarſe-reſounding floods,
"With all their nymphs; from what celeſtial ſeed
"Springs the vaſt ſpecies of the ſerpent breed:
"How o'er the new-created world below,
"On high Olympus' ſummits crown'd with ſnow,
"Ophion, and, from ocean ſprung of old,
"The fair Eurynome reign'd uncontroul'd:
"How haughty Saturn, with ſuperior ſway,
"Exil'd Ophion from the realms of day;
"Eurynome before proud Rhea fled,
"And how both ſunk in ocean's billowy bed.
"Long time they rul'd the bleſt Titanian gods,
"While infant Jove poſſeſs'd the dark abodes
"Of Dictè's cave; yet uninform'd his mind
"With heavenly wiſdom, and his hand confin'd.
"Forg'd by earth's giant ſons, with livid rays
"Flam'd not as yet the lightning's piercing blaze:
"Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,
"The ſtrength and glory of almighty Jove."
Here the ſweet bard his tuneful lyre unſtrung,
And ceas'd the heavenly muſic of his tongue;
But, with the ſound entranc'd, the liſtening ear
Still thought him ſinging, and ſtill ſeem'd to hear:
In ſilent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling ſtrains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with roſy wine,
And pay due honours to the powers divine;
Then on the flaming tongues libations pour,
And wait ſalubrious ſleep's compoſing hour.
Soon as the bright-ey'd morning's ſplendid ray
On Pelion's ſummit pour'd the welcome day,
Light ſkimm'd the breezes o'er the liquid plain,
And gently ſwell'd the fluctuating main;
Then Tiphys roſe, and, ſummon'd by his care,
Embark the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding ſhores
Hoarſe ſounding Pagaſæan Neptune roars:
From Pelion Argo's keel loud murmurs broke,
Urgent to ſail; the keel of ſacred oak,
Endu'd with voice, and marvellouſly wrought,
Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought.
Now on their deſtin'd poſts, arrang'd along,
In ſeemly order ſat the princely throng;
Faſt by each chief his glittering armour flames:
The midmoſt ſtation bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides (whoſe enormous might
Arm'd with a maſſy club provokes the fight),
Cloſe plac'd beſide him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-ſinking owns the demigod.
Their hauſers now they looſe, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the conſecrated wine:

Then from his native shore sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's altar round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,
The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their alternate feet;
Together so Thessalia's princes sweep
With well trim'd oars the silver-curling deep:
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
Dash'd by their oars, the foaming billows broke,
And loud remurmur'd to each mighty stroke.
Swift sail'd the ship, the sun refulgent beam'd,
And bright as flame their glittering armour gleam'd,
While to their outstretch'd oars the heroes bow,
The parted ocean whitening foams below.
So shines the path, along some grassy plain,
Worn by the footsteps of the village swain.
Th' immortal powers that Jove's proud palace crown,
All on that memorable day look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey,
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-capt summit stood
The nymphs that wander in that sacred wood;
Wondering they view'd below the sailing pine,
(Itonian Pallas fram'd the work divine)
And bold Thessalia's labouring heroes sweep
With stretching oars the navigable deep
Lo! from the mountain's topmost cliff descends
The Centaur Chiron; to the shore he bends
His hasty footsteps: on the beach he stood,
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.
He hail'd the heroes with his big broad hand,
And wish'd them safe to gain their native land.
With Chiron came Chariclo to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore.
Peleus, his sire, with secret pleasure smil'd,
As high in air she rais'd the royal child.
And now the winding bay's safe precincts past,
Thessalian Argo plough'd the watery waste;
On Tiphys' care the valiant chiefs rely'd,
To steer the vessel o'er the foaming tide,
The smooth well-modell'd rudder to command,
Obsequious to the movement of his hand.
And next inserting in the keel below
The mast tall-tapering, to the stern and prow,
With ropes that through the rolling pulleys glide,
They rear upright, and firm on every side.
Then high in air the swelling sails they raise,
While on their bosoms buxom Zephyr plays.
With favouring gales their steady course they keep
To where Tisæum frowns upon the deep.
Meanwhile sweet Orpheus, as they sail'd along,
Rais'd to Diana the melodious song,
Who sav'd them, where her guardian power pre-sides,
From treacherous rocks that lurk beneath the tides.
The fish in shoals, attentive to his lay,
Pursu'd the poet o'er the watery way;
And oft emerging from their liquid sphere,
Strove more distinct his heavenly notes to hear.
As sheep in flocks thick-pasturing on the plain
Attend the footsteps of the shepherd-swain,
His well-known call they hear, and fully fed,
Pace slowly on, their leader at their head;
Who pipes melodious, as he moves along,
On sprightly reeds his modulated song:
Thus charm'd with tuneful sounds the scaly train
Pursu'd the flying vessel o'er the main.
And now the winds with favouring breezes blew,
Corn crown'd Thessalia lessen'd to the view,
The Grecian heroes pass by Pelion's steep,
Whose rocky summit nodded o'er the deep.
Now Sepias' cliffs beneath the waves subside,
And sea-girt Sciathos surmounts the tide.
Next, but far distant, was Piresiæ seen,
(Built on Magnesia's continent serene)
And Dolops' tomb, for this pacific shore,
Blest with mild evening's soften'd gales, they bore.
To him with victims was an altar crown'd,
While night prevail'd, and ocean roar'd around.
Two days they tarried, till propitious gales
Rose with the third, and bellied all their sails.
Assiduous then, the well-known shore they fill,
The shore call'd Aphetæ of Argo still.
Next Melibœa, on Thessalia's shore,
They pass, where winds and thundering tempests roar.
At early dawn, incumbent o'er the deep,
They view high Omole's aspiring steep.
Next by the streams of Amyrus they steer,
And where thy vales, Eurymena, appear,
And Ossa and Olympus' shady brow,
Loud from deep caverns gush the waves below.
By night beside Pessene's heights they sail,
And rough Canastra frowing o'er the vale.
But when the morn display'd her orient light,
Tall Athos rose conspicuous to the sight;
Which though from Lemnos far remov'd it lay,
As far as ships can sail till noon of day,
Yet the proud mountain's high-exalted head,
A gloom umbrageous o'er Myrina spread.
All day till eve the soft indulgent gales
Their succour lent, and fill'd the swelling sails.
But when with eve the breezes ceas'd to blow,
The mariners to Sintian Lemnos row,
Ill-fated island! where the female train
Had all the males, the year preceding, slain.
For, deep-enamour'd with the nymphs of Thrace,
The men declin'd the conjugal embrace;
Their wives they slighted, and unwary led
War's pleasing spoils, fair captives, to their bed.
For angry Venus robb'd of love's delights
The Lemnian females, for neglected rites.
Ah miserable train! with envy curs'd,
And jealousy, of passions far the worst!
One fatal night this unrelenting crew
Their mates and all the lovely captives slew,
And every male, left in the course of time
Should rise some hero to revenge the crime.
Hypsipyla alone, illustrious maid,
Spar'd her sire Thoas, who the sceptre sway'd.
With pious care, in reverence to his age,
In a capacious ark she plac'd the sage,
Confiding in the mercy of the wave
The monarch from the massacre to save.

Some faithful fishers, to their mandate just,
Convey'd with care the delegated trust
Safe to a neighbouring sea-surrounded shore,
Œnœa nam'd, so nam'd in days of yore,
Now Sicinum, from Sicinus it takes
Its title, whom a Naiad of the lakes,
The nymph Œnœa, beautiful and fair,
Compress'd by Thoas, to the monarch bare.
The widow'd Lemnians, though by waves se-
cur'd,
Oft shone in arms, to martial toils inur'd.
To feed their cattle was their daily care,
Or cleave the furrow with the crooked share:
Expert at these, Minerva's arts they scorn'd,
Which once employ'd them, and which once
adorn'd.
Oft to the main, oppress'd with dire alarms,
They took'd; for much they fear'd the Thracian
arms.
And when Thessalian Argo caught their view,
Quick from Myrina to the shore they flew.
All clad in glittering arms they press'd the strand,
Impetuous; (like the Bacchanalian band,
When with raw flesh their horrid feasts they
close):
They deem'd the vessel stor'd with Thracian
Hypsipyla advanc'd among the rest,
In the bright armour of her father dress'd;
Anxious, astonish'd all the dames appear,
And by their silence testified their fear.
Meanwhile Æthalides the heroes send;
To him their peaceful mandates they commend.
Invested with the office of the god,
They grace their herald too with Hermes' rod,
Hermes his sire; who bless'd his favourite heir
With memory nor time, nor place impair.
In vain around him Acheron's waters roll;
They pour no dull oblivion o'er his soul.
To him the fates this privilege bestow,
By turns to wander with the shades below:
By turns with men to view the golden day,
And feel the sun's invigorating ray.
But why expatiate on such themes as these?
Why tell the fame of great Æthalides?
The herald to Hypsipyla address'd,
With mild benevolence, this joint request:
That now, at evening-close, the friendly land
Might hospitably treat this gallant band,
Who fear'd at morn to hoist their swelling sails,
For Eorcas blew with unpropitious gales.
The queen had summon'd to the council-hall
The Lemnian dames, the dames obey'd her call:
Who mildly, with persuasion in her look,
In order rang'd, the heroines bespoke:
'Let us, my mates, and ye my words attend,
'Commodious presents to these strangers send;
'Such as their friends to mariners consign,
'Salubrious viands, and delicious wine:
'So will they peaceful on our borders stay,
'Nor need compel them to the town to stray.
'Here will they learn the story of our guilt,
'The vows we broke, the kindred blood we
'spilt;
'And sure a tale, thus horrid, must appear
'Cruel and impious to a foreign ear.
'These are the counsels of your faithful friend,
'Prompt to advise, and steady to defend.
'She who can furnish counsel more discreet,
'Now let her offer—for this cause we meet.'
Thus spoke the queen, and press'd her father's
throne,
A royal seat, compos'd of solid stone.
Then rose Polyxo, venerable dame,
Once the queen's nurse, oppress'd with age, and
lame;
A staff sustain'd her (for her limbs were weak)
Tottering with age, yet vehement to speak.
Near her four damsels, blooming, fresh and fair,
Sat crown'd with ringlets of the whitest hair.
Full in the midst she stood, then rais'd her head,
Her back was bent with years, and thus she
said:
'The queen's advice I greatly must commend,
'Commodious presents to our guests to send.
'And what more saving counsel shall I give
'To those my friends who shall hereafter live;
'Whene'er the sons of Thrace, or hostile hosts
'From other kingdoms shall infest our coasts;
'Which well may happen, we must all allow,
'As this invasion that alarms us now?
'But should some god avert th' impending ill,
'Yet greater evils may befal, and will.
'For when the eldest die, as die they must,
'And our wife matrons be transform'd to dust,
'And you, now young, oppress'd at last with
'age,
'Shall unprolific tread life's irksome stage:
'What wretched mortals ye, who then survive!
'Who to their labour, then, the steers shall drive?
'Will oxen then their necks spontaneous bow
'Beneath the yoke, and drag the ponderous
'plough?
'Or will they reap the harvest on the plain,
'And every autumn house the golden grain?
'I, though preserv'd to this important day,
'(For death from me abhorrent turns away),
'Yet, ere the sun completes his annual round,
'If right I judge, shall mingle with the ground,
'Lodg'd in the lap of earth, at nature's call,
'And 'scape the ruin that involves you all.
'Hear then, young damsels, what my years ad-
'vise;
'Before you now the fair occasion lies:
'Commit your city to these strangers' care,
'Let them your mansions and possessions share.'
She spoke, pleas'd murmurs fill'd the spacious
hall:
Polyxo's counsel was approv'd by all.
From her sire's throne Hypsipyla arose,
Thus in few words the conference to close:
"My mates, since all this sage advice commend,
"An instant message to the ship I send."
She said, and to Iphinoa gave command;
"Haste, find the leader of yon martial band,
"Invite him (of our amity a proof
"To lodge beneath my hospitable roof:
"There time will furnish leisure to relate
"The genius and the manners of our state.
"But let his comrades rove, as pleasure leads,
"And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;

" Or to the tower-defended town repair,
" Assur'd of safety and our royal care."
Th' assembly rose, as thus the princess spoke,
Then to the regal dome her way she took.
Iphinoa, mindful of the queen's command,
Approach'd the Minyans scatter'd o'er the strand,
Who throng'd around her, eager to explore
Wherefore she came, and what commands she bore.
Then thus she said: 'Strangers, to you as friends
'Hypsipyla, the seed of Thoas, sends
'Her faithful herald with this strict command,
'To find the leader of your martial band;
'Him she invites (of amity a proof)
'To lodge beneath her hospitable roof:
'There time will furnish leisure to relate
'The genius and the manners of our state.
'But let his comrades rove, as pleasure leads,
'And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;
'Or to the tower-defended town repair,
'Assur'd of safety, and the royal care.'
These words were grateful to the warlike band;
From her they learn'd whose sceptre rul'd the land;
Instant they urg'd their chief's assent, and all
Prepar'd obsequious to accept the call.
A mantle doubly lin'd, of purple hue,
The son of Æson o'er his shoulders threw.
This Pallas gave him, when, with wond'rous art,
She plann'd his ship, and measur'd every part.
'Twere safer to survey the radiant globe
Of rising Phœbus, than this splendid robe.
Full in the middle beam'd a crimson blaze,
The verge surrounding darted purple rays.
In every part historic scenes were wrought;
The moving figures seem'd inform'd with thought.
Here, on their work intent, the Cyclops strove
Eager to forge a thunderbolt for Jove;
Half-rough, half-form'd the glowing engine lay,
And only wanted the fire-darting ray;
And this they hammer'd out on anvils dire;
At each collision flash'd the fatal fire.
Not distant far, in lively colours plann'd,
Two brothers, Zethus and Amphion stand,
Sons of Antiopa: no turrets crown'd
Thy city, Thebes, but walls were rising round.
A mountain's rocky summit Zethus bore
On his broad back, but seem'd to labour sore.
Behind, Amphion tun'd his golden shell,
Amphion, deem'd in music to excel:
Rocks still pursu'd him as he mov'd along,
Charm'd by the music of his magic song.
Crown'd with soft tresses, in a fairer field,
Gay Venus toy'd with Mars's splendid shield.
Down from her shoulder her expanded vest
Display'd the swelling beauties of her breast.
She in the brazen buckler, glittering bright,
Beheld her lovely image with delight.
On a rich plain appear, not distant far,
The Taphians, and Electryon's sons at war;
Fat steers the prize for which the swains contend,
Those strive to plunder, these their herds defend;
The meads were moist with blood and rosy dew:
The powerful many triumph'd o'er the few.
Two chariots next roll'd lightly o'er the plains,
This Pelops drove, and shook the sounding reins;
Hippodamia at his side he view'd:
In the next chariot, Myrtilus pursu'd,
And with him Oenomas; approaching near,
At Pelops' back he aim'd the vengeful spear;
The faithless axle, as the wheels whirl'd round,
Snapp'd short, and left him stretch'd along the ground.
Here young Apollo stood, in act to throw
The whirring arrow from the twanging bow,
At mighty Tityrus aim'd, who safely strove
To force his mother, erst belov'd by Jove:
He from fair Elara deriv'd his birth,
Though fed and nourish'd by prolific earth.
There Phryxus stoop'd to listen to the ram,
On whose broad back the Hellespont he swam.
The beast look'd speaking: earnest could you gaze,
The lively piece would charmingly amaze.
Long might you feast your eye, and lend an ear,
With pleasing hope the conference to hear.
Such was the present of the blue-ey'd maid—
In his right hand a missile lance he sway'd,
Which Atalanta, to reward the brave,
Sure pledge of friendship, to the hero gave,
When on the breezy Mænalus she rov'd,
And wish'd the company of him she lov'd;
But he, of suitors' amorous strife afraid,
Repress'd the fond intention of the maid.
Thus robb'd, thus arm'd, he to the city went,
Bright as a star that gilds the firmament,
Which maids assembled view with eager eyes
High o'er their roof in orient beauty rise.
On the bright signal, as it darts its rays,
Attentive they with silent transport gaze.
Each, with this omen charm'd, expects, though late,
Return'd from distant climes her destin'd mate.
Thus shone the chief, for high atchievements known,
Majestic as he mov'd to Lemnos' town.
The noble heroines his footsteps meet,
With courteous joy the Grecian guest to greet,
Whose downcast eye ne'er wander'd, till he came
To the proud palace of the royal dame;
Obsequious damsels at the portal wait,
And quick unbar the double-folding gate:
Then through the various courts extending wide,
And stately rooms, Iphinoa was his guide;
On a bright throne, with rich embroidery grac'd,
Fronting her sovereign she the hero plac'd.
Th' embarrass'd queen, her face with blushes spread,
In courteous terms address'd the prince, and said:
'Why, gentle stranger, should your warlike train
'At distance far, without the walls remain?
'The men who till'd these ample fields before,
'Now turn with furrows on the Thracian shore.
'But hear, while I our matchless woes relate;
'So shall you know the story of our fate.
'When o'er this realm my father Thoas reign'd,
'The Lemnian youth, to fraud and rapine train'd,

' On Thracian borders seiz'd the trembling prey,
' And brought those flocks, and lovely maids
' away.
' This Venus plann'd, with mischievous intent,
' And fierce among them fatal discord sent.
' Their wives they loath'd, and vainly impious
' led
' War's spoils, fair captives, to the lawless bed.
' Long we endur'd, forgiving insults past,
' And hop'd the faithless would reform at last.
' In vain; each day but doubled our disgrace,
' Our children yielded to a spurious race.
' The widow'd mother, the discarded maid,
' Forlorn, neglected through the city stray'd.
' No tender pity touch'd the parent's breast,
' To see his darling child abus'd, oppress'd
' Beneath a stepdame's proud, imperious sway:
' No sons would then maternal duty pay,
' Nor, as before, their mother's cause defend;
' No sister then to sister prov'd a friend:
' But the gay troops of Thracian captives fair
' Enthrall'd the men, and challeng'd all their
' care;
' At home, abroad, the first, at pleasure's call,
' To share the banquet, and conduct the ball.
' At length, but strange! some favouring power
' divine
' In female minds inspir'd this bold design,
' That, when return'd from Thracia's hateful
' shore,
' Our roofs these traitors might protect no more;
' That, thus constrain'd, they might forego their
' crimes,
' Or with their captives fly to distant climes.
' They sail, return, the few remaining males
' Demand, then quit us with auspicious gales;
' And now the frigid fields of Thrace they
' plough,
' And countries whiten'd with Sithonian snow,
' Haste then, conduct your comrades to the
' town:
' Here fix your seat, and Lemnos is your own.
' And if to high dominion you aspire,
' Reign here, and wield the sceptre of my sire.
' You must approve; for not so fair a coast,
' Or isle so fertile can the Ægean boast.
' Haste to your friends, and make my pleasures
' known,
' Nor let them longer lodge without the town.'
Artful she spoke, forbearing to relate
How in one night each woman slew her mate.
Then Jason thus: " Whate'er your bounty
" grants,
" Stores for our voyage, or our present wants,
" Pleas'd we accept: I to my valiant bands
" Will speed to signify your kind commands,
" Then soon conduct my comrades to the town:
" But still, O queen, still wear your father's
" crown.
" Not from disdain I shun imperial sway,
" But great atchievements call me hence away."
He spoke, and gently press'd her fair right hand,
Then sought his comrades scatter'd o'er the strand,
Unnumber'd damsels round the hero wait,
Gazing with joy, and follow to the gate;
Then grateful presents in swift cars convey
To the land's margin, where the warriors lay.
When Jason now to his adventurous bands
Had signified Hypsipyla's commands,
With eager joy the Minyans haste to share
Her friendly roofs, and hospitable fare.
The queen of love Thessalia's chiefs inspires,
For Vulcan's sake, with amorous desires;
That Lemnos, Vulcan's sacred isle, agen
May flourish, peopled with a race of men.
Great Jason hastens to the regal walls;
The rest proceed where chance or pleasure calls,
Save great Alcides: with a chosen train,
Ambitious he in Argo to remain.
Eager with joy the jolly crowds advance
To share the genial feast, or lead the dance;
To Venus' and to Vulcan's fane they throng,
And crown the day with victims and with song.
Sunk in soft ease th' enamour'd heroes lay,
(Their voyage still deferr'd from day to day)
And longer still, and longer had declin'd,
Full loth to leave the lovely place behind,
Had not Alcides, the fair dames apart,
Thus spoke incens'd the language of his heart:
' Mistaken comrades, does our kindred, say,
' From our own country drive us far away?
' Or are we fondly thus enamour'd grown
' Of foreign damsels, and despise our own?
' Here shall we stay to till the Lemnian fields?
' Small fame to heroes this base commerce yields.
' No god, propitious to the sons of Greece,
' Without our toil, will grant the golden fleece.
' Our course pursue we; for the breeze invites;
' And let him revel in love's soft delights,
' Who here but stays to propagate his kind,
' And leave a memorable name behind.'
Alcides thus: none dar'd to lift his eye,
To breathe a murmur, or to make reply;
But keenly stung with this sarcastic style,
They haste to leave the lov'd Vulcanian isle.
Soon as the damsels their fix'd purpose knew,
Around the chiefs in busy crowds they flew.
As bees from some deep-cavern'd rock proceed,
Buzz o'er the lilies of the laughing mead,
The sweets of all ambrosial herbs devour,
And suck the soul of every fragrant flow'r;
Thus they in swarms the parting Greeks address,
With hands salute, with soothing words caress;
Then to the pow'rs above with fervour pray,
Safe to their arms the heroes to convey.
Hypsipyla the hand of Jason press'd,
And thus with tears the parting chief address'd:
" Adieu!—and may you with the sons of Greece
" Return triumphant with the golden fleece.
" Here shall you then my father's sceptre sway,
" And his domains your sovereign will obey.
" The neighbouring states will furnish large sup-
" plies,
" And a vast empire by your wisdom rise.
" But if on nobler plans your thoughts are bent,
" And vainly I presage the wish'd event;
" Absent or present, to my memory kind,
" Still let Hypsipyla possess your mind.
" And if with offspring Heaven should bless me, say,
" How shall I then my Jason's will obey?"

The prince beheld the queen with rapturous look,
And thus with mild benevolence beſpoke:
'May theſe events, foredoom'd by heaven's decree,
'Succeſsful prove, Hypſipyla, to thee.
'But ſtill of Jaſon nobler thoughts retain:
'Enough for me o'er my own realms to reign;
'May but the powers of heaven (I aſk no more)
'Safe reconvey me to my native ſhore.
'If that's denied, and you, my ſource of joy,
'Bear, the ſoft token of our loves, a boy;
'Him, when mature, in kindneſs to your friend,
'My parents' ſolace, to Iölchos ſend;
'If then perchance the venerable pair
'Survive their woes, and breathe this vital air,
'There may he live, from Pelias far remov'd,
'By Grecians honour'd, who his father lov'd.'
He ſpoke his laſt farewell: then firſt aſcends
The ſhip, and with him his illuſtrious friends.
In their due ſtations plac'd, each ſeiz'd an oar,
While Argus loos'd the cable from the ſhore.
With active ſtrokes the vigorous heroes ſweep
The ſounding boſom of the billowy deep.
As Orpheus counſell'd, and mild evening near,
To Samothrace, Electra's iſle, they ſteer,
That there initiated in rites divine,
Safe might they ſail the navigable brine.
But, muſe, preſume not of theſe rites to tell:
Farewell, dread iſle! dire deities, farewell!
Let not my verſe theſe myſteries explain;
To name is impious, to reveal profane.
Thence the black main they laſh'd with all their might,
Thrace on their left, and Imbros on the right;
And ſafely, with the now-declining ſun,
To far-projecting Cherſoneſus run.
Then ſtemm'd they, aided by the ſouthern gales,
The ſtormy Helleſpont with ſwelling ſails,
Left the high-ſurging ſea with morning light,
And reach'd Sigæum with approaching night.
Dardania paſt, and high-exalted Ide,
They ſaw Abydos on the ſtormy tide.
Thence ſail'd they by Percote's paſture lands,
Pityëa's meadows, and Abarnis' ſands:
And nightly, favour'd by the friendly blaſt,
The purple-foaming Helleſpont they paſt.
An ancient iſland in Propontis lies,
That towering lifts its ſummit to the ſkies;
Near Phrygia's corn-abounding coaſt it ſtands,
And far-projecting all the main commands;
An iſland this, ſave where the iſthmus' chain
Connects both lands, and curbs the boiſterous main.
Round its rough ſides the thundering tempeſts roar,
And a ſafe bay is form'd on either ſhore.
Æſepus' waters near this iſthmus fall:
And bordering tribes the mountain Arcton call.
On this rough mountain, barbarous, fierce, and bold,
Dwell mighty giants, hideous to behold;
And, wonderful to tell! each monſter ſtands
With ſix huge arms, and ſix rapacious hands;
Two pendent on their ſhaggy ſhoulders grow,
And four deform their horrid ſides below.

The lowland iſthmus, verging to the main,
The Dolian's till'd, and all the fertile plain.
O'er theſe reign'd Cyzicus, the brave, the young,
Who from the gallant warrior, Æneus, ſprung.
The daughter of Euſorus, firſt in fame,
Bore Cyzicus, Æneta was her name.
Secure they liv'd, and free from war's alarms,
Though earth's huge ſons were terrible in arms.
Sprung from the monarch of the hoary tide,
On Neptune's aid the Dolian race rely'd.
To this fair port, with gentle-breathing gales,
This friendly ſhore, Theſſalian Argo ſails.
Here the rope-faſten'd ſtone they heave on ſhore,
Which ſerv'd as anchor to the ſhip before,
But now too light, ſo Typhis bids, they bring,
And leave it at the pure Artacian ſpring;
Then chooſe another on the rocky bay,
More ponderous far, the rolling ſhip to ſtay.
There the firſt ſtone unnumber'd years remain'd,
Till, as Apollo's oracle ordain'd,
Th' Ionians found, with rites myſterious grac'd,
And ſacred to Jaſonian Pallas plac'd.
Soon as the Dolians, near approaching, knew
Theſſalian Argo, and the godlike crew,
Led on by Cyzicus they haſte to meet
The princely band, and amicably greet;
Invite them down the winding bay to fall,
And fix their cable near the city-wall.
Thus friendly treated, the Pelaſgic train
Strive with their oars th' interior port to gain.
Then firſt Ecbaſian Phœbus they adore,
And rear an altar on the ſounding ſhore.
To them the king diſpatch'd, with heart benign,
Fat ſheep, and ſtrong exhilarating wine.
For thus the ſacred oracle foretold,
'When here arrives a band of heroes bold,
'With kind complacence treat the godlike crew,
'Meet not in arms, but pay them honours due!'
Scarce had the down the monarch's cheeks o'erſpread;
No children yet had bleſs'd the nuptial bed.
Clita, his lovely queen, the young, the fair,
Renown'd for beauty, and her golden hair,
Sprung from Percoſian Merops, ſtill remains
A ſtranger to Lucina's cruel pains.
Late from her father's court the king convey'd,
With ample dower enrich'd, the blameleſs maid;
Yet he neglects the genial bed, and feaſts,
All fears far baniſhing, with foreign gueſts.
Oft he inquires of Pelias' ſtern command,
And why the heroes left their native land.
As oft they aſk'd what cities neighbouring lay,
And in Propontis which the ſafeſt bay.
But ſcanty knowledge could the king beſtow,
Though it behov'd them much theſe truths to know.
When morning roſe, the Dindymean ſteep
Some mount, to view the navigable deep,
And all its winding bays; the road they came
They honour'd with illuſtrious Jaſon's name.
The chiefs, who chooſe aboard the ſhip to ſtay,
Remov'd her from the moorings where ſhe lay.
Meanwhile the ſons of earth, a numerous train,
From their bleak mountains ruſh into the plain,

Beſiege the pervious bay, and ſtrive to block
Its mouth with maſſy fragments from the rock;
Intending there Theſſalia's pine to keep
Hemm'd up, like ſome huge monſter of the deep.
But Hercules remain'd: his bow he drew,
And heaps of giants with his arrows ſlew.
The reſt enrag'd, rough, rocky fragments tore,
Hurl'd high in air, and thunder'd from the ſhore.
(This labour ſtill for Hercules remain'd,
By Juno, Jove's imperial queen, ordain'd)
And fiercely now the glowing battle burn'd,
When lo! the chiefs from Dindymus return'd,
Attack'd the deſperate giants in the rear,
And dealt deſtruction with the dart and ſpear;
Till earth's fierce ſons, defil'd with wounds and gore,
Dropp'd dead: their bodies cover'd half the ſhore.
As near the ſea's broad brink, with ſturdy ſtrokes,
Aſſiduous woodmen fell aſpiring oaks;
Then draw them in due order from the flood,
And thus well drench'd they cleave with eaſe the wood:
Thus at the entrance of the hoary bay,
The frequent corſe of many a giant lay;
Some, tumbled headlong, made the ſea their grave,
While their legs roſe above the briny wave;
Some o'er the ſands their horrid viſage ſhow,
Their feet deep-rooted in the mud below.
Thus their huge trunks afford abundant fare
To Neptune's fiſhes, and the birds of air.
Soon as concluded was the bloody fray,
And favouring breezes call'd the chiefs away,
They loos'd; o'er ſwelling ocean ſouthern gales
Breath'd all day long, and fill'd their bellying ſails.
Night roſe, the favouring gales no longer laſt,
The ſhip drives backward with the ſtormy blaſt.
Again they harbour on the friendly coaſt,
Where late the Dolians entertain'd the hoſt;
And round the rock the ſteady cable bind,
The rock ev'n now to ſacred fame conſign'd.
Here through the gloom of night again they came,
And knew not that the country was the ſame.
Nor knew the Dolians, ſo dark night prevail'd,
That back to Cyzicum the Greeks had ſail'd;
But deem'd the chiefs a band of Macrian foes:
To arms they call, and force to force oppoſe.
A gleamy luſtre glanc'd along the field,
While ſpear met ſpear, and ſhield encounter'd ſhield.
In ſun-ſcorch'd buſhes thus the bickering blaze
Flames forth, and crackling on the branches preys.
Dire was the conflict; on the fatal plain
Their prince, alas! was number'd with the ſlain,
His queen and bridal bed beheld he ne'er again.
For Jaſon ſpy'd the prince advancing near,
And through his boſom plung'd the furious ſpear;
The ribs it broke, and circumſcrib'd his date,
Wing'd with th' inevitable will of fate.
Fate, like a wall, devoted man ſurrounds,
And faſt confines him in its circling bounds.
Himſelf he deem'd, in that diſorder'd fight,
Vainly he deem'd: protected by the night;
The favouring night, alas! produc'd his bane,
And chiefs unnumber'd with their prince were ſlain.
For Hercules, with his all-conquering bow,
Diſpatch'd Telecles to the ſhades below,
And Megabrontes: by Acaſtus' hand
Pale Sphodris lay extended on the ſtrand.
Peleus to Pluto's dark dominions gave
Zelys the hardy, and Gephyrus brave.
Bold Telamon, well-ſkill'd the lance to wield,
Left Baſileus expiring on the field.
Next Idas vanquiſh'd Promeus by his ſide;
By warlike Clytius Hyacinthus dy'd.
Fair Leda's ſons, in bloody combat ſkill'd,
Fierce Megalaſſacus and Phlogius kill'd.
And Meleager added two to theſe,
Itymoneus and valiant Artaces.
Theſe all were chiefs in fighting fields approv'd,
Deplor'd as heroes, and as brothers lov'd.
The reſt for ſafety on their flight rely
(As trembling doves before the falcon fly);
Then to the city-gates tumultuous preſs,
And raiſe the piercing cry of deep diſtreſs:
The city mourn'd: they deem'd, return'd from far,
That hoſtile Macrians had renew'd the war.
But when the roſy morn began to wake,
All found their irretrievable miſtake.
Heart-rending grief oppreſs'd the Grecian train,
To ſee the hoſpitable monarch ſlain,
A clay-cold corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Deform'd with duſt, and all beſmear'd with gore.
The Greeks and Dolians, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Mourn three long days, and rend their graceful hair.
A tomb they rear upon the riſing ground,
And clad in brazen arms thrice march around;
Then for the monarch, on Limonia's plain,
Of rites obſervant, funeral-games ordain.
There ſtands the tomb, adorn'd with honours due,
Which diſtant ages will with ſorrow view.
When the ſad news at Clita's ear arriv'd,
Not long the queen her monarch's fate ſurviv'd;
But woe augmenting, round her neck ſhe tied
The nooſe diſhoneſt, and unſeemly died.
Her mournful dirge the weeping dryads ſung,
While Dindymus with lamentations rung;
And all the tears that from their eye-lids fell,
The gods transform'd in pity to a well;
In cryſtal ſtreams it murmurs ſtill, and weeps,
And ſtill the name of wretched Clita keeps.
A day ſo diſmal, ſo replete with woes,
Till this ſad day, to Dolians never roſe.
Deep, deep immers'd in ſorrow they remain'd,
And all from life-ſupporting food abſtain'd;
Save ſuch poor pittance as man's needs require,
Of corn unground, or unprepar'd by fire.
And annual, on this day, the Dolians ſtill
Sift coarſeſt meal, and at the public mill.
Thenceforth twelve days and nights dire ſtorms prevail,
Nor could the chiefs unfurl the ſwelling ſail.
The following night, by ſleep's ſoft power op-preſs'd,
Once more in Cyzicum the heroes reſt;
Mopſus alone and brave Acaſtus keep
The watch nocturnal, while their comrades ſleep,

When, lo! a Halcyon, of cerulean hue,
O'er the fair head of slumbering Jason flew,
In airy circles, wond'rous to behold,
And, screaming loud, the ceasing storm foretold.
The grateful sound attentive Mopsus heard, 1410
And mark'd the meaning of the sea-bred bird;
(Which gently rising from the deck below,
Perch'd on the summit of th' aërial prow)
Then rous'd he Jason from his fleecy bed,
Of sheeps' soft skins compos'd, and thus he said;
'O son of Æson hear! be this thy care,
'Haste, to the fane of Dindymus repair;
'There Cybele with sacrifice implore,
'So will the winds tempestuous cease to roar.
'For this proclaim'd the boding Halcyon true,
'As round thee sunk in deep repose she flew. 1421
'By Cybele's dread power the vast profound,
'And all the winds in harmony are bound.
'By her subsists prolific earth below,
'And high Olympus, ever crown'd with snow.
'Jove yields when she ascends the courts of day,
'And all the powers immortal own her sway.'
To Jason thus the venerable seer;
And welcome came the tidings to his ear.
Instant the chief, exulting with a bound, 1430
Sprung from the bed, and wak'd his comrades round.
Elate with joy his looks, his words unfold
The glad presage which Mopsus had foretold.
Then from the stalls the youths appointed drove
Selected oxen to the heights above.
Some from the rock unloos'd the corded stay,
And with fleet oars approach'd the Thracian bay.
From thence the top of Dindymus they gain'd;
Few were the heroes that aboard remain'd: 1439
By those the Macrian rocks, and Thracian land
Directly opposite, appear'd at hand;
The Thracian Bosphorus here, involv'd in shade,
And Mysia's rising mountains were survey'd;
There where his waters black Æsepus pours,
Nepea's plain, and Adrasteia's tow'rs,
A vine's vast trunk adorn'd with branches stood,
Though old, yet sound, and long had grac'd the wood:
This trunk they hew'd, and made by Argus' skill,
An image of the goddess of the hill;
Which on the rocky eminence they plac'd, 1450
With the thick boughs of circling beeches grac'd.
They rear an altar then on rising ground,
Of stones that readiest lay, and wide around
Dispose the branches of the sacred oak,
And Dindymus's deity invoke,
The guardian power of Phrygia's hills and woods,
The venerable mother of the gods.
On Tityas and Cyllenus too they call,
Of all her priests most lov'd, and honour'd most of all:
For skill prophetic they alone are fam'd; 1460
Idean Dactyli these priests are nam'd;
Both whom Anchiala in Dicte's cave
Brought forth, where chill Oaxis roll his wave.
While on the burning victims Jason pours
Libations due, the goddess he implores
To smile propitious on the Grecian train,
And still the tempests of the roaring main.
Then Orpheus call'd, and youthful chiefs advance,
All clad in arms, to lead the martial dance;
With flashing swords they clatter'd on their shields, 1470
And fill'd with festive sounds th' aërial fields.
Lost in these sounds was every doleful strain,
And their loud wailings for their monarch slain.
The Phrygians still their goddess' favour win,
By the revolving wheel and timbril's din.
Of these pure rites the mighty mother show'd
Her mind approving, by these signs bestow'd:
Boughs bend with fruit, each from her bosom pours
Herb's ever green, and voluntary flow'rs.
Fierce forest beasts forsake the lonely den, 1480
Approach with gentleness, and fawn on men.
A pleasing omen, and more wond'rous still
The goddess gave: the Dindymean hill,
That ne'er knew water on its airy brow,
Bursts into streams, and founts perennial flow.
This wonder still the Phrygian shepherds sing,
And give the name of Jason to the spring.
Then on the mount the chiefs the feast prolong,
And praise the venerable queen in song. 1489
But when the morning rose they plied their oars,
And the wind ceasing, left the Phrygian shores.
Then fair contention fir'd the princely train,
Who best the toil of rowing could sustain.
For now the howling storm was lull'd to sleep;
Ethereal mildness had compos'd the deep.
On the calm sea the labouring chiefs rely'd;
Fleet flew the ship along the yielding tide;
Not Neptune's steeds so swift, with loosen'd reins,
Skim the light level of the liquid plains.
But when with even-tide the blustering breeze
Brush'd the broad bosom of the swelling seas,
The wearied chiefs their toilsome course repress'd,
And all, save great Alcides, sunk to rest.
Swift through the waves his arm unaided drew
The ship, deep-laden with the drowsy crew.
Through all her planks the well-compacted pine
Shook, as his oars dispers'd the foamy brine.
But soon the heroes view'd the Mysian shore,
As by the mouth of Ryndacus they bore.
On Phrygia's fields a wishful look they cast, 1510
And huge Ægæon's promontory pass'd,
When great Alcides, at one luckless stroke,
His oar, hard straining, near the middle broke.
One part was swallow'd in the whelming main,
One, though he fell, his grasping hands retain;
Backward he fell, but soon his seat regain'd,
And lothing rest in mute amaze remain'd.
What time the weary labourer, wanting rest,
Hies to his cot with pining fast oppress'd;
Ev'n in the entrance of his rural door 1520
His tottering knees he bends, and moves no more;
His dusty limbs he views, and callous hands,
And curses hunger's insolent demands:
Then, not till then, the chiefs to Chius row,
Chius, whose streams around Arganthon flow.
The friendly Mysians on their peaceful coast
Receive with hospitality the host;
Abundant stores they send, with hearts benign,
Fat sheep, and strong exhilarating wine. 1529

Some bring dry wood, and some in order spread
Soft leaves and herbage for a spacious bed:
Some from the flint elicit living fire;
Some mix the wines that generous deeds inspire:
The feast they crown, and rites to Phœbus pay,
Ecbasian Phœbus at the close of day.
But Hercules the genial feast declin'd,
And sought the wood a fitting oar to find.
Nor long he sought before a fir he found;
Few leaves adorn'd it, and few branches crown'd;
Yet as the poplar's stem aspires on high,
This fir, so stout and tall, attracts his eye.
On the green grass his bow he laid aside,
His arrowy quiver, and the lion's hide.
First with his club the solid soil he shook,
Then in both arms, assur'd, the fir-tree took;
Firm on his feet he stood with bended knee;
His big broad shoulder lean'd against the tree;
Then heav'd it up, deep-rooted in the ground,
Clogg'd with the soil's impediments around.
As when beneath Orion's wint'ry reign,
The sudden tempest rushes from the main,
Some tall ship's mast it tears, and every stay,
And all the cordage, all the sails away:
Thus he the trunk; then took, in haste to go,
The hide, the club, his arrows, and his bow.
Meanwhile, preparing for his friend's return
A ready supper, with his brazen urn
Alone rov'd Hylas o'er the fields to bring
The purest water from the sacred spring.
For to such tasks Alcides train'd his squire,
Whom first he took an infant from his sire
Theodamas; but him with sword severe
He slew, who churlish had refus'd a steer.
For when Theodamas, oppress'd with care,
Turn'd the fresh furrow with his shining share,
He disobey'd, ah wretch! the chief's command,
Who claim'd the labouring ox that till'd the land.
But know, Alcides fought for cause to bring
War on Dryopia's kingdom and the king,
For barbarous acts, and rights neglected long.
But rove not, Muse, digressive from the song.
Soon faithful Hylas to the fountain came,
Which Mysian shepherds crystal Pegæ name;
It chanc'd the nymphs, in neighbouring streams that dwell,
Then kept a concert at the sacred well.
In Dian's praise they rais'd the nightly song,
All who to high, aërial hills belong;
All who in caverns hide, or devious rove
The mountain-forest, or the shady grove.
When from her spring, unsullied with a stain,
Rose Ephydaria, to attend the train,
The form of Hylas rush'd upon her sight,
In every grace of blushing beauty bright:
For the full moon a beamy lustre shed,
And heighten'd all the honours of his head.
Fir'd with love's sudden flame, by Venus rais'd,
The frantic naiad languish'd as she gaz'd:
And soon as, stooping to receive the tide,
He to the stream his brazen urn apply'd,
In gush'd the foaming waves; the nymph with joy
Sprung from the deep to kiss the charming boy.
Her left arm round his lovely neck she threw,
And with her right hand to the bottom drew.
First Polyphemus heard, as wandering nigh
This fatal fount, the youth's distressful cry,
(In search of Hercules he rov'd the wood)
And hied with hasty footsteps to the flood.
As when a lion from his cavern'd rock,
At distance hears the bleatings of the flock,
To seize his prey he springs, with hunger bold,
But faithful shepherds had secur'd the fold;
Defeated of his prize, he roars amain,
Rends his hoarse throat, and terrifies the swain:
Thus Polyphemus call'd with voice profound,
And vainly anxious rov'd the forest round.
At length retreating, he the path explor'd
Through which he came, and drew his trusty sword,
Lest savage beasts should seize him for their prey,
Or nightly robbers intercept his way.
And as he brandish'd the bright burnish'd blade,
He met Alcides in the gloomy shade,
Unknown at first, but as he nearer drew,
His friend returning to the ship he knew.
Though his breath falters, and his spirits fail,
He thus reveals the melancholy tale:
" Hard is my lot, and much averse my will,
" To be the first sad messenger of ill;
" Young Hylas went to fetch fresh water late,
" Not yet return'd; I tremble for his fate:
" By robbers seiz'd or beasts, 'tis hard to guess;
" I heard his cry, the signal of distress:"
Thus he: the sweat from great Alcides flow'd,
And the black blood through all his body glow'd;
Enrag'd, the fir-tree on the ground he threw,
And, where his feet, or frenzy hurried, flew.
As when a bull, whom galling gadflies wound,
Forsakes the meadows, and the marshy ground,
The flowery food, the herd and herdsmen shuns,
Now stands stock-still, and restless now he runs;
Stung by the breeze, he maddens with the pain,
Tosses aloft his head, and roars amain:
Thus ran the raging chief with matchless force,
Then sudden stopp'd he, wearied with the course.
Anxious in vain, he rov'd the forest round,
The distant hills and vales his voice rebound.
Now o'er the lofty mountains rose in view,
The morning star, and mildest breezes blew:
That instant Tiphys bade the heroes sail,
Ascend the vessel, and enjoy the gale.
The ready crew obey the pilot's word,
Their anchor weigh, and haul the cords aboard;
Then give the stretching canvas to the wind
And leave the Posidean rocks behind.
When from the rosy orient, beaming bright,
Aurora tipp'd the foot-worn paths with light;
And o'er moist meads the glittering dew-drops shin'd,
They miss'd those friends their folly left behind.
Then rose contention keen, and pungent grief,
For thus abandoning their bravest chief.
In silence Jason sat, and long suppress'd,
Though griev'd, the labouring anguish of his breast.
Brave Telamon, with anger kindling, spoke:
" Mute is thy tongue, and unconcern'd thy look:
" To leave unconquer'd Hercules behind
" Was a base project, and by thee design'd;

" Left, when to Greece we ſteer the ſailing pine,
" His brighter glories ſhould out-dazzle thine.
" But words avail not—I renounce the band,
" Whoſe ſelfiſh wiles this ſtratagem have plann'd."
Thus ſpoke Æacides, inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſparkling like the burning fire;
On Tiphys then, by rage impell'd, he flew:
And once more Myſia had receiv'd the crew;
Again the heroes the ſame courſe had ſail'd,
Though roaring winds and raging waves prevail'd,
Had not bold Boreas' ſons the chief addreſs'd,
And, nobly daring, his rough rage repreſs'd.
(Ill fated youths! for that heroic deed
Doom'd by the hands of Hercules to bleed.
For when returning home their courſe they ſped,
From funeral games perform'd for Pelias dead,
In ſea-girt Tenos he the brothers ſlew,
And o'er their graves in heapy hillocks threw
The crumbling mould; then with two columns crown'd,
Erected high the death-devoted ground;
And one ſtill moves, how marvellous the tale!
With every motion of the northern gale—
But theſe are facts reſerv'd for future years)
Lo! ſudden, Glaucus to their ſight appears,
Prophet of Nereus, riſing from the main,
Moſt ſkill'd of all his fate-foretelling train.
High o'er the waves he rear'd his ſhaggy head,
With his ſtrong hand the rudder ſeiz'd, and ſaid:
" Why ſtrive ye thus, though Jove's high will withſtands,
" To bear Alcides to the Colchian lands?
" He muſt at Argos, ſo the fates ordain,
" And ſo Euryſtheus has decreed, ſuſtain
" Twelve mighty labours, thence be rais'd above,
" To high Olympus, and the court of Jove.
" Ceaſe for Amphytrion's ſon, your murmurs ceaſe,
" And lull the ſorrows of your ſouls to peace.
" In Myſia, where meandring Chius ſtrays,
" Muſt Polyphemus a proud city raiſe:
" Then, mid the Calybes, a deſperate clan,
" Expires on Scythian plains the gallant man.
" But ſtrange is Hylas' fate: his youthful charms
" Entic'd a nymph, who claſp'd him in her arms.
" Now the bleſt pair the bands of Hymen bind;
" In ſearch of him the chiefs are left behind."
This ſaid, he plung'd into the gulf profound,
The purple ocean foam'd in eddies round.
The god deſcending with reſiſtleſs ſway,
Impell'd the hollow veſſel on her way.
The chiefs rejoic'd this prodigy to view,
And inſtant Telamon to Jaſon flew
In friendly ſort, and in his right he took
The prince's hand, and thus embracing ſpoke:
" Illuſtrious chief, let not thine anger riſe
" At aught I ſaid impetuous and unwiſe.
" Grief for my friend has made me indiſcreet,
" And utter words for Jaſon's ear unmeet;
" Thoſe to the winds wide ſcattering let us give,
" And, as before, in friendly concord live."
Then Jaſon thus: " Thy cenſures wound my mind,
" Which ſay, I left the braveſt Greek behind.
" Yet though thy words reproachful guilt ſuggeſt,
" Rage dwells not long in Jaſon's generous breaſt;
" Since not for flocks or riches we contend,
" But a bold hero, and a faithful friend.
" And thou, I truſt, if reaſon calls, wilt be
" As firm and warm an advocate for me."
He ſpoke; and now, the hateful conteſt o'er,
The chiefs reſum'd the ſeats they held before.
But for thoſe heroes, whom they left behind,
By Jove's decree are various cares deſign'd.
Nam'd from its ſtream, the boaſt of future days,
Muſt one on Myſian plains a city raiſe:
One (great Alcides) other toils muſt ſhare,
And learn Euryſtheus' ſtern commands to bear.
Long time he threaten'd, for his Hylas loſt,
Inſtant deſtruction to the Myſian coaſt,
Unleſs the Myſians to his arms reſtor'd,
Alive or dead, the partner of his board.
Of all their bands the choiceſt youths they choſe,
And them as pledges of their faith propoſe;
Then ſwore they all, their ſearch would never end,
Till haply they had found the hero's friend.
Still to this day the fond Cianians ſeek
(All who at Trachin dwell) the lovely Greek.
For beauteous youths, to Trachin's walls convey'd,
Were there as pledges to Alcides paid.
Meanwhile all day and night briſk breezes blew,
Fleet o'er the foaming flood the veſſel flew;
But when the dawn gave promiſe of the day,
The winds expiring gently died away.
A land projecting o'er the bay below
The chiefs diſcover'd, and to this they row;
This peaceful port a while the Minyans choſe,
And, as they reach'd it, grateful morning roſe.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

Ver. 1. Thus begins Homer's Batrachomyachia, the 17th Id. of Theocritus, and Aratus's poem.

See alſo on theſe words the Gr. Schol. and Hoelzlinus's note.

Ver. 3. For Pelias, Æſon, &c. ſee the preface.

Colchos, now called Mengrelia, is bounded on the north by part of Sarmatia, on the weſt by ſo much of the Euxine ſea, as extends from the river

Corax to the mouth of the river Phaſis, on the ſouth by part of Cappadocia, and on the eaſt by Iberia.

Ver. 5.

——when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſphorus betwixt the juſtling rocks.
Milt. Par. Loſt. B. ii. 1017.

Two rocks at the entrance of the Euxine ſea, called *Symplegades* by the Grecians, by Juvenal *Concurrentia ſaxa*; becauſe they were ſo near, that, as a ſhip varied its courſe, they ſeemed to open and ſhut; or, as Milton expreſſes it, to *juſtle* one another. They were alſo called *Cyanean*, from their dark colour.

Ver. 13. A river in Theſſaly, according to Apollonius, Callimachus, and others. But ſome are of opinion, that Anaurus, as its etymology implies, is the general name of any torrent. Valerius Flaccus, relating the ſame ſtory, mentions the river Enipeus.

Ver. 33. The Pæonians of Thrace lived upon the Hebrus; and all the people of that region were at one time great in ſcience. The Grecians acknowledged they were greatly indebted to them; and the muſes are ſaid to have come from thoſe parts. The Pierians were as famed for poetry and muſic, as the Pæonians were for phyſic. Thamyras, Eumolpus, Linus, Thymætes and Muſæus, were ſuppoſed to have been of this country. Orpheus alſo is aſcribed to Thrace; who is ſaid to have ſoothed the ſavage rage, and to have animated the very rocks to harmony. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 35.

Mulcentem tigres et agentem carmine quercus.
Virg. Georg. iv. 510.

Ver. 42. Orpheus, in the Argonautic poem aſcribed to him, gives the ſame account of himſelf.

Καί μ' ἔτικτεν κιθάρη πολυδαίδαλον ἐξύνουλα,
Ὄφρα κέ τοι μέλπων προχέω μειλιχίην ἀοιδήν,
Κληήσω δέ τε θῆρας ἰδ' ἑρπετὰ καὶ πετεηνά.
Orph. Arg. 71.

Ver. 71. It is fabled that this perſon was a Theſſalian virgin, the daughter of Elatus, one of the Lapithæ; who, having been violated by Neptune, obtained of him, as the reward of her proſtitution, that ſhe might be transformed into a man, and rendered invulnerable. Thus changing her ſex, ſhe changed her name into Cæneus, being before called Cœnis. See *Ovid's Metam.* and *Virg. Æn.* vi. 448.

Ver. 79. Mopſus was ſurnamed the Titareſian, from Titareſus, the name of a place and river in Theſſaly. Thus Heſiod in Scut. Herc. l. 181.

Μόψον' Ἀμπυκίδην Τιταρήσιον——

Ver. 125. Theſeus, by the help of his friend Pirithoüs, had ſtolen Helen from the Temple of Diana, and carried her off: in return for this ſervice, he aſſiſted Pirithoüs in the rape of Proſerpine. In order to accompliſh this deſign, they went down to the infernal regions together: but Pluto, having diſcovered their intentions, expoſed Pirithoüs to the dog Cerberus, who devoured him, and chained Theſeus to the mountain Tænarus.
Plutarch's Life of Theſeus.

Ver. 138. Apollonius calls him Ἄργος ἀρισοφίδης, the ſon of Araſtor. But Banier remarks that we ought to read (as Meziriac has recommended) ἀλεκτοφίδης, the ſon of Alector. For, Argus the ſon of Areſtor, preceded the time of the Argonauts eight or nine generations: but moſt of the ancients agree, that the ſhip Argo was built by Argus the ſon of Alector, who lived in the time of the Argonauts. *Banier's Myth.* Vol. iv.

Ver. 147. Iphiclus had ſeized upon the oxen of Tyro, the mother of Neleus. Theſe Neleus demands, but is denied by Iphiclus. Pero, the daughter of Neleus was promiſed in marriage to him who recovered theſe oxen from Iphiclus. Melampus undertakes the recovery; but being vanquiſhed, is thrown into priſon. See *Homer's Odyſſ.* B. xi. 290.

Ibid. He is menrioned in the ſame manner by Orpheus and Valerius Flaccus.

——Ἄβαντος παῖς νέος ἤλυθε κάρτερος Ἰδμων,
Τόν ῥ' ὑποκυσσαμένη τέκεν Ἀπόλλωνι ἄνακτι
Λυκορόσιον παρὰ χεῦμα φερηπιάς Ἀντιάνειρα,
Τῷ καὶ μαντοσύνην ἔπορε καὶ θέσφατον ὁρμὴν
Φοίβος.
Orph. Arg. 185.

——————Phœbus Idmon,
Curi genitor tribuit monita prænoſcere Divûm,
Omnia, ſeu flammas, ſeu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interroget aera pennis.
Val. Flac. B. i. 228.

Ver. 180. There were two grand diviſions of the religious ceremonies of the ancients, viz. into ἔμπυρα and ἄπυρα, i. e. thoſe where fire was heaped upon the altar, and thoſe which were not accompanied with fire. The σήματα ἔμπυρα were obſervations made from the victims at the time they were burning; which was the province of the Haruſpices: the σήματα ἄπυρα referred to the flight of birds, and ſuch obſervations as the augurs collected from them. Thus Euripides, in Bacchæ, ver. 257.

Σκοπεῖν τἱερωτὰς, καμπύρων μισθὸς φέρειν·

Thus Ovid:

——————cui poſſe figuras
Sumere quas vellet, rurſuſque reponere ſumptas,
Neptunus dederat, Nelei ſanguinis auctor.
Met. xii. 555.

And Seneca:

Sumere innumeras ſolitum figuras. *Med.* 635.

Ver. 222. The text has Polyphemus; which is undoubtedly a falſe reading, as Valerius Flaccus and Pauſanias ſeem to confirm. The annotator to Mr. Pope's Odyſſey, not ſuſpecting this, was led into a pleaſant miſtake. "If Polyphemy (ſays he, Od. ix. 569), had really this quality of running upon the waves, he might have deſtroyed Ulyſſes without throwing this mountain: but Apollonius is undoubtedly guilty of an abſurdity, and one

might rather believe that he would ſink the earth at every ſtep, than run upon the waters with ſuch lightneſs as not to wet his feet." As this deſcription of the ſwiftneſs of Euphemus is originally taken from Homer's account of the mares of Erictthonius, of Virgil's deſcription of Camillus's ſwiftneſs, ſeems copied from theſe beautiful lines of Apollonius. See *Pope's Il. B.* xx. 270.

Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain:
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneres curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

Ver. 251. Our poet, in his account of this hero, follows Orpheus very cloſely. Valerius Flaccus makes no mention of him.

Ver. 273. Milton's deſcription of Raphael is ſimilar to this:

——————— like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide; &c. *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 285.

Apollonius in this beautiful deſcription, has far exceeded his venerable maſter; who ſays only,

——————— ταρσοῖσιν ὑπουατίοις πεπότηντο
Ζήσης καὶ Κάλαϊς, δέμας εἴκελοι ἀθανάτοισιν.
Orph. Arg. 219.

Ver. 287. The Argonauts were diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Minyæ; a title which they took as being deſcended from the daughters of Minyas, a Bœotian prince, the ſon of Orchomenus, who built a city of that name in Bœotia.

Ver. 291. A city of Theſſaly, and the birthplace of Jaſon. It was alſo called Lariſſa (as Pomponius Mela aſſerts); hence Lariſſæus Achilles. *Virg.*

Ver. 292. Pagaſæ is a town and promontory of Theſſaly. Here Argo was built; and from that circumſtance, ἀπότης ναυτηγίας, the bay is ſuppoſed to have derived its name.

Ver. 319. For an account of Phrixus ſee the preface.

Ver. 327. This affecting ſcene is extremely natural, and drawn by our poet in a manner the moſt maſterly. He is no where happier than in the execution of theſe pathetic pieces. This parting interview, the epiſode of Hypſipyla, and the loves of Medea and Jaſon, have been admired and imitated by the poets of ancient and modern times.

Ver. 379. Thus Telemachus addreſſes his mother in Homer, and Turnus in Virgil.

Tears and apprehenſions of danger were deemed bad preſages, when the people were going to war,

Ne, quæſo, ne me lacrymis, neve omine tanto
Proſequere, in duri certamina martis euntem.
Virg. Æn. xii. 72.

——————— O royal mother, ceaſe your fears,
Nor ſend me to the ſight with boding tears. *Pitt.*

Ver. 384. Virgil has manifeſtly borrowed this compariſon, and appiled it to Æneas. B. iv. 143.

As when from Lycia, bound in wint'ry froſt,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the ſmiling coaſt,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos, &c. *Pitt.*

Ver. 447. It was requiſite to reſerve the beſt of the flocks and herds for the altar: they muſt be ſound and perfect in all their limbs, or they would be deemed a very unfit offering for the gods. Thus Achilles in Homer, offers up to Apollo—ἀρνῶν κυίσσην αἰγῶντε τελείων· τοῖς θείοις ὡς τελείοις προσάγειν χρὴ τέλεια, ſays Euſtathius on this paſſage. It is the precept of Virgil, that the cattle which are deſigned for the plough, for breeding and ſacrifices, ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by particular marks, and ſeparated from the reſt.

Continuoque notas, et nomina gentis inurunt.
Georg. iii. 158.

Ver. 456. The poet through this whole deſcription is agaeeably circumſtantial. He paints the buſy ſcene before us in the livelieſt colours. We are preſent to all the labours of his heroes. We ſee them conſtructing, launching and manning their ſhip, chooſing their ſeats, erecting their altar, and offering ſacrifice. We feel ourſelves already intereſted, and cannot help joining with Jaſon in his prayer, that ſucceſs may crown their enterpriſe.

Ver. 503. Embaſian and Ecbaſian are epithets which they applied to their tutelar god at the inſtant of their embarkation, and when they were about to land.

Ver. 551. This ſpeech of Idmon is calculated to excite our admiration and pity. We cannot but admire the courage and calmneſs of the hero, when he diſcloſes to his comrades the purpoſe of Apollo. He tells them, in a prophetic ſtrain, that they would be expoſed to dangers, but ſucceſsful at laſt; that, as to himſelf, he knew his doom, which was, that he muſt die in a diſtant country long before their return. Homer repreſents his hero weeping at his fate, Ὡς ἄρ ἔφη δακρυχέων: our poet reſerves the tears of ſorrow for them, from whom they fall with a better grace:

——————— the hoſt the fate, of Idmon mourn.

Ver. 581. This circumſtance ſeems to be borrowed from that noble one of Achilles ſwearing by his ſceptre, in Homer; which paſſage both Virgil and Valerius Flaccus have cloſely imitated.

Ver. 599. Iphimedia, the daughter of Triopas, and wife of Alöeus, fell in love with Neptune, by whom ſhe had two ſons, Ephaltes and Otus. Preſuming on their gigantic ſtrength, they attempted to dethrone Jupiter; but were ſlain (as Homer and Pindar relate, and after them Apollonius) by Apollo at Naxus, and thrown into Tartarus by Pluto.

Ver. 617. The following lines, to v. 720. are taken from Mr. Weſt's tranſlation of the ſong of

Orpheus, and the ſetting out of the Argonauts; but many paſſages are much altered.

Ver. 621.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuiſſent,
&c. *Virg. Ec.*

For a full illuſtration of the propriety and beauty of this ſong, which Scaliger condemns, I beg leave to ſubjoin Mr. Wharton's judicious criticiſm, in his Obſervations on Spenſer's Faery Queene. "Scaliger finds great fault with the ſubject of this ſong, and prefers to it the ſubject of Orpheus's ſong in Valerius Flaccus. By this piece of criticiſm he has betrayed his ignorance of the nature of ancient poeſy, and of the character of Orpheus. But the propriety of the ſubject of this ſong is eaſily to be defended, without conſidering the character of Orpheus. The occaſion of it was a quarrel among the Argonauts, whom Orpheus endeavours to pacify with the united powers of muſic and verſe. To this it may be added, that a ſong, whoſe ſubject is religious, and which aſſerts the right of Jupiter to the poſſeſſion of Olympus, was even expedient, as one of the chiefs had but juſt before ſpoken blaſphemy againſt him. Nor were the auditors of ſo mean a rank as Scaliger would repreſent them: he terms them *viri militares*; but it ſhould be conſidered, that they were princes and demigods. There is one circumſtance belonging to the ſong of Orpheus in Apollonius, which gives it a manifeſt ſuperiority to that of Orpheus in Valerius Flaccus, I mean the deſign of it, which was to expreſs the vehemence of the paſſion, at once ſo agreeable to the well-known character of Orpheus, and ſo expreſſive of the irreſiſtible influence of muſic. In the Latin poet, Orpheus ſings upon no occaſion, and to no end, unleſs to make the night paſs away more pleaſantly."

Ver. 636. Milton has undoubtedly copied this paſſage, *Par. L. B.* x. 580.

—— how the ſerpent whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, &c.

Apollonius, as well as Milton, has hinted that Ophion was of the ſerpent race. —— the vaſt ſpecies of the ſerpent breed.

The upper part of Eurynome was a perfect figure of a woman; the lower part, from the thighs downward, terminated in the tail of a fiſh.

Lucian.

Ver. 649. The effect which the harp and voice of Orpheus had upon the Argonauts, is here elegantly deſcribed. When the poet had ended his ſong, they, intent and bending towards him, ſtill liſtened, and imagined him ſtill ſinging. Milton follows Apollonius very cloſe:

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear. *Par. Loſt, B.* viii. 1.

Ver. 657. It was the cuſtom of the ancients at their ſolemn feſtivals, before they went to reſt, to ſacrifice the tongues of the victims to Mercury, the god of eloquence, pouring on them a libation of wine. This was done, either with a deſign to make an expiation for any indecent language that had been ſpoken (as was the caſe about fifty lines above), or to ſignify, that what had been there ſpoken, ought not to be divulged or remembered afterward.

Ver. 669. The ancient writers, as well hiſtorians as poets, are full of theſe wonders. The ſpeech of Achilles's horſe to his maſter is well known. Among the many prodigies which are ſaid to have appeared at the death of Julius Cæſar, this, Virgil informs us, was one,—*pecudeſque locutæ*. Appian expreſsly ſays that an ox ſpoke with an human voice. Livy has given us the ſpeech of one of theſe animals on a certain occaſion:

Quod maximè terrebat Conſulem Cn. Domitium, bovem locutum, "Roma tibi cave." Lib. xxxv.

This ſhip was indeed built out of ſome ſacred timber from the grove of Dodona, which was ſacred to Jupiter Tomarias; and on this account it was ſaid to have been oracular, and to have given verbal reſponſes.

Ver. 670 Minerva was ſo called from Itonis, a city of Theſſaly, where ſhe was worſhipped.

Ver. 698. The poets are fond of expreſſing the activity of the rowers, and the velocity of the ſhip, by the effect which the ſtroke of their oars and the track of the keel produce on the waters.

——λεύκαινον ὑδὼρ ξεσσῆς ἐλάτῃσιν. Od. μ'. 172.

Totaque remigio ſpumis incanuit unda. *Catull.*

Et freta caneſcunt, fulcam ducente carinâ. *Manil.*

Ver. 701. Apollonius, anxious to impreſs on his readers a juſt idea of the importance of his ſubject, has, in the true ſpirit of Homer, repreſented all the gods looking down upon Argo, as if intereſted in the ſucceſs of her voyage.

Ver. 717. Achilles was educated under Chiron. The circumſtance of Chariclo's raiſing up young Achilles in her arms, to ſhow him his father Peleus, is exceedingly beautiful and ſtriking. From this action we may alſo fairly conjecture, that this famous expedition preceded the ſiege of Troy, probably about thirty years, viz. from the infancy of Achilles to his arrival at perfect manhood.

Ver. 752. On the epithet ἠερίη, which the poet here applies to Theſſaly, and which ſeems to have perplexed the commentators, Mr. Byrant makes the following ingenious remark: "The Pelaſgi ſettled very early in Theſſaly, to which they gave the name Aëria. This was the ancient name of Egypt, from whence this people came. They likewiſe called the ſame country Ai Monah, Regio Lunaris; which the poets changed to Hæmonia."

Ver. 759. The Scholiaſt tells us, this Dolops was the ſon of Hermes, and ſlain at Magneſia;

where they erected a monument near the shore to his memory.

Ver. 766. The place from which they set sail was named from that event Aphetæ. It is a town and port of Magnesia in Thessaly.

Ver. 788. Plutarch and Pliny assert that this mountain is so high as to project its shade, when the sun is in the summer solstice, on the market-place of the city Myrina. *Univ Hist.*

——— ingenti tellurem proximus umbrâ
Vestit Athos, nemorumque obscurat imagine pontum. *Stat. Theb.*

Ver. 793. "The description of Venus enraged against the men of Lemnos for neglecting her temple, represents her (says Mr. Spence in his Polymetis) rather as the goddess of jealousy than of love. There is no figure of her under this character, nor any description in any of the Roman poets before the third age." Had the learned author consulted Apollonius, he would have seen to whom Valerius was indebted for this description of Venus as the goddess of jealousy. The passage is indisputably borrowed from our poet. So true is it what Mr. Gray has observed of this writer, that had he consulted the Greek authors, they would have afforded him more instruction on the very heads he professes to treat, than all the other writers put together. See *Gray's 5th Letter to Mr. Walpole.*

Ver. 826. The Lemnian women are here represented as savage as the Thyades, who delighted in bloody banquets. Upon this the Scholiast observes, that the Mænades and Bacchæ used to devour the raw limbs of animals which they had cut or torn asunder. In the island of Chios it was a religious custom to tear a man limb from limb by way of sacrifice to Dionusus: the same in Tenedos Hence we may learn one sad truth, that there is scarce any thing so impious and unnatural, as not at times to have prevailed. *Bryant's Myth. vol. ii. p.* 13.

Ver. 852. There is a judicious note on this passage, inserted in an elegant edition of our poet, lately published at Oxford; which I shall venture to give the reader: "Licet Ventus Boreas Argonautis ad cursum continuandum secundus esset, non tamen solverunt." Mihi perspectum est nihil veri his inesse. Non enim ventus Aquilo secundus est tendentibus in Pontum sed adversum tenet. Hoc ergo Apollonius indicat. Minyas non solvisse illo mane, ex insulâ Lemno, quod Aquilo, qui ipsis in Pontum porrecturis adversus erat, flaret. *Wesseling. Observ. p.* 130.

This observation appears to be just. Yet is it no unusual thing with the poets to put one wind for another. The most judicious and accurate of the Roman poets is not exempt from errors of this kind. "The description of the departure of Æneas from Carthage is not only inconsistent with truth and probability in this respect, but contradictory to itself. He sails in the morning with a west wind, which is very improperly called favourable; but before he is out of sight of Carthage, we find him pursuing his course with a north wind, which is still more contrary to his intended course." *See an Essay on the original Genius and Writings of Homer.*

Ver. 913. Dido is the Hypsipyla of Virgil. The latter, as Hoelzlinus speaks, is the archetype of the former.

Ver. 949. This mantle, which Pallas gave to Jason, and the simile of the star, to which he is compared, are beautiful specimens of our poet's talent for description. We shall find him in the more descriptive parts of his poem, rising greatly above that equal mediocrity which some critics have ascribed to him.

Ver. 971. The fable of Thebes being built by the power of music is not in Homer, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. *See Pope's Od. B.* xi. 320.

Ver. 982. The Teleboans, or Taphians (so called from the island Taphos which they inhabited) coming to Argos, stole the oxen of Electryon, the father of Alcmena: a battle ensued, in which himself and sons were slain.

Ver. 988. Hippodamia was the daughter of Œnomaüs, king of Elis and Pisa. She was a princess of great beauty and had many admirers. Œnomaüs having been informed by the oracle, that he should be slain by his son-in-law, endeavoured to deter the suitors from paying their addresses to his daughter, by proposing a chariot-race. The terms were; that he who conquered him in the race should obtain his daughter, but that he who proved unsuccessful should be put to death. Pelops, whom Hippodamia was most attached to, accepted the dangerous conditions, and contended with Œnomaüs. The plan which his daughter had concerted with Myrtilus, the charioteer, of loosening the pin of the wheel, succeeded to her wish. The pin flew out, the chariot was overthrown, and victorious Pelops claimed the lady as his prize.

Ver. 997. Elara being pregnant by Jupiter, he, to avoid the jealousy of Juno, concealed her in a cavern of the earth, where Tityus was born: who, from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections on the earth, as if he had sprung from it, is fabled to be the son of the earth.

Ver. 1132. This is an oblique, but very severe sarcasm on Jason.

Ver. 1161. That there was offspring appears from Homer's Il. B. vii.

And now the fleet arriv'd from Lemnos' sands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent;
Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people bore.

These verses, says Mr. Pope, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity; as that Jason had a son by Hypsipyle; who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of Lemnos: that Samos was anciently famous for its wines: and that coined money was not in use at the time of

the Trojan war; but the trade of the countries carried on by exchange in brass, oxen, slaves, &c. as appears by two lines farther:

Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave,
Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave.

Ver. 1187. All that were initiated into the Cabaritic mysteries were thought effectually secured from storms at sea, and all other dangers: and the influence of the Cabirian priests was particularly implored by mariners for success in their voyages. *Potter. Bryant.*

Ver. 1193. So named from a bay, which lies west of the Thracian Chersonesus; called Melas, from a river of that name.

Ver. 1207. Cyzicus, or Cyzicum, according to Strabo, is an island in the Propontis, joined by two bridges to the continent. The strait, over which these bridges were thrown, being in a course of years filled up, an isthmus was formed, and the island became a peninsula: to this isthmus the poet alludes. *Strabo. Hoelz.*

Ver. 1235. It is observable that the name of an anchor does no where occur in Homer. The ships of which he speaks had only a rudder and ballast. Neither was there any metal employed in the construction of them; the timbers were fastened together with pegs.

We must not therefore wonder at the rude expedients to which the Argonauts had recourse, in these still earlier times.

Ver. 1299.

Ac veluti magnâ juvenum cum densa securi
Silva labat; cuneisque gemit grave robur adactis;
Jamque abies, piccæque suunt; sic dura sub ictu
Ossa virûm malæque sonant, sparsusque cerebro
Albet ager. *Val. Flac.* L. iii. 163.

Ver. 1380. The most ancient tombs were very simple: they were nothing more than hillocks of earth heaped up over the grave. This the Romans called Tumulus. Sometimes we find an oar, or pillar erected over it in honour of the deceased. Thus we read in Homer:

Τύμβον χεύαντες, καὶ ἐπὶ στήλην ἐρύσαντες,
Πήξάμεν ἀκροτάτω τύμβω εὐῆρες ἐρετμὸν.
Bp. Lowth's note on Isaiah lii. 9.

Ver. 1384. Some nicer critics may be offended that Clita should die in so vulgar a manner: but this objection is owing to a want of considering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. Amata, the mother of Turnus, in the 12th book of the Æneid, hangs herself. In the 11th book of the Odyssey, Jocasta dies in like manner, and likewise in the Œdipus of Sophocles.

Ver. 1399. It was customary for families to grind their own corn. For this purpose they made use of handmills. Wind and water mills were a later invention. They employed their slaves at this work; and sometimes it was inflicted on them as the heaviest punishment.

Molendum in pistrind, vapulandum, habendæ compedes. *Ter. Phorm.*
See Bishop Lowth's Isaiah, p. 217.

Here we find not a single family, but a whole people, annually, in token of mortification and sorrow, labouring together at one common mill, and partaking of the bread of affliction, which is of the coarser kind, and unbaked.

Ver. 1406. Ceyx, king of Thrace, married Alcoyne, the daughter of Æolus. On a voyage to consult the Delphic oracle, he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in sight of his wife, who, in the agonies of love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in pity to her fidelity, changed her and her husband into the birds which bear her name. The halcyons very seldom appear but in the finest weather: whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle for her conjugal affection. When the halcyons are surprised by a tempest, they fly about as in the utmost terrors, and with the most lamentable cries.

Ver. 1418. The worship of Cybele was famous in Phrygia. Her priests, sounding their tabrets, and striking their bucklers with spears, danced and distorted their whole bodies. To these dances and distortions they add shrieks and howlings; whence they were called Corybantes. Thus it was that they deplored the loss of their goddess's favourite Atys. Thus they drowned the cries of Jupiter, concealed among the Curetes in Crete; and thus they stifled the grief of these Dolians for their slaughtered monarch. *See Banier's Myth.*

Ver. 1422. Orpheus, in his hymn to this goddess, has ascribed to her the same unlimited dominion:

Μήτηρ μέντε θεῶν ἠδὲ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
Ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ καὶ γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν,
Καὶ πόντος, πνοιαίτε. *Orph. Hymn* 13.

Ver. 1448. It sometimes happens, that the roots and branches of aged trees bear a faint likeness to the human fabric. The ancients seem to have taken advantage of this fancied similitude, which they improved by a little art; and their first efforts towards imagery were from these rude and rotten materials. *Bryant's Mythol.* vol. i.

Ver. 1461. The Dactyli were the priests of Cybele: they first inhabited mount Ida in Phrygia; hence they were styled Idæi. They were originally five in number, as their name, derived from the fingers of the hand, imports.

Ver. 1463. There is a river of this name, not only in Mesopotamia, but in Crete.

Thus Virgil, Ecl. 1.

Et rapidem Cretæ veniemus Oaxem.

Ver. 1469. Called also the Pyrrhic dance, from fire with which it was accompanied. It was esteemed a martial exercise, and was performed by persons in armour, who gave it the name of Berarmus, from the temple of the deity, where it was probably first practised; or from the regularity of their movements in dancing. *Schol. Bryant.*

Ver. 1478. It was the general opinion of the ancients, that when they had appeased their deities by sacrifice and prayer, the tokens of reconciliation would appear by an uncommon fertility of the soil.

The poets have not failed to avail themselves of this popular opinion. It is customary with them to represent fruits and flowers of every kind, as springing up and coming to perfection, in a manner that seemed to indicate the immediate agency of some propitious deity.

Besides, Cybele was taken for the earth; on which account she was called the mother of the gods; for the earth gives birth to all things. Hence her worship was blended with several circumstances which bore a relation to the earth. Its fertility, therefore, at the instant of the celebration of her festival, is something more than a poetical embellishment.

Ver. 1509. A river of Mysia, which empties itself into the Propontis. Near its banks, as some assert, stood the tomb of Ægæus or Briareus.

Ver. 1525. A mountain near Cios. Cios is the name of a river, and of a city in Mysia.

Ver. 1530. Thus Theocritus, speaking of the employments of the Argonauts, when they landed in the country of the Bebrycians, says,

Ἔυνας τ' ἐστόρνυντο, κ. τ. λ. *Id.* 22.

On the dry beach they rais'd the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables spread.

Ver. 1556. This story is told with great simplicity and elegance by our poet's rival and contemporary, Theocritus, Id. 13. Nor has his faithful imitator, Valerius Flaccus, neglected to embellish his poem with the same story. The learned editor of Theocritus published in 2 vols. at Oxford, portions out to each poet his share of merit in the following words: "Egregiè quidèm Valerius Flaccus Herculis vehementem & repentinam perturbationem depingit: qui, vesperi reversus, Hylam ad sociorum mensas, in littore constructas, non deprehendit. Nihil nisi dictionem Virgilianum castam, teretem, simplicem, pro turgidulâ illâ, & duriusculâ, desidero. Conferatur & Hercules Apollonii Rhodii: quem credibile est omnes intendisse nervos, ut in simili materiâ poetam coævum superaret. Pulchrum profectò illud Herculis, a manu abietem abjicientis. At fortassis, ad summum, simpliciora Theocriti & luculentiora fatebere, & minus frequentata circumstantiis & elaborata."

Not. ad V. lv. *Id.* 13.

Ver. 1568. Hercules arriving at the country of the Dryopians, a people of Epirus, applied to their prince Theodamas for refreshment. Upon his refusal, he unyoked one of the oxen with which he was ploughing, and sacrificed it. Theodamas attempting to redress this grievance by force of arms, was killed, and his son Hylas was carried off by the conqueror. Some attribute this exploit to the rapacity of Hercules, others to his desire of civilizing an inhospitable people. Callimachus, speaking of the rapacity of Hercules, says,

Οὐ γὰρ ὅγε Φρυγίῃ περ ὑπὸ δρυὶ γυῖα θεωθεὶς
Παύσατ' ἀδηφαγίης· ἐτὶ οἱ πάρα νηδὺς ἰκείνη
Τῇ ποτ' ἀροτριόωντι συνήντετο Θειοδάμαντι.

In Dian. 159.

Ver. 1576. Thus Callimachus, in his hymn to Diana, celebrates her as encircled with a choir of nymphs:

——αἱ νύμφαι σε χορῷ ἔνι κυκλώσονται
Ἀγχόθι πηγάων. *In Dian.* 179.

Ver. 1598. Virgil has closely imitated this simile in the following lines, where, speaking of the impetuosity of Turnus, he thus compares him;

Ac veluti pleno lupus insidiatus ovili,
Cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpessus et imbres,
Nocte super mediâ: tuti sub matribus agni
Balatum exercent: ille asper et improbus irâ,
Sævit in absentes: collecta fatigat edendi
Ex longo rabies, et siccæ sanguine fauces.

Æn. B. ix. 59.

Ver. 1626. Apollonius, within the compass of a very few lines, makes use of two different words to express the same animal, μύωψ, οἶστρος. The former, he tells us, is the more general appellation: ὅν [οἶστρον] μύωπα βοων κλείουσι νομῆες. *B.* iii. 276.

The correspondent names in Latin are *asilus* and *tabanus*: *asilus vulgò tabanus vocatur*, says Servius.

————cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, æstron Græci vertere vocantes.
Arcebis gravido pecori. *Virg. Georg.* iii.

Homer also speaks of this fly as being very pernicious to cattle:

Οἱ δ' ἐφέβντο κατὰ μέγαρον, βόες ὡς ἀγελαῖοι,
Τοὺς μέντ' αἰόλος οἶστρος ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐδόνησεν. *Od.* xxii. 299.

Confus'd, distracted through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting.

This simile is common to the poets: Virgil, Coluthus, and Tryphiodorus have made use of it.

Ver. 1676. It was usual with the ancients to place one vast stone upon another for a religious memorial. The stones thus placed they poised so equally, that they were effected with the least external force! a breath or wind would sometimes make them vibrate. These were called rocking stones. Of such an one Apollonius is here speaking, as being moved by the wind, and the admiration of spectators. *Bryant.*

Ver. 1746. The coast of Bebrycia: the ancient name of Bithynia, a country of Asia Minor, near Troas, bounded on the north by the Euxine sea.

Orpheus has given us, at the beginning of his poem, a catalogue of the heroes that accompanied Jason to Colchis. Apollonius has followed his example. And he has shown himself a judicious imitator of Homer, by diversifying and enlivening his narration with an account of the family, character, and birth-place of his Argonauts. He constantly inserts some little history or anecdote, which may serve to impress their names on our memory, and to interest us in their future fortunes. He has contrived to throw the utmost variety into the voyage, by describing particularly the situation of the coasts, and the customs ar manners of the inhabitants. The launching Argo, the episode of Hypsipyla, the night-ad ture of the Dolians, the story of Hylas, the ifices and similes, are severally possessed of s der tinguished merit, as cannot fail to give th as, a favourable idea of our poet's taste and

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book contains the combat between Amycus and Pollux; the former of whom is ſlain. A battle enſues between the Argonauts and Bebrycians, in which the Argonauts come off conquerors. They ſail to Salmydeſſus, a city of Thrace, where they conſult Phineus, a ſoothſayer, on the ſucceſs of their expedition. He promiſes, if they would deliver him from the Harpies, to direct them ſafely to Colchos. His requeſt is granted, and he gives them inſtructions. The ſtory of Parædius, Cyrene and Ariſtæus. They ſail through the Symplegades, and thence to the iſland Thynia, where they land. Apollo, who here appears to them, is rendered propitious by ſacrifice. The courſe of the river Acheron is deſcribed. They land on the coaſt of the Mariandyni, and are hoſpitably entertained by Lycus, the king of that country. Here Idmon is killed by a wild boar, and here Tiphys dies. Ancæus is appointed pilot in his ſtead. They ſail by the monument of Sthenelus, whoſe ghoſt is releaſed by Proſerpine, and gratified with the ſight of the Argonauts. At the iſland of Mars they meet the ſons of Phrixus, who had juſt before been ſhipwrecked. They are kindly received by the Argonauts, who take them on board. Sailing by Mount Caucaſus they come in ſight of the eagle that preys on the entrails of Prometheus. The end of their voyage.

TENTS o'er the beach Bebrycia's king had ſpread,
And ſtalls erected where fat oxen fed.
To genial Neptune a Bithynian dame
Bore the fierce tyrant, Amycus his name,
Proudeſt of men; who this hard law decreed,
That from his realm no ſtranger ſhould recede,
Till firſt with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the liſted field.
Unnumber'd gueſts his matchleſs proweſs ſlew:
Stern he accoſts ſwift Argo's valiant crew,
Curious the reaſon of their courſe to ſcan,
Who, whence they were; and ſcornful thus began:
"Learn what 'tis meet ye knew, ye vagrant hoſt;
"None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coaſt,
"Is thence by law permitted to depart,
"Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art.
"Chooſe then a chief who can the gauntlet wield,
"And let him try the fortune of the field:
"Should ye contemptuous ſcorn my fix'd decree,
"Know, your proud hearts ſhall yield to fate and
"me."
Thus ſpoke the chief with inſolent diſdain,
And rous'd reſentment in the martial train;
But Pollux moſt his vaunting words provoke,
Who thus a champion for his fellows, ſpoke:
"Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
"Lo, we obſequious thy decrees obey!
"Unforc'd, this inſtant, to the liſts I go,
"Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe."
Stung to the heart with this ſevere reply,
On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye:
As the grim lion, pierc'd by ſome keen wound,
Whom hunters on the mountain-top ſurround;
Though cloſe hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls
glance
At him alone who threw the pointed lance.
Greek ſtript off his mantle richly wrought,
From the Lemnian territory brought,
Which ſome fair nymph, who had her flame avow'd,
The pledge of hoſpitable love beſtow'd:
His double cloak, with claſps of ſable hue,
Bebrycia's ruler on the greenſward threw,
And his rough ſheep-hook of wild olive ſhade,
Which lately flouriſh'd in the woodland ſpade.
Then fought the heroes for a place at hand
Commodious for the fight, and on the ſtrand
They plac'd their friends, who ſaw, with wondering eyes,
The chiefs how different, both in make and ſize;
For like Typhœus' race the tyrant ſtood
Enormous, or that miſcreated brood
Of mighty monſters, which parturient earth,
Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a hideous birth.
But Pollux ſhone like that mild ſtar on high,
Whoſe riſing ray illumes fair evening's ſky.
Down ſpread his cheek, ripe manhood's early ſign,
And in his eye-balls beam'd the glance divine.
But like a lion, glorying in his might,
Stood Jove's puiſſant ſon, prepar'd for fight.
His arms he pois'd, advancing in the ring,
To try if ſtill they kept their priſtine ſpring;
If pliant ſtill, and vigorous as before,
Nor rigid grown with labouring at the oar.
Trial like this the haughty king diſdain'd:
Aloof and ſilent Amycus remain'd.
Full on his foe his vengeful eyes he turn'd,
For blood he thirſted, and for conqueſt burn'd.
With that his ſquire Lycoreus, full in view,
Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
Of barbarous faſhion, harden'd, rough and dry'd.
Then thus the king with inſolence and pride:
"Lo, two ſtout pair; the choice I leave to thee;
"(No lot appoints them) chooſe, and blame not
"me.
"Bind them ſecure, and after trial tell,
"How greatly I in either art excel,

" Whether to form the ceſtus firm and good,
" Or ſtain the cheeks of mighty men with blood."
He ſpoke: brave Pollux nothing deign'd to ſay,
But ſmiling choſe the pair which neareſt lay,
To cheer their champion, Caſtor, honour'd name!
And Talaüs, the ſon of Bias, came;
Firm round his arms the gloves of death they bind,
And animate the vigour of his mind.
Aratus, and bold Ornytus his friend,
To Amycus their kind aſſiſtance lend:
Fools! for they knew not, this one conflict o'er,
Thoſe gauntlets never ſhould be buckled more.
Accoutred thus each ardent hero ſtands,
And raiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets fiercely now they cloſe,
And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
Firſt Amycus a furious onſet gave
Like the rude inſult of the battering wave,
That heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
Burſts thundering on ſome gallant veſſel's ſide;
The wary pilot by ſuperior ſkill,
Foreſees the ſtorm, and ſhuns the menac'd ill.
Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux preſs'd,
Nor ſuffer'd his antagoniſt to reſt:
But Jove's brave ſon obſerves each coming blow,
Quick leaps aſide, and diſappoints the foe;
And where a weak unguarded part he ſpies,
There all the thunder of his arms he plies.
As buſy ſhipwrights ſtoutly labouring ſtrive
Through ſturdy planks the piercing ſpikes to drive,
From head to ſtern repeated blows go round,
And ceaſeleſs hammers ſend a various ſound;
Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes ſprung,
Their daſh'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones rung:
Nor ceas'd they from the ſtrokes that threaten'd death,
Till tir'd with toil they faintly gaſp'd for breath:
A while they then remit the bloody fray,
And panting wipe the copious ſweat away.
But adverſe ſoon they meet, with rage they glow,
Like bulls fierce fighting for ſome fav'rite cow.
Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
Roſe to the ſtroke, reſolv'd his foe to ſmite,
And by one blow the dubious war conclude:
The wary prince, his ruin to elude,
Bent back his head; defeated of its aim,
The blow impetuous on his ſhoulder came.
Then Pollux with firm ſteps approaching near,
Vindictive ſtruck his adverſary's ear;
Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke,
Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful ſtroke;
The Grecians ſhouted, with wild rapture fir'd;
And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.
The griev'd Bebrycians ſaw their monarch ſlain,
And big with vengeance ruſh'd into the plain;
With ſeaſon'd clubs and javelins arm'd they ran,
And aim'd their fury at the conquering man.
Their keen-edg'd ſwords the friends of Pollux drew,
And to the ſuccour of their comrade flew.
Firſt Caſtor ſlaughter'd with victorious hand,
A hero of the bold Bebrycian band,
The griding ſword at once his head divides,
And on his ſhoulders hang the parted ſides.
Mimans, Itymoneus of giant ſize,
Each by the arm of conquering Pollux dies.
On this his foot impreſs'd a deadly wound
Full on his ſide, and ſtretch'd him on the ground:
His right hand daſh'd with unreſiſted ſway,
Mimans' left eye, and tore the ball away.
Orcides, Amycus's proud compeer,
Then launch'd at Talaüs his brazen ſpear;
Juſt near his flank the point he lightly felt,
That ras'd the ſkin beneath his broider'd belt.
Aratus, with his club of harden'd oak,
Aim'd at brave Iphitus a deadly ſtroke:
Vain thought! too ſoon, alas! it is decreed,
The hero by his brother's ſword muſt bleed.
Then ruſh'd to ſuccour the Theſſalian band,
Ancæus, with his pole-ax in his hand;
O'er his broad back a bear's dark ſpoils he threw,
And boldly mingled with the hoſtile crew.
The ſons of Æacus, renown'd for might,
And Jaſon join'd them in the fields of fight.
As when, what time both dogs and ſhepherds keep
Cloſe in warm cots, neglected of their ſheep,
Wolves, pinch'd with hunger and bleak winter's cold,
Leap o'er the fence, and terrify the fold,
With ravening eyes the crowded ſheep ſurvey,
And doubt where firſt to rend the trembling prey;
Thus the bold Greeks, as near their foes they drew,
Intimidate the congregated crew.
As ſwains with ſmoke, of honey ſtudious, ſtrive
From ſome rocks cleft the ſwarming bees to drive,
Alarm'd and trembling, with a murmuring ſound;
They crowd to all their waxen rooms around;
But if the fumes prevail, their wings they ply,
And rove uncertain through the various ſky:
Diſperſing thus, the wild Bebrycians fled,
And loud proclaim'd that Amycus was dead.
Ah, hapleſs race of men! they little knew,
That ſoon far greater evils muſt enſue:
Soon muſt they ſee, their monarch now no more,
Their lands a drear depopulated ſhore;
Their vineyards ſpoil'd, and waſted all their coaſt
By Lycus, and the Mariandine hoſt:
For 'twas their fate, with ſpear and ſteely brand,
Hard lot! to battle for an iron land.
The Greeks then ſeiz'd their herds, an eaſy prey,
And from the ſheep-folds drove the flocks away;
The live proviſion to the ſhip they ſent:
Then thus ſome ſailor gave his boaſting vent;
'What had theſe miſcreants done, with fears diſmay'd,
'Had heaven indulg'd us with Alcides' aid?
'No fierce contention then, I judge had been,
'No bloody boxing on the lifted green:
'The chief's ſtout club had tam'd the tyrant's pride,
'And ſet his execrable laws aſide.
'But now impell'd by ſwelling waves and wind,
'We leave at land the matchleſs chief behind;
'Whoſe loſs diſtreſs to every Greek will prove.'
He ſaid;—but all things own the will of Jove.

All night the heroes on the coaſt remain,
To heal the bruiſes of the wounded train.
Firſt to the gods they give the honour due,
And next, a banquet to the princely crew.
Nor can night's ſhades the chiefs to ſleep incline,
Or o'er the ſacrifice, or o'er the wine;
Mirthful they ſit, their brows with laurel crown'd:
To a green laurel was the cable bound.
While Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre, the hymn they raiſe,
And Jove's fam'd offſpring, mighty Pollux, praiſe:
Soft breathes the breeze, the billows ceaſe to roar,
And feſtive joy exhilarates the ſhore.
But when the ſun illum'd the hills and plains,
Dank with the dew, and rous'd the ſhepherd-ſwains,
They ſent abundant flocks and herds aboard,
And from the laurel-ſtem unloos'd the cord;
And while the favourable winds prevail'd,
Through the rough rolling Boſphorus they ſail'd.
When, lo! a wave by gathering ſurges driven,
Swoln big for burſting, is up-heav'd to heaven,
Still riſes higher, and ſtill wider ſpreads,
And hangs a watery mountain o'er their heads;
Like a black cloud it frowns, prepar'd to fall,
And threatens quick deſtruction to them all.
Yet the train'd pilot, by ſuperior ſkill,
Well knows to 'ſcape, this laſt impending ill;
Safe through the ſtorm the veſſel Tiphys ſteer'd,
And ſav'd the heroes from the fate they fear'd.
Fronting Bithynia's coaſt, next morn, they reach
New land, and fix their halſers on the beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood,
The mournful manſions of ſad Phineus ſtood.
Agenor's ſon, whom heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burden of unequall'd care.
For, taught by wiſe Apollo to deſcry
Unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his ſcience, the preſumptous ſeer
Deign'd not Jove's awful ſecrets to revere;
But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The ſacred purpoſe of th' omniſcient mind:
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But dimm'd in endleſs night his viſual rays,
Nor would the vengeful god indulge his taſte
With the ſweet bleſſings of a pure repaſt,
Though (for they learn'd his fate) the country round
Their prophet's board with every dainty crown'd.
For, lo! deſcending ſudden from the ſky,
Round the pil'd banquet ſhrieking harpies fly,
Whoſe beaks rapacious, and whoſe talons rear,
Quick from his famiſh'd lips th' untaſted fare.
Yet would ſome ſlender pittance oft remain,
Life to ſupport, and to perpetuate pain.
Such odours ſtill the nauſeous ſcraps exhal'd,
That with the ſtench the loathing ſtomach fail'd.
Aloof the gueſt amaz'd and hungry ſtood,
While their ſick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome ſound invades the prophet's ear;
Taught by almighty Jove, that now was come
The long-wiſh'd period of heaven's vengeful doom;
When, by theſe heroes' deſtin'd aid reſtor'd,
Peace ſhould hereafter bleſs his feaſtful board.
Then heaves he from his couch his haggard head,
(Like ſome pale, lifeleſs, viſionary ſhade)
Prop'd on his ſtaff his way explores, and crawls
With lingering ſtep along the lonely walls,
Diſeas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Through every limb he trembled as he paſs'd;
Shrunk was his form, with want aduſt and thin,
The pointed bones ſeem burſting through his ſkin;
But faint and breathleſs as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threſhold, tir'd with toil he ſate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And ſwims beneath his feet the ſolid ground;
No more their functions the frail ſenſes keep,
But ſpeechleſs ſinks he in a deathlike ſleep.
This ſaw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow ſound
(His breath and utterance ſcarce recover'd) broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd ſeer prophetic ſpoke:
'Princes of Greece, attend, if ye be they
'Whom o'er the main Theſſalia's pines convey,
'And Jaſon leads to Colchos' magic land;
'Such is your cruel tyrant's ſtern command.
'Yes, ye are they, for yet my mental eye
'Undimm'd, paſt, preſent, future, can deſcry:
'Thanks to thy ſon, Latona, who beſtows
'This grace, this only ſolace of my woes.
'By Jove, to whom the ſuppliant's cauſe belongs,
'Who hates the cruel, and avenges wrongs,
'By Phœbus and by Juno, from on high
'Who marks your progreſs with compaſſion's eye,
'Aid me, and, oh! a ſufferer's pangs aſſuage,
'And bid corroſive famine ceaſe to rage;
'Leave me not thus, unpitied and unbleſs'd,
'But ere you fail, ah! pity the diſtreſs'd.
'For not theſe orbs alone depriv'd of ſight,
'Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
'But to extreme old age his cruel law
'Dooms me th' unwaſting thread of life to draw.
'Still weightier woes from ſorrows lengthen'd chain
'Depend, and pain is ever link'd to pain.
'From ſecret haunts, aërial, unexplor'd,
'Flights of devouring harpies vex my board;
'Swift, inſtantaneous, ſudden they deſcend,
'And from my mouth the taſteful morſel rend.
'Meanwhile, my troubled ſoul, with woe op-preſs'd,
'No means of aid, no comfort can ſuggeſt.
'For when the feaſt I purpoſe to prepare,
'They ſee that purpoſe, and prevent my care:
'But cloy'd, and glutted with the luſcious ſpoil,
'With noiſome ordure parting they defile
'Whate'er remains, if aught perchance remain,
'That none approaching may the ſtench ſuſtain,
'Though his ſtrong heart were wrapp'd in plat-ed mail,
'The filthy fragments ſuch dire ſteams exhale,
'Yet me fell hunger's all ſubduing pain
'Compels reluctant, lothing to remain;
'Compells the deadly odours to endure,
'And gorge my craving maw with food im-pure,

' From theſe invaders (ſo hath fate decreed)
' By Boreas' offſpring ſhall my board be freed.
' Nor on a ſtranger to your houſe and blood,
' O ſons of Boreas! is your aid beſtow'd.
' Phineus behold, Agenor's hapleſs ſon,
' Once for prophetic ſkill and riches known;
' Who, while I ſway'd the Thracian ſceptre, led
' Your portion'd ſiſter to my ſpouſal bed.'
Here Phineus ceas'd, and touch'd each pitying chief:
But Boreas' ſons were pierc'd with double grief;
Compaſſion kind was kindled in their breaſt:
Their tears abating, friendly Zetes preſs'd
His trembling hand, and thus the ſeer addreſs'd:
" O moſt diſaſtrous of all human kind,
" Whence ſpring theſe evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
" Haſt thou, intruſted with the book of fate,
" By folly merited celeſtial hate?
" Hence falls this indignation on thy head?
" Fain would the ſons of Boreas grant thee aid;
" Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
" But awful dread their willing hands reſtrains.
" To frighted mortals well thy ſufferings prove
" How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
" Swear, or we dare not, as we wiſh, eſſay
" To drive theſe hateful harpies far away:
" Swear that the ſuccours, which our arms intend
" Shall no ſuperior deity offend."
He ſpoke; and ſtraight to heaven diſcloſing wide
His ſightleſs eye-balls, thus the ſeer reply'd;
' My ſon, th' injuſtice of thy tongue reſtrain,
' Nor let ſuch thoughts thy pious ſoul profane.
' By Phœbus, heavenly augur, who inſpires
' My conſcious boſom with prophetic fires;
' By every woe fate deſtines me to bear,
' And by theſe eyes, involv'd in night, I ſwear;
' By the fell demons of the realms below,
' (Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
' From their reſentment not in death ſecure,
' If falſely their dread godheads I adjure);
' That, ſhould a captive by your arms be freed,
' No god vindictive will avenge the deed.'
Then acquieſcing in the ſolemn pray'r,
To aid the prophet Boreas' ſons prepare.
The youthful train a banquet ſpread; the laſt
Which thoſe fell harpies were decreed to taſte.
Nigh ſtand the brothers, ardent to oppoſe
With glittering falchions their invading foes.
But ſcarce the firſt ſweet morſel Phineus took,
When from the clouds with ſwift pervention broke,
(Swift as the lightning's glance, or ſtormy blaſt,
Whoſe rapid fury lays the foreſt waſte)
Shrill-clamouring for their prey, the birds obſcene;
The watchful heroes ſhouting ruſh'd between;
But they with ſpeedieſt rage the cates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
The ſons of Boreas arm'd with ſwords purſue;
Cloſe they purſue; for Jove, that ſignal day,
Their ſtrength proportion'd to the deſperate fray;
The ſtrength he gave, had Jove, that day, deny'd,
In vain their pinions had the brothers plied.
For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus ſeek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monſters, fleeter than the wind,
Leave the careering zephyrs far behind.
As when ſwift hounds, experienc'd in the chaſe,
Through ſome wide foreſt, o'er the ſcented graſs
The bounding hind, or horned goat purſue,
Near, and more near their panting prey they view;
And eager ſtretching, the ſhort ſpace to gain,
They ſnap, and grind their gnaſhing fangs in vain:
Thus ever near, the rapid chiefs purſu'd,
The harpies thus their graſping hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, ſons of Boreas, ſlain,
The harpy-race, though every god withſtood,
Had ſtain'd the Plotian iſles with ſacred blood;
Their ſore diſtreſs had Iris not ſurvey'd,
And darting from the ſkies the heroes ſtaid:
' O ſons of Boreas, the dread laws above
' Permit you not to wound the dogs of Jove:
' And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
' Shall theſe fell dogs approach the Thracian ſhore.'
This ſaid, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Moſt fear'd, moſt honour'd by immortal gods;
By the flow-dripping urn of Styx ſhe ſwore;
The prophet's peaceful manſions on the ſhore
For ever from thoſe ſpoilers ſhould be free;
Such was the fatal ſiſters' ſix'd decree.
The goddeſs ſwore, the brothers ſtraight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way:
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian iſlands ſtyl'd by ancient fame.
Diſparting then, to different regions flew
The maid celeſtial and the monſter-crew.
Thoſe to the grots retir'd, the dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete;
While the gay goddeſs of the watery bow
Soar'd on fleet pinions to Olympus' brow.
Meanwhile the princes, with unwearied pains,
Waſh from their feet the harpies' filthy ſtains:
Next from the ſpoils, which on Bebrycia's ſhore
From vanquiſh'd Amycus brave Pollux bore,
The fleecy victims they ſelect with care;
And ſooth the gods with ſacrifice and pray'r.
Then in the palace each heroic gueſt
Partakes the pleaſures of the ſumptuous feaſt:
With them ſat Phineus, and refreſh'd his ſoul
With ſavoury viands, and the cheering bowl:
While yet he feaſts, inſatiate ſtill he ſeems,
And ſhares a bliſs beyond the bliſs of dreams.
Though now the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
And generous wine had open'd every breaſt;
Yet ſtill the chiefs prolong the banquet late,
And for the feather'd ſons of Boreas wait.
Plac'd in the mideſt, before the cheerful fire,
Thus of their voyage ſpoke the ſacred ſire:
' Hear what the gods permit me to relate;
' For 'tis profane to publiſh all your fate.
' Unnumber'd woes I felt, and feel them ſtill,
' For erſt divulging Jove's almighty will:
' To man he gives fate's dark events to ſcan
' In part, but always leaves dependent man.
' When hence your deſtin'd voyage ye purſue,
' Two rocks will riſe, tremendous to the view.

' Juſt in the entrance of the watery waſte,
' Which never mortal yet in ſafety paſt:
' Not firmly fix'd for oft with hideous ſhock
' Adverſe they meet, and rock encounters rock:
' The boiling billows daſh their airy brow,
' Loud thundering round the ragged ſhore below.
' Safe if ye hope to paſs, my counſel hear,
' Be rul'd by prudence, and the gods revere;
' Nor on your unexperienc'd youth depend,
' The want of caution brings you to your end.
' Firſt from your ſhip a nimble dove let fly,
' And on the ſure prognoſtic bird rely;
' Safe through the rocks if ſhe purſue her way,
' No longer ye the deſtin'd courſe delay;
' Steer for the ſtrait, and let the rowers ſweep
' With ſtretching oars the cloſe-contracted deep:
' For not in prayers alone your ſafety ſtands;
' But nervous vigour, and the ſtrength of hands.
' Ply then your oars, and ſtrain at every ſtroke;
' But firſt with prayer the deities invoke.
' The dove's ſad fate ſhould you deſponding view,
' Cruſh'd by the cloſing fragments as ſhe flew,
' Steer back, leſt you againſt thoſe rocks be driv'n,
' Steer back; 'tis ſafeſt to ſubmit to Heav'n.
' 'Twere death through them to force the foam-
' ing keel,
' Though heav'n-built Argo were compos'd of
' O friends, be warn'd by me, nor raſhly dare
' To venture farther than my words declare;
' Me though ye deem the righteous gods purſue
' With direful vengeance, threefold more than
' due;
' Tempt not without the dove this dangerous
' For man muſt ſuffer what's ordain'd by fate.
' But if with active oars ye ſafely gain,
' Through theſe tremendous rocks, the diſtant
' main;
' Cloſe to Bithynia let your veſſel run,
' And on the left the dangerous ſhallows ſhun;
' Till Rhebas, rapid-rolling ſtream, ye reach,
' The gloomy ſhore, and Thynia's ſheltering
' beach.
' Thence o'er the billows fronting Thynia's
' Soon will ye gain the Mariandine land.
' Here lies the path to Pluto's dreary caves,
' Here Acheruſia frowns above the waves,
' Whoſe ſkirts the gulfy Acheron divides,
' And from deep whirlpools diſembogues his
' tides.
' Thence, not far diſtant, with the weſtern gale,
' Near Paphlagonia's towering heights ye ſail,
' The hardy ſons of which inclement coaſt
' Eneteian Pelops for their founder boaſt.
' Full to the north a promontory fam'd
' Lifts the high head in air, Carambis nam'd;
' The northern winds below its ſummit ſweep,
' So loftily it riſes o'er the deep.
' This point once doubled, a new coaſt expands
' Its ample plains, and on the limit ſtands
' A cape far-jutting, from whoſe rocky ſhores
' The rapid Halys in old ocean roars.
' Near him clear Iris draws his humbler train,
' In ſilver torrents foaming to the main.
' Beyond projects an headland tall and ſteep,
' And forms a peaceful harbour in the deep.

' Here o'er extenſive fields Thermodon pours,
' Near Themiſcyria's heights, his watery ſtores.
' Next lie the ſpacious Dœan plains, and near
' Three cities of the Amazons appear:
' And next the Chalybes, inur'd to toil,
' Work at the forge, and turn the ſtubborn ſoil.
' Near theſe the wealthy Tiberenians till,
' Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill.
' The Moſſynœcians, next, the country round
' Poſſeſs, with mountains and with foreſts crown'd.
' In towers they live of ſolid timber fram'd,
' Moſſynes call'd, and thence the nation nam'd.
' When theſe are paſt, an iſland bleak and bare
' Lies full in view, there guide your ſhip with
' care,
' And thence with care thoſe noxious birds expel,
' Which on the deſert ſhore unnumber'd dwell.
' Here form'd of ſolid ſtone, and ſeen from far,
' Stands the rough temple of the God of war.
' Two Amazonian queens, renown'd for arms,
' Had rais'd the fane, when ſtunn'd with war's
' alarms.
' Steer to this iſland through the ſtormy main,
' And, all that mariners can wiſh, ye gain.
' But why ſhould I each circumſtance diſcloſe,
' And make again the powers of heaven my foes?
' Beyond that iſle, but on the fronting ſhores,
' The Philyreans feed their fleecy ſtores:
' The brave Macronians till the neighbouring
' coaſt;
' Next theſe the numerous Bechirian hoſt:
' Near them Sapirians and Byzerians dwell,
' And next the Colchians, who in arms excel.
' But ye, your ſteady courſe in Argo keep,
' Shun the falſe ſhores, and plough ſecure the
' deep,
' Till that rich coaſt ye reach, where Phaſis leads
' From Amarantine hills o'er Colchian meads
' His liquid ſtores, and through ſam'd Circe's
' plain;
' Then rolls his widening current to the main.
' To this fam'd ſtream purſue your watery way,
' Soon will your eyes Æeta's towers ſurvey,
' And Mars's grove, where, wondrous to behold!
' Hangs on a ſpreading oak the fleecy gold.
' A hideous dragon of enormous ſize
' Turns all around his circumſpective eyes:
' O'er the bright ſpoil the ſtricteſt watch he
' keeps;
' He never ſlumbers, and he never ſleeps.'

He ſpoke, and terror curdled all their blood;
Deep fix'd in ſilence long the warriors ſtood.
At length thus Jaſon, though poſſeſs'd with fear:
" Tell us, O tell us, venerable ſeer,
" Th' event of all our toils; the ſign explain
" How ſafely we may paſs into the main
" Through thoſe dire rocks: and, O! indulgent,
" Shall we once more our native land ſurvey?
" Unſkill'd am I, unſkill'd our martial train;
" How ſhall I act, how meaſure back the main?
" For far as ever flying ſails were ſurl'd
" Lies Colchos, on the limits of the world."
Thus Jaſon ſpoke; and thus the prophet old:
' Thoſe dangerous rocks once paſs'd, my ſon, be
' bold.

' Some god from Æa ſhall through ſeas untry'd,
' Skirted by other coaſts, your veſſel guide,
' But you, to Æa ſailing, on your crew confide.
' But, friends, to Venus be due honours paid;
' Still in remembrance keep her ſecret aid.
' On all your toils ſhe kindly will beſtow
' A glorious end—expect no more to know."
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſpeeding back repair
The ſons of Boreas through the fields of air;
At the ſeer's door with nimble feet they light:
Up roſe the chiefs, rejoicing at the ſight.
When Zetes trembling, and with toils oppreſs'd,
While thick ſhort ſobs inceſſant heav'd his cheſt,
Tells how they drove the harpies far away,
How Iris ſcreen'd them, and forbade to ſtay,
And pledg'd her ſolemn oath; while they retreat
To the huge caves of mountain-cover'd Crete.
Theſe joyful tidings cheer'd the hearts of all,
But moſt the prophet's, in the feaſtful hall;
Whom Jaſon thus: " Sure from his heavenly ſtate
" Some god look'd down, and wail'd thy woeful
" fate,
" And fore-decreed from far our bands to ſend,
" That Boreas' ſons might their aſſiſtance lend.
" Should the ſame god reſtore the long-loſt ſight,
" My gladden'd ſoul would feel as great delight,
" As even my native country could beſtow." 581
Then thus ſage Phineus, with dejected brow:
' My eyes, alas! ſhall ne'er behold the day;
' Shrunk are theſe balls, and quench'd the viſual ray:
' Heaven round me ſoon death's gloomy ſhade
' ſhall ſpread,
' And every honour will await me dead.'
With converſe thus the fleeting hours they cheer'd,
When roſy morning beaming bright appear'd.
The neighbouring peaſants round, with early day,
Flock to the ſeer, their due regards to pay: 590
This daily cuſtom love and reverence taught;
And ſome proviſion for the ſage they brought.
All came to learn by his prophetic lore:
He to the rich divin'd, and to the poor:
For numerous votaries he reliev'd from dread,
Who dearly lov'd him, and who daily fed.
With theſe his ſteady friend Parabius came,
Who ſaw with joy theſe gallant ſons of fame.
To him prophetic Phineus had foretold,
That a young band of Grecians, brave and bold,
Should, in their voyage to the Colchian ſhore, 601
In Thynia's bay their well-built veſſel moor,
And from theſe coaſts thoſe ravenous birds of prey
The harpies drive, though ſent by Jove away.
The ſeer, well pleas'd, diſmiſs'd his friendly train,
But bade Parabius with the Greeks remain,
And fetch him inſtant from his numerous ſtock
A ſheep, the beſt and faireſt of the flock.
The willing ſwain obey'd the ſeer's requeſt,
And Phineus thus the mariners addreſs'd: 610
' We are not all unciviliz'd and rude,
' My friends, nor guilty of ingratitude.
' That ſhepherd to my manſion came of late,
' To learn from me the colour of his fate;
' For the more labours and fatigues he bore,
' Pale, pining want oppreſs'd him ſtill the more;
' New woes ſucceeded to the woes that paſt,
' And every day was darker than the laſt:
' And yet no crime had poor Parabius wrought,
' Alas! he ſuffer'd for his father's fault: 620
' Who, when alone, and on the mountain's brow,
' With cruel axe he laid the foreſt low,
' Deaf to a doleful hamadryad's pray'r,
' The nymph neglected, and refus'd to ſpare,
' Though oft ſhe urg'd this lamentable plea;'
" Pity, ah, pity my coeval tree,
" Where I ſo many bliſsful ages dwelt!"
' But his hard heart no ſoft compaſſion felt: 628
' The tree he fell'd; and, for this foul diſgrace,
' The nymph ordain'd him woes, and all his race
' To me Parabius came, oppreſs'd with fear:
' The cauſe I found, and counſell'd him to rear
' An altar to the goddeſs of the ſhore,
' And pardon for his father's crimes implore.
' Thus was the guilt aton'd: e'er ſince, the man
' Pays all regards that grateful mortal can:
' For ever at my ſide he loves to ſtay,
' And always goes unwillingly away.' 638
Thus Phineus ſpoke, when from his fleecy ſtock
His friend brought two, the faireſt of the flock.
Then Jaſon roſe, and, urg'd by Phineus blind,
Roſe the bold offspring of the northern wind:
Their ſacred offerings on the flames they lay,
Invoking Phœbus at the dawn of day,
The choiceſt viands with aſſiduous care
The younger heroes for their friends prepare.
Thus feaſted, ſome their veſſel's cordage preſs'd,
Some in the prophet's manſion ſunk to reſt.
Eteſian breezes with the morning blow, 649
Which, ſent by Jove, o'er every region flow.
The nymph Cyrene, in old times, 'tis ſaid,
Her flocks beſide Theſſalian Peneus fed,
Pleas'd with the honours of her virgin name,
Till day's bright god ſeduc'd the rural dame.
Far from Hæmonia he convey'd the fair,
Brought to the nymphs, and truſted to their care,
The mountain-nymphs that in parch'd Libya keep
Their airy manſions on Myrtoſia's ſteep.
Cyrene there, along the winding ſhore,
Thee, Ariſtæus, to Apollo bore; 660
To whom rich ſwains, who in Theſſalia live,
The names of Agreus and of Nomius give.
With length of days the god her love repaid,
And fix'd her huntreſs of the woodland ſhade;
But the young boy to Chiron's care he gave,
To reap inſtruction in his learned cave.
To him, when blooming in the prime of life,
The muſes gave Autonoë to wife;
And taught their favourite pupil to excel
In arts of healing, and divining well. 670
To him they gave their numerous flocks to
feed,
Which Phthia's athamantine paſtures breed;
And thoſe that ſtray on Othrys' loftv brow,
Or where Apidanus' fam'd waters flow.
But when fierce Syrius ſcorch'd the Cyclades,
The realms of Minos, in th' Ægean ſeas,
Nought could the burning malady allay;
The iſlanders implor'd the god of day,
Who ſent young Ariſtæus to their aid,
By whom the fatal peſtilence was ſtaid. 680
At his ſire's call he left fair Phthia's land,
Attended by a bold Arcadian band,

Who from Lycaon their extraction boaſt,
And ſail'd to Ceos with his numerous hoſt.
He there an altar rais'd to ſhowery Jove,
And made oblation on the heights above
To the red ſtar that deſolates the land,
And to heaven's king; at whoſe ſupreme command
Th' Eteſian winds, while forty days they blow,
Refreſh with balmy gales the ſoil below.
Ev'n now the Cean prieſts pay rites divine
Before the burning ſtars begin to ſhine.
Thus fame reports; and by theſe winds detain'd,
With Phineus ſtill the Argonauts remain'd.
The grateful Thynians daily, while they ſtaid,
To their lov'd ſeer abundant ſtores convey'd.
Yet, ere they leave this hoſpitable land,
To the twelve gods erect they on the ſtrand
An altar, and with ſacrifice and pray'r
Appeaſe the powers of heaven, and to their ſhip repair,
Eager their long neglected oars to prove;
Yet not unmindful of the timorous dove,
Which ſafely faſten'd by a ſlender band
Euphemus carry'd trembling in his hand. [cord:
Quick from the ſtay they lopp'd the double
Minerva ſaw the heroes haſte aboard:
On a thin cloud ſhe lighted from above,
(The cloud upheld the mighty ſeed of Jove)
And ſped her voyage to the Euxine main,
For much ſhe lov'd the delegated train.
So when ſome ſhepherd quits his native home,
(As men adventurous much delight to roam)
No roads too diſtant or too long appear,
In thought he ſees, and thinks his manſion near;
O'er ſea, o'er land, with keen inquiring eyes
He views all ways, and in idea flies:
Thus to the Thynian ſhore, from heaven above,
Swift flew the daughter of imperial Jove.
When now the heroes through the vaſt profound [round,
Reach the dire ſtraits with rocks encompaſs'd
Though boiling gulfs the ſailing pine detain'd,
Still on their way the labouring Grecians gain'd,
When the loud-juſtling rocks increas'd their fears:
The ſhores reſounding thunder'd in their ears.
High on the prow Euphemus took his ſtand,
And held the dove that trembled in his hand.
The reſt with Typhus on their ſtrength rely'd,
To ſhun the rocks, and ſtem the roaring tide.
Soon, one ſharp angle paſt, the joyful train
Saw the cleft crags wide opening to the main.
Euphemus loos'd the dove, the heroes ſtood
Erect to ſee her ſkim the foaming flood.
She through the rocks a ready paſſage found:
The dire rocks met, and gave a dreadful ſound.
The ſalt ſea ſpray in clouds began to riſe;
Old ocean thunder'd; the cerulean ſkies
Rebellow'd loudly with the fearful din;
The caves below remurmur'd from within. [o'er
O'er wave-worn cliffs, the coaſt's high margin
Boil'd the light foam, and whiten'd all the ſhore.
Round whirl'd the ſhip; the rocks with rapid ſway
Lopp'd from the dove her ſteering tail away;
Yet ſtill ſecurely through the ſtraits ſhe flew:
Loud joy inſpir'd the circumſpective crew.
But Typhys urg'd the chiefs their oars to ply,
For the rocks yawn'd tremendous to the eye.
Then terror ſeiz'd them, when with ſudden ſhock
The refluent billows forc'd them on the rock:
With chilling fears was every nerve unſtrung,
While o'er their heads impending ruin hung.
Before, behind, they ſaw the ſpacious deep,
When inſtant, lo! a billow, vaſt and ſteep,
Still riſes higher, and ſtill wider ſpreads,
And hangs a wat'ry mountain o'er their heads.
The heroes ſtoop'd, expecting by its fall
That mighty billow would o'erwhelm them all;
But Typhys' art reliev'd the labouring oars:
On Argo's keel the impetuous torrent pours,
Which rais'd the ſhip above the rocks ſo high,
She ſeem'd ſublimely ſailing in the ſky.
Euphemus haſtening urg'd the valiant crew
Their courſe with all their vigour to purſue.
Shouting they ply'd their oars, but ply'd in vain;
For the rough billows beat them back again.
And as the heroes unremitting row,
Their labouring oars were bent into a bow.
Swift down the mountainous billows Argo glides,
Like a huge cylinder along the tides,
Entangled with thick, craggy rocks around,
Her ſeams all burſting, and her planks unbound.
In that nice moment the Tritonian maid
To ſacred Argo lent the timely aid.
Her left hand heav'd her from the craggy ſteep,
Her right diſmiſs'd her gently to the deep:
Then like an arrow from th' elaſtic yew,
Swift o'er the foaming waves the veſſel flew.
Yet had the claſhing rocks with adverſe ſway
Torn the tall prow's embelliſhments away.
When thus the Greeks had ſafely reach'd the main,
To heaven Minerva wing'd her flight again.
The parted rocks at once concurrent ſtood,
Fix'd on one firm foundation in the flood:
This had been long determin'd by the fates,
If mortal ever paſt thoſe dangerous ſtraits.
Now freed from fears, the Greeks with eager eyes
View the broad ocean and ſerener ſkies:
Their anxious doubts for Argo they diſpel,
And deem her reſcued from the jaws of hell.
Then Typhys thus: 'Sure to this ſhip we owe
'That fearleſs ſafety we experience now.
'For though wiſe Argus with ingenious art
'Form'd the fair ſhip compact in every part,
'Vigour divine propitious Pallas gave,
'And pow'r aſſign'd her o'er the wind and wave.
'All now is ſafe: fear not thy haughty lord,
'But mark, illuſtrious chief, the prophet's word;
"The rocks eſcap'd, no future fears remain,
"Your toils are eaſy, and your voyage plain."
Thus he; and ſteering through the ſpacious ſea,
Near fair Bithynia plow'd the liquid way.
Then Jaſon mild the pilot thus addreſs'd:
"Why, Typhys, this to me with grief oppreſs'd?
"Yes I have err'd—my faults afflict my ſoul:
"When Pelias gave command without controul,
"'Twas mine to've ſhunned this wild-projected plot,
"Though inſtant death had been my certain lot.
"Now fears and cares my tortur'd boſom rend;
"I dread thoſe ills that from the deep impend,

" I dread the ſavage coaſt, and every place
" Where dwells the bloody or the barbarous race.
" No peace by day, no ſleep at night I take,
" Since theſe brave chiefs aſſembled for my ſake.
" With cold indifference may'ſt thou now look down,
" For no man's ſafety anxious but thy own;
" But I, the leaſt ſolicitous for mine,
" Feel for this friend's, that comrade's, and for
" thine.
" Much ſhall I feel for all this martial band,
" Unleſs they ſafe regain their native land."
Thus ſpoke the prince, his gallant hoſt to try:
With animating ſounds they rend the ſky.
The loud acclaim was grateful to his ears,
And thus he boldly hails his brave compeers:
" Your valour, friends, encourages my ſoul:
" And ſince no fears your gallant hearts controul,
" Boldly will I each coward thought repel,
" Though doom'd to enter the abyſs of hell.
" For theſe rocks paſt, no dangers can diſmay,
" If we the counſel of the ſeer obey."
The Greeks applauding what their leader ſpoke,
Ply their ſtout oars, and bend to every ſtroke;
And firſt by Rhebas rapid ſtream they fly,
And where Colona's rocks invade the ſky,
And where the black-brow'd promontory low'rs,
And where lov'd Phillis his broad current pours.
There Dipſacus receiv'd, in days of yore,
Young Phryxus landing on his friendly ſhore,
When, exil'd from Orchomenos, he ſwam
On the broad ſhoulders of the gold-fleec'd ram.
For to that ſtream a nymph of rural race
Bore Dipſacus, who, fearful of diſgrace,
Dwelt with his mother, and along the mead
Choſe, near his father's ſtream, his fleecy flocks to feed.
The chiefs ſoon paſs'd his celebrated fane,
The river Calpis, and th' extended plain;
And all the night, along the tranquil tide,
And all the day their oars inceſſant ply'd.
As when laborious ſteers, inur'd to toil,
With the bright plough-ſhare turn the ſtubborn ſoil,
Sweat from their ſides diſtils in foamy ſmoke;
Their eyes obliquely roll beneath the yoke;
Their ſcorching breath heaves quick with panting ſound,
While all day long they tread the weary ground:
So toil'd the Greeks; nor yet the morning light
Had paſs'd the doubtful cónfines of the night,
But, faintly glimmering on this earthly ball,
Produc'd what mortals morning-twilight call.
To Thynia's neighbouring iſle their courſe they bore,
And ſafely landed on the deſert ſhore,
When bright Apollo ſhow'd his radiant face,
From Lycia haſtening to the Scythian race,
His golden locks, that flow'd with grace divine,
Hung cluſtering like the branches of the vine:
In his left hand his bow unbent he bore,
His quiver pendent at his back he wore:
The conſcious iſland trembled as he trod,
And the big rolling waves confeſs'd the god.
Nor dar'd the heroes, ſeiz'd with dire diſmay,
The ſplendours of his countenance ſurvey,
But on the ground their downward eyes they caſt:
Meanwhile Apollo o'er the watery waſte,
And through thin ether on his journey flew.
Then thus ſpoke Orpheus to the martial crew:
" Let us, my honour'd chiefs, with joint acclaim
" This iſland ſacred to bright Phœbus name,
" Who early here to all this hoſt appear'd;
" Here let an altar on the ſhore be rear'd,
" And paid the rites divine: and if he deign
" That ſafe we reach our native land again,
" Young horned goats ſhall on his altars bleed,
" And the choice thighs to Phœbus be decreed.
" Now, comrades, due libations let us pay:
" Be gracious, O be gracious, god of day!"
Thus he: and ſome the ſtony altar raiſe,
And ſome explore the foreſt's devious maze;
Haply within its lone retreats to find
A kid wild wandering, or a bounding hind:
Latona's ſon ſoon led them to the prey;
Then on the altar, blazing bright, they lay
The choiceſt parts involv'd in ſacred ſmoke,
And fair Apollo, early god, invoke.
Around the flame in ſprightly dance they ſpring,
And Iö Pæan, Iö Pæan ſing.
Then on the Thracian harp Oeager's ſon
In ſoothing ſtrains his tuneful tale begun:
How once beneath Parnaſſus' rocky brow
He launch'd an arrow from his deadly bow,
And the fell ſerpent ſlew; though young and fair,
And beardleſs yet, but grac'd with golden hair:
O prove propitious, thou whoſe radiant head
Is deck'd with curls unclip'd, that never ſhed,
Worthy thyſelf! (Latona only knows
With niceſt art thoſe ringlets to diſpoſe)
Corycian nymphs their joys in rapture ſhow'd,
And Iö, Iö Pæan call'd aloud:
Encomium grateful to the god of day.
Thus having prais'd him in the ſolemn lay,
They ſwear devoutly, due libations made,
To league for ever, and lend mutual aid;
Then touch the hallow'd altar with their hands
Concordant; and ev'n now a temple ſtands
Sacred to Concord, by the Grecians rais'd,
When here that mighty deity they prais'd.
Now the third morn began on earth to ſmile,
When with freſh gales they left the lofty iſle.
The foaming Sangar at a diſtance ſeen,
The Mariandine meads for ever green,
And Lycus' winding waters they forſake
All on the right, and Anthemoiſia's lake,
So faſt before the wind the veſſel went,
Crack'd was the cordage, and the canvaſs rent:
But the gale ceaſing with the dawning day,
Joyful they reach the Acheruſian bay,
Begirt with rocks ſo towering tall and ſteep,
The frown tremendous on Bithynia's deep;
And yet ſo firmly founded in the main,
The raging billows round them roar in vain:
Above, upon the promontory's brow,
Umbragcous planes in beauteous order grow.
Thence, downward, through a deep and dreary dell,
Deſcends the path-way to the cave of hell,

With woods and shaggy rocks obscure; from whence
Exhaling vapours, chilly, damp, and dense,
Scatter hoar frost along the whitening way,
Which melts before the sun's meridian ray.
On these rough cliffs, which many a storm molests,
The pleasing power of silence never rests.
From hollow caverns through the leafy boughs,
Above, the whistling wind for ever blows;
And while mad billows lash the sounding shores,
Below, the raging main for ever roars.
There, bursting from the promontory's sides,
Sad Acheron along the valley glides;
Deep-hollow'd beds his turbid streams convey,
As eastward to the main he winds his way.
This fable flood, in ancient story fam'd,
The Megarensians Soönautes nam'd
In after ages, when their course they bore
By ocean to the Mariandine shore:
For when the deep in deathful billows heav'd,
This peaceful port their shatter'd ships receiv'd.
To this the labouring Grecians bent their way,
Row'd round the cape, and anchor'd in the bay.
When Lycus and his Mariandine host,
Lycus, the mighty monarch of the coast,
Knew these brave Greeks who Amycus had slain,
They welcom'd Jason and his conquering train:
But most on Pollux fix'd their wondering eyes,
And view'd him as a hero from the skies:
For long the fierce Bebrycian's rude alarms
Had rous'd the Mariandyni to arms.
That day, the Grecian band with one consent
To the king's hospitable palace went:
Cheerful they there on choicest dainties din'd,
And there with converse sweet regal'd the mind.
Then Jason to the king recounts the name
And race of all these chosen sons of fame,
Who lent their aid at Pelias' dire command;
Their strange adventures on the Lemnian land;
What griefs, what woes at Cyzicus they bore;
And how they landed on the Mysian shore,
Where Hercules, distress'd his friend to find,
They left at land, unwillingly behind.
What Glaucus spoke prophetic from the main,
How with his subjects Amycus was slain,
The prince relates: what Phineus poor and old,
Worn out with sufferings to the chiefs foretold;
How through Cyanean rocks they safely steer'd,
And in what isle the god of day appear'd.
The king rejoic'd his guests so well had sped.
But griev'd that Hercules was left, and said:
'Think how, my friends, this hero's aid deny'd,
'Rashly ye tempt a length of seas untry'd.
'Full well I knew that valiant son of fame,
'When here on foot through Lydia's coast he came
'(For here my hospitable father dwelt)
'To fetch Hippolita's embroider'd belt.
'The hero found me then a beardless swain,
'Mourning my brother by the Mysians slain;
'(The nation dearly lov'd the blooming chief,
'And still lament in elegies of grief)
'Then at the funeral games he prov'd his might,
'And vanquish'd Titias in the gauntlet-fight
'Though young and stout, and eager for the fray,
'From his bruis'd jaws he dash'd the teeth away,
'The Mysian country, and the Phrygian plains,
'The conqueror added to my sire's domains;
'And the rude nations that Bithynia till,
'To foaming Rhebas and Colona's hill;
'And Paphlagonia to its utmost bounds,
'Which fable Billis with his waves surrounds.
'But now proud Amycus, and all his host,
'Since Hercules has left the neighbouring coast,
'Have spoil'd my realms, and spread their hostile bands
'Wide as where Hipias' streams enrich the lands.
'At length their lawless insolence they rue;
'And by your hands have suffer'd vengeance due.
'And sure some god afforded his relief
'When Pollux slew that proud Bebrycian chief.
'I for this deed my due regard will show;
''Tis what the meanest to the mighty owe.
'My son, your comrade, shall at my command
'Attend o'er distant seas your gallant band:
'O'er distant seas, with Dascylus your guide,
'You still with faithful friends shall be supply'd,
'Far as Thermodon rolls his foaming tide.
'Meanwhile on yon bold cape that mates the skies
'To Leda's sons a sacred fane shall rise,
'Admir'd by all that cross the boundless main,
'For all shall venerate the sacred fane:
'To them will I, as to the powers divine,
'Some fruitful acres near the town assign.'
Conversing thus, the genial feast they share,
And to the ship at early day repair:
With his brave son the friendly Lycus went,
Who store of viands to the ship had sent.
'Twas here the cruel destinies decreed
That Idmon, fam'd for augury, should bleed:
The fate of others he had oft foreshown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Here, in a covert near the reedy flood,
A fell wild boar lay deep immers'd in mud.
With horrid tusks so dreadful he appear'd,
The fountain-nymphs the savage monster fear'd:
No living wight in miry marsh or moor
E'er saw so fierce, so horrible a boar.
On the lake's verge as luckless Idmon stood,
From his close covert, in the reedy mud,
Up sprung the furious beast with might and main,
Tore the chief's thigh, and snapp'd the bone in twain;
He groans, he falls, and on the bank he lies,
His griev'd companions answer to his cries;
When Peleus instantly approaching near,
Launch'd at the boar his unavailing spear:
But Idas aim'd his pointed dart so well,
Low in the marsh the dying monster fell.
The chiefs with Idmon to the ship retir'd,
Who deeply groaning in their arms expir'd.
Immers'd in grief, they now neglect to sail;
For three whole days their comrade they bewail;
But on the fourth, with pensive sorrow, paid
The last sad honours due to Idmon's shade.
The king, the people join'd the mournful crew,
And, loud lamenting, numerous victims slew:

They dug the grave, and on the greenſward raiſe
A tomb on which poſterity will gaze:
For near the tomb a tall wild olive grows,
Beneath the cape, and beautifully blows.
Me would the nine commiſſion to unfold
This truth, which Phœbus had long ſince foretold,
This, this is he, the tutelary lord,
Henceforth to be by mighty ſtates ador'd:
For here Bœotians and Megarians join'd,
Near the wild olive wavering in the wind,
To build a city; though due honours they
To Agameſtor, not to Idmon, pay.
Who fell beſide? for, lo! the chiefs intend
Another tomb for ſome lamented friend.
Ev'n now two mournful monuments appear:
Tiphys, fame ſays, was ſtretch'd upon the bier.
Him cruel fate ordain'd no more to roam;
He died far diſtant from his native home.
For while to Idmon funeral rites they pay,
Untimely ſickneſs ſnatch'd the chief away.
Then heart-felt ſadneſs ſeiz'd the penſive train,
Who, proſtrate on the margin of the main,
Forgetful of their neceſſary food,
Mourn'd in ſad ſilence to the roaring flood.
For they, now ſkilful Tiphys is no more,
Deſpair'd returning to their native ſhore;
And here had ſtaid, with bitter grief oppreſs'd,
Had not Saturnia in Ancæus' breaſt
Breath'd courage: him Aſtypalæa bore,
Near winding Imbraſus on Samos' ſhore,
To ocean's god; a chief expert to guide
The flying veſſel o'er the foaming tide.
Then thus to Peleus, Neptune's valiant ſon,
By heaven inſpir'd, in cheering terms begun:
'Ill ſuits the brave in foreign climes to ſtay,
'And waſte, O Peleus, precious time away.
'I left not Samos leſs for ſailing ſkill'd
'Than fierce contention, in the fighting field.
'For Argo cheriſh not one abject fear,
'Since many ſkill'd, beſides myſelf, are here.
'And he, to whom the ſteerage we ordain,
'Will ſafely guide the veſſel o'er the main.
'Tis then to ſtimulate the fainting crew
'With ready oars their voyage to purſue.'
He ſpoke, and tranſport touch'd the Phthian's breaſt,
Inſtant he roſe, and thus the hoſt addreſs'd:
"Why are we here by fruitleſs grief detain'd?
"Two friends are dead, and this the fates ordain'd;
"Yet many pilots in this hoſt remain,
"To ſteer firm Argo o'er the watery plain,
"To ſorrows unavailing bid adieu!
"Let us, bold peers, our deſtin'd courſe purſue."
He ſaid, and Jaſon anxious thus reply'd;
'Where are thoſe pilots, ſay, our courſe to guide?
'For thoſe whom late we hoaſted as the beſt
'And ableſt chiefs, are moſt with grief oppreſs'd,
'I therefore deem a like ſad fate attends
'On us, as on our late departed friends,
'If neither in Æeta's ports we moor,
'Nor through thoſe rocks regain our native ſhore.
'But here inactive and inglorious ſtay,
'Years following years, and linger life away.'
He ſpoke; Ancæus ſeiz'd the ſteerage, driv'n
By power inſtinctive from the queen of heav'n.
Erginus next the glorious charge deſir'd;
Euphemus, Nauplius to the helm aſpir'd.
But theſe the congregated chiefs declin'd,
And bold Ancæus to the poſt aſſign'd.
With the twelfth riſing morn the heroes ſail;
Favonius breath'd a favourable gale;
And ſoon they leave ſad Acheron behind,
Then give the ſwelling canvaſs to the wind:
On the ſmooth ſea the ſhip ſerenely rides,
And light along the liquid level guides.
Ere long with ſtretching ſails the coaſt they gain,
Where broad Callichorus augments the main.
To Thebes returning from his Indian fights,
Here Bacchus ſolemniz'd myſterious rites,
The dance before the ſacred cave ordain'd,
And here full many a doleful night remain'd.
This name the country to the river gave,
Callichorus; and Aulion to the cave.
Still as their courſe the daring Greeks purſue,
The monument of Sthenelus they view.
With honours grac'd, obtain'd in realms afar,
Returning from the Amazonian war,
On the bleak ſhore (Alcides at his ſide)
Pierc'd by a fatal dart the hero died.
Slow ſail'd they on, for, eager to ſurvey
His kindred warriors on the watery way,
At his requeſt, from her infernal coaſt
Pluto's grim queen releas'd the penſive ghoſt.
The penſive ghoſt beheld with eager ken
From the tall monument the ſhip and men.
As arm'd for war the martial phantom ſeem'd;
Four creſts high-towering on his helmet beam'd,
With purple rays intolerably bright;
Then ſoon it ſunk beneath the ſhades of night.
In mute amazement ſtood the Grecian hoſt
But Mopſus counſel'd to appeaſe the ghoſt
With offerings due; the chiefs approach the ſtrand,
And round the tomb of Sthenelus they ſtand.
They pour libations, and the victims ſlay,
And on the fire the deſtin'd offerings lay.
Apart, to guardian Phœbus next they raiſe
An altar meet, and bid the victims blaze.
Here Orpheus plac'd his lyre for muſic fam'd;
Apollo's altar hence was Lyra nam'd.
And now, invited by the favouring gales,
They climb the ſhip and ſpread their ſwelling ſails;
Swift o'er the deep the winged veſſel flies,
Swift as the rapid hawk that cleaves the ſkies,
And lightly through the liquid ether ſprings,
Nor moves, ſelf-poiz'd, his wide expanded wings.
Thence by Parthenius ſail'd the ſocial train,
The gentleſt ſtream that mingles with the main.
Fatigued with traverſing the mazy grove,
Here, ere ſhe re-aſcends the courts of Jove,
The chaſte Diana, huntreſs of the wood,
Bathes her fair limbs, and gambols in the flood.
Then during night by Seſamus they ſail,
And Erythinus riſing o'er the vale;
By Cromna and Crobrialus, and where
Thy grove, Cytorus, ever green appear.

Thence with the rising sun they stoutly row
Near where Carambis lifts his rocky brow.
All day, all night with unremitted oar
They coast along Ægialus's shore.
Then to the Syrian clime the heroes sped,
Where Jove, by hasty promises misled
Sinope plac'd, and, all she wish'd to claim,
Gave her the honours of a virgin's name.
For, know, the god, by love's strong power oppress'd,
Promis'd to grant whate'er she might request:
And this request th' insidious damsel made,
That her virginity might never fade.
Hence Phœbus foil'd could no one wish obtain;
Hence winding Alys woo'd the maid in vain.
No mortal force such virtue could o'ercome,
Defeat Jove's promise, and impair her bloom.
Here dwelt Deïmachus's offspring fam'd,
Deileon Autolycus and Phlogius nam'd,
What time they ceas'd with Hercules to roam,
And at Sinope found a settled home.
They, when they saw the bold Thessalian band,
Met them on shore and welcom'd them to land;
And loathing longer in these climes to stay,
Join'd the brave crew, and with them sail'd away.
Bless'd with the zephyr's breeze that briskly blew.
Near Halys' stream and Isis' sail'd the crew;
Near Syria's coast, and, e'er night's shades abound,
Near th' Amazonian cape, for many a bay renown'd.
Where Hercules surpris'd in days of yore,
Bold Menalippe wandering on the shore:
A belt Hippolyta her sister paid,
And for this ransom he restor'd the maid.
Here in Thermodon's bay firm Argo moor'd:
For lash'd with tempests the vex'd ocean roar'd.
No river like the fam'd Thermodon leads
Such numerous currents o'er the fertile meads:
A hundred streams to him their waters owe;
Yet from one source, one only source they flow.
On Amazonian hills, that reach the skies,
The great Thermodon first begins to rise;
Hence soon emerging many a course he takes,
Sinks but to mount, and various channels makes.
The different streams from different founts distil,
In soft meanders wandering down the hill;
Some public notice and fair titles claim,
Some flow obscurely, and without a name;
But confluent soon, along the winding plain,
He rolls his waves, and foams o'er half the main.
Had the Greeks landed on the hostile coast,
War would have soon pursu'd the gallant host:
(For the fierce Amazons regard not right,
Strife is their sport, and battles their delight:
From Mars and harmony these warlike maids
Sprung where Acmonius spreads his bowery shades!
But favour'd with the soft Favonian wind,
The heroes left the crooked shore behind,
Where the bold Amazons, perceiv'd from far,
Stood sheath'd in arms, prepar'd for speedy war.
Not in one city dwelt this martial band,
But in three parties scatter'd o'er the land:
The first tribe at Themiscyra remain'd,
O'er this Hippolyta, their empress, reign'd;
There dwelt the fair Lycastian dames apart,
Here the Chalcesians, skill'd to lance the dart.
Th' ensuing day the delegated band
Approach'd with oars the rough Chalybian land;
Whose sons ne'er yoke their oxen to the plough,
Nor healing plants, nor fruits delicious know:
Nor aught delight they in th' irriguous mead,
Retir'd and still, their fleecy flocks to feed;
But they dig iron from the mountain's side,
And by this ore are nature's wants supply'd.
Devoid of toil ne'er beam'd Aurora's ray,
And dust and smoke obscur'd the dismal day.
From thence they pass where Tibarenians till,
Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill.
Here, when the teeming wives, are brought to bed,
Their groaning husbands hang the drooping head;
Equal attendance with their wives they claim;
The same their diet, and their baths the same.
Next by the sacred hill their oars impel,
Firm Argo, where the Mossynœcians dwell.
In towers they live, of solid timber fram'd,
Mossynes call'd, and thence the nation nam'd:
Of manners strange; for they with care conceal
Those deeds which others openly reveal;
And actions, that in secret should be done,
Perform in public and before the sun:
For like the monsters of the bristly drove,
In public they perform the feats of love.
Exalted in his tower that mates the sky,
The monarch here dispenses law from high:
But if his judgment err, this rigid stare
Condemns their chief, and starving is his fate.
These nations past, with unremitting oar
They reach, Aretias, thy sea-girt shore.
Then sunk the breezes with the closing day,
When down the sky descending they survey
A winged monster of enormous might
Which toward the ship precipitates her flight.
Her wings she shook, and from her pinions flung,
A dart-like quill, which on Oïleus hung;
Down his left shoulder swift it fell: no more,
Faint and enfeebled, could he hold his oar.
In silence long the Grecian heroes gaze,
And view the feathery javelin with amaze.
But Erybotes, soon approaching near,
Extracted from the chief the winged spear;
Then from his side his pendent belt unbound,
And wrapp'd that bandage o'er the gaping wound.
When, lo! a second bird appear'd in view,
But ready Clytius first had bent his yew;
By his keen shaft the feather'd monster slain
Fast by the ship fell headlong in the main.
Then thus Amphidamus: 'My friends, ye know,
'And these obscene voracious fiends foreshow
'Arctias near: then list to what I say,
'Fruitless are shafts to drive these pests away;
'But, would you here a fit reception find,
'Recal th' advice of Phineus to your mind.
'For when Alcides to Arcadia went
'Well arm'd with arrows, on his toils intent,
'From the Stymphæan lake he fail'd to
'fright
'These ravenous harpies (I beheld the sight)

' But when he rung a cymbal with his ſpear;
' The clanging cymbal hill'd the birds with fear:
' In wild confuſion far away they fly,
' And with ſhrill clamours pierce the diſtant ſky.
' 'Tis ours to practiſe this expulſive art;
' But hear ye firſt the counſel I impart:
' Let half our crew in glittering armour dreſs'd,
' Nod, as by turns they row the high-plum'd creſt;
' The reſt bright ſpears and ſwords and ſhields
' provide,
' And meet diſpoſe them round the veſſel's ſide.
' Then all at once your voices raiſe on high,
' And with loud pealing ſhouts aſſail the ſky;
' The deafening clamours, the protended ſpears,
' And nodding creſts will fill the birds with fears.
' And when Aretia's barren iſle ye gain,
' Ring your broad bucklers, and all ſhout amain.'
He ſpoke, the chiefs approv'd the wiſe deſign;
High on their heads the brazen helmets ſhine,
Whoſe purple creſts wav'd dreadful in the wind;
To theſe alternate were ſtout oars aſſign'd;
The reſt with care their veſſel's ſide conceal'd
With glittering ſpears, and many a ſhining ſhield.
As when induſtrious builders cover o'er
With tiles the walls their hands had rais'd before;
In chequer'd ſquares they decorate the roof,
And make it fair to view, and tempeſt proof:
Thus they with ſhields diſpos'd in order due,
Shelter'd their veſſel, and adorn'd it too.
As when embattled hoſts their foes aſſail,
Tumultuous ſhouts, and martial ſounds prevail;
So from the ſhip loud clamours pierc'd the ſky;
No more the Greeks their feather'd foes deſcry:
Rattling their bucklers, near the land they drew,
And far away the winged furies flew.
So when great Jove on cloſe-throng'd cities pours
From hyperborean clouds his haily ſhowers;
Within, the dwellers ſit in peace profound,
Nor heed the rattling ſtorms that rage around;
In vain the hail deſcends, the tempeſts roar,
Their roofs from harm were well ſecur'd before:
Thus on their ſhields the furies ſhot their quills,
Then clamouring vaniſh'd to far diſtant hills.

Say, Muſe, why Phineus counſel'd here to land,
On Mars's iſle, this delegated band?
And what advantage could the Grecians gain
From all the toils and perils of the main?

To ſam'd Orchomenos, with favourite gale,
From Æa's walls the ſons of Phrixus ſail,
Their grandſire's vaſt inheritance to ſhare,
Who dying left this voyage to their care.
Near Mar's iſland on this ſignal day
The ſons of Phrixus plow'd the liquid way.
But Jove ordain'd that Boreas blaſts ſhould blow,
While moiſt Arcturus ſoak'd the vales below.
Firſt on the mountains, riſing by degrees,
All day rough Boreas ſhook the trembling trees;
Then, night approaching, he with hideous ſound
Roll'd the big waves, and heav'd the vaſt profound.
No ſtars appear tranſlucent through the clouds,
But gloomy darkneſs every object ſhrouds.
The ſon of Phrixus, toſt by whelming waves,
With horror ſhudder'd at the watery graves;
For the fierce blaſt, impell'd with might and main,
Tore all their canvaſs, ſplit the ſhip in twain
And daſh'd to pieces; but by heaven's kind aid
On a large fragment of the wreck convey'd,
The winds and waves the trembling brothers bore
Aghaſt, and half expiring to the ſhore.
Inſtant in floods deſcended copious rain,
Drench'd the whole iſland, and increas'd the main;
(Theſe ſhores, the neighbouring coaſt, and ſacred
hill,
The rude, the barbarous Moſſynœcians till)
Borne on a broken plank, the forceful blaſt
The ſons of Phrixus on this iſland caſt,
Who met the Grecians with the riſing ſun;
Ceas'd was the rain, and Argus thus begun:
' Adjur'd by Jove, whoſe circumſpective ken
' Surveys the conduct and the cares of men,
' Whate'er your name or race, our tale attend,
' And to the wretched your aſſiſtance lend.
' The raging ſtorms that Neptune's empire ſweep,
' Have wreck'd our luckleſs veſſel in the deep;
' To you we pray, if pity touch your heart,
' Some ſcanty raiment for our wants impart;
' The ſons of miſery for mercy call;
' To one low level ſorrow ſinks us all.
' They who to proſtrate ſuppliants lend an ear,
' The laws of hoſpitable Jove revere.
' All-preſent he hath liſten'd to our pray'r,
' And ſinking ſav'd us with a parent's care.'
Then Æſus ſon (fulfilling Phineus' plan)
Thus queſtion'd mild the miſerable man;
" But firſt, of truth obſervant, frankly tell,
" In what far region of the world ye dwell;
" What buſineſs call'd you from your native
" coaſt,
" What race ye ſprung from, and what names ye
Then Argus thus: ' Ye, ſure, have heard the
" fame
' Of Phrixus, who from Greece to Æa came.
' To great Æeta's citadel he ſwam
' Supported on the ſhoulders of the ram,
' Whoſe fleece now high-ſuſpended ye behold,
' By Hermes metamorphos'd into gold.
' On the tall oak's high top it hangs in view,
' The ram to Jove, propitious, Phrixus ſlew.
' The generous king receiv'd him as his gueſt,
' And with undower'd Chalciope he bleſs'd.
' From theſe we ſprung; but Phrixus breathes no
' more,
' His bones lie buried on the Colchian ſhore.
' We now to ſam'd Orchomenos repair,
' The wide domains of Athamas to ſhare;
' Such were the laſt injunctions of our ſire:
' Our buſineſs this—if ye our names require,
' This Cytiſorus, that will Phrontis claim,
' He ſurnam'd Melas, Argus is my name.'
He ſpoke: the Argonauts with ſtill amaze,
And ſecret tranſport on the ſtrangers gaze.
Then Jaſon mark'd the much enduring man,
And thus with mild benevolence began:
" Friends as ye are, and near relations too,
" To us for ſuccour not in vain ye ſue.
" Cretheus and Athamas their ſire the ſame;
" And Cretheus was my honour'd grandſire's
" name:
" With theſe companions join'd, I ſail'd from
" To Colchos, famous for the golden fleece—
[boaſt."
[Greece

" Some distant day, at ease may we relate
" These strange events, and all our various fate.
" Now shall warm robes to clothe your limbs be
" giv'n,
" We meet conducted by the hand of heav'n."
He said, and from the ship rich vestments sent;
Then to the sacred fane of Mars they went.
From fleecy flocks they drain'd the life-warm
blood,
And all devoutly round the altar stood;
This, of small stones compos'd, was plac'd before
The lofty temple's double-folding door:
(Within the fane a stone of sable hue
Stood, where the Amazons their victims slew;
Who held it lawless, when they sojourn'd here,
To slay the sheep, or sacrifice the steer;
Instead of these the full-fed, pamper'd steed
Was doom'd a victim at this fane. to bleed.)
These rites dispatch'd, and hunger's rage repress'd,
Thus Æson's son the listening host address'd:
" Impartial Jove the race of man regards;
" The bad he punishes, the just rewards:
" As from a bloody stepdame's rage of yore
" He sav'd your sire, and blest with ample store,
" So he preserv'd you from the whelming deep,
" And in this vessel will securely keep;
" Whether for Æa in our ship ye sail,
" Or to far Phthia court the favouring gale.
" For this fam'd ship of Pelion's pines was made,
" And form'd by Argus, with Minerva's aid;
" But storms had lash'd her, ere, with hideous
" shock,
" She reach'd those straits, where rock encounters
" Then lend your aid to gain the golden fleece,
" And be our guides to bring it back to Greece.
" Jove seems incens'd, and we this voyage take,
" To sooth his anger, and for Phrixus' sake."
Ardent he spoke; but they despair'd to find,
Æeta of so tractable a mind,
To yield the fleece: then Argus thus replies,
Alarm'd and troubled at their bold emprise;
' Whate'er our powers can grant, or wishes
' gain,
' The sons of Greece shall never ask in vain.
' But proud Æeta, cruel and severe,
' I lothe the tyrant, and his power I fear;
' The son his sire, so fame relates, he boasts;
' Unnumber'd subjects guard his ample coasts;
' For mighty strength he stands renown'd afar,
' And voice terrific as the god of war.
' The golden prize a monstrous dragon keeps:
' Hard task to seize it, for he never sleeps.
' Earth on rough Caucasus a being gave
' To this fierce beast near Typhaonia's cave,
' Where huge Typhœus, as old stories prove,
' Was struck by lightning from almighty Jove,
' When fierce in arms against heaven's king he
' stood;
' From his head issu'd warm corrupted blood;
' To Nysa's hills, to Nysa's plains he flies,
' And now beneath Serbonian marshes lies.'
He said; distress'd so sad a tale to hear,
On every countenance sat pallid fear;
When Peleus thus with confidence reply'd,
And gave that courage which their fears deny'd:
" Despair not, friend; for we disdain to yield,
" Nor dread to meet Æeta in the field.
" We too are skill'd in war, and draw our line
" From godlike chiefs, and origin divine.
" Incens'd should he the fleecy gold detain,
" He'll ask, I trust, the Colchians aid in vain."
Converging thus the chiefs their thoughts ex-
press'd,
And, fated with repast, reclin'd to rest.
With rising morn the gently breathing gales
Play'd round the pine, and fill'd the swelling sails;
The swelling sails, expanded by the wind,
Soon left Aretias' barren shore behind;
And, swiftly skimming o'er the watery vast,
The Philyræan isle at eve they past;
Where Saturn first fair Philyra survey'd,
When on Olympus he the Titans sway'd,
(Nurs'd by the fierce Curetes, yet a child,
Young Jove was hid in Cretan caverns wild)
Unknown to Rhea he the maid compress'd;
But soon to Rhea was the crime confess'd;
Detected Saturn left his bed with speed,
And sprung all-vigorous as a mane-crown'd steed.
Swift fled fair Philyra, abash'd with shame,
And to the hills of Thessaly she came:
Fam'd Chiron sprung from this embrace so odd,
Ambiguous, half a horse, and half a god.
From thence they sail by long Macronian strands,
And where Bechira's ample coast expands;
Shores where Byzerians wander far and wide,
And fierce Sapirians, stigmatiz'd for pride;
And, favour'd by the soft impelling wind,
Leave numerous coasts and lands unnam'd be-
hind:
And, sailing swiftly o'er the waves, survey,
Far on the Pontic main, an opening bay;
Then, Caucasus, thy hills were seen on high,
That rear their rocky summits in the sky;
Fix'd to these rocks Prometheus still remains,
For ever bound in adamantine chains:
On the rude cliffs a ravenous eagle breeds,
That on the wretch's entrails ever feeds.
The Grecians saw him. ere th' approach of night,
Soar high in air, loud hissing in his flight:
Around the ship he flew in airy rings,
The sails all shivering as he shook his wings:
Not as a light aërial bird he soars,
But moves his pinions like well-polish'd oars.
The ravenous bird now rushing from the skies,
Sudden they heard Prometheus' piercing cries:
The heavens re-echoed to the doleful sound,
While the fell eagle gnaw'd the recent wound.
Till gorg'd with flesh the bird of Jove they spy'd
Again descending from the mountain's side.
Night now approaching, near the land they
drew,
And Argus well his native country knew;
For, Phasis, thy wide-spreading flood they gain,
And the last limits of the Pontic main.
At length arriv'd, so many dangers past,
They furl the mainsail, and they lower the mast:
Their bending oars the mighty stream divide;
The stream receives them on his foaming tide.
All on the left, in ancient rolls renown'd,
Rise Æa's walls, with glittering turrets crown'd;

And on the right the field, not distant far,
And grove, both sacred to the god of war;
Where on an oak the fleece, suspended high,
A dragon guards with ever-watchful eye.
Then Jason hastes, impatient to consign
To the pure stream the unpolluted wine,
And from a golden vase fulfils the rite divine,
Sacred to earth, to gods that guard the coasts,
And ancient heroes' long-departed ghosts:
For their protection he preferr'd his pray'r,
To keep the ship with tutelary care.

Then thus Ancæus: 'Numerous perils past,
'Colchos and Phasis we behold at last;
'Behoves you now your sage advice to lend,
'Whether to treat Æeta as a friend,
'With speech accordant, and compliance bland,
'Or in rough terms the golden prize demand.'
Thus he; but Jason urg'd, at Argus' call,
High up the sedgy stream the ship to haul;
Which, undisturb'd, might there at anchor ride,
In the calm bosom of the peaceful tide:
There sought the chiefs the blessings of repose,
And slept secure till grateful morning rose.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 16. This encounter between Amycus and Pollux is described likewise by Theocritus, who, in the opinion of Casaubon, far surpasses Apollonius; but Scaliger gives the preference to our author, who has certainly furnished Virgil with many circumstances in his description of the contest between Dares and Entellus. See *Æn. B.* v.

Neither Apollonius nor Theocritus have lost sight of Homer's description of the combat of the cæstus, *Il.* xxiii. 683.

Mr. Warton, in his valuable edition of Theocritus, delivers his opinion of the description of this combat, by the three poets, Apollonius, Theocritus, and Valerius, in the following words: "Apollonio sane, auctore suo, Flaccum inferiorem censeo; quippe quod Flaccus minus simplex sit et omnia, sublimitatis affectato studio, magnificentius efferat et inflatius. Utroque præstantior Theocritus, quod utroque simplicior. Tantum illi cedit Apollonius, quantum Flaccus Apollonio."

Ver. 112. This simile is borrowed by Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 715.

With frowning front two mighty bulls engage,
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage, &c.
Pitt.

Ver. 163. Virgil has also taken this simile from Apollonius; a poet, as Catrou observes, very rich in beautiful comparisons. *See Pitt's Virg. Æn.* xii. 832.

So when the swain invades with stifling smoke
The bees, close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise; &c.

It was the custom of the ancients to force bees out of their hives by fumigation. To this practice the poets frequently allude. Thus Ovid de rem. amor. L. i. 185.

Quid, cum suppositos fugiunt examina fumos,
Ut relevent dempti vimina curva fagi?

——τῦφι πολλῷ τῷ καπνῷ. *Arist. in vesp.*

Ver. 178. The land of the Chalybes, which bordered upon that of the Mariandyni.

Ver. 199. Crowns and garlands were thought so necessary to the gods, and were so anciently used, that some have derived the custom of putting them on at feasts, from the primitive entertainments, at which the gods were thought to be present. *Potter.*

Ver. 221. The storm drove them to Salmydessus, a city on the coast of Thrace, opposite to Bithynia.

The Scholiast speaks of more than one Bithynia. There is a country of that name, he tells us, both on the coast of Europe and of Asia. The storm drove the Argonauts to Salmydessus, which is opposite to the Asiatic Bithynia.

Ver. 224. Phineus was a king of Thrace, or, as some say, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two sons to be torn out, to satisfy their mother-in-law. The gods punished his cruelty: they struck him with blindness, and sent the harpies to him, who took the meat from his mouth: so that he would have perished with hunger, if Zetes and Calaïs had not delivered him from them, and pursued them to the Strophades, where they gave over the chase. These harpies were called out of hell, and seem to be of the number of the furies. A permission was given them to dwell upon earth to punish the wicked: by which the poets would represent to us the remorse of a bad conscience. *Catrou.*

Ver. 237. Apollonius has furnished Virgil with many hints on this subject of the harpies. *Æn. B.* iii. 225.

At subitæ horrifo lapsu de montibus adsunt
Harpyiæ; &c.

When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On sounding wings the monster-harpies flew.
Pitt.

The harpies were a kind of birds which had the faces of women, and foul long claws. When the table was furnished for Phineus, they flew in, and either devoured or carried away the greater part of his repast, or polluted what they left. *Raleigh.*

Ver. 256. The person and distresses of this old man are represented to us in a manner the most striking and pathetic. Virgil had this description in view, when, speaking of Achemenides, he says,

Cum ſubitó e ſilvis, macie confecta ſuprema,
Ignoti nova forma viri, miſerandaque cultu
Procedit, ſupplexque manus ad litora tendit,
Reſpicimus: dira illuvies, immiſſque barba,
Conſertum tegmen ſpinis.—— *Æn.* iii. 590.

Ver. 346 347. Thus Telemachus ſwears, not only by Jupiter, but by the ſorrows of his father.

By great Ulyſſes, and his woes I ſwear.
See Pope's Odyſſ. xx. 406.

Adjurations of this ſort are frequently to be met with in the Greek tragedians.

Ver. 377. Virgil has cloſely copied the concluſion of this compariſon: the eager hound, ſays he,

Hærat hians, jamque tenet, ſimiliſque tenenti
Increpuit malis, morſuque eluſis inani eſt.
Æn. xii. 754.

They ſnap, and grind their gnaſhing teeth in vain.

Ver. 393. The ancient name of a prieſt was cahen, rendered miſtakenly, κυν and *canis*. Hence the harpies, who were prieſts of Ur, are ſtyled by Apollonius, the dogs of Jove. Iris, accoſting Calais and Zetes, tells them, it would be a profanation to offer any injury to thoſe perſonages. The ſirens and harpies were of the ſame vocation. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii.

Ver. 404. The word Strophades is derived from a Greek verb that ſignifies to turn. Theſe iſlands therefore were named Strophades, becauſe near them the ſons of Boreas left off purſuing the harpies, and turned back to the houſe of Phineus.

Ver. 437. This is very ſimilar to a paſſage in the Odyſſey, B. xii. v. 71.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vaſt waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd erratic by the gods above.——
Scarce the fam'd Argo paſs'd theſe rapid floods,
The ſacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.
Pope.

It is obſerved in the note on this paſſage, "that Homer, to render his poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the Symplegades to the deſcription of Scylla and Charybdis.—The ſtory of the dove being reported of the Symplegades might give him the hint of applying the cruſhing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis." But we muſt remember that Argo paſſed, in her return, through Scylla and Charybdis, and that Apollonius, as well as Homer, has mentioned theſe rocks by the name πλαγκταί, erratic, which is ſuppoſed to be more ſtrictly applicable to the Symplegades. If the Cyanean rocks were called Symplegades from their juſtling together, and that appearance was occaſioned by the different views in which they were ſeen, ſometimes in a direct line, and ſometimes obliquely, why might not Scylla and Charybdis, for the ſame reaſon, be ſaid to juſtle together, and conſequently without impropriety be called πλαγκταί, or erratic? Minerva, according to Apollonius, guided Argo through the Symplegades; but her courſe through Scylla and Charybdis was directed by Thetis, at the interceſſion of Juno, agreeable to what Homer here mentions.

Ver. 448. The dove which returned to Noah with a leaf of olive, and brought the firſt tidings that the waters of the deep were aſſuaged, was held in many nations as particularly ſacred: it was looked upon as a peculiar meſſenger of the Deity, an emblem of peace and good fortune. Among mariners it was thought to be particularly auſpicious; who, as they ſailed, uſed to let a dove fly from their ſhips, to judge of the ſucceſs of their voyage. The moſt favourable ſeaſon for ſetting ſail was at the Heliacal riſing of the ſeven ſtars, near the head of Taurus; and they are, in conſequence of it, called Pleiades. It was at their appearance that the Argonautics ſet out upon their expedition. Ἀμφὶ δ' ἀντέλλονθι πελείαδες. —*Theoc. Id.* xiii. 25. When firſt the pleaſing Pleiades appear. And this was thought a fortunate time for navigation in general. The Argonauts, in a time of difficulty and danger, made the experiment of letting a dove fly, and formed from it a fortunate preſage. *Bryant's Myth. vol.* ii. 285.

It is indeed the opinion of many learned men, that the ſcience of augury, or of predicting future events by the flight of birds, aroſe from the diſmiſſion of the raven and the dove from Noah's ark at the time of the deluge. This ſpecies of divination is undoubtedly very ancient: it is mentioned in many places of the Old Teſtament, and made a conſiderable part of the religion of the heathen world.

Ver. 479. *Acheruſia.*] Is a cave, through which, according to the fable, is a paſſage to the regions below. Hercules is ſaid to have deſcended through it to bring up Cerberus. Tokens of which exploit they ſhow, ſays Xenophon, even to this day. Near this ſpot ſtands the principal city of the Mariandyni, named from Hercules, Heraclea. Here, as our poet informs us, runs the river Acheron, ſo called from the abovementioned lake.

Ver. 493. This river, which riſes in Cappadocia, and empties itſelf into the Euxine, took its name from the beds of ſalt through which it runs. *Strabo.* Tournefort ſays, this country is ſo full of foſſil ſalt, that it is to be found in the high roads and ploughed lands.

Ver. 498. This river, ſays Strabo, after having received many others, runs through Themiſcyra, formerly inhabited by the Amazons, and then falls into the Euxine ſea.

Ver. 502. It is commonly believed, that the ancient Chalybes were the deſcendents of Tubal; for they are celebrated by the ancients for their extraordinary ſkill in working of iron, and mak-

ing of ſteel armour; whence they are ſaid to have had their name. *Univ. Hiſt.*

Strabo is of opinion, that they are the ſame whom Homer mentions by the name of Ἀλυβες. For he joins them with the Paphlagonians, and characterizes them thus, ὅθεν ἀργύρου ἐξῆ γενέθλη.

Chalybes nudi ferrum——

Ver. 505. A promontory, ſo named from Genetes, a neighbouring river which ran through the country of the Chalybes. A temple was erected here to Jupiter the Hoſpitable.

Ver. 530. Pliny informs us, that the bird called the Pheaſant, derives its name from this river, whoſe banks they frequented in great abundance; and that they were firſt brought over into Greece by the Argonauts.

Argivâ primum ſunt tranſportata carinâ;
Ante mihi notum nil niſi nomen erat.
Mart.

Ver. 535. Tarchon, which, according to the learned and ingenious Mr. Bryant, ſignifies a hill with a tower, or temple on it, was in later times rendered Trachon; from whence the region Trachonitis received its name. This word, it ſeems, was ſtill further ſophiſticated by the Greeks, and expreſſed Δρακων, Dragon: from whence, in a great meaſure, aroſe the notion of treaſures being guarded by dragons. The gardens of the Heſperides, and the golden fleece at Colchis, were intruſted to a ſleepleſs ſerpent. The dragons are repreſented as ſleepleſs; becauſe in towers there were commonly lamps burning, and a watch maintained. The eyes of the dragon were windows in the uppermoſt part of the building, through which the fire appeared. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 553. All the countries which lie on the north and north-eaſt parts of the Euxine, the region of the Colchis, and the country at the foot of Caucaſus, were of old eſteemed Scythia, and theſe the Greeks looked upon to be the boundaries, northward, of the habitable world.

Ver. 556. The region termed Αια, above Colchis, was a name peculiarly given by the Amonians to the places where they reſided. Among the Greeks the word grew general; and Αια was made to ſignify any land. But among the Egyptians, as well as among thoſe of Colchis Pontica, it was uſed for a proper name of their country.

It was owing to this, that the name given to the chief perſon of the country was Aïates. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 646. It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the Hamadryads lived and died together with their trees, and therefore were extremely grateful to thoſe, who at any time preſerved them. The Scholiaſt tells a remarkable ſtory to this purpoſe: A perſon called Rhœcus, obſerving a beautiful oak ready to fall, ordered it to be ſet upright and ſupported. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and bade him, in return, aſk whatever he pleaſed. She being exceedingly handſome, Rhœcus deſired he might be entertained as her lover: which ſhe promiſed, and accordingly ſent a bee to ſummon him. But the young man, happening to be playing at dice when the bee came, was ſo offended with its buzzing, that he drove it from him. The nymph, provoked at this uncivil treatment of her ambaſſador, in revenge deprived Rhœcus of the uſe of his limbs. He alſo ſpeaks of another nymph, who was grateful to the man that preſerved her oak.

——τότε δρυὸς ἡνίκα νύμφαι.
Call. Hymn. in Del. v. 83.

Ver. 662. Thus Callimachus:

Φοῖβον καὶ Νόμιον κικλήσκομεν, εἰ ἔτι κεῖνο
Ἐξόν' ἐπ' Ἀμφυρσῷ ζευγήτιδας ἔτρεφεν ἵππους,
Ἡΐθεϊ ὑπ' ἔρωτι κεκαυμένος Ἀδμήτοιο.
Hymn. ad Ap. 47.

Ἀγρεὺς and Νόμιος were undoubtedly the names of Apollo: but they are alſo beſtowed on his ſon Ariſtæus, on account of his fondneſs for a country life, and his many uſeful diſcoveries.

Ἀνδράσι χάρμα φίλοις,
Ἄγχιστον ὀπάονα μήλων,
Ἄγρεα καὶ Νόμιον
Τοῖς δ' Ἀρισταῖον καλεῖν. *Pynd. Pyth.* ix. 115.

Ver. 671. Almoſt all the principal perſons, whoſe names occur in the mythology of Greece and Italy, are repreſented as ſhepherds. It is reported of the muſes, that they were of ſhepherd-extraction, and tended flocks, which they intruſted to their favourite Ariſtæus; the ſame whom Virgil ſtyles Paſtor Ariſtæus. *Bryant.*

Ver. 685 Jupiter is frequently repreſented under the character of Pluvius, or the diſpenſer of rain, both by poets, painters, and ſtatuaries. For it was his province, as chief ruler of the air, to direct not only the thunders and lightnings, but the rain. Virgil has given us a noble deſcription of the Jupiter Pluvius in the following deſcription:

——cum Jupiter, horridus auſtris,
Torquet aquotam hiamem, et cœlo cava nubila rumpit. *Æn.* ix. 670.—*Spence's Polym.*

Ver. 693. For theſe Eteſian winds, the hiſtory of which the poet has juſt given us, blew north-eaſt, and conſequently in a direction the moſt unfavourable for them who were ſailing up the Euxine.

Ver. 735. This ſtorm ſeems to have been copied by Virgil. Æn. i. by Lucan, Ovid, and Valerius Flaccus.

Ver. 813. The great outlines of Jaſon's character are piety, humanity, and valour. The ſentiment before us is replete with philanthropy, and prejudices us highly in favour of the hero of the poem.

Ver. 861. Milton thus deſcribes Adam's hair:

——hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring. *B. iv.* 303.

The circumſtance of the hair hanging like bunches of grapes has been juſtly admired. But it is literally tranſlated from the deſcription of Apollo's hair in the Greek poet.

———————χρύσεοι δὲ παρειάων ἑκατερθε
Πλοχμοί ΒΟΤΡΥΟ'ΕΝΤΕΣ επερρώοντο κιόντι.

The word βοτρυόεντες could hardly be rendered into English by any other word than by clustering. *Warton's Observ.*

Ver. 857. Thus Hesiod in Scuto, speaking of Hercules,

———————οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ
Ἔτλη ἐς ἄντα ἰδὼν χεδὸν ἐλθεῖν.

There was probably, in the old pictures of Apollo, a certain brightness beaming from his eyes, and perhaps diffused all over his face; in the same manner as the body of the principal figure is all luminous and resplendent in the famous nativity of Correggio, of the transfiguration by Raphael. What made me then suspect this, was the ancient poets speaking so often of the brightness of Apollo's face, and the beaming splendours of his eyes. Virgil does not only compare his Æneas (under whom is generally supposed to be meant Augustus) to Apollo for beauty; but, in another place, he seems to call Augustus himself (who was really very beautiful) by the name of this god. *Spence's Polym.*

Ver. 771. Virgil has adopted this comparison, where he represents Cloanthus's ship as moved forward by Portunus:

———Et pater ipse manu Portunus euntem
Impulit: illa noto citius volucrique sagittâ
Ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto.
Æn. v. 241.

Ver. 900. Nothing was deemed by the ancients more essential to the beauty of a young person (and Apollo was always represented a youth) than fine long hair. Hence the epithets *crinitus* and *incensus* are so often given to Apollo.

———crinitus Apollo,
Nube sedens. *Virg. Æn. ix.* 638.

———sic tibi sint intonsi, Phœbe, capilli. *Tibull.*

Ver. 946. They are called by our poet in this place, and by Theocritus, Id. xii 27. Νισαῖοι Μεγαρῆες; from Nisa, which, as the Scholiast informs us, was the name of their dock. It was so named from Nisus, son of Pandion, and king of this people.

The Megarensians, going out to plant a colony in Heraclea, were driven by distress of weather into the river Acheron, which from the protection it afforded them, they called Soönautes.

Ver. 1028.
Sed non augurio potuit depellare pestem.
Æn. ix. 328.

The fate of others he had oft foreshown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own. *Pitt.*

Ver. 1029. This description of a boar hid among the rushes, and the terror of the neighbourhood, reminds us of the following beautiful lines of Ovid, who is describing the Caledonian boar:

Concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
Assuerant pluvialis aquæ: tenet ima lacunæ
Lenta salix, ulvæque leves, juncique palustres,
Viminaque, et longæ parvâ sub arundine cannæ:
Hinc aper excitus, medios violentus in hostes
Featur, ut excussis elisus nubibus ignis.
Ov. Met. L. viii.

Ver. 1167. This river rises in Paphlagonia, and derives its name from the cheerful meadows through which it flows. *Strabo.*

Ver. 1176.
Thy groves of box, Cytorus, ever green.
Pope's Il. B. ii.

Hence things made of box were called Cytoriaca.

Sæpe Cytoriaco deducit pectine crines.

Ver. 1204. The Greeks, who would fain deduce every thing from their own language, imagined, that by the term Amazon was signified a person without a breast. From this wrong etymology proceed all the absurdities with which the history of this extraordinary people abounds. They were in general Cuthite colonies from Egypt and Syria; and as they worshipped the sun, they were called Azones, Amazones, Alazones; which are names of the same import. The most noted were those, who settled near the river Thermodon, in the region of Pontus.

Quales Theïciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis.
Æn. xi. 658.

Ver. 1229. The Amazons worshipped the deity from whom they received their name; viz. Azon and Amazon, the same as Ares, the sun. They worshipped also Harmon, the moon; which the Grecians changed to a feminine, Harmonia. So that by γενεῆ Ἄρεος καὶ Ἁρμονίης is meant the children of the sun and moon. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 1251. It is remarked of this people, that they are uncommonly addicted to laughter and buffoonery. Some have accounted for the absurd custom, here alluded to, from this cause. But it is difficult to assign a reason for the many absurd customs which different nations have adopted. It has been recorded by grave historians, that the ancient Spaniards and the Americans follow the practice of the Tibareneans.

Ver. 1260. Xenophon gives us the most authentic accounts of this people in the fifth book of his Anabasis. He tells us, that they do those things in private, which others do in public: that they talk to themselves, laugh by themselves, and dance alone, as if they were showing their skill in public. Savage and indecent as the custom, alluded to by our poet, may seem, Strabo ascribes the same barbarities to the Irish, and Cæsar makes the same observations on the ancient Britons.

Ver. 1269. Thus Pomponius Mela, l. i. c. 19. Reges suffrageo deligunt, vinculisque et arctissimâ custodia tenent; atque ubi culpam pravè quid imperando meruere, inediâ totius diei afficiunt.

Ver 1301. This cymbal, or crotalum, was made, the Scholiast tells us, by Vulcan; Hercules

received it from Pallas. The description of this instrument is differently given by different authors. Our poet tells us it was made of brass; others represent it as formed of a rod or reed cut in two; both parts of which, when struck together, emitted a sound after the manner of castanets. This latter description agrees with the opinion of Suidas, and the Scholiast of Aristophanes.

Ver. 1386. Thus Virgil, *Æn.* i. 784.

Jupiter (hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur).

Almighty Jove! who pleads the stranger's cause;
Great guardian god of hospitable laws. *Pitt.*

And Homer, in the words of Mr. Pope, *Od. B.* ix.

The poor and stranger are Jove's constant care;
To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Ver. 1430. The tombs, of which frequent mention is made by the ancient writers, were in reality high altars or pillars, and not, as has been supposed, monuments erected in honour of the dead. Such an one the Argonauts are said to have found in the temple of Mars, when they landed upon the coast of Pontus. This was the express object to which the Amazonians paid their adoration; as they lived in an age when statues were not known. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 1472. Apollonius mentions an ancient Typhonian Petra in the hollows of the mountain. It was an Ophite temple, where the deity was probably worshipped under the figure of a serpent. Hence the poet supposes the serpent, with which Jason engages, to have been produced in those parts. *Bryant's Myth.*

Ver. 1497. Saturn, to avoid being discovered by his wife Ops, while he was engaged with Philyra his mistress, turned himself into a beautiful horse.

Chiron, the famous centaur, was the son of this nymph Philyra.

Ver. 1547. The Greek here, and at v. 1399, is δρυὸς; but at v. 534 the word is φηγοῖο, *a beech*: both which trees bearing mast, they may perhaps be indiscriminately used.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno and Pallas intercede with Venus. They request that she would persuade Cupid to inspire Medea with love for Jason. Venus consents; and the shafts of Cupid, at her suit, have their desired effect. Jason, Augeas, and Telamon, proceed to the court of Æeta, where they are hospitably entertained. But having heard the occasion of their voyage, Æeta is incensed, and refuses to bestow the golden fleece on Jason, unless on such terms as he presumed he durst not comply with. The passion of Medea for Jason is described with great simplicity and delicacy. Medea early in the morning repairs to the temple of Hecate: thither Jason, at the suggestion of Mopsus, follows her. The poet dwells particularly on their interview and conference. Medea instructs him how to subdue the brazen bulls and armies of giants. With Jason's combat, and the success of it, the book concludes.

Come, heavenly maid, thy timely succour bring,
And teach thy poet, Erato, to sing,
How Jason, favour'd by the Colchian maid,
To Grecian realms the golden prize convey'd.
Thy songs the rites of Cyprian bliss proclaim,
And in young virgins raise the melting flame;
For the soft passion thy behests approve,
And Erato's the kindred name of love.
Conceal'd in sedges as the heroes lie,
Juno and Pallas mark'd them from the sky;
Apart from all the gods their seats they took
In heaven's high hall, and thus Saturnia spoke:
" Daughter of Jove, thy sage advice impart,
" By what nice fraud, what well-dissembled art,
" These venturous chiefs shall gain the golden
" fleece,
" And safe convey it to the realms of Greece.
" Say, shall they call entreaties to their aid?
" Will soft address the wayward king persuade,
" So sam'd for fierce barbarity and pride?
" No art, no effort, must be left untry'd."
She said; and Pallas thus: ' O queen, I find
' The same ideas rising in my mind:
' To lend assistance to the Grecian train
' My heart is willing, but my counsel vain.'
This said, their minds on various projects ran,
On earth their eyes were fix'd, when Juno thus
began:
" To Venus instant let us speed our way,
" (Her soft persuasions Cupid will obey)
" Entreat her that the wily god inspire
" Medea's soul with love's unconquer'd fire,
" Love for great Æson's son; applauding Greece
" Will by her aid regain the glorious fleece."
She said Minerva patronis'd the plan,
And thus with mild benevolence began:
' I, who arose from Jove's immortal brain,
' Stranger to love, his pleasure or his pain,

' Thy sage proposal from my soul approve ;
' Do thou explain it to the queen of love.'
This said, with speed the two immortals came,
To the grand mansion of the Cyprian dame.
Which crippled Vulcan rais'd when first he led
The Paphian goddess to his nuptial bed.
The gate they pass, and to the dome retire
Where Venus oft regales the god of fire :
(He to his forge had gone at early day,
A floating isle contain'd it on the bay,
Here wond'rous works by fire's fierce power he wrought,
And on his anvil to perfection brought).
Fronting the door, all lovely and alone,
Sat Cytherea on a polish'd throne.
Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair,
In easy ringlets flow'd her flaxen hair ;
And with a golden comb, in matchless grace,
She taught each lock its most becoming place.
She saw the deities approach her dome,
And from her hand dismiss'd the golden comb ;
Then rose respectful, all with beauty grac'd,
And on rich thrones the great immortals plac'd ;
Resum'd her seat, and with a ready hand
Bound her loose ringlets, and thus question'd bland :
' What cause, ye visitants from heaven, relate,
' Has brought such guests to Cytherea's gate ?
' Ye who excel in high Olympus' sphere,
' Such mighty deities, and strangers here ?'
Then thus Saturnia : " Wantonly you jest,
" When pressing grief sits heavy on our breast.
" Now in the Phasis, with his warlike train,
" Great Jason moors, the golden fleece to gain :
" For that fam'd chief, and for his martial host,
" Dire fears alarm us, but for Jason most :
" This potent arm, whate'er our prowess can,
" Shall snatch from misery the gallant man,
" Though far as hell he, rash adventurer ! go,
" To free Ixion, link'd in chains of woe ;
" Lest Pelias proudly heaven's decrees deride,
" Who on my altars sacrifice deny'd.
" Nay more, young Jason claims my love and
" grace,
" Whom late I met returning from the chase,
" Returning met, as o'er the world I stray'd,
" And human kind, and human works survey'd :
" Hard by Aurarus I beheld the man,
" Wide o'er its banks whose rapid currents ran ;
" From snow clad hills, in torrents loud and
" strong, [mong).
" Roar'd the swoln streams the rugged rocks a-
" He on his back, though like a crone I stood,
" Securely brought me o'er the foaming flood ;
" This won my love, a love for ever true,
" Nor will the haughty-minded Pelias rue
" His flagrant crimes, till you propitious deign
" To speed my Jason to his Greece again."
She spoke, and Venus stood amaz'd to find
The queen of heaven to humble prayer inclin'd ;
Then thus familiar said : ' O wife of Jove,
' Basest of beings call the queen of love,
' Unless her every word and work conspire
' To give you all the succour you require :
' All that my hand, my feeble hand, can do,
' Shall unrewarded be perform'd for you.'
Then Juno thus : " Not difficult the task ;
" No mighty force, no strength of arm I ask.
" Bid gentle love the Colchian maid inspire,
" And for my Jason fan the rising fire ;
" If kind she prove, he gains the golden fleece,
" And by her subtle aid conducts it safe to
" Greece."
Love's queen replied : ' Cupid, ye powers divine,
' Will reverence your injunctions more than mine :
' Your looks will awe him, though, devoid of
' shame,
' Of me the urchin makes eternal game,
' Oft he provokes my spleen, and then I vow
' Enrag'd, I'll break his arrows and his bow :
" Restrain your ire," exclaims the sneering elf,
" Lest you find reason to upbraid yourself."
At this the powers with smiles each other view'd,
And Venus thus her woeful tale pursu'd :
' Others may ridicule the pains I feel,
' Nor boots it all my sufferings to reveal.
' But since ye jointly importune my aid,
' Cupid shall yield, and Venus be obey'd.'
She said ; and Juno press'd her hand and smil'd,
Then answer'd thus, benevolent and mild :
" O grant this boon ; do instant as you say ;
" Chide not the boy, and he will soon obey."
This said, both hasten'd to the realms above,
And left the mansions of the queen of love :
The Cyprian goddess o'er Olympus flies,
To find her son in every dale she pries,
Through heaven's gay meads the queen pursu'd her way,
And found him there with Ganymede at play.
Him Jove translated to the blest abodes,
And, fam'd for beauty, plac'd among the gods.
With golden dice, like boon compeers they play'd :
Love in his hollow hand some cubes convey'd,
Resolv'd to cheat young Ganymede with those,
While on his cheeks the conscious crimson rose.
The Phrygian boy was vanquish'd to his cost,
Two dice alone remain'd, and those he lost.
Silent he sat in dull dejected state,
Enrag'd that Cupid should deride his fate :
His loss increasing with protracted play,
He went a wretch with empty hands away,
Nor saw he Venus : she her Cupid took
Fast by the cheek, and thus upbraiding spoke :
' And can you laugh, you fly, deceitful elf ?
' Such tricks will bring a scandal on yourself,
' But haste, my Cupid, my commands obey,
' And a nice plaything shall your toils repay,
' What once to Jove dear Adrastæa gave,
' When Jove was nourish'd in the Cretan cave,
' A sweet round ball ; oh ! keep it for my sake,
' A finer ball not Vulcan's hands can make.
' Gold are the circles, beauteous to behold,
' And all the finish'd seams are wrought in
' gold ;
' But all so close, they scarcely can be found :
' And the pale ivy winds its wreaths around.
' If high in air you fling this ball afar,
' It shines and glimmers like a radiant star.
' This prize I'll give, if you propitious prove,
' And lure Medea to the toils of love ;

'Fire all her soul for Jason: haste, away;
'The favour is diminish'd by delay.'
She said, and Cupid listening long'd to hear,
For her sweet words are music to his ear.
He ceas'd his pastime, and with both his hands
Hangs on the goddess, and the ball demands.
She kiss'd her boy, and press'd him to her cheek,
And fondly smiling, thus she answer'd meek:
'By thee, my son, and by myself I swear,
'By all that's sacred, and by all that's dear,
'This ball I'll give thee, if thy fatal dart
'Thou fix unerring in Medea's heart.'
This said, he gather'd all his dice with haste,
And in his mother's splendid lap he plac'd.
Then snatch'd his bow and quiver from the ground,
And to his back with golden girdle bound.
From Jove's all-fertile plains he swift withdrew,
And through Olympus' golden portals flew.
Thence the descent is easy from the sky,
Where the two poles erect their heads on high,
Where the tall mountains their rough tops display,
And where the sun first gives the radiant day.
Hence you behold the fertile earth below,
The winding streams, the cliffs' aërial brow,
Cities extended on the distant plain,
And through the vast expanse the roaring main.
On the broad Phasis, in a sedgy bay,
Stretch'd on the deck the Grecian heroes lay;
Till call'd to council rose each godlike man,
And Jason thus the conference began:
"To you, my comrades, be my counsel known,
"'Tis yours that counsel with success to crown.
"One common cause our great emprise is made;
"The common cause demands the common aid.
"He who unutter'd can his counsel keep,
"Stays our resailing o'er the sounding deep.
"I to Æeta's court will speed my way,
"The rest well-arm'd shall in the vessel stay;
"With me shall go, the palace to explore,
"Phrixus' brave sons and two associates more.
"First will I prove the power of soft address
"To gain the fleece; complacence wins success.
"If in his arms he sternly should confide,
"And spurn our claims with insolence and pride,
"Consult we whether, when such powers oppress,
"By arms or arts to free us from distress.
"Be force the last alternative we take,
"For soothing speeches deep impressions make;
"And oft, where force and martial prowess fail,
"The milder powers of eloquence prevail.
"Once king Æeta kind reception gave
"To blameless Phrixus, when escap'd the wave
"He fled from Ino's unrelenting hate,
"And the dire altars that denounc'd his fate
"Savage or social all alike approve
"The sacred rites of hospitable Jove."
He said: the Greeks his sage advice rever'd;
No voice dissentient through the host was heard:
Augeas then, and Telamon attends,
And with them Phrixus' sons, his faithful friends;
Jason they follow: he thy peaceful wand,
All-sapient Hermes, brandish'd in his hand.
Soon from the ship they gain the rising ground,
Mount every steep, and o'er the marshes bound,
Till Circe's plain they reach; in many a row
Here humble shrubs and lonely willows grow;
On whose tall branches wavering o'er the fen,
Suspended hang the carcases of men.
At Colchos still this barbarous rite prevails:
They never burn the bodies of the males,
Nor deep in earth their decent limbs compose,
And with sepulchral dust the dead enclose;
But in raw hides they hang them high in air:
And yet, that earth may equal portions share,
Departed females to the grave they doom,
(Such are their rites) and close them in the tomb.
The chiefs advance; but friendly Juno shrouds
Her favourite heroes in a veil of clouds,
That none, too curious, might their steps delay,
While to the regal dome they bent their way:
But when unseen they pass'd the vulgar crowd,
The same kind deity dissolv'd the cloud.
Full in the court they stand with fix'd amaze,
On the proud gates, strong walls and columns gaze,
Which, rear'd in rows, erect their heads on high
And lift the brazen cornice to the sky.
The portal past, young branching vines appear,
And high in air their verdant honours rear:
Beneath whose boughs, by matchless Vulcan made,
Four copious fountains in four currents play'd;
The first with milk, with wine the second glow'd,
Ambrosial oil the third, the fourth with water flow'd;
This, as by turns the Pleiads set or rose,
Dissolv'd in summer, and in winter froze.
Such were the wonders which the chiefs admire,
All highly finish'd by the god of fire.
With these were brass-hoof'd bulls of curious frame,
From brazen nostrils breathing living flame.
And near a plough of burnish'd steel was laid,
Which for the god of day great Vulcan made,
When Phœbus brought him in his friendly car,
Sore harass'd in the fierce Phlegrean war.
The midmost court they reach; on either side
Large folding doors the various rooms divide.
Two painted porticoes salute their eyes,
And high in air transverse two turrets rise;
In this, which far in stately height excels,
Æeta with his royal consort dwells:
Absyrtus that contains, his royal heir,
Descended from Asterode the fair,
A Scythian nymph, ere yet Æeta led,
Idya Ocean's daughter to his bed.
Him Phaëton the youthful Colchians call,
For he in beauty far surpass'd them all.
The proud apartments that remain'd contain
Chalciope, Medea, and their train.
Ordain'd a priestess to the Stygian queen,
She at the palace now was seldom seen:
But artful Juno, on this signal day,
Within the regal court decreed her stay.
Here now, from room to room, the pensive maid,
To find Chalcione her sister, stray'd.
Soon as she spied them in the spacious hall,
Aloud she call'd, her sister heard her call,
And with her maidens sallied from the door;
Their growing webs were scatter'd on the floor.

Well-pleas'd her sons she sees, and raptur'd stands,
While high to heaven she rears her greeting hands;
With equal joy to her embrace they fly.
Then thus Chalciope with plaintive cry:
'Here though you left me, heedless of my cries,
'See! fate hath frown'd upon your bold emprise;
'Hath check'd your voyage o'er the distant main,
'And soon restor'd you to these arms again.
'Wretch that I was, when, by your sire's com-
'mand,
'Ye sought in evil hour the Grecian land!
'Sad was the task your dying sire enjoin'd,
'Sad and distressful to a mother's mind.
'Ah! whence the wish Orchomenos to see,
'His city visit, and abandon me?
'Yes, Athamas's fancied wealth to gain,
'Ye left me sorrowing, and ye sought the main.'
Rous'd by her cries, at length Æeta came,
And to the hall repair'd his royal dame.
With busy crowds the spacious hall is fill'd;
The steer is chosen, and the victim kill'd.
Some heat the bath, some cleave the knotty wood,
And all attentive round their monarch stood.
Cupid, meantime, through liquid air serene,
Speeds to the Colchian court, his flight unseen;
Like that large fly, which breeze the shepherds call,
That hastes to sting the heifers in the stall.
The nimble god unseen the porch ascends,
And there his bow behind a pillar bends;
A fatal arrow from his quiver took,
And, quick advancing with insidious look,
Behind great Æson's son, conceal'd from sight,
He fits the arrow, fatal in its flight;
Bends the tough bow with all his strength and art,
And deep he hides it in Medea's heart.
A sudden transport seiz'd the melting maid:
The god, exulting now, no longer staid.
The glowing shaft the virgin's heart inspires,
And in her bosom kindles amorous fires.
On Jason beam'd the splendour of her eyes;
Her swoln breast heav'd with unremitting sighs:
The frantic maid had all remembrance lost,
And the soft pain her sickening soul engross'd.
As some good house-wife, who, to labour born,
Fresh to her loom must rise with early morn;
Studious to gain what human wants require,
In embers heap'd preserves the seeds of fire;
Renew'd by these the brand rekindling burns,
And all the glowing heap to ashes turns:
Thus, kindling slow, love's secret flames invade,
And torture, as they rise, the troubled maid:
Her changeful cheeks the heart-felt anguish show,
Now pale they turn, now like the ruby glow.
The rich repast by seneschals prepar'd,
Fresh from their baths return'd, the strangers shar'd;
And when the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
His grandsons thus the Colchian king address'd:
'Sons of my child, and Phrixus, honour'd most
'Of all the guests that reach'd the Colchian coast,
'Say, why so soon return'd? what loss constrains
'This speedy visit to your native plains?
'In vain, with terrors for your safety fraught,
'I urg'd the distance of the climes ye sought;
'Warn'd, since of old my sire's bright chariot bore
'Me and fair Circe to Hesperia's shore,
'Where now o'er Tuscan realms my sister reigns,
'A long, long distance from the Colchian plains.
'But what of this? come now, the cause declare
'That brought you back, and who these heroes
'are.'
Then Argus, anxious for the Grecian band,
By birthright eldest, rose and answer'd bland:
"Our ship, O king, by nightly tempests tost,
"On Mars's isle, a dreary coast, was lost;
"We, on the wreck by furious surges driv'n,
"Were sav'd at last by kind protecting heav'n.
"Nor did those birds then desolate the shore,
"Dire harpies that infested it before;
"For these brave warriors the preceding day,
"Had driv'n the curst, infernal fiends away.
"Sure to our prayer some god inclin'd his ear;
"For when of Phrixus and your name they
"hear,
"Food for our wants, and raiment they convey,
"And to your city now they bend their way.
"But would you know, I'll tell their purpos'd
"plan:
"Lo! sprung from Æolus the godlike man,
"Whom a fierce tyrant's stern decree constrains
"To quit his country and his rich domains:
"Nor can he 'scape Jove's rage, unless the fleece,
"Base theft of Phrixus, be restor'd to Greece,
"Their ship was fashion'd by Minerva's aid;
"How different are the Colchian vessels made!
"Ours, far the worst that ever rear'd a mast,
"Split with the tempest's desolating blast;
"Theirs, firm-compacted, and of fittest wood,
"Defied each storm that heav'd the troubled
"flood:
"With equal speed their nimble vessel sails,
"Impell'd by oars alone, or favouring gales,
"In this their chief, with chosen Greeks explores
"Unnumber'd seas, and towns, and wide extend-
"ed shores.
"And now he sues the golden fleece to gain;
"But that as best your princely will ordain—
"Nor hostile comes he; as a friend he brings
"Large gifts proportion'd to the state of kings.
"Inform'd the fierce Sarmatians waste your lands,
"He vows destruction to their barbarous bands.
"Their names and lineage would you wish to
"hear,
"Lend to my narrative a listening ear,
"He, in whose cause the Grecian chiefs conspire
"Is valiant Jason, Æson is his sire,
"The son of Cretheus thus are we ally'd
"By blood, relations on the father's side:
"The sons of Æolus were Cretheus fam'd,
"And Athemas, whose heir was Phrixus nam'd.
"'Mid your brave chiefs, Angeus you survey,
"Illustrious offspring of the god of day,
"And Telamon, who high his birth can prove,
"His sire is Æacus, his grandsire Jove:
"The rest, that visit your august abodes,
"Are all the sons or grandsons of the gods."
This said, the king with indignation swell'd,
But chief enrag'd his grandsons he beheld;

Through them he deem'd the Greeks to Colchus came:
His eyeballs redden'd with avenging flame,
While thus he spoke: 'Hence from my sight away,
'Nor longer, traitors, in my kingdom stay:
'Back, back to Greece your speedy course pursue,
'Nor idly hope the golden fleece to view.
'Not for that fleece (vain pretext ye must own)
'But for my sceptre came ye, and my crown.
'Had ye not first my feast partook to-day,
'Your tongues and hands, torn out and lopp'd away,
'Should for your bold atrocious crimes atone:
'My just revenge had spar'd your feet alone,
'To bear you hastily to Greece again,
'Dreading to visit more my just domain,
'And with your perjuries the gods profane.'
He said: bold Telamon with fury burn'd,
And to the king stern answer had return'd,
But Jason check'd his warmth, and mild reply'd:
"Let not Æeta falsely thus decide.
"Nor crowns, nor empires, come we here to gain;
"Who for such wealth would measure half the main?
"But fate, and Pelias' more severe command,
"Have forc'd the suppliant on your friendly land.
"Aid us, and Greece your praises shall record,
"And thank you, sovereign, with their conquering sword;
"Whether the fierce Sarmatians to enthrall
"Or realms more barbarous for your vengeance call."
While Jason thus in gentlest terms reply'd,
The tyrant's breast distracting thoughts divide,
Whether with vengeance on the foe to fly,
Or in the field of Mars his courage try.
On this resolv'd, 'What need (he thus begun)
'With tedious tales my harass'd ears to stun?
'For whether from immortals ye descend,
'Or match'd in might ye dare with me contend,
'Soon will I prove; that proof must thou display;
'Then, if victorious, bear the fleece away;
'Nor shall my hand the golden prize withhold:
'Like your proud lord, I envy not the bold.
'This nervous arm shall now sustain the fight,
'Which calls to speedy proof thy boasted might,
'Two bulls in Mars's field your wonder claim,
'Their hoofs of brass, their nostrils breathing flame.
'These oft I seize, and to the yoke constrain
'To plough four acres of the stubborn plain.
'No seeds I sow, but scatter o'er the land
'A dragon's teeth; when, lo! an armed band
'Of chiefs spring up; but, soon as they appear,
'I slay th' embattled squadrons with my spear.
'Each morn I yoke the bulls, at eve resign:
'Perform this labour, and the fleece is thine.
'These are the terms; on these the prize I quit:
'The weaker to the stronger most submit.'
He said; and Jason, sunk in thought profound,
Sat mute, his eyes fast fix'd upon the ground;
Long time he ponder'd o'er the vast design,
Nor dar'd with confidence the battle join.
So hard the task, he stood embarrass'd long,
At last these words dropp'd cautious from his tongue:
"Cruel thy terms, but just: my strength I'll try
"In this dread conflict, though ordain'd to die.
"For, say, what law so rigorous can there be
"As the hard law of fix'd necessity?
"That law which forc'd me from my native home,
"And bade me thus in search of dangers roam?"
Perplex'd he spoke; then thus the king in rage:
'Rejoin thy comrades, since thou dar'st engage.
'But if the bulls constrain thy heart to yield,
'Or the dread dangers of the martial field,
'Be mine the toil; that hence the coward slave
'May dread to combat with the bold and brave.'
Imperious thus the haughty king replies:
And from their seats incens'd the heroes rise.
To warn his brothers here, at home, to wait,
Argus stopp'd short awhile; then rush'd they through the gate.
Far o'er the rest, in grace unmatch'd alone,
And charms superior, youthful Jason shone.
Him through her veil the love-distracted maid
With melting eyes and glance oblique survey'd:
Her mind, as in a dream, bewilder'd ran,
And trac'd the footsteps of the godlike man.
Sorrowing they went: to shun the monarch's ire,
With fond Chalciope her sons retire:
Medea follow'd, but with cares oppress'd;
Such cares as love had rais'd within her breast.
His graceful image in her mind she bore,
His gait, his manner, and the robe he wore,
His pointed words: through earth's remotest bound
No prince she deem'd with such perfections crown'd:
His tuneful voice, still still she seems to hear,
Still the sweet accents charm her listening ear.
The bulls and wrathful king excite her dread:
She mourns his fate, as if already dead.
From her bright eyes the shower of anguish breaks,
And thus, o'erwhelm'd with woe, Medea speaks:
"Why fall the tears of sorrow from my eyes,
"Though he the first or last of heroes dies?
"Perish the man!—no, safely let him sail;
"And may my prayer, kind Hecate, prevail!
"Safe sail he home; but, ah! if doom'd to bleed,
"Teach him, that I rejoice not in the deed."
Thus mourn'd the maid: meantime, to join their train,
The chiefs pursue their course along the plain;
Then Argus thus: 'Though, Jason you may blame,
'And spurn the counsel which I now proclaim;
'Yet sure for us, with threatening dangers press'd,
'To try some safe expedient must be best.
'A maid there is whose wond'rous art excels,
'Long taught by Hecate, in magic spells:
'If she propitious to our wishes yield,
'Thou com'st victorious from the martial field:
'But if Chalciope decline her aid,
'Be mine with tendrest motives to persuade.
'Instant I'll go, on her for succour call;
'For lo! one general ruin threatens all.

Humane he ſpoke, and Jaſon thus rejoin'd;
" Much I admire the purpoſe of thy mind.
" Go, friend, to thy Chalciope repair,
" Sue her with ſoft entreaty and with pray'r:
" But, ah! vain hopes our vacant minds muſt fill,
" Who truſt for conqueſt to a woman's ſkill."
He ſaid; and ſoon they join'd their ſocial train,
Rejoic'd to meet their princely peers again.
Then Jaſon thus began his mournful tale:
" With proud Æeta ſoft entreaties fail;
" Our purpos'd end unable to attain,
" Vain are my words, and your inquiries vain.
" Two monſtrous bulls the tyrant bid me tame;
" Their hoofs of braſs, their noſtrils breathing flame;
" Theſe muſt my proweſs to the yoke conſtrain,
" To plough four acres of the ſtubborn plain;
" My ſeed a dragon's teeth, to ſow the land;
" When lo! up ſprings a formidable band
" Of bright-arm'd giants; ſoon as they appear,
" Poiz'd by this arm, my well-directed ſpear
" Muſt pierce the foe: intrepid I accede
" To the hard terms, nor future dangers heed."
He ſaid: they deem'd it all a deſperate deed;
Silent they ſtood, with ſad dejected look
Each gaz'd on other, till bold Peleus ſpoke:
'Time calls for our reſolves; our ſafety ſtands
'No more in counſel, but in ſtrength of hands.
'If, Jaſon, eager of the honour, thou
'Wilt yoke theſe fiery monſters to the plough,
'Haſte to the charge; but if thy ſoul relent,
'Sunk in ſad bodings of the dire event,
'Nor dar'ſt thou go; then go not, nor look round,
'If haply here ſome fitter man be found:
'Myſelf will go, and riſk my deareſt breath;
'No greater evil can befal than death.'
He ſpoke; and Telamon with rage inſpir'd
Starts up, and Idas with like fury fir'd;
Next the twin race of Tyndarus ariſe;
Laſt Œneus' ſon, who with the braveſt vies;
Though o'er his cheeks ſcarce ſpreads the callow down,
His heart beats high for honour and renown.
And while the reſt in mute attention ſtand,
Argus beſpeaks the emulative band:
" Though hard the taſk, O chiefs, I ſtill portend
" My parent will aſſiſt, and prove a friend.
" Still in your ſhip a while with patience wait;
" For raſhneſs will accelerate your fate.
" Know, at Æeta's court a maiden dwells,
" Deep ſkill'd by Hecate in magic ſpells: [ſteep,
" All plants ſhe knows that grow on mountains
" On vales, on meads, or in the boundleſs deep:
" By theſe ſhe quells the fire's relentleſs force,
" Stops the mad torrent in its headlong courſe,
" Retards the planets as they roll on high,
" And draws the moon reluctant from the ſky.
" As from the palace o'er the plain we came
" We mention'd oft my mother's honour'd name;
" If ſhe perchance her ſiſter could perſuade,
" And fix our intereſt in the magic maid.
" Back, if you bid, my ready ſteps I bend;
" Fortune may ſmile, and fair ſucceſs attend."
He ſaid; when, lo! this ſignal of their love,
Was kindly given them by the powers above;
For, by the falcon chas'd, a trembling dove,
Far from his foe, to Jaſon's boſom flies;
Stunn'd on the deck the felon falcon lies.
Then Mopſus thus divin'd: 'The powers of heav'n,
'They, they alone this gracious ſign have giv'n,
'Be then the maid in mildeſt terms addreſs'd;
'She'll liſten friendly to our joint requeſt,
'I ween ſhe will; if Phineus could foreknow
'That we to Venus muſt our ſafety owe.
'For, lo! her bird eſcapes: oh! may we prove
'With ſafety crown'd, like her auſpicious dove.
'Entreat we now for Citherea's aid,
'And let th' advice of Argus be obey'd.'
Thus he; the chiefs approv'd, remembering well
What Phineus deign'd prophetic to foretel:
Idas alone with indignation burn'd,
And with loud voice thus inſolent return'd:
'Gods! what a crew hath Argo wafted o'er!
'Women, not heroes throng the hoſtile ſhore.
'Women, who ſtill to Venus' altars fly,
'Nor dare but only on her aid rely.
'No warlike deeds your daſtard ſouls inflame:
'To you is Mars an unregarded name.
'As doves or falcons but direct your flight,
'You flinch at danger, and you dread the fight.
'Go; and all manly martial toils forbear,
'Sue to weak women, and deceive the fair.'
Furious he ſpoke; a general murmur ran
Through the whole train; yet none oppos'd the man;
Indignant then he ſat. Of dauntleſs breaſt
Thus Æſon's ſon the liſtening train addreſs'd:
" This inſtant Argus to the town I ſend,
" For thus the general ſuffrages intend:
" Meanwhile approach we nearer to the land,
" And fix, in ſight, our halſers to the ſtrand:
" Ill ſuits us longer thus to lie conceal'd;
" We neither ſhun, nor dread the fighting field."
He ſaid, and Argus went without delay,
And to the city backward ſped his way;
At Jaſon's call they ply the labouring oar,
And land their beds and couches on the ſhore.
Meantime the king a council call'd, and ſat,
(So were they wont) without the palace-gate.
Aſſembled there, unceaſing toils they plann'd,
And wiles deſtructive to the Grecian band.
Thus he ordain'd, that when the bulls had ſlain
And ſtretch'd this dauntleſs hero on the plain,
Himſelf would lay the lofty foreſt low,
And for the funeral pile prepare the bough:
Their boaſted ſhip ſhould be conſum'd with fire,
And every traitor in the flames expire.
No hoſpitable rites had Phrixus ſhar'd,
Though much he wiſh'd and merited regard,
Had not Jove haſten'd Hermes from above
To win his favour and beſpeak his love.
Were theſe invaders of his native ſoil
To thrive unpuniſh'd by rapacious ſpoil,
Soon would they make his lowing herds a prey,
And drive the ſhepherds and their flocks away.
But Phrixus' ſons, who join'd the lawleſs crew,
He vow'd with double vengeance to purſue:
Baſe plunderers! come to ſpoil him of his crown.
So had the ſun, his ſapient ſire, foreſhown:

Who warn'd him to ſuſpect his faithleſs race,
And dread from them deſtruction and diſgrace.
Therefore diſmiſs'd he, by his ſire's command,
The youths far diſtant, ev'n to Grecian land.
His daughters gave him no perplexing care,
Nor young Abſyrtus, his adopted heir;
But from Chalciope's deteſted race
He look'd for injuries, and fear'd diſgrace.
Thus ſtern denouncing, as with rage he ſwells,
Death on each daring ſubject that rebels,
His guards he charg'd, and threaten'd vengeance due,
If either ſcap'd, the veſſel or the crew.
Swift to the palace Argus now repairs,
And to his pitying mother pours his pray'rs,
That ſhe might importune Medea's aid:
Nor had the queen her ſon's requeſt delay'd,
But boding fears her willing mind reſtrain,
Leſt all her fond entreaties ſhould be vain;
And ſhould the project be diſcloſ'd to view,
Her father's ire the magic maid muſt rue.
As on her couch reclin'd the virgin lay,
Soft ſlumbers chas'd her anxious cares away;
But frantic dreams, which love-ſick maids infeſt,
Preſent falſe terrors, and diſturb her reſt.
Her hero ſeem'd the taſk to undertake,
But not for honour or the fleece's ſake;
For her alone he riſk'd the glorious ſtrife,
To gain her love, and win her for his wife.
She then in dreams her utmoſt ſuccour lends,
And with the bulls herſelf in fight contends.
Her parents ſhe, in fancied rage, averr'd
Falſe and regardleſs of their promis'd word,
Who Jaſon doom'd the brazen bulls to foil,
But made her not a partner of the toil.
Then warm diſputes and fierce contentions reign
Between Æeta and the Grecian train:
On her deciſion both the parties wait,
And deem what ſhe determines to be fate.
In ſpite of parents, the fond maid expreſs'd
Her choice in favour of her godlike gueſt.
Rage wrung their ſouls, and grief, and dire diſmay,
Till the loud clamour chas'd her ſleep away,
Trembling ſhe ſtarts; pale fears confus'd her look;
Her ſoul reviv'd, and thus the virgin ſpoke:
'Alas! what fruitful dreams alarm my breaſt
'For theſe fam'd chiefs, but moſt the royal gueſt?
'I fear, ſome mighty miſchief will enſue
'From this bold leader and his gallant crew.
'Yes, let him wed far off ſome Grecian dame;
'Be mine my parents' houſe, my virgin's fame.
'If from my headſtrong purpoſe I refrain,
'My ſiſter's counſel might relieve my pain:
'Oh! for her ſons would ſhe my aid implore,
'My griefs would ceaſe, my ſorrows be no more!'
She ſaid, and roſe, nor longer deign'd to wait,
But paſt the threſhold of her ſiſter's gate,
Barefoot, undreſt; long time ſhe there remain'd,
(For modeſt fears her paſſing ſtep reſtrain'd);
Then back retreats; new courage ſoon acquires;
Again advances, and again retires:
Paſſions ſo various ſway'd the virgin's breaſt,
That when fierce love impell'd her, fear repreſs'd:
Thrice ſhe eſſay'd, and thrice retreating fled;
Then on the pillow ſunk her drooping head:
As ſome young damſel, whom her friend had join'd
In marriage to the darling of her mind,
Conceal'd in ſecret, mourns her blooming mate
Snatch'd from her arms by ſome untimely fate,
Ere yet kind heaven indulg'd them to employ
The golden moments in connubial joy:
In ſilence ſhe, though ſtung with torturing grief,
Seeks on the widow'd bed the wiſh'd relief;
Looks eager round, then ſheds the trembling tear,
Screen'd from the female eye, and tongue ſevere.
Thus mourn'd Medea, not unſeen; her pain
Was mark'd by one, the youngeſt of her train;
Who told Chalciope Medea's grief:
And the ſad tale exceeded her belief:
Her ſons conſulting, ſhe with them eſſay'd
To ſooth the ſorrows of the love-ſick maid.
Inſtant ſhe roſe, and trembling with diſmay
Came to the chamber where her ſiſter lay;
Torn were her cheeks, the tears her grief confeſs;
And thus Chalciope the maid addreſs'd:
'Say, why thoſe tears that thus inceſſant fall?
'What mighty ills your feeble mind appal;
'Say, does ſome heaven-ſent woe your grief inſpire?
'Or in your boſom dwells Æeta's ire,
'My ſons and I the cauſe? Oh! far from home,
'On the worlds utmoſt limits may I roam,
'Nor ſee my parents, nor my native ſhore.
'Nor hear the hated name of Colchos more.'
She ſaid: Medea's cheeks the crimſon ſtain'd;
She ſtrove to ſpeak, but ſhame her words reſtrain'd.
Now on her lips the ready accents hung,
Now ſtifled in her breaſt: her faultering tongue
Long time the purpoſe of her ſoul with-held,
Artful at length ſhe ſpoke, by love impell'd:
"Dire fears, Chalciope, my ſoul diſmay, [ſlay,
"Leſt with theſe gueſts my ſire thy children
"My frightful dreams ſuch horrid ſcenes preſent;
"May ſome kind deity theſe woes prevent!
"Leſt for thy ſons the tears eternal flow:"
Thus ſpoke the maid, inquiſitive in woe,
If haply for her children's fate afraid,
Chalciope might firſt ſolicit aid.
Mix'd grief and terror all the mother ſhook,
At laſt, impaſſion'd, thus ſhe trembling ſpoke:
''Tis for their ſakes I now before thee ſtand;
'Lend me, O lend thy ſalutary hand!
'But ſwear by earth and heaven what I unfold
'Reſts in thy boſom, never to be told:
'By the great gods, and all that's dear I call,
'Swear thou wilt never ſee my children fall,
'Leſt I too periſh, and in fell deſpight
'Riſe a dread fury from the ſhades of night.'
Earneſt ſhe ſpoke, and tears inceſſant ſhed,
Then on her ſiſter's breaſt reclin'd her head,
And mix'd their mutual ſighs; groan anſwer'd groan,
And the wide palace echo'd to their moan.
Medea thus in mournful terms replies:
"Alas! what ſuccour can my thoughts deviſe,

" Thus with thy cruel menaces oppreſs'd?
" Oh, ſtill uninjur'd may thine offspring reſt!
" By heaven above I ſwear, and earth below,
" Earth, the great mother of the gods, I vow,
" (If aught my power can do, or words perſuade)
" To give thee counſel, and to lend my aid."
Thus ſpoke the maid; and thus Chalciope;
' Perhaps, in favour of my ſons and me,
' Thy mind, to ſave the hero, might impart
' Some ſecret counſel, ſome myſterious art.
' From Jaſon Argus comes, imploring aid;
' They reſt their ſafety on the magic maid.'
Thus ſhe; with joy exults the virgin's heart,
And riſing bluſhes roſy charms impart;
But ſoon o'ercaſt with grief ſhe thus reply'd:
" To ſerve thee, ſiſter, be no art untry'd.
" Ne'er may I ſee with pleaſurable eyes
" In yon bright orient cheerful morning riſe,
" If aught on earth be half ſo dear to me
" As is the welfare of thy ſons and thee.
" As brethren, they my fond regard engage,
" By blood related, and the ſame our age.
" My ſiſter, moſt eſteem'd, and ever dear,
" Thee with a daughter's love I ſtill revere.
" For with thy children, nurs'd by thee, I ſhar'd
" (So fame reports) a mother's fond regard.
" Go then, and from my prying parents hide
" The means of ſuccour which I now provide.
" All-potent ſpells will I, at dawn of day,
" To Hecate's myſterious ſhrine convey."
Pleas'd with the tale, Chalciope departs,
And with the proffer'd aid tranſports her children's hearts.
Fear mix'd with ſhame now ſeiz'd the lonely maid,
Who dare, her ſire reluctant, lend her aid.
Now riſing ſhades a ſolemn ſcene diſplay
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way;
All night the ſailor marks the Northern Team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repoſe the weary watchman ſhares,
And the faint wanderer ſleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond maid, while yet all breathleſs lies
Her child of love, in ſlumber ſeals her eyes:
No ſound of village-dog, no noiſe invades
The death-like ſilence of the midnight ſhades;
Alone Medea wakes: to love a prey,
Reſtleſs ſhe rolls, and groans the night away:
For lovely Jaſon cares on cares ſucceed,
Leſt vanquiſh'd by the bulls her hero bleed;
In ſad review dire ſcenes of horrors riſe,
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought ſhe flies:
As from the ſtream-ſtor'd vaſe with dubious ray
The ſun-beams dancing from the ſurface play;
Now here, now there the trembling radiance falls,
Alternate flaſhing round th' illumin'd walls:
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her eyes deſcends a pearly flood.
Now raving with reſiſtleſs flames ſhe glows,
Now ſick with love ſhe melts with ſofter woes:
The tyrant god, of every thought poſſeſs'd,
Beats in each pulſe, and ſtings and racks her breaſt:
Now ſhe reſolves the magic to betray—
To tame the bulls—now yield him up a prey.
Again the drugs diſdaining to ſupply,
She lothes the light, and meditates to die:
Anon, repelling with a brave diſdain
The coward thought, ſhe nouriſhes the pain.
Then pauſing this: " Ah wretched me! ſhe cries,
" Where'er I turn what varied ſorrows riſe!
" Toſt in a giddy whirl of ſtrong deſire,
" I glow, I burn, yet bleſs the pleaſing fire:
" Oh! had this ſpirit from its priſon fled,
" By Dian ſent to wander with the dead,
" Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian ſkies,
" Ere Jaſon, lovely Jaſon, met theſe eyes!
" Hell gave the ſhining miſchief to our coaſt,
" Medea ſaw him, and Medea's loſt—
" But why theſe ſorrows? if the powers on high
" His death decree,—die, wretched Jaſon, die!
" Shall I elude my ſire? my art betray?
" Ah me! what words ſhall purge the guilt away!
" But could I yield——O whither muſt I run
" To find the chief—whom virtue bids me ſhun?
" Shall I, all loſt to ſhame, to Jaſon fly?
" And yet I muſt——if Jaſon bleeds I die!
" Honour farewell! adieu for ever ſhame!
" Hail black diſgrace! and branded be my fame!
" Live, Jaſon, live! enjoy the vital air!
" Live through my aid! and fly where winds can bear.
" But when he flies, cords, poiſons lend your pow'rs:
" That day Medea treads th' infernal ſhores!
" Yet what reproach will after death be caſt?
" The maids of Colchos will my honour blaſt—
" I hear them cry—the falſe Medea's dead,
" Through guilty paſſion for a ſtranger's bed;
" Medea, careleſs of her virgin fame,
" Preferr'd a ſtranger to a father's name!
" O may I rather yield this vital breath,
" Than bear that baſe diſhonour worſe than death!"
Thus wail'd the fair, and ſeiz'd, with horrid joy,
Drugs foes to life, and potent to deſtroy;
A magazine of death! again ſhe pours
From her ſwoln eye-lids tears in ſhining ſhow'rs.
With grief inſatiate, comfortleſs ſhe ſtands,
And opes the caſket, but with trembling hands.
A ſudden fear her labouring ſoul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal ſhades:
She ſtands deep-muſing with a faded brow,
Abſorb'd in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converſe, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her boſom play,
Endearing life, and charm deſpair away.
Enlivening ſuns with ſweeter light ariſe,
And every object brightens to her eyes.
Then from her hand the baneful drugs ſhe throws,
Conſents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Reſolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time ſeems to ſtand, or backward drive his wheels;
The hours ſhe chides, and eyes the eaſtern hills:

At length the morn displays her rosy light,
And the whole town stands pictur'd to her sight.
Back to the ship (his brothers left behind
To mark the motions of Medea's mind)
Argus return'd; meanwhile her golden hair,
That flow'd diffusive in the wanton air,
The virgin binds, then wipes the tears away,
And from her eyes bids living lightning play;
On every limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents that breathe of heaven, in copious show'rs.
Her robe she next assumes, bright clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the robe infold:
Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Then takes her veil, and stately treads the room
With graceful ease, regardless of her doom.
Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
Blind to the future, to the present blind.
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r,
Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car her mules; dire rites to pay,
To Hecate's fair fane she bends her way.
A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames
(Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
For one whole day it gives the hero might,
To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the sword; the sword without a wound
Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground.
This plant, which rough Caucasean mountains bore,
Sprung from the venom of Prometheus' gore,
(While on the wretch the savage eagle storm'd)
In colour like Corycian crocus form'd:
On two tall stems up-springs the flowery shoot,
A cubit high; like red raw flesh its root.
From this root's juice, as black as that distill'd
From mountain beeches, the fair maid had fill'd
A Caspian conch; but first, as best beseems,
Array'd in black seven times in living streams
She bath'd; and call'd seven times on Brimo's name;
At midnight hour, the ghost-compelling dame.
She pluck'd the root, earth murmur'd from below,
And sad Prometheus groan'd with agonizing woe.
This root the Colchian maid selecting plac'd
In the rich zone that bound her slender waist:
Then issuing mounts the car, but not alone,
On either side two lovely damsels shone:
Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controuls,
Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they speed their way,
The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee succinct a damsel-train
Close throng behind them, hastening to the plain.
As when her limbs divine Diana laves
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,
Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows:
Swift to some sacred feast the goddess moves,
The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves;
Th' Amnesian fount, or silver-streaming rills
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills:
The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
Or, trembling, savage adoration pay:
Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
The crowd falls back, and, as she moves, reveres:
Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends,
The fane she reaches, and on earth descends:
Then to her train ——"Ah me! I fear we stray,
"Misled by folly to this lonely way!
"Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
"Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
"No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
"Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain.
"But since alone—with sports beguile your hours,
"Collect sweet herbs, and pluck the fairest flow'rs:
"If due attention to my words ye pay,
"With richest spoils ye shall return to-day.
"For Argus and Chalciope require,
"(But sacred keep this secret from my sire)
"That for large presents, for my succour paid,
"To this rash stranger I should lend my aid.
"I pass'd my word, and soon without his train
"The Grecian will attend me at the fane:
"In equal portions we the spoil will share—
"For him a dose more fatal I prepare—
"But when he comes, ye nymphs, retire apart."
She spoke; the nymphs approv'd the virgin's art.
When Argus heard the maid with early day
To Hecate's fair fane would speed her way,
He beckon'd Jason from his bold compeers
Apart, and Mopsus most renown'd of seers;
For prescient Mopsus every omen knew
Of birds that parting or approaching flew.
No mortal ever of the first-born race
Display'd like Jason such superior grace,
Whether from demigods he trac'd his line,
Or Jove himself immortal and divine,
As grac'd by Juno, Jove's imperial queen,
With soft address, and dignity of mien.
His comrades gaz'd with wonder as he went;
Mopsus foresaw, and hail'd the blest event.
Hard by the path, and near the temple, stands
A poplar tall, that wide its arms expands;
Here frequent rooks their airy pastime take,
And on the boughs their spray-form'd mansions make:
One shook its pinions (louder than the rest),
And croaking, thus Saturnia's mind express'd:
'Vain seer! whose divinations fail to tell
'Those plain events which children know so well;
'That maids will not, with comrades in the train,
'Tell the soft love-tale to their favour'd swain.
'False prophet, hence! for thee nor love inspires,
'Nor Venus gratifies with soft desires."
Then Mopsus laugh'd, as scoffing thus she spoke,
To hear the bird her dark predictions croak;
And thus: "Hence, Jason, to the fane and find
"The maiden to thy warmest wishes kind;
"Venus approves, and fortune will ensue,
"If what prophetic Phineus said prove true.
"Myself and Argus here will wait apart,
"Go and unfold the secrets of thy heart;
Be every mode of soft persuasion try'd."
He counsel'd wisely, and the chief comply'd.

Meanwhile the maid her ſecret thoughts enjoy'd,
And one dear object all her ſoul employ'd:
Her train's gay ſports no pleaſure can reſtore,
Vain was the dance, and muſic charm'd no more;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wiſh her ſoul to Jaſon ſends;
With ſharpen'd eyes the diſtant lawn explores,
To find the hero whom her ſoul adores;
At every whiſper of the paſſing air,
She ſtarts, ſhe turns, and hopes her Jaſon there:
Again ſhe fondly looks, nor looks in vain,
He comes, her Jaſon ſhines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He ſhines terrific, for his burning breath,
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jaſon ſhows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a ſwimming darkneſs ſpread,
Her fluſh'd cheeks glow'd, her very heart was dead:
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth they grew.
Her train recedes—the meeting lovers gaze
In ſilent wonder, and in ſtill amaze.
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves, with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionleſs the ſtately trees
Short time remain, while ſleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blaſt unbound
Bend their proud tops, and bids their boughs reſound:
Thus gazing they; till by the breath of love,
Strongly at laſt inſpir'd, they ſpeak, they move;
With ſmiles the love-ſick virgin he ſurvey'd,
And fondly thus addreſs'd the blooming maid:
'Diſmiſs, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jaſon ſpeaks, no enemy is here!
Dread not in me a haughty heart to find,
In Greece I bore no proud inhuman mind.
Whom wouldſt thou fly? ſtay, lovely virgin, ſtay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Speak! and be truth in every accent ſound!
Scorn to deceive! we tread on hallow'd ground.
By the ſtern power who guards this ſacred place,
By the ſam'd authors of thy royal race;
By Jove, to whom the ſtranger's cauſe belongs,
To whom the ſuppliant, and who feels their wrongs:
O guard me, ſave me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid thy Jaſon is no more.
To thee a ſuppliant in diſtreſs I bend,
To thee a ſtranger, one who wants a friend!
Then, when between us ſeas and mountains riſe,
Medea's name ſhall ſound in diſtant ſkies;
All Greece to thee ſhall owe her hero's fates,
And bleſs Medea through her hundred ſtates.
The mother and the wife who now in vain
Roll their ſad eyes faſt ſtreaming o'er the main
Shall ſtay their tears: the mother and the wife,
Shall bleſs thee for a ſon's or huſband's life!
Fair Ariadne, ſprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd valiant Theſeus, and with Theſeus fled.
Forſook her father, and her native plain,
And ſtemm'd the tumults of the ſurging main;
Yet the ſtern ſire relented, and forgave
The maid, whoſe only crime it was to ſave;
Ev'n the juſt gods forgave: and now on high
A ſtar ſhe ſhines, and beautifies the ſky:
What bleſſings then ſhall righteous heaven decree
For all our heroes ſav'd, and ſav'd by thee?
Heaven gave thee not to kill, ſo ſoft an air;
And cruelty ſure never look'd ſo fair!"
He ceas'd, but left ſo charming on her ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill ſhe ſeem'd to hear;
Her eyes to earth ſhe bends with modeſt grace,
And heaven in ſmiles is open'd on her face.
A look ſhe ſteals; but roſy bluſhes ſpread
O'er her fair cheek, and then ſhe hangs her head.
A thouſand words at once to ſpeak ſhe tries;
In vain—but ſpeaks a thouſand with her eyes;
Trembling the ſhining caſket ſhe expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.
For Jaſon beam'd in beauty's charms ſo bright,
The maid admiring, languiſh'd with delight.
Thus, when the riſing ſun appears in view,
On the fair roſe diſſolves the radiant dew.
Now on the ground both caſt their baſhful eyes,
Both view each other now with mild ſurpriſe.
The roſy ſmiles now dimpling on their cheeks,
The fair at length in faultering accents ſpeaks:
"Obſervant thou to my advice attend,
And here what ſuccour I propoſe to lend.
Soon as my ſire Æeta ſhall beſtow
The dragon's teeth in Mars's field to ſow,
The following night in equal ſhares divide;
Bathe well thy limbs in ſome perennial tide;
Then all retir'd, thyſelf in black array,
Dig the round foſs, and there a victim ſlay,
A female lamb; the carcaſe place entire
Above the foſs, then light the ſacred pyre,
And Perſeus daughter, Hecate, appeaſe
With honey, ſweeteſt labour of the bees;
This done, retreat, nor while the relics burn,
Let howling dogs provoke thee to return.
Nor human footſteps; leſt thou render vain
The charm, and with diſhonour join thy train.
Next morn, the whole enchantment to fulfil,
This magic unguent on thy limbs diſtil:
Then thou with eaſe wilt ſtrong and graceful move,
Not like a mortal, but the gods above.
Forget not with this unguent to beſmear
Thy ſword, thy buckler, and tremendous ſpear:
No giant's faulchions then can harm thy frame,
Nor the fell rage of bulls expiring flame.
One day, nor longer, wilt thou keep the field;
Nor thou to perils, nor to labour yield.
But mark my words; when thou with ceaſeleſs toil,
Haſt yok'd the bulls and plough'd the ſtubborn ſoil;
And ſeeſt up-ſpringing on the teeth-ſown land
Of giant foes a formidable band,

" Hurl ſlily midſt their ranks a rough hard ſtone,
" And they, like dogs contending for a bone,
" Will ſlay each other: thou with ſpeed renew
" The glowing fight, and conqueſt will enſue.
" Thus ſhalt thou bear from Æa's realms to
" Greece,
" If ſuch thy fix'd reſolve, the golden fleece."
This ſaid, her eyes were fix'd upon the ground,
And her fair cheeks with ſtreaming ſorrows drown'd;
Deſponding anguiſh ſeiz'd her gentle mind,
Leſt he ſhould leave her comfortleſs behind.
Emboldened thus, him by the hand ſhe preſs'd,
And in the language of her ſoul addreſs'd:
" If ſafely hence thou ſail'ſt, O, think of me!
" As I for ever ſhall remember thee!
" And freely tell me, to relieve my pain,
" Where lies thy home beyond the boundleſs main?
" Say, is Orchomenos thy native ſoil?
" Or dwell'ſt thou nearer on th' Ææan iſle?
" Let me that far-fam'd virgin's name inquire,
" Who boaſts the ſame high lineage with my ſire."
She ſaid; her tears his ſoft compaſſion won,
And thus the chief, by love inſpir'd, begun:
' While on my fancy bright ideas play,
' Thy image never from my ſoul ſhall ſtray,
' If ſafe I ſail, preſerv'd by thee, to Greece,
' Nor heavier labours interrupt my peace.
' But if the diſtant country where I dwell
' Thy will demands, my ready tongue ſhall tell.
' A land there is which lofty hills ſurround,
' For fertile paſtures and rich herds renown'd,
' Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,
' His royal heir, Hæmonia is the name.
' Deucalion here the firſt foundations laid
' Of towns, built fanes, and men by empire ſway'd;
' There my Iolcos ſtands, and many more
' Fair ample cities, that adorn the ſhore.
' What time, as rumour'd by the voice of fame,
' Æolian Minyas to that country came,
' He built, cloſe bordering on the Theban ground,
' Orchomenos, a city far renown'd.
' But why your wonder ſhould I vainly raiſe?
' My birth-place tell, and Ariadne's praiſe?
' For this the virgin's name you now inquire,
' A lovely maid, and Minos is her ſire.
' Oh! may, like her's, your ſire propitious prove;
' Who honour'd Theſeus with his daughter's love!"
Complacent thus he ſooth'd her ſorrowing ſoul;
Yet anxious cares within her boſom roll.
" Perchance in Greece" (the penſive maid rejoin'd)
" Oaths are rever'd, and ſolemn compacts bind.
" But Minos greatly differs from my ſire,
" Nor I to Ariadne's charms aſpire.
" Then mention hoſpitality no more;
" But, ſafe conducted to thy native ſhore,
" Grant this, 'tis all I aſk, Oh! think of me,
" As I for ever ſhall remember thee,
" In my great ſire, the Colchian king's deſpite:
" But if thy pride my ardent paſſion ſlight,
" Fame, or ſome bird the hateful news will bring;
" Then will I chaſe thee on the tempeſt's wing,
" Brand thy falſe heart, thy curs'd familiar be,
" And prove thou ow'ſt thy life, thy all to me."
Medea thus, and tears abundant ſhed;
And mildly thus the ſon of Æſon ſaid:
' In vain, dear nymph, thy miſſive bird ſhall ſoar
' Through air ſublime, in vain the tempeſt roar.
' But if towards Greece thou deign'ſt thy courſe to bear,
' Immortal honours ſhall attend thee there;
' There huſbands, brothers, ſons, ſo long deplor'd,
' Safe to their native land by thee reſtor'd,
' Shall as a goddeſs reverence thy name,
' And pay thee rites which only gods can claim.
' But would'ſt thou grace my bed with bridal ſtate,
' Our love can only be diſſolv'd by fate.'
His words with raptures all her ſoul ſubdue;
Yet gloomy objects riſe before her view,
Ordain'd, ere long, Theſſalia's realms to ſee;
For ſuch was Juno's abſolute decree,
That ſoon to Greece the Colchian maid ſhould go,
To Pelias ſource of unremitting woe.
Meanwhile apart her anxious handmaids ſtay,
In ſilence waiting till the cloſe of day:
Such pleaſing tranſports in her boſom roll,
His form, his words ſo captivate her ſoul,
On feather'd feet the hours unheeded fled,
Which warn'd her home: ' Hence (cautious Jaſon ſaid),
' Hence let us haſten unperceiv'd away,
' And here enraptur'd paſs ſome future day.'
Thus the bleſt hours in converſe ſweet they ſpent,
And both unwilling from the temple went;
He to his comrades bordering on the main,
The fair Medea to her virgin train.
Her train approach'd, but ſtood unnotic'd by:
Her ſoul ſublime expatiates in the ſky.
Her rapid car ſhe mounts; this hand ſuſtains
The poliſh'd thong, and that the flowing reins.
Fleet o'er the plain the nimble mules convey'd
To Æa's walls the love-tranſported maid.
Meanwhile Chalciope aſtoniſh'd ſtands,
And inſtant tidings of her ſons demands;
In vain: ſad cares had clos'd Medea's ears,
No anſwers gives ſhe, and no queſtions hears;
But on a footſtool low, beſide her bed,
All bath'd in tears ſhe ſits; her hand ſuſtains her head.
There ſits ſhe pondering, in a penſive ſtate,
What dire diſtreſſes on her counſels wait.
But Jaſon, eager to return, withdrew
With his two friends, and join'd his ſocial crew,
Who throng'd impatient round, while he diſplay'd
The ſecret counſels of the Colchian maid,
And ſhow'd the potent herbs: Idas apart
Conceal'd the choler rankling in his heart.
Meanwhile the reſt, when glimmering day-light clos'd,
Wrapp'd in the mantle of the night repos'd.
Next morn they ſent Æthalides the ſon
Of Mercury, and valiant Telamon,
(For thus in council had the Greeks decreed)
Of fierce Æeta to demand the ſeed,

The ſerpent's teeth, whoſe ever-wakeful ſight
Watch'd o'er the fountain of the god of fight.
This baneful monſter was by Cadmus ſlain,
Seeking Europa o'er the Theban plain;
An heifer to his ſeat of regal ſway,
So will'd prophetic Phœbus, led the way.
Theſe teeth Minerva from the monſter rent,
And part to Cadmus and Æeta ſent:
Sow'd on Bœotia's ample plains, from thoſe
A hardy race of earth-born giants roſe.
To Jaſon theſe he gave, a precious ſpoil;
Nor, though his matchleſs arm the bulls might foil,
Deem'd he, that victory would crown his toil.
The ſun now ſinking with a feeble ray
To diſtant Ethiopians ſlop'd his way;
Night yok'd her ſteeds; the Grecian heroes ſpread
Around the halſers and the ſails their bed.
The northern Bear was ſunk beneath the hills,
And all the air a ſolemn ſilence fills:
Jaſon to lonely haunts purſu'd his way;
(All rites adjuſted the preceding day):
'Twas Argus' care a lambkin to provide,
And milk, the reſt the ready ſhip ſupply'd.
A ſweet ſequeſter'd ſpot the hero found,
Where ſilence reigns, and ſwelling ſtreams abound;
And here, obſervant of due rites, he laves
His limbs immerging in the cleanſing waves:
Then o'er his ſhoulders, pledge of favours paſt,
The gift of fair Hypſipyla he caſt,
A ſable robe: a deep round foſs he made,
And on the kindling wood the victim laid:
The mix'd libation pouring o'er the flame,
Loud he invok'd infernal Brimo's name;
Then back retires: his call her ears invades,
And up ſhe riſes from the land of ſhades:
Snakes, wreath'd in oaken boughs, curl'd round her hair,
And gleaming torches caſt a diſmal glare.
To guard their queen the hideous dogs of hell
Rend the dark welken with inceſſant yell;
The heaving ground beneath her footſteps ſhakes;
Loud ſhriek the Naiads of the neighbouring lakes,
And all the fountain-nymphs aſtoniſh'd ſtood
Where Amaranthine Phaſis rolls his flood.
Fear ſeiz'd the chief, yet backward he withdrew,
Nor till he join'd his comrades, turn'd his view.
And now on Caucaſus with ſnow o'erſpread,
The riſing morn her ſilver radiance ſhed,
When proud Æeta, earlier than the reſt,
The fencing corſlet buckled to his breaſt,
The ſpoils of Mimas of gigantic race,
Whom Mars had vanquiſh'd on the plains of Thrace:
His golden helmet to his head he bound,
With four fair creſts of glittering plumage crown'd,
Bright as the ſun new-riſing from the main;
His nervous arm a mighty ſpear ſuſtain:
From his broad ſhoulder beams his ſevenfold ſhield,
Which not a chief of all the Greeks could wield,
Since great Alcides, of his friend bereſt,
Was (ſad miſchance! on Myſa's borders left.
His ſon hard by with ready chariot ſtands;
The king aſcends; the reins adorn his hands;
Fierce to the field he haſtes in regal ſtate,
And crowds of Colchians round their monarch wait.
As ocean's god, when drawn by rapid ſteeds,
To Iſthmian games, or Calaureia ſpeeds,
To Tænarus, or rocky Petra roves,
Or where Geræſtus boaſts her oaken groves,
Oncheſtus' woods, or Lerna's limpid ſpring;
So to the combat drives the Colchian king.
Meanwhile, inſtructed by the magic maid,
The chief his ſhield, his ſpear and trenchant blade
With unguents ſmear'd: the Greeks approaching nigh
In vain their efforts on his armour try;
But chief the ſpear ſuch magic charms attend,
No force can break it, and no onſet bend.
Idas enrag'd deals many a furious wound,
But, as hard hammers from an anvil bound,
So from the ſpear his ſword recoiling ſprung:
The diſtant vales with loud applauſes rung.
Next, with the potent charm the chief anoints
His well-turn'd limbs, and ſupples all his joints.
And, lo! new powers invigorate his hands,
And arm'd with ſtrength intrepidly he ſtands.
As the proud ſteed, exulting in his might,
Erects his ears, impatient for the fight,
And pawing ſnuffs the battle from afar;
So pants the hero for the promis'd war.
Firmly he moves, incapable of fear;
One hand his ſhield ſuſtains, and one the ſpear.
Thus, when black clouds obſcure the darkening day,
And rains deſcend, the living lightnings play.
And now the fight draws near; the Grecian train
Sail up the Phaſis to the martial plain;
Which from as far the towers of Æa ſtand,
As when the chieftans, who the games command
For ſome dead king, the bounding barriers place
For ſteeds or men contending in the race.
Æeta there they found, of mind elate;
On Phaſis' banks his chariot rolls in ſtate.
On the Caucaſian ſummits, that command
The field of Mars, the crowded Colchians ſtand.
Now Argo moor'd, the prince invades the field,
Arm'd with his magic ſpear, and ample ſhield;
With ſerpents' teeth his brazen helm was ſtor'd,
And croſs his ſhoulder gleam'd his glittering ſword:
Like Mars the chief enormous power diſplay'd,
Or Phœbus brandiſhing his golden blade.
O'er the rough tilth he caſt his eyes around,
And ſoon the plough of adamant he found,
And yokes of braſs: his helm (approaching near)
He plac'd on earth and upright fix'd his ſpear.
To find the bulls he farther went afield,
And trac'd their ſteps, arm'd only with his ſhield.
In a dark cave which ſmoky miſts ſurround,
Horrid and huge their ſafe retreat he found.
With rage impetuous forth the monſters came,
And from their noſtrils iſſued ſtreams of flame.
Fear ſeiz'd the Greeks, but he their fury braves;
Firm as a rock, defies the roaring waves;
Screen'd by his ſhield, intrepidly he ſcorns
The bulls loud-bellowing, and their butting horns;

Collected firm he wards each threatening blow.
As at the forge where melting metals glow,
While now the bellows heave, now sink by turns,
The flame subsides, or with fresh fury burns;
Stirr'd to the bottom roars the raging fire:
So roar the bulls and living flame respire,
That fierce as lightning round the hero play'd,
In vain, now shelter'd by the magic maid.
One bull he seiz'd, that aim'd a deadly stroke,
Seiz'd by the horns, and dragg'd him to the yoke;
Then hurl'd the roaring monster on the ground;
An equal fate his fellow-captive found.
Loos'd from his arm he flung his shield aside,
And the two monsters manfully he ply'd,
Dragg'd on their knees his fiery foes o'ercame,
And shifting artfully escap'd the flame.
Æeta view'd him with astonish'd eyes;
When lo! the sons of Tyndarus arise,
As erst it was decreed, and from the land
Heav'd the strong yokes and gave them to his hand:
These o'er the bulls' low-bended necks he flung;
The brazen beams by rings suspended hung.
The youths retreating from the burning field,
The chief resum'd his loaded helm, his shield
Behind him thrown; then grasp'd his massy spear,
(Thus arm'd the hinds of Thessaly appear,
With long sharp goads to prick their bullocks' sides)
And the firm plough of adamant he guides.
The restiff bulls with indignation fir'd,
From their broad nostrils living flames expir'd,
Loud as the blasts when wint'ry winds prevail,
And trembling sailors furl the folding sail.
Urg'd by his spear the bulls their task fulfil,
Prove their own prowess, and the ploughman's skill.
As the sharp coulter cleft the clodded ground,
The roughen'd ridges sent a rattling sound.
Firm o'er the field undaunted Jason treads,
And scattering wide the serpent's teeth he spread:
Yet oft looks back, suspecting he should find
A legion rising up in arms behind:
Unwearied still the bulls their toil pursue;
Their brazen hoofs the stubborn soil subdue.
When now three portions of the day were spent,
And weary hinds at evening homeward went,
The chief had till'd four acres of the soil;
He then releas'd the monsters from their toil,
Away they scamper'd wildly o'er the plain;
Himself rejoin'd his delegated train,
Till on the field his earth-born foes appear:
The Greeks their animated hero cheer.
He in his helm, replenish'd at the springs,
To slake his burning thirst fresh water brings.
His limbs renew'd with forceful vigour play,
His heart beats boldly and demands the fray.
Thus the fell boar disdains the hunter-bands,
Foams, whets his tusks, and in defiance stands.
Now rose th' embattled squadron in the field,
In glittering helms array'd, with spear and shield,
Bright o'er the martial train the splendors rise,
And dart in streams of radiance to the skies.
Thus, when thick snow the face of nature shrouds,
And nightly winds dispel the wint'ry clouds,
The stars again their splendid beams display;
So shone the warriors in the face of day.
But Jason, mindful of the maid's command,
Seiz'd a vast rock, and rais'd it from the land:
Not four stout youths, for strength of limbs renown'd,
Could lift a weight so ponderous from the ground:
This 'midst his foes, embattled on the field,
He hurl'd, and safe retir'd behind his shield.
The Colchians shout, as when the raging main
Roars round tremendous rocks, but roars in vain.
In silence fix'd, Æeta stands aghast
To see the fragment with such fury cast.
The host, like dogs contending o'er their prey,
With curs'd ferocity their comrades slay,
Then leave on earth their mangled trunks behind,
Like pines of oaks uprooted by the wind.
As shoots star from heaven's ethereal brow,
Portending vengeance to the world below,
Who through dark clouds descry its radiant light:
Thus Jason rush'd, in glittering armour bright.
His brandish'd falchion fell'd the rising foes:
Succinct in arms, some half their lengths disclose,
Some scarce their shoulders; others feebly stand,
While others, treading firm, the fight demand.
As on the bounds which separates hostile states,
Eternal source of battle and debates,
The cautious hind the cruel spoiler fears,
And reaps his wheat with yet unripen'd ears;
Ere yet the spikes their wonted growth attain,
Ere yet the sun-beams have matur'd the grain:
So Jason's arms the rising squadrons mow'd;
Their blood profusely in the furrows flow'd.
Some sidelong fall on earth, and some supine,
Some prone lie grovelling and their lives resign,
Like whales incumbent on the buoyant main;
Some wounded perish ere they tread the plain;
As late in air they held their heads on high,
So lowly humbled in the dust they lie.
Thus tender plants, by copious torrents drown'd,
Strew their fresh leaves uprooted from the ground;
The tiller views with heart-corroding pain
His fostering care, and all his labours vain.
Æeta thus with wild vexation burn'd,
And with his Colchians to the town return'd,
Some weightier task revolving in his mind:
Thus clos'd the combat, and the day declin'd.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 2. Apollonius, with great propriety, invokes Erato, the muse who presided over love affairs. For this book contains the loves of Medea and Jason, and abounds with the most beautiful

ſentiments deſcriptive of the tender paſſion. Virgil's invocation of Erato, *Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, &c.* is a tranſcript of Apollonius, Εἰ δ' ἄνε νῦν Ἔρατὼ, &c. Virgil ſeems to have copied our poet in this inſtance, at the expence of his judgment; for it is difficult to aſſign a reaſon for his invocation of this muſe, when he was about to ſing, as he informs us, *reges et tempora rerum.*

The fourth book of Virgil, Servius tells us, is borrowed from this of Apollonius Rhodius. Virgil's Æneid, ſays Hoelzlinus, would not have been enriched with the epiſode of Dido, had not the amours of Hypſipyla and Medea been worked up ready to his hand by Apollonius.

Ver. 10. Having conducted his heroes to the banks of the Phaſis, our poet ſhifts the ſcene, and takes occaſion to introduce the two goddeſſes, Juno and Pallas, conſulting for the ſafety of Jaſon. There is a neceſſity for ſuch machinery, in order to preſerve the dignity of epic poetry. And the propriety of its introduction in this place will be acknowledged, if we recollect, that on the ſucceſsful application of theſe goddeſſes to Venus, the future fortunes of Jaſon depend. There needs no greater proof of the beauty of this paſſage, than that it has been imitated by Virgil in that part of his firſt book, where Cupid is commiſſioned by his mother to kindle in Dido's breaſt a paſſion for Æneas.

Ver. 46. The Greek is Νήσοιο πλαγκτῆς. Homer has a ſimilar expreſſion, Πλωτῇ ἐνὶ νήσῳ. Odyſſ. x. 3.

A floating iſle, high rais'd by toil divine. *Pope.*

Ver. 50. This whole paſſage is imitated by Claudian, who, ſpeaking of Venus, ſays,

Cæſariem tunc forte Venus ſubnixa coruſco
Fingebat ſolis: dextrâ lævâque ſorores
Stabant Idaliæ: largos hæc nectaris imbres
Irrigat; hæc morſu numeroſi dentis eburno
Multifidum diſcrimen arat: ſed tertia retro
Dat varios nexus, et juſto dividit orbes
Ordine, neglectam partem ſtudioſa relinquens.

Ver. 74. He, for making love to Juno, and boaſting afterwards that he had diſhonoured Jupiter, was hurled headlong by him into Tartarus, and bound to a wheel, which he was doomed to turn without intermiſſion.

Ver. 79. It was the opinion of the ancients, that the gods frequently aſſumed the human ſhape. Thus Homer, *Odyſſ.* xvii. *v.* 485.

They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
Pope.

——————ſummo delabor Olympo,
Et Deus humanâ luſtro ſub imagine terras.
Ov. Met. l. 1.

Ver. 131. The Greek is, ὡς ῥαάγλοισι. Homer has the ſame expreſſion, Il. xxiii. 88. but it is omitted in Pope's tranſlation.

Ver. 141. She was nurſe to Jove when an infant. Thus Callimachus:

——————σὲ δὲ κοῦρισεν Ἀδρήστεια
Αἰκνῷ ἐνὶ χρυσείῳ. *Hym. ad Jov. v.* 47.

Ver. 149. It is partly from the wanton and playful character of theſe little Cupids, that they are almoſt always given us under the figure of children.

Thus Ovid:

Et puer es, nec te quicquam niſi ludere oportet:
Lude, decent annos mollia regna tuos.
Ov. Rem. Am.

In conformity to this puerile character, Venus promiſes to reward her favourite boy with playthings.

Ver. 210. See the preface.

Ver. 227. Theſe extraordinary rites of the Colchians are mentioned by Ælian, in his fourth book. The earth and air are ſaid to be the principal objects of their worſhip. *Hoelz. and Schol.*

Ver. 237. Thus Pallas ſpreads a veil of air around Ulyſſes, and renders him inviſible:

Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him threw a veil of thicken'd air.
Homer's Odyſſ. B. vii.

Thus Venus conceals Æneas and his companions:

At Venus obſcuro gradientes ære ſepſit.
Virg. Æn. l. i.

Ver. 251. The Pleiades are ſaid to be daughters of Atlas by the nymph Pleione. They were ſeven in number. Their name is derived, either from their mother, or from their number; or, more probably, from the Greek word, which ſignifies *to ſail.* They are called in Latin *Vergiliæ*, from the vernal ſeaſon when they riſe. They riſe about the vernal equinox, and ſet in autumn. See a further account of them in the note on ver. 448. B. ii.

Ver. 260. The battle between the gods and giants is ſuppoſed to have been fought at Phlegra, near Pallene, in Theſſaly.

Ver. 299. Theſe ſons of Phrixus and Chalciope had ſailed from Colchis to Orchomenos, a city of Bœotia, to receive the inheritance of their grandfather Athamus.

Ver. 327. Virgil ſeems to have copied this ſimile from Apollonius. *Æn.* viii. 408.

What time the poor, laborious, frugal dame,
Who plies her diſtaff, ſtirs the dying flame:
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their taſks with half the night;
Thus to her children ſhe divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed. *Pitt.*

Ver. 356. One of thoſe iſlands called the Strophades, in the Ionian ſea.

Ver. 387. The Sarmatians, or Sauramatæ, were Scythians, who dwelt in the country that lies between the river Tanais and the Boryſthenes.

Ver. 413. The table was looked upon by the ancients as a ſacred thing; and a violation of the laws of hoſpitality was eſteemed the higheſt profanation imaginable.

Ver. 562. Virgil's deſcription of the Maſſylian prieſteſs is taken from this paſſage:

Hæc ſe carminibus promittit——
Siſtere aquam fluviis, et vertere ſidere retro!
Nocturnoſque ciet manes: mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, et deſcendere montibus oros.
Æn. L. iv. 487.

Ver. 705. The chief power of diſpoſing of their daughters in marriage, even among the heathens, was in their parents, without whoſe conſent it was not held lawful. This Hermione in Euripides

Ναμφιυμάπων δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν πατὴρ ἐμὸς
Μυρμιδῶν ἔξει κ' ὐκ ἐμὸν κρινεῖν τοὐδ'.

Ver. 797. Here Dr. Broome's tranſlation begins, and continues to ver. 1087; but not without conſiderable omiſſions which are ſupplied. Virgil has copied this exquiſite deſcription from our author. Both the poets deſcribe minutely the profound calm and ſtillneſs of the night, in order to render the agonies of the reſtleſs heroines more affecting by ſuch a contraſt. It is impoſſible to give us a more lively idea of their reſtleſs ſituation, than by repreſenting it in oppoſition to that general tranquillity which prevails through the whole creation. The ſilence of the night, which diſpoſes others to reſt, ſerves to increaſe but their anguiſh, and to ſwell the tumult of their paſſion.

'Twas night; and weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay,
The murmurs of the groves and ſurges die,
The ſtars roll ſolemn, through the glowing ſky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding ſilence reigns,
The flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flowery plains:
The furious ſavages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fiſhes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkneſs ſhare
In ſleep a ſweet forgetfulneſs of care;
All but the hapleſs queen. *Pitt.*

That ſudden and beautiful tranſition at the cloſe of the deſcription, *At non infelix animi Phœniſſa*, is copied with the utmoſt exactneſs from the correſpondent line in our poet,

Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀ Μήδειαν ἐπὶ γλυκερὸς λάβεν ὕπνος.

Ver. 813. Virgil has imitated this ſimile, *Æn.* viii. 22.

Sicut aquæ tremulum, &c.

So from a brazen vaſe the trembling ſtream
Reflects the lunar, or the ſolar beam:
Swift and eluſive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the cieling ſhoot the dancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering ſplendor plays.
Pitt.

Ver. 911. Caucaſus is called by Propertius, B. i. El. 12. the Promethean mountain; becauſe the magic herbs, for which it was famous, were ſaid to have ſprung out of the blood of Prometheus.

——————An quæ
Lecta Prometheis dividet herba jugis. *Potter.*

Ver. 935. We meet with this ſimile in the ſixth book of Homer's Odyſſey, who applies it to Nauſicaa ſporting with her fair attendants in the meads. Virgil applies the ſame ſimile to Dido, walking in the midſt of the city, with the Tyrian princes. See Pope's note on Od. 6. ver. 117. Some of the critics have thought that no paſſage has been more unhappily copied by Virgil from Homer, than this compariſon. But, it ſhould ſeem from ſome circumſtances in his ſimile, that the Roman poet rather imitated this paſſage of Appollonius, than that of Homer.

Ver. 936. Or rather Amniſian, according to Callimachus:

——————Ἀμνίσιδας εἴκοσι νύμφας.

They were ſo named from] Amniſus, a city and river of Crete.

Ver. 988. Some birds were of uſe in divination by the manner and direction of their flight; others by the ſounds they uttered; theſe were called *oſcines*, of which kind were crows.

Oſcinem corvum prece ſuſcitabo
Solis ab ortu. *Hor.* Od. xxvii. l. 3.

Ver. 1005. No poet has ſucceeded better in any deſcription than Apollonius has in the following. The anxiety with which Medea expects the arrival of Jaſon, expreſſed by her inattention and averſion to every other object, by her directing her eyes every way in ſearch of him, and by her trembling at every breeze, are admirable ſtrokes of nature. The appearance of Jaſon, ſuſhed with all the bloom of youth, advancing haſtily towards her, like the ſtar, to which he is compared, riſing from the ocean; the embarraſſment which his preſence occaſions, the ſilent admiration in which they ſtand gazing at each other, like two tall trees in a calm, are particulars which none but the imagination of a real poet could have put together, and can never be ſufficiently admired.

Ver. 1099. We have here a curious account of the ceremonies made uſe of in their ſacrifices to the infernal deities. Hecate the ſame with the moon or Diana, was ſo called, either from her being appeaſed by hecatombs, or from the power ſhe poſſeſſed of obliging thoſe who were unburied to wander an hundred years. Virgil applies to her the epithet of *ter geminam*, and Horace that of *triformis*. She was called in heaven Luna, or the Moon, on earth Diana, and in hell Proſerpina. Hecate, and Brimo, from her terrifying appearance.

It ſeems extraordinary that Diana, who is the goddeſs of chaſtity, ſhould be repreſented as diſpenſing her favourable influence in illicit amours. But the mythologiſts inform us, that Diana and Venus are but one and the ſame divinity. The Scholiaſt on Theocritus, Id. ii. ſays, that it was cuſtomary, among the ancients, for the men to

implore the sun, and women the moon in their amours. Cicero, speaking of three Dianas, observes, that the first was thought to be the mother of winged Cupid. *De Nat. Deor. l.* 3.

Ver. 1095. Honey was a favourite ingredient with the ancients, in their oblations to the gods, whether of heaven or hell. Homer, in his hymn to Mercury, calls it

———θεῶν ἡδείαν ἐδωδήν.

Bees and honey are subjects which the Greek poets are particularly fond of introducing; and their country was plentifully supplied with these commodities.

Ver. 1115. Apollonius Rhodius, according to the common opinion, supposes Deucalion to have been a native of Greece, the son of Prometheus, the son of Japetus: but in these ancient mythological accounts, all genealogy must be entirely disregarded. He represents him as the first of men, through whom religious rites were renewed, cities built, and civil polity established in the world; none of which circumstances are applicable to any king of Greece. We are assured by Philo, that Deucalion was Noah. *Bryant.*

Ver. 1245. Upon the report of the rape of Europa, her father, Agenor, sent every where in search of her, and ordered his son Cadmus not to return home till he had found her. Cadmus having traversed a part of Greece without gaining any information of her, settled in Bœotia, where he built the city Thebes. Having sent his associates into a grove, consecrated to Mars, to fetch water, a serpent, which guarded the place, devoured them. Cadmus, to revenge their death, slew the monster; from whose teeth, which he had sown, a body of armed men sprung up. This is the fabulous account to which Apollonius alludes.

No colony, says Mr. Bryant, could settle any where, and build an orphite or serpent temple, but there was supposed to have been a contention betwixt a hero and a dragon. Cadmus was described in conflict with such an one at Thebes.

Ver. 1247. Πομπαῖος relates properly to divine influence, and πομπὴ is an oracle. An ox or cow was by the Amonians esteemed very sacred and oracular. Cadmus was accordingly said to be directed πομπῇ βοός. *Bryant.*

Ver. 1285. This river is supposed to have derived its source from a nation of that name. The poet, in describing the effects of this infernal evocation, has heaped together with great judgment, and in the true spirit of poetry, every circumstance that is capable of exciting terror and astonishment.

Ver. 1288. Apollonius introduces his heroes on the plains of Mars with the utmost pomp and magnificence, thus artfully preparing us for the solemnities of the ensuing combat, on which the fate of Jason depends.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jason obtains the Golden Fleece by the assistance of Medea. She embarks with the Argonauts for Greece. Æta pursues them. Having crossed the Euxine sea, they sail up the Ister; and by an arm of that river enter the Adriatic. Absyrtus is treacherously murdered by Jason. They sail into the Sardinian sea by the way of Eridanus and the Rhone. The murder of Absyrtus is expiated by Circe, at whose island they land. Thetis and her nymphs conduct the heroes through the straits of Scylla and Charybdis. They sail by the island infested with the Syrens, from whose enchantments Orpheus delivers them. At Corcyra, once called Drepane, they meet with the Colchians that pursued them through the Symplegades; who request Alcinous, king of the island, to deliver up Medea. He agrees to send her back to her father, if unmarried; but if married to Jason he refuses to separate them. Upon this determination, her nuptials are immediately celebrated. They again put to sea, and are driven upon the quicksands of Africa. The tutelary deities of the country extricate them from their distresses. They bear Argo on their shoulders as far as the lake Tritonis. The Hesperides, who were bewailing the death of the serpent, slain the preceding day by Hercules, give some account of that hero. The death of Canthus and Mopsus, two of their comrades, is related. Triton, whose figure is particularly described, gives them directions about their voyage. They sail near Crete. The story of Talus. At Hippuris they sacrifice to Phœbus, who, standing on the top of an hill, enlightens their way. The clod of earth, given by Triton to Euphemus, becomes an island, called Callistè. They anchor at Ægina; and loosing from thence, arrive without further interruption at Thessaly.

O GODDESS, daughter of th' eternal King,
Medea's various cares and counsels sing:
Far from my mind the sad suspense remove,
Whether to celebrate her lawless love,
Or whether her base flight from Colchis' bay,
Best claims the tribute of my tuneful lay.
In solemn council to his faithful chiefs
The vengeful king disclos'd his bosom griefs:

Some diſconcerted at the recent fight,
He ſpent in long debate the doleful night;
Miſtruſting ſtill, theſe ſchemes, ſo deeply laid,
Were all conducted by his daughter's aid.
Meanwhile the imperial queen of heaven had ſhed
O'er the fair virgin's breaſt deſpondent dread.
She ſtarts, ſhe trembles, as, purſu'd by hounds,
The fawn light ſkipping o'er the meadow bounds.
She fears the ſecrets of her ſoul betray'd,
And her ſire's vengeance for her proffer'd aid.
Her handmaids, conſcious of her crimes, ſhe fears;
Her eyes fierce flames emit, loud murmurs fill her ears.
Her death ſhe meditates in wild deſpair,
And, ſadly ſighing, tears her golden hair.
Now fate imbibing from the poiſon'd bowl,
Soon had ſhe freed her voluntary ſoul,
And Juno's projects all been render'd vain,
But, kindly pitying a lover's pain,
The goddeſs urg'd with Phrixus' ſons her flight,
And eas'd her boſom of its ſorrow's weight.
Forth from her caſket every drug ſhe pours,
And to her lap conſigns the magic ſtores.
Then with a parting kiſs her bed ſhe preſs'd,
Clung round each door, and ev'n the walls careſs'd.
A lock ſhe tore of looſely-flowing hair,
And faſe conſign'd it to her mother's care,
The ſacred relic of her virgin-fame;
And, wailing thus, invok'd Idya's name:
'This lock, O mother, at my hand receive,
'Which I, far-diſtant roaming, with thee leave.
'Farewell, Chalciope; far hence I roam!
'And thou farewell, my firſt, my deareſt home!
'Oh! hadſt thou ſtranger, in deep ocean drown'd,
'Periſh'd, and never trod on Colchian ground!"
She ſpoke, and tears her heartfelt woe betray'd;
Then fled ſhe inſtant. Thus the captive maid,
When, from her friends and country baniſh'd far,
She ſhares the miſerable fate of war,
Diſus'd to toil beneath a tyrant's ſway,
Flies from oppreſſion's rod with ſpeed away.
With ſpeed like her's the weeping fair withdrew:
The doors ſpontaneous open'd as ſhe flew,
Shook by her magic ſong; barefoot ſhe ſtrays
Through winding paths and unfrequented ways.
Before her face one hand her veſture holds,
And one confines its border's flowing folds.
Beyond the city walls with trembling haſte,
Unſeen of all the centinels, ſhe paſs'd,
Then by accuſtom'd paths explor'd the fane,
Where ſpectres riſe, and plants diffuſe their bane;
(Thus practiſe magic maids their myſtic art)
Fears ill portending flutter round her heart.
Her frenzy Cynthia, riſing bright, ſurvey'd,
And this ſoliloquy in triumph made:
'Yes, with Endymion's heavenly charms o'er-come,
'I to the cave at Latmos once could roam,
'Of love regardful, when your potent lay
'Had from the ſtarry ſpheres ſeduc'd my ray,
'That you, protected by the gloom of night,
'Might celebrate unſeen the myſtic rite,
'Your lov'd employ: now Cupid's ſhafts ſubdue,
'Not Cynthia only, but, fair ſorcereſs you.
'For you his toils the wily god hath wove,
'And all your heart inflam'd with Jaſon's love.
'Come then, thoſe pangs which love ordains endure,
'And bear with courage what you cannot cure.'
She ſaid: impetuous haſtening to the flood,
Soon on its lofty banks Medea ſtood.
A fire, which midnight's deadly gloom diſpell'd,
Signal of conqueſt gain'd, ſhe here beheld.
Involv'd in ſhade, the ſolitary dame
Rais'd her ſhrill voice, and call'd on Phrontis' name.
Known was her voice to Phrixus' ſons, who bear
The grateful tidings to their leader's ear.
The truth diſcover'd, the confederate hoſt
All ſilent ſtood, in wild amazement loſt.
Loud call'd ſhe thrice; and with reſponſive cries
His friends requeſting, Phrontis thrice replies.
Quick at her call they ply the bending oar;
Nor were their halſers faſten'd to the ſhore,
When Æſon's ſon at one declſive bound
Leaps from the lofty deck upon the ground;
Phrontis and Argus haſten to her aid,
Whoſe knees embracing, thus Medea pray'd:
'Oh! ſave me, friends, from my offended ſire,
'Oh! ſave yourſelves from dread Æeta's ire.
'Known are our projects: fail we hence afar,
'Ere Æa's monarch mounts his rapid car.
'My magic charms ſhall cloſe the dragon's eyes,
'And ſoon reward you with the golden prize.
'But thou, lov'd gueſt, continue faithful ſtill,
'And ſwear whate'er thou promis'd to fulfil:
'Ah! leave me not to infamy a ſcorn,
'By all my friends abandon'd and forlorn.'
Plaintive ſhe ſpoke: his arms around her waiſt
Rapturous he threw, then rais'd her and embrac'd,
And ſolac'd thus in terms of tendereſt love:
"By heaven's high king I ſwear, Olympian Jove,
"By Juno goddeſs of the nuptial rite,
"Soon as my native land tranſports my ſight,
"Thou, lovely virgin, ſhalt be duly led,
"Adorn'd with honours to my bridal bed."
This ſaid, in her's he cloſ'd his plighted hand:
To Mars's grove Medea gave command,
Spite of her fire, the veſſel to convey,
And bear by night the golden fleece away.
Swift at the word they ſprung; the Colchian maid
Embark'd, and inſtant was their anchor weigh'd,
Their craſhing oars reſound: ſhe oft to land
Reverts her eye, and waves her trembling hand:
But Æſon's ſon his ready aid affords,
And ſoothes her ſorrows with conſoling words.
Wak'd by their hounds, what time the huntſmen riſe,
And ſhake the balm of ſlumber from their eyes,
At twilight, ere Aurora's dreaded ray
Efface the tracks, and waft the ſcent away:
Jaſon then landing with the fair, attains,
With flowers diverſified, the verdant plains,
Where firſt the ram, with Phrixus' weight oppreſs'd,
His wearied knee inclin'd, and ſunk to reſt.

Hard by, an altar's ſtately ſtructure ſtands,
To favouring George firſt rais'd by Phrixus' hands,
Where he the golden monſter doom'd to bleed;
So his conductor Hermes had decreed.
Here, as by Argus taught, the chiefs withdrew,
While their lone courſe the regal pair purſue
Through the thick grove, impatient to behold
The ſpreading beech that bears the fleecy gold.
Suſpended here, it darts a beamy blaze,
Like a cloud tipp'd with Phœbus' orient rays.
With high arch'd neck, in front the dragon lies,
And towards the ſtrangers turns his ſleepleſs eyes;
Aloud he hiſſes, the wide woods around.
And Phaſis' banks return the doleful ſound.
Colchians far diſtant from Titanus' ſhore,
Heard ev'n to Lycus' ſtreams the hideous roar;
Lycus, who, ſever'd from Araxis' tides,
A boiſterous flood with gentle Phaſis glides:
One common courſe their ſtreams united keep,
And roll united to the Caſpian deep.
The mother, ſtarting from her bed of reſt,
Fears for her babe reclining on her breaſt,
And cloſely claſping to her fondling arms,
Protects her trembling infant from alarms.
As from ſome wood, involv'd in raging fires,
Clouds following clouds aſcend in curling ſpires:
The ſmoky wreaths in long ſucceſſion climb,
And from the bottom riſe in air ſublime;
The dragon thus his ſcaly volumes roll'd,
Wreath'd his huge length, and gather'd fold in fold.
Him, winding ſlow, beheld the magic dame,
And ſleep invok'd the monſter's rage to tame
With potent ſong the drowſy god ſhe ſway'd
To ſummon all his ſuccour to her aid;
And Hecate from Pluto's coaſts ſhe drew,
To lull the dauntleſs monſter, and ſubdue.
Jaſon advanc'd with awe, with awe beheld
The dreaded dragon by her magic quell'd.
Lifeleſs he lay, each languid fold unbound,
And his vaſt ſpine extended on the ground.
Thus when the boiſterous wave forbears to roar,
It ſinks recumbent on the peaceful ſhore.
Still ſtrove the monſter his huge head to heave,
And in his deadly jaws his foe receive.
A branch of juniper the maid applies,
Steep'd in a baneful potion to his eyes:
Its odours ſtrong the branch diffus'd around,
And ſunk th' enormous beaſt in ſleep profound.
Supine he ſunk! his jaws forgot to move,
And his unnumber'd folds are ſpread o'er half the grove.
Then Jaſon to the beech his hand applies,
And graſps, at her command, the golden prize.
Still ſhe perſiſts to ply the potent ſpell,
And the laſt vigour of the monſter quell,
Till he adviſ'd her to rejoin the crew;
Then from the grove of Mars the maid withdrew.
As ſome fair dame, when Cynthia riſes bright,
Beholds the beamy ſplendours with delight,
Which from her veſtment ſtrong-reflected riſe;
Thus gloried Jaſon in the gliſtering prize.
The flaming rays that from its ſurface flow'd,
Beam'd on his cheeks, and on his forehead glow'd.
Large as the heifer's hide, or as the hind's,
Which in Achaia's plains the hunter finds,
Shone the thick, ponderous fleece, whoſe golden rays
Far o'er the land diffus'd a beamy blaze.
He on his ſhoulders now the ſpoil ſuſpends,
Low at his feet the flowing train deſcends;
Collecting now within its ponderous folds,
His graſping hand the coſtly capture holds.
Fearful he moves, with circumſpect ſurvey,
Leſt men or gods ſhould ſnatch the prize away.
Now as returning morn illumes the land,
The royal pair rejoin the gallant band.
The gallant band beheld with wondering eyes,
Fierce as Jove's fiery bolt, the radiant prize.
Their hands extending as they flock around,
All wiſh to heave the trophy from the ground.
But Jaſon, interdicting, ſingly threw
O'er the broad fleece a covering rich and new;
Then in the ſhip he plac'd the virgin-gueſt,
And thus the liſtening demigods addreſs'd:
'No longer doubt ye, comrades, to regain
'Far o'er a length of ſeas your lov'd domain.
'For ſee, the end of all our glorious toil,
'Won by Medea's aid, this precious ſpoil!
'Her, not reluctant, I to Greece will bear,
'And with connubial honours crown her there.
'Guard your fair patroneſs, ye gallant crew,
'Who ſav'd your country when ſhe ſuccour'd you.
'Soon will Æeta with his Colchian train
'Preclude, I ween, our paſſage to the main.
'Some with your oars reſume your deſtin'd feat;
'Some with your ſhields ſecure your wiſh'd re-
'treat;
'This rampire forming, we their darts deſy,
'Nor home returning unreveng'd will die.
'Lo! on our proweſs all we love depends,
'Our children, parents, country, and our friends.
'Greece, as we ſpeed, through future times ſhall
'boaſt
'Her empire fix'd, or wail her glory loſt.'
He ſaid, and arm'd; the heroes ſhout applauſe:
Then from its pendent ſheath his ſword he draws,
Severs the halſer, and, in arms array'd,
His ſtation fixes near the magic maid,
And where Ancæus' hand the pilot's art diſplay'd.
Keen emulation fir'd the labouring crew,
As down the ſtream of Phaſis Argo flew.
Medea's flight now reach'd Æeta's ear,
And all her crimes in all their guilt appear.
To council call'd, in arms the Colchian train
Ruſh thick as billows on the roaring main,
Thick as the leaves that flutter from above,
When blaſting autumn ſtrips the faded grove;
So thick the ſhouting Colchians ruſh to war,
Led by Æeta in his ſplendid car,
Glorying in Phœbus' gifts, his rapid ſteeds,
Whoſe ſwiftneſs far the ſpeed of winds exceeds.
His left a buckler's wide circumference rais'd;
In his extended right a flambeau blaz'd;
His girded belt a mighty ſpear ſuſtains;
His ſon Abſyrtus graſps the flowing reins.
Now by tough oars impell'd and proſperous tides,
The veſſel glibly down the river glides.
Th' indignant king invok'd the powers above,
His parent Phœbus, and almighty Jove,
His wrongs to witneſs: and to ſudden fate
Doom'd in his fury the devoted ſtate.

Who dar'd delay the guilty maid to bring,
From land or ocean to their injur'd king,
On their rebellious heads his wrath should fall,
And vengeance merited o'ertake them all.
Thus menac'd he; and, lo! the Colchian train
Launch'd on that day their vessels in the main;
Swift, on that day, unfurl'd their bellying sails,
And all embarking caught the balmy gales.
Nor deem ye this a well-train'd naval host;
Like flocks of birds they scream around the coast.
Juno, propitious to her favourite crew,
Inspir'd the breezes that serenely blew,
That soon on Grecian land the fair might tread,
And pour destruction down on Pelia's head.
With the third morn, on Paphlagonia's shore,
Where Halys rolls his stream, the heroes moor,
Medea here ordain'd a solemn rite
To Hecate, the magic queen of night.
But what, or how she form'd the potent spell
Let none inquire, nor shall my numbers tell:
Fear holds me silent. Here the pious band
Erect a sacred temple on the strand,
Sacred to Hecate, night's awful queen!
And still beside the beech the holy fane is seen.
And now the words of Phineus, old and blind,
Recurr'd to Jason, and each hero's mind,
From Æa he advis'd them to pursue
A different course, a course no pilot knew,
Which Argus thus delineates to the crew:
'When towards Orchomenos our course we bent,
'We took that route th' instructive prophet meant.
'For in times past a different road was known,
'And this thy priests Egyptian Thebes have shown.
'Before the stars adorn'd the sapphire sphere,
'Or Danus' race had reach'd th' inquirer's ear:
'In Greece the bold Arcadians reign'd alone,
'And ere bright Cynthia deck'd her silver throne,
'On acorns liv'd, the food of savage man;
'Before Deucalion's sons their reign began;
'With harvests then was fertile Egypt crown'd,
'Mother of mighty chiefs, of old renown'd;
'Then the broad Triton, beauteous to behold,
'His streams prolific o'er the country roll'd.
'For Jove descends not there in beauteous rains,
'But inundations fertilize the plains.
'Hence rose the matchless chief (if fame says true),
'Who conquer'd Europe's realms and Asia's too;
'His hardy troops embattled at his side,
'He on his valour and those troops rely'd.
'He built and peopled with superior skill
'Unnumber'd cities, some remaining still.
'Though many ages now have pass'd away,
'Yet Æa stands, nor hastens to decay;
'Peopled at first by his adventurous train,
'Whose long-continued race ev'n now remain.
'With care they still recording tablets keep
'Of all the limits of the land and deep,
'Wherever rivers flow, or storms prevail,
'Wherever men can march, or ships can sail.
'A river, stately-winding, deep and wide,
'From far far distant mountains rolls its tide;
'Where ships of burden sure protection claim:
'Long is its course, and Ister is its name.
'Far o'er Riphæan hills where Boreas reigns,
'He undivided flows through various plains;
'But when through Thrace and Scythian clime
'he glides,
'In two broad streams his rapid flood divides:
'This to th' Ionian sea its circuit sweeps,
'That wider stretches to Trinacria's deeps,
'Whose lofty shores your Grecian coast command,
'If Achelöus flow through Grecian land.'
He said; a favouring sign the goddess gave,
Which with new courage animates the brave.
Celestial fires emit a living ray,
And beams of glory point the certain way.
Here, leaving Lycus' valiant son behind,
They spread with joy their canvas to the wind.
Afar the Paphlagonian hills appear;
And from Carambis' cape remote they steer;
Led by the heavenly light and kindly gales,
Till in broad Ister's flood the vessel sails.
Where the Cyanean rocks o'erlook the main,
Part of the Colchians steer their course in vain;
While they, whose counsels sage, Absyrtus guides,
Cut through the mouth call'd Calon Ister's tides.
Outsailing thus yon tardy ships, they sweep
With skilful oars the wide Ionian deep.
An isle, which Ister's branching streams comprise,
Peuce, triangular, before them lies:
Wide o'er the beach its ample base extends,
And in the flood its pointed angle ends.
The two broad streams, that round the island flow,
They by Arecos' name and Calon know,
Below this isle Absyrtus and his crew
Through the wide Calon their swift course pursue:
Above it sailing Jason's comrades stray,
And through Arecos wind their distant way.
Such naval force dismay'd the neighbouring swains;
They left their fleecy flocks and verdant plains:
The ships in view, with terror struck they stood,
And deem'd them monsters rising from the flood:
Never beheld they from their native shore
Ships proudly sailing on the seas before.
For the fierce Scythians and Sigynnian race
Maintain'd no commerce with the sons of Thrace:
Nor Sindians e'er, who roam the desert plain,
Nor e'er Graucenians cross'd the seas for gain.
When Argo's crew the mount Angurus pass'd,
And reach'd the rock Cauliacus at last,
(Ister, near which his stately stream divides
And mingles with the deep his sever'd tides):
And distant left the wide Talaurian plain,
Then had the Colchians plough'd the Chronian main.
Here, left the vessel 'scape, they cautious stay,
And strive to intercept her in her way,
At length appears to their expecting view
On Ister's flood the enterprising crew.
Two lovely sea girt isles their notice claim'd,
Dear to Diana, and the Burgi nam'd.
Superb in one a sacred temple rose,
And one secur'd them from their Colchian foes.
Her power revering whom these isles obey,
The foe had quitted them without delay.

Each isle beside was throng'd with Colchian hosts,
Who, guarding every pass, protect the coasts.
For troops of enemies embattled stood,
Far ev'n as Nestis and Salango's flood.
Their numbers few, the Mynian chiefs forbear
To wage with numerous foes unequal war,
Preventive of debate, this truce was seal'd;
That, since the king propos'd the fleece to yield,
Whether by open force, or arts unknown,
Conquest the daring combatant might crown,
He, though reluctant, must resign his right,
And the contested prize the victor's toil requite.
That, from the crowd with secrecy convey'd,
Diana's fane should guard the magic maid,
Till mid' the sceptred princes one arose
To fix their vague opinions, and propose,
Or to restore her to her sire's embrace,
Or in Orchomenos's city place,
Or freely grant her to embark in peace,
And with the Grecian heroes visit Greece.
When now long pondering, the suspicious maid
Had learn'd, and all their secret counsels weigh'd,
Tormenting cares disturb her mind's repose,
And keen reflection added woes to woes.
Aside she then, from all th' assembled crew,
With cautious secrecy her Jason drew:
Him, thus withdrawn, th' impassion'd maid address'd,
And told the secret sorrows of her breast:
'Say, what the cause that hostile hosts are join'd,
'And leagues, destructive of my peace combin'd?
'Say, have these charms, with rapture once explor'd,
'Lull'd to forgetfulness my faithless lord?
'Hath time effac'd the promises he made,
'When in the needful hour he ask'd mine aid?
'Where now thine oaths, preferr'd to mighty Jove?
'Where now thy tenders of unalter'd love?
'Curs'd oaths! which bade me all I love disclaim, [name!
'Friends, parents, country, every honour'd
'Forlorn and vex'd lest thou should'st toil in vain,
'I with the plaintive halcyon fought the main,
'I follow'd but to shield thee from alarms,
'When bulls breath'd fire, and giants rose in arms.
'Now is the fleece, for which ye sail'd, possess'd,
'And by my foolish fondness thou art bless'd.
'Bless'd thou; but me what secret sorrows vex,
'Whose deeds reflect dishonour on my sex!
'Me as thy daughter, sister, wife they brand,
'Who dare attend thee to a distant land.
'But stay, protect me, ease my weight of woe,
'Nor to my royal sire without me go.
'Oh! think on justice, and revere thine oath,
'Which both consented to, which bound us both:
'Or instant, should'st thou every tie evade,
'In this frail bosom plunge the pointed blade.
'Thus frantic love its due deserts shall see,
'And death come grateful to a wretch like me.
'Think, should the king exert his sovereign sway
'And with my brother destine me to stay,
'(That king with whom ye both with treacherous aim
'Have form'd a league, subversive of my fame);
'Oh! how shall I behold my father's face?
'With courage I! not shrinking at disgrace?
'No; stung by conscience, I forestall my fate,
'And feel the horrors which my crimes create.
'Back o'er the seas, mid' raging tempests borne,
'Long may'st thou wander joyless and forlorn.
'Ne'er may thy boasted patroness and friend,
'Juno, to thee her wonted aid extend.
'Stern fate may still severer toils ordain,
'And thou, false wretch, remember me in vain.
'Oh! may the fleece deceive thy ravish'd sight,
'And, like a vision, vanish into night.
'Rise may my furies, vengeance to demand,
'And distant drive thee from thy native land.
'From thee, their guilty source, my sorrows flow:
'Share now thy part, and suffer woe for woe.
'Thine oaths no more a slighted maid shall wrong,
'Nor this perfidious truce protect thee long.'
Stung with despair, she utter'd thus her grief,
Thus to her angry spirit gave relief.
To burn the ship forth rush'd th' impetuous dame,
And wrap its heaven-built sides in sudden flame;
Resolv'd in thought, as now the vessel blaz'd,
To perish dauntless in the flame she rais'd:
But Jason thus, with boding fears impress'd,
Sooth'd the mad tumults of Medea's breast: [ear
"Cease, heavenly maid, nor wound a lover's
"With words unwelcome, and unfit to hear.
"The common safety bids us all unite
"To gain a timely respite from the fight.
"See, fair protectress, to restore thee lost,
"What clouds of enemies furround the coast.
"The country arms thy brother's cause to aid,
"And bear thee to thy sire a captive maid.
"Against such force should we our arms oppose,
"Perish might all our host, o'erpower'd by foes:
"Then, sad to think! if, every hero slain,
"In long captivity must thou remain.
"Our arts perfidious will this truce conceal,
"Whose baneful influence must thy brother feel.
"Berav'd of him, the Colchians' cause to aid,
"And to recover thee, a captive maid,
"No more the neighbouring forces will unite:
"Instant will I renew the desperate fight,
"Secure my wish'd return, and vindicate my right."
Thus spoke he mild: the mischief-brooding maid
Told her dark purpose, and, 'O think,' she said,
'Think, Jason, now: oppose we, as beseems,
'To their destructive deeds destructive schemes.
'Urg'd first by love, in error's maze I stray'd,
'And through that god is every lust obey'd.
'Decline the fight, till I the youth betray,
'And to your hands consign, an easy prey.
'With presents be the heedless stripling lur'd:
'Heralds, of faith approv'd, by me procur'd,

Ere long a secret audience shall obtain,
And to my purposes Absyrtus gain.
My plan (I reck not) if it please, pursue:
'Go, slay my brother, and the fight renew.'
Such were the snares the treacherous lovers laid;
And by large presents was the prince betray'd.
The heralds with these specious presents bore
The veil Hypsipyle so lately wore.
Each grace in Naxos isle, with art divine,
Wrought the rich raiment for the god of wine;
He gave it Thoas, his illustrious heir,
And Thoas to Hypsipyle the fair;
She gave it Jason; wondering you behold
And with new transport trace th' embroider'd gold.
What time with large nectareous draughts oppress'd,
On the soft vesture Bacchus sunk to rest,
Close by his side the Cretan maid reclin'd,
At Naxos isle whom Theseus left behind;
From that bless'd hour the robe, with odours fill'd,
Ambrosial fragrance wide around distill'd.
Her guileful purposes the magic maid
In order thus before the heralds laid:
That soon as night her sable shade had spread,
And to the temple was Medea led,
Thither Absyrtus should repair and hear
A project pleasing to a brother's ear:
How she, the golden fleece in triumph borne,
Would to Æeta speed her wish'd return;
How Phrixus' treacherous sons prolong'd her stay,
And her to cruel foes consign'd a prey.
Then far she flung her potent spells in air,
Which lur'd the distant savage from his lair.
Curse of mankind! from thee contentions flow,
Disastrous love! and every heart-felt woe:
Thy darts the children of thy foes infest,
As now they rankle in Medea's breast.
How vanquish'd by her wiles, Absyrtus fell,
In seemly order now my muse must tell.
Medea now secur'd in Dian's fane,
The Colchians hasten to their ships again.
Jason meanwhile lies in close ambush bent,
Absyrtus and his friends to circumvent.
Him, yet unpractis'd in his sister's guile,
His ready ship had wafted to the isle:
Conceal'd in night they tugg'd their toilsome oars,
Till in the bay secure the vessel moors.
Alone, in confidence, the stripling came;
And at Diana's porch approach'd the dame,
(She like a torrent look'd, when swoln with rain,
Which foaming terrifies the village-swain);
To learn what snare her wily art could lay,
To drive these bold adventurers away.
And all was plann'd; when from his ambuscade
Sprung Æson's son, and shook his lifted blade.
The conscious sister, stung with secret dread,
Lest her own eyes should view Absyrtus dead,
Turn'd from the murderous scene aside distress'd,
And veil'd her guilty face beneath her vest.
As falls an ox beneath the striker's blow,
So was Absyrtus laid by Jason low.
Near that bright fane the neighbouring Brygi built,
He eyes his victim, and completes his guilt.
Here sunk he low; and to his bleeding side,
Compressing both his hands the hero died.
Medea's veil receiv'd the purple flood,
And her fair vesture blush'd with brother's blood.
Hell's blackest fury the dire scene survey'd,
And mark'd with sidelong eye the reeking blade.
The pious rite for blood in secret spilt,
Jason fulfils, and expiates his guilt.
The skin he rases from the body slain,
Thrice licks the blood, thrice spits it out again.
Then with collected earth the corse he press'd;
And still his bones with Absyrteans rest.
When in full prospect the bright flamheau blaz'd,
Which to conduct the chiefs Medea rais'd,
Elate with hope the radiant guide they view,
And near the Colchian vessel Argo drew.
As lions fierce the timorous flocks dismay,
Leap o'er the folds, and drive them far away;
As trembling doves before the kite retreat,
So before Argo flies the Colchian fleet,
Furious as flame, on all the host they prey'd,
And low in death was each assailant laid.
Jason at length, to aid his valiant crew,
Who little need his aid, appear'd in view.
For not a fear their gallant hearts oppress'd,
Save what their Jason's safety might suggest.
The chiefs assembled with Medea sat,
And on their future voyage thus debate;
Peleus began: 'Now, ere Aurora rise,
'A speedy embarkation I advise:
'A different course with caution let us choose;
'From that far different which the foe pursues.
'For (such my sanguine hope) when morning-light
'Yon slaughter'd heaps discloses to their sight,
'No words will win them to pursue us far,
'No tongue entice them to renew the war.
'Sedition soon, their prince Absyrtus dead,
'Will, like a pest, o'er all the navy spread:
'Secure and free shall we recross the main,
'Their forces scatter'd, and their sovereign slain.'
He said: the chiefs consented, and with haste
Re-enter'd Argo, and their oars embrac'd.
Hard by Electris, last of isles, they row,
Near which, Eridanus, thy waters flow.
Soon as their leader's fate the Colchians knew,
They vow'd destruction to the Grecian crew;
And eager to o'ertake the Mynian train,
Had travers'd in their wrath the boundless main,
But Juno, as her thunder awful roll'd,
Presag'd her vengeance, and their pride control'd.
Dreading Æeta's ire, the vanquish'd host
Far distant voyag'd from the Colchian coast.
Unnumber'd ports the scatter'd fleet explor'd:
Some to those isles repair'd where Jason moor'd;
Nam'd from Absyrtus: some where stately flows
The flood Illyricum, expect repose;
Beside whose bank a lofty tower they rear'd,
Where Cadmus' and Harmonia's tomb appear'd:

Here with the natives dwell they. Others roam
Till midſt Ceraunian rocks they find a home;
Ceraunian nam'd, ſince Jove's red thunder rore
Their ſhips that anchor'd on the neighbouring ſhore.
But towards the Hyllean port the heroes bear,
And fortune ſmiling, fix their halſers there.
For many an iſle projected o'er the tide,
Near which no veſſel could with ſafety ride.
No hoſtile arts the Hylleans now deviſe:
They teach the Mynians where their voyage lies;
And for their friendly intercourſe obtain
The largeſt tripod from Apollo's fane.
For, doubtful of the fleece, when Jaſon came
To hear reſponſes from the Pythian dame,
Enrich'd and honour'd from the ſhrine he trod
With two bright tripods given by Delphi's god.
'Twas doom'd no power ſhould lay the country waſte,
Within whoſe confines were theſe tripods plac'd.
Hid, for this cauſe, in earth the ſumptuous prize
Hard by the fair Hyllean city lies;
Deep, deep it lies, with ponderous earth oppreſs'd,
That there unſeen it might for ever reſt.
King Hyllus, whom in fam'd Phœacia's ſhore
Fair Melite to great Alcides bore,
To mortal view as manifeſt no more.
Nauſithoüs, to youthful Hyllus kind,
The heedleſs ſtripling in his courts confin'd;
(For, when to Macris' iſle Alcides fled,
That far-fam'd iſle, which infant Bacchus fed,
To expiate his guilt, and waſh the ſtain
Of blood yet ſtreaming from his children ſlain,
Here as beſide his favourite beach he rov'd,
The naiad Melite he ſaw and lov'd,
The daughter of Ægëus fair and young,
From whoſe careſſes hopeful Hyllus ſprung.)
But he, to manhood ripening, wiſh'd to roam
Far from his ſovereign's eye and regal home:
The native iſlanders augment his train,
And with their leader tempt the Chronian main.
Nauſithoüs complied with each demand,
And Hyllus ſettled on th' Illyric ſtrand:
But as he ſtrove his ſcatter'd herd to ſhield,
A boor's rude weapon ſtretch'd him on the field.
How croſs theſe ſeas, how round th' Auſonian ſhores,
And the Ligurian iſles they plied their oars,
Ye muſes tell: what tokens ſtill remain
Of Argo's voyage, what her feats explain:
Say, to what end, by what impelling gales
She o'er remoteſt ſeas unfurl'd her ſails.
All-ſeeing Jove their perfidy diſcern'd,
And for Abſyrtus ſlain with anger burn'd.
By Circe's myſtic rites heaven's fire decreed
The guilt to expiate of ſo baſe a deed.
To ſufferings dire, but what no mortal knew,
He, ere they ſafe return'd, foredoom'd the crew.
Beyond the Hyllean land their courſe they ſteer'd:
Remote the vaſt Liburnian iſles appear'd,
Late fill'd with Colchians; Pitya fair,
And rocky Iſſa, are the names they bear.
Theſe iſlands paſt, Cercyra's cliffs they greet,
Where dwelt (for here had Neptune choſe her ſeat)
Cercyra; he, by tender paſſions ſway'd.
From diſtant Phliuns fetch'd the black-ey'd maid;
Melaine her admiring ſailor's name,
As through dark groves they view the ſwarthy dame.
Fleet as the veſſel ſails before the wind,
Ceroſſus, Melite they leave behind.
Soon on Nymphæa, though remote, ſhe gains,
Where Atlas daughter, queen Calypſo, reigns.
The crew conjectur'd, through far diſtant ſkies
They ſaw the tall Ceraunian mountains riſe.
And now Jove's purpoſes and vengeful rage
Propitious Juno's anxious thoughts engage.
That every toil with glory might be crown'd,
And no diſaſtrous rocks their ſhip ſurround,
She wak'd the briſker gales in Argo's aid,
Till in Electris' iſle ſhe rode embay'd.
Sudden, the veſſel, as ſhe ſail'd along,
Spoke, wondrous portent! as with human tongue:
Her ſturdy keel of Dodonean oak,
By Pallas vocal made, prophetic ſpoke.
This ſolemn voice ſhook every heart with fear:
They deem'd the thunderer's threaten'd vengeance near.
'Expect,' ſays Argo, 'ſtorms and wint'ry ſeas,'
'Till Circe's rites the wrath of Jove appeaſe.
'Ye guardian twins, who aid our great deſign,
'By humble pray'r the heavenly powers incline
'To ſteer me ſafe to each Auſonian bay,
'And to the haunts of Circe point my way.'
Thus Argo ſpoke, as night her ſhades diſplay'd:
The ſons of Leda liſten'd and obey'd.
Before th' immortal powers their hands they ſpread;
All, ſave theſe chiefs, were ſtruck with ſilent dread.
The canvaſs, wide-diſtended by the gales,
Swift down Eridanus the galley ſails.
Here Jove's dread bolt transfix'd the ſtripling's ſide,
Who greatly dar'd the car of Phœbus guide.
This flood receiv'd him; and the flaming wound
Still ſteams, and ſpreads offenſive vapours round.
The feathery race, as o'er the flood they fly,
Wrapp'd in ſulphureous exhalations die.
The poplar's winding bark around them ſpread,
Apollo's daughters wail their brother dead.
Down their fair cheeks bright tears of amber run,
Sink in the ſand, and harden by the ſun.
When boiſterous winds the troubled waters urge,
And o'er its bank aſcends the ſwelling ſurge,
Theſe amber gems, ſwept by the tide away,
Their pearly tribute to the river pay.
But, down the ſtream, as Celtic legends tell,
The tears of Phœbus floated as they fell
In amber drops, what time from angry Jove
The god withdrew, and left the realms above:
To the fair Hyperborean race he fled,
Griev'd for his favourite, Æſculapius dead.
From fair Coronis ſprung this godlike ſon,
Where Amyros' ſtreams near Lacera run.
Strangers to mirth, the penſive Mynians muſe
On their hard lot, and ſtrengthening food refuſe.
Loathing the ſtench theſe putrid ſtreams emit,
Sickening and ſpiritleſs whole days they ſit;

Whole nights they hear the ſorrowing ſiſters tell,
How by the bolts of Jove their brother fell.
Their mingled tears, as o'er the ſtream they weep,
Like drops of oil float down the rapid deep.
The Rhone's broad channel Argo's keel divides,
Which mingles with Eridanus its tides:
There, where the confluent floods unite their force,
Boiſterous they foam. The Rhone derives its source
From caverns deep, which, far from mortal ſight,
Lead to the portals and the realms of night.
One ſtream its tribute to th' Ionian pays,
One to the wide Sardinian ocean ſtrays;
Through ſeven wide mouths it diſembogues its tides,
Where foaming to the ſea its ſtreams divides.
This winding ſtream tranſmits th' adventurous train
To lakes that delug'd all the Celtic plain.
Diſaſtrous fate had here their labour foil'd,
And of her boaſted proweſs Argo ſpoil'd,
(For through a creek to ocean's depths convey'd,
To ſure deſtruction had the heroes ſtray'd);
But Juno haſten'd from on high, and ſtood
On a tall rock, and ſhouted o'er the flood.
All heard, and all with ſudden terror ſhook:
For loud around them burſts of thunder broke.
Admoniſh'd thus, ſubmiſſive they return,
And ſteering back their better courſe diſcern.
Mid' Celtæ and Lugurians long they ſtray'd,
But reach'd the ſea-beat ſhore by Juno's aid:
O'er them each day her cloudy veil ſhe drew,
And thus from human ſight conceal'd the crew;
Whoſe ſhip had now the broad mid channel paſs'd,
And rode amid the Stœchades at laſt:
For Jove's twin ſons had pray'd, nor pray'd in vain.
Hence rear they altars, and due rites ordain
To theſe kind powers, whoſe influential aid
Not only Argo's bold adventurers ſway'd;
But later voyagers, by Jove's decree,
Have own'd their happy influence o'er the ſea.
The Stœchades now leſſening from their view,
Swift to Æthalia's iſle the veſſel flew,
With chalks, that, as they cover'd, ting'd the ſhore,
The heroes rubb'd their wearied bodies o'er.
Here are their quoits and wond'rous armour fram'd,
Here is their port diſplay'd, Argoüs nam'd.
Hence ſailing, they the Tyrrhene ſhore ſurvey,
As through Auſonia's deeps they cleave their liquid way.
Æeas' celebrated port they reach,
And faſten here their halſers to the beach.
Here ſaw they Circe, as in ocean's bed,
Diſmay'd with nightly dreams, ſhe plung'd her head.
For thus the ſorcereſs dream'd; that blood and gore
Had ſmear'd her walls, and flow'd around her floor:
That all her treaſur'd ſtores were wrapp'd in flame,
With which ſhe lur'd each paſſenger that came.
That copious ſtreams of blood her hand apply'd,
And her fears vaniſh'd as the flames ſubſide.
For this the magic dame, as morning roſe,
Waſh'd in the cleanſing wave her locks and clothes,
Monſters, unlike the ſavage, beſtial race,
Unlike to humankind in gait or face,
Limbs not their own ſupport whoſe hideous frame
As ſheep their ſhepherd follow, theſe their dame.
Such monſters once the pregnant earth diſclos'd,
Of heterogeneous ſhape and limbs compos'd:
No drying winds had then the ſoil condens'd,
No ſolar rays their genial warmth diſpens'd;
But time perfection to each creature gave:
Monſters like theſe were ſeen in Circe's cave,
All, ſtedfaſt gazing on her form and face,
Pronounc'd the ſorcereſs of Æeta's race.
Thoſe terrors vaniſh'd, which her dream inſpir'd,
Back to her gloomy cell the dame retir'd.
Cloſe in her guileful hand ſhe graſp'd each gueſt,
And bade them follow where her footſteps preſs'd.
The crowd aloof at Jaſon's mandate ſtay'd,
While he accompanied the Colchian maid.
Together thus they Circe's ſteps purſue,
Till her enchanting cave aroſe in view.
Their viſit's cauſe her troubled mind diſtreſs'd;
On downy ſeats ſhe plac'd each princely gueſt.
They round her hearth ſat motionleſs and mute:
(With plaintive ſuppliants ſuch manners ſuit)
Her folded hands her bluſhing face conceal;
Deep in the ground he fix'd the murderous ſteel;
Nor dare they once, in equal ſorrow drown'd,
Lift their dejected eyelids from the ground.
Circe beheld their guilt: ſhe ſaw they fled
From vengeance hanging o'er the murderer's head.
The holy rites, approv'd of Jove, ſhe pays:
(Jove, thus appeas'd, his haſty vengeance ſtays)
Theſe rites from guilty ſtains the culprits clear,
Who lowly ſuppliant at her cell appear.
To expiate their crime in order due,
Firſt to her ſhrine a ſucking pig ſhe drew,
Whoſe nipples from its birth diſtended ſtood:
Its neck ſhe ſtruck, and bath'd her hands in blood.
Next with libations meet and prayer ſhe ply'd
Jove, who acquits the ſuppliant homicide
Without her door a train of naiads ſtand,
Adminiſtring whate'er her rites demand;
Within, the flames, that round the hearth ariſe,
Waſte, as ſhe prays, the kneaded ſacrifice:
That thus the furies' vengeful wrath might ceaſe,
And Jove appeas'd, diſmiſs' them both in peace,
Whether they came to expiate the guilt
Of friends or ſtrangers blood by treachery ſpilt.
Circe aroſe, her myſtic rites complete,
And plac'd the princes on a ſplendid ſeat.
Near them ſhe ſat and urg'd them to explain
Their plan and progreſs o'er the dangerous main:
Whence roſe the wiſh to viſit Circe's iſle,
And thus beneath her roof converſe a while.
For ſtill on every thought the viſion preſs'd,
And its remembrance ſtill diſturb'd her reſt.
Soon as the ſorcereſs ſaw Medea raiſe
From earth thoſe eyes which ſhot a beamy blaze,
Anxious ſhe wiſh'd to hear her native tongue,
Conjecturing from her features whence ſhe ſprung,
For all Sol's race are beauteous as their ſire;
Their radiant eyes emit celeſtial fire.
The willing maid complied with each demand,
And in the language of her native land

Her ſtory told; each ſtrange event declar'd,
What countries they had ſeen, what dangers ſhar'd;
Her ſiſter's counſels, how they ſway'd her breaſt,
How with the ſons of Phrixus ſhe tranſgreſs'd,
How from her father fled, his threats diſdain'd:
But ſtill untold her brother's fate remain'd.
His fate th' enchantreſs knew; no arts could hide
The murderous deed: ſhe pitied and reply'd:
'Ah! wretch, dire miſchiefs thy return await.
'Hope not to ſhun thy father's vengeful hate;
'Reſolv'd on right, he to the realms of Greece
'Will cloſe purſue thee, nor his fury ceaſe,
'Till he avenge the murder of his ſon:
'For deeds of blackeſt darkneſs haſt thou done.
'But go, at once my kin and ſuppliant free,
'Nor fear additional diſtreſs from me.
'Thy lover hence, far hence thyſelf remove,
'Who ſcorn'dſt a father's for a vagrant's love.
'Here ſupplicate no more: my heart diſclaims
'Thy guilty wanderings and ſiniſter aims.'
She ſpoke: the maid lamented; o'er her head
Her veil ſhe caſt, and many a tear ſhe ſhed.
Her trembling hand the hero rais'd with ſpeed,
And from the cave of Circe both recede.
By watchful Iris taught, Saturnia knew
What time from Circe's cave they both withdrew.
To mark their ſteps commiſſion'd Iris ſtaid,
On whom theſe freſh injunctions Juno laid:
'Haſte, Iris, now; thy pinions now expand,
'And bear once more Saturnia's dread command,
'Go, Thetis rouſe from ocean's dark retreat;
'Her potent aid my projects will complete.
'Spread then towards Vulcan's ſhores thy ſpeedy wing,
'Where round his anvils ceaſeleſs hammers ring.
'Bid him no more his boiſterous bellows ply,
'Till heaven-built Argo ſail ſecurely by.
'Then to the deity, whoſe ſovereign ſway
'Controuls the winds, whom raging ſtorms obey,
'Haſte; and requeſt that every riſing gale
'Be huſh'd, and ſilence o'er the ſeas prevail:
'That round the waves ſereneſt zephyrs play,
'Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.'
She ſaid: and Iris, pois'd on airy wings,
From the bright ſummit of Olympus ſprings:
Deſcends impetuous down the Ægean deeps,
Where in his watery caverns Nereus ſleeps.
To Thetis firſt repairs the winged maid;
Solicits and obtains her potent aid.
Vulcan ſhe next in humble prayer addreſs'd;
The god of fire complied with her requeſt:
His bellows heave their windy ſides no more,
Nor his ſhrill anvils ſhake the diſtant ſhore.
Her wants to Æolus ſhe next diſclos'd:
And while her wearied limbs ſhe here repos'd,
Thetis from all her naiad train withdrew,
And from her Nereus to Olympus flew.
Juno with tranſport hail'd her ſea-born gueſt,
Whom near her throne ſhe ſeated, and addreſs'd:
'O, hear my tale, bright goddeſs of the main:
'Thou know'ſt my care for Jaſon and his train;
'Thou know'ſt how Juno's arm alone upheld,
'And through the jutting rocks their ſhip impell'd:
'Around whoſe ſides fierce, fiery tempeſts rave,
'And the huge crag is whiten'd by the wave.
'Now muſt they ſail near Scylla's awful height,
'And where the rock Charbydis forms a ſtreight.
'Thee yet an infant in my arms I preſs'd,
'And more than all thy ſiſter-nymphs careſs'd.
'Revering me, the wife of ſovereign Jove,
'Thou ſcorn'dſt the tenders of his lawleſs love.
'(For him a mortal beauty now inflames,
'And now he revels with celeſtial dames),
'And Jove, in vengeance for his ſlighted bed,
'Swore not a deity ſhould Thetis wed.
'Nor could the fervour of his love abate,
'Till Themis thus diſclos'd the will of fate;
'That from thy womb in future times ſhould ſpring,
'Superior to his ſire, an infant king.
'Dreading th' event, leſt in ſome future day
'This infant king ſhould claim celeſtial ſway,
'Thee Jove abandon'd to ſecure his throne,
'And reign unrivall'd ever and alone.
'But, lo! I gave, thy bridal bed to grace,
'A mortal huſband worthy thy embrace;
'I made thee mother of a happy line,
'And to thy nuptials call'd the powers divine.
'Myſelf, in honour to the godlike pair,
'Deign'd on that day the bridal torch to bear.
'Soon as thy ſon (believe the truths you hear)
'Shall in Elyſium's bliſsful plains appear,
'Whom kindly now the foſtering naiads guard
'In Chiron's manſion, of thy milk debarr'd,
'In Hymen's ſilken chains the hero led,
'Muſt ſhare the honours of Medea's bed.
'Oh! be a mother's tendereſt care diſplay'd,
'Succour thy Peleus, and thy daughter aid,
'Hath he tranſgreſs'd? thy riſing wrath ſubdue;
'For Ate's dire effects th' immortals rue.
'Vulcan, I ween obſequious to my will
'His fires will ſtifle, and his bellows ſtill;
'His boiſterous wave will Æolus reſtrain,
'And zephyrs only fan the curling main,
'Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.
'But ſhelves and ſtormy ſeas obſtruct her way;
'Theſe, theſe I dread; but with my train expert,
'Be thine the care theſe miſchiefs to avert.
'Safe from Charybdis' gulf the veſſel guide,
'Safe from loud Scylla's all-abſorbing tide;
'Scylla, the terror of Auſonia's ſhore,
'Whom Phorcuns to infernal Hecat bore,
'Cratæis nam'd. Oh! ſummon all thy pow'r,
'Leſt her voracious jaws my chiefs devour.
'Hope's cheerly dawn if haply thou diſcern,
'Snatch from the watery grave the ſinking ſtern.
"If 'tis reſolv'd," replies th' aſſenting queen,
"Tempeſts to curb, and oceans to ſerene,
"Fear not; but in my proffer'd aid confide:
"This arm ſhall convoy Argo o'er the tide.
"The ſurge ſubſiding ſhall confeſs my ſway,
"While harmleſs zephyrs round the canvaſs play.
"Now muſt I traverſe the wide fields of air,
"And to my ſiſter's cryſtal grots repair;
"Requeſt their aid, and haſten to the ſhores,
"Where anchor'd Argo unmoleſted moors:
"That each brave comrade, at the dawn of day,
"With heart elate may cleave the liquid way."

She ſpoke; and through th' aërial regions ſped,
Then in the pools of ocean plung'd her head.
At Thetis' call the ſiſter nereids came,
And ſtock'd obedient round their oozy dame.
Juno's commands ſhe bade the ſiſters heed,
And to th' Auſonian deep deſcend with ſpeed.
Swifter than lightning, or than Phœbus' beams,
The goddeſs darted through the yielding ſtreams;
Till, gliding ſmooth beſide the Tyrrhene ſtrand,
Her ſpeedy footſteps preſs'd th' Ææn land.
Along the winding beach the Mynians ſtray,
And while with quoits and darts their hours away.
Here Thetis ſingled from the gallant band
Peleus her ſpouſe, and preſs'd the hero's hand:
Unſeen by all the hoſt, his hand ſhe preſs'd;
By all, ſave Peleus, whom ſhe thus addreſs'd:
'Loiter not here; but with returning light
'Unfurl your ſails, nor Juno's counſels ſlight.
'Safe through th' Erratic rocks your ſhip to guide,
'Which frown tremendous o'er the toſſing tide.
'For this the ſea-green ſiſters join their force,
'And ſmooth through dangerous ſeas your deſ-
'tin'd courſe.
'My form, what time we urge the foaming keel,
'By you not unobſerv'd, to none reveal;
'Leſt, as before, your folly I chaſtiſe, [riſe.'
'And to more deſperate heights my vengeance
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd to the deeps below.
The wondering chief was pierc'd with keeneſt woe.
For ſince the dame, with indignation fir'd,
Had from her Peleus' hated bed retir'd,
Unſeen till now ſhe lurk'd: the ſtrife begun
From this unweeting cauſe, her infant ſon.
For, ſoon as night diffus'd its darkeſt ſhade,
Her young Achilles o'er the flame ſhe laid,
And, at return of day, with ceaſeleſs toil
Apply'd to all his limbs ambroſial oil,
That youth might triumph o'er th' attacks of time,
Nor creeping age impair his vigorous prime.
The father ſaw, as from his bed he roſe,
Fierce, ambient flames his infant's limbs encloſe;
And, as he gaz'd, his rueful cries confeſs'd
The boding ſorrows of a parent's breaſt.
Fool! for his queen, who heard her lord deplore,
Daſh'd in a rage her infant on the floor.
Then fleet as air, or like a dream of night,
She vaniſh'd ſudden from his odious ſight,
Plung'd in her fury down the whelming main,
Nor e'er emerg'd ſhe from the waves again.
For this he ſorrow'd: but each ſage command
Which Thetis gave, he told his gallant band.
They heard, and from their ſports retir'd in haſte;
Then ſhar'd recumbent, in a ſhort repaſt.
Sated, they catch the comforts of repoſe,
Till, every toil renewing, morn aroſe.
Soon as her radiant light illumin'd heav'n,
And to their wiſh were breezy zephyrs giv'n,
Quitting the land, they climb with nimble feet
The lofty decks, and reaſſume their ſeat.
Each to his toil returns alert and bold:
They tear the griping anchor from its hold;
They hoiſt the yard, their bracing ropes unbind,
And give the flapping canvaſs to the wind.
Swift ſails the ſhip: ſoon to th' expecting crew
Anthemoeſſa's iſle aroſe in view.
The ſyrens here, from Acheloüs ſprung,
Allure the loitering ſailors with their tongue,
Who, faſtening to the beach the corded ſtay,
Neglect their voyage, and attend the lay.
What time to Acheloüs' longing arms
The muſe Terpſichore reſign'd her charms,
Their mutual love theſe wily ſongſters crown'd;
Who lur'd, in times remote, with tempting ſound,
Ceres' fair daughter, and fallacious ſhow
A virgin-face, while wing'd like fowls they flew.
On a bright eminence the charmers ſtand,
And watch the veſſels as they tug to land.
Full many a mariner their ſongs betray,
Who liſts and lingers till he pines away.
As Argo ſail'd they rais'd their tuneful tongue;
And here their halſers had the heroes hung,
But Thracian Orpheus wak'd his wonted fire,
And ſung reſponſive to his heavenly lyre,
That each reſounding chord might pierce their ear,
And none the muſic of the ſyrens hear.
Yet ſtill they ſung: ſtill briſkly, with the breeze,
The veſſel tilted o'er the curling ſeas.
Butes alone became an eaſy prey,
Who all enraptur'd liſten'd to their lay.
Erect, above the rowing chiefs, he ſtood,
And frantic ſprung into the faithleſs flood.
His helpleſs hands he rais'd, the ſhip to gain,
And, but for Venus' aid, had rais'd in vain:
She Eryx' honour'd queen, the wretch deſcry'd,
And ſnatch'd him floundering from the foaming tide,
His kind protectreſs, as her courſe ſhe bends
Where Lilybœum's ample cape extends.
This dire miſhap diſhearten'd all the band,
Who row with vigour from the traiterous ſtrand.
But other peſts, more fatal to their freight,
Threaten their progreſs to that dangerous ſtreight,
Where Scylla's rock projects its wave-worn ſide,
And where Charybdis' gulf abſorbs the tide.
Daſh'd by the driven waves the Planctæ roar'd,
From whoſe cleft ſummits flames ſulphureous pour'd.
Thick duſky clouds involve the darken'd ſkies,
And hid are Phœbus' ſplendours from their eyes.
Though Vulcan ceas'd from his aſſiduous toils,
The fires flaſh thick, and fervid ocean boils.
Here o'er the ſailing pine the nymphs preſide,
While Thetis' forceful hands the rudder guide.
As oft in ſhoals the ſportive dolphins throng,
Circling the veſſel as ſhe ſails along,
Whoſe playful gambols round the prow and ſtern
The much delighted mariners diſcern;
Round Argo thus the toiling nymphs attend,
And, led by Thetis, their aſſiſtance lend.
O'erhanging black the rock's bleak brow they ſee,
And gird their azure veſtures to their knee.
Now here, now there, as danger warns, they glide,
And ſtem mid' cruſhing crags the troubled tide.
Pendent on mountain waves the veſſel hung,
That pierc'd her ſolid planks, and foam'd the rocks among.
Above theſe rocks, here now the nereids riſe,
And float on billows hid amidſt the ſkies:

Deſcending now to ocean's ſecret bed,
They in his gulfy deeps conceal their head.
As when along the beech, ſuccinct for play,
To toſs the flying ball the nereids ſtray,
From hand to hand the ſphere unerring flies,
Nor ever on the ground inglorious lies;
The ſiſters thus, with coadjutant force,
High o'er the ſurge impel the veſſel's courſe:
From ſecret ſhelves her wave-daſh'd ſides they ſhove,
Though ſturdy billows ſtrong againſt them ſtrove.
On a tall fragment that o'erlook'd the flood,
His ſhoulder reſting on his hammer, ſtood
The ſooty god: and from her ſtarry ſkies
Juno beheld the ſcene with ſtedfaſt eyes.
Her hand around Minerva's neck ſhe threw;
For much Saturnia trembled at the view.
Long as the vernal ſuns protract the light,
So long in Argo's cauſe the nymphs unite.
Propitious to their labours ſprung the breeze,
And the free veſſel ſhot acroſs the ſeas.
Trinacria's verdant meads they ſoon ſurvey,
Where graze thy herds, illuſtrious god of day.
Juno's commands obey'd, the watery train,
Like diving mews, explore the deeps again.
Coaſting along, the bleating flocks they hear,
And herds loud bellowing ſtrike their liſtening ear.
Sol's youngeſt daughter, Phaëthuſa, leads
The bleating flocks along the dewy meads;
Propp'd on her ſilver crook the maid reclin'd;
A ſtouter ſtaff, with brazen ringlets join'd,
Lampetie takes; whoſe herds the heroes ſee
Slunk to the brook, or browſing on the lea.
Of ſable hue no cattle you behold;
Milkwhite are all, and tipp'd their horns with gold.
They paſs'd theſe meads by day; at day's decline
They bruſh'd with pliant oars the yielding brine.
At length Aurora's all-reviving ray
Redden'd the waves, and ſhow their certain way.
A fertile iſle towers o'er the Ionian tide,
Ceraunia nam'd; the land two bays divide.
Fame ſays, (forgive me, muſe, while I unveil,
Reluctant too, a legendary tale),
A ſickle lies conceal'd within this land,
With which raſh Saturn's mutilating hand
His father caſtrated: for Ceres' aid
Others aſſert this rural ſickle made,
For Ceres once, with love of Macris fir'd,
To this fam'd iſle, her favourite ſeat, retir'd.
The Titans here ſhe taught her arms to wield,
And crop the bearded harveſt of the field.
This iſland hence, nurſe of Phæacian ſwains,
Th' expreſſive name of Drepane obtains.
From mangled Uranus's blood they trace
The ſource inglorious of Phæacia's race.
Trinacria left, and numerous perils paſt,
Her heaven-protected Argo moors at laſt.
The heroes diſembark'd Alcinoüs hails,
And at their feſtive ſacrifice regales.
Mirth unremitted through the city runs,
As though they welcom'd home their darling ſons.
The godlike gueſts their ſocial part ſuſtain,
Joyous as though they preſs'd Hæmonia's plain:
But ere that diſtant plain delights their view,
The chiefs muſt buckle on their arms anew.
For, lo! thoſe Colchians who adventurous ſtray'd
Through deeps unknown, had enter'd undiſmay'd
The dire Cyanean rocks, here throng the coaſt,
And wait th' arrival of the Grecian hoſt.
The forfeit maid ſhould Argo's crew refuſe,
War in each ſad diſaſtrous ſhape enſues.
Arm'd and reſolv'd they threaten inſtant fight,
And future fleets t' aſſert their monarch's right.
But king Alcinoüs interpos'd his aid,
And, ere they ruſh'd to fight, their wrath allay'd.
Arete's knee the ſuppliant virgin preſs'd,
And thus th' aſſociate band and queen addreſs'd:
'O queen,' exclaim'd ſhe, 'lend thy timely aid
'To ſave from Colchian hands a ſuffering maid.
'With ruffian rage to bear me hence they come,
'And to my wrathful ſire conduct me home.
'Thou know'ſt, if one, like me, of human kind,
'How prone to err is man's unſtable mind.
'Deem me no ſlave to luſt's uſurping pow'r;
'Prudence forſook me in the needful hour.
'Be witneſs ſun, and thou, whoſe every rite
'Is wrapp'd, dire Hecate, in ſable night,
'How I reluctant left my native home,
'And with rude foreigners abhorr'd to roam.
'Fear wing'd my flight; and, having once tranſ-
'greſs'd,
'To flee I judg'd my laſt reſource and beſt.
'Still have I liv'd, as with my father, chaſte,
'My ſpotleſs zone faſt girded to my waiſt.
'Oh! may my tale, fair princeſs, claim thy tears;
'Oh! teach thy lord compaſſion as he hears.
'On thee may all th' immortal gods beſtow
'Beauty and life, exempt from age and woe;
'Cities, that need no bold invaders dread,
'And a fair progeny to crown thy bed.'
In tears ſhe ſpoke: then to each gallant chief
Told in theſe plaintive ſtrains her tale of grief:
'Low at your feet, ye warriors, ſuppliant view
'A princeſs doom'd to wretchedneſs for you.
'Yok'd were the bulls, and, deſperate as they
'roſe,
'Cruſh'd by my aid were hoſts of giant-foes.
'Yes, ſoon Hæmonia the rich prize will ſee,
'And boaſt of conqueſts which ſhe owes to me.
'My country I, my parents, palace left,
'To pine through life, of all its joys bereft;
'But gave to you, a baſe ungrateful train,
'To ſee your country and your friends again.
'Spoil'd of my beauty's bloom by fate ſevere,
'In endleſs exile muſt I languiſh here.
'Revere your oaths; Erynnis' vengeance dread,
'Who heaps her curſes on the perjur'd head:
'Dread heaven's ſure wrath, if, to my ſire re-
'ſtor'd,
'My ſhame or ruin wait his deſperate word.
'No ſheltering ſhrine, no fortreſs near, I fly
'To you alone, on your defence rely.
'Yet why on you? who, mercileſs and mute,
'Have heard my cries, nor ſeconded my ſuit;
'Unmov'd have ſeen me lift my ſuppliant hand
'To the kind princeſs of this foreign land.
'Elate with hope the golden fleece to gain,
'Colchos oppos'd you, and her king in vain:

' But fearful now the battle to renew,
' Ye dread detachments, nor will fight with few.'
She said; and all who heard her suppliant moan,
Cheer'd her sad heart, and check'd the rising groan.
Each gallant man his brandish'd spear display'd,
And vow'd assistance to the suffering maid,
Shook his drawn sword, a prelude to the fight,
Resolv'd on vengeance, and resolv'd on right.
Night now dispers'd the faint remains of day,
And all the slumbering world confess'd its sway:
Grateful its gloom to men with toils oppress'd;
Grateful to all but her, with sleep unbless'd.
She, hapless fair, her painful vigils kept;
Revolving still her griefs, she watch'd and wept.
As at the distaff toils th' industrious dame,
Whose frequent tears her orphan children claim.
All night she toils, while clinging round they stand,
Wail their lost fire, and his return demand.
Swift down her cheek descends the silent tear:
So hard the lot fate destines her to bear!
Like her's Medea's copious tears descend,
Such agonizing griefs her tortur'd bosom rend.
The royal pair retire with wonted state
From the throng'd city to their palace-gate.
On their soft couch reclin'd, at evening's close,
Long conference held they on Medea's woes.
Thus to Alcinöus the queen express'd
The kind suggestions of her pitying breast:
' Oh! may the Minyans, prince, thy favours
' share:
' Oh! shield from Colchian foes an injur'd fair.
' Not distant far Hæmonia's plains extend,
' And near our island Argo's frontiers end.
' But far remote Æeta reigns; his name
' Unknown to us, or faintly known by fame.
' She, in whose sorrows now I bear a part,
' Hath to redress them, open'd all my heart.
' Let no rude Colchian bear her hence away,
' To her sire's vengeance a devoted prey.
' Her error this: the fiery bulls to quell,
' Fond and officious she prepar'd the spell.
' Augmenting then (as oft offenders will)
' Her first with future errors, ill with ill,
' Far from her native home, impress'd with dread,
' Far from her angry sire the damsel fled.
' But bound is Jason by strong ties, says fame,
' To wed the wanderer, and retrieve from shame.
' Urge him not then, with many an added threat,
' His faith to violate, his oaths forget;
' Nor stimulate Æeta's wrath to rise:
' Their daughters parents rigorously chastise.
' Thus Pycteus, with parental zeal o'ercome,
' Compell'd his child Antiope to roam.
' Thus Danaë, by her wrathful sire secur'd,
' Toss'd in the troubled deep distress endur'd.
' Nor long since Echetus, a wretch accurs'd,
' With brazen pins his daughter's eye-balls
' pierc'd:
' Pent in a dungeon's awful gloom she pin'd,
' Doom'd by her savage sire obdurate brass to
' grind.'
She said: soft pity touch'd the sovereign's breast,
Who thus his supplicating queen address'd:

" In me, O queen, these heroes should desery,
" For the fair sufferer's sake, a firm ally;
" Soon should my arms the Colchian foes remove,
" But I revere the just decrees of Jove.
" Unsafe I deem Æeta to deride,
" Who sways the sceptre with a monarch's pride;
" Able, though distant, if averse from peace,
" To scatter discord through the realms of Greece.
" Hear my proposal then; which you, I trust,
" And all who hear it, will applaud as just:
" If still a virgin's spotless name she bear,
" Safe to her sire's domains conduct the fair:
" But if one bed the wedded pair contain,
" I will not sever Hymen's silken chain.
" Forbid it, Heaven! that I in wrath expose
" Her sinless offspring to insulting foes."
He said, and sunk to rest: his sage resolves
Anxious and oft the wakeful queen revolves.
She rose: their princess' footstep heard, arise
Her female train, and each her wants supplies.
' Go,' to her page apart Arete said,
' Bid Æson's valiant son the virgin wed.
' Bid him no more Alcinöus' ears assail
' With long entreaties, and a well-known tale.
' Himself, unask'd, his advocate will go,
' And tender these conditions to the foe:
' If still the fair a spotless maid remain,
' Soon shall she view her father's courts again:
' But, if a matron's honour'd name she bear,
' He will not separate the wedded pair.'
She said: her herald, eager to convey
The royal message, sped without delay;
To Æson's son he told Arete's word,
And the kind counsels of her sovereign lord.
Hard by their ship, in glistering arms array'd,
Deep in the port of Hyllicus embay'd,
He spies the chiefs, his embassy repeats,
And every gallant heart with transport beats.
They crown the goblets to the powers divine,
And drag th' accustom'd victims to the shrine:
Then for the pensive fair officious spread
In a sequester'd grot the bridal bed.
Hither, in days of yore, fair Macris came,
Daughter of Aristæus, honour'd name!
He taught mankind the virtues and the use
Of the bee's labours, and the olive's juice.
For, know, when Hermes infant Bacchus bore,
Snatch'd from the flames, to fair Eubœa's shore,
Macris embrac'd him with a mother's love,
And there, awhile, she nurs'd the seed of Jove,
And there with honey fed; till Juno's spite
Far from Eubœa's isle compell'd her flight.
At length, of this Phæacian grot possess'd,
She with vast opulence the natives bless'd.
To deck with honours due the bridal bed,
Around it wide the golden fleece was spread.
With sweetest flowers, that deck or dale or hill,
Th' assiduous nymphs their snowy bosoms fill.
The golden fleece emits so bright a ray,
They shone all radiant as the star of day,
Inspiring love: the prize though strong desire,
Prompts them to touch, with reverence they retire.
These are the daughters of the Ægeän flood,
Those, Meletæum, haunt thy lofty wood.

From groves, from ſtreams, at Juno's call they
To grace the nuptials of this godlike man. [ran,
The ſacred grot, recorded ſtill by fame,
Bears to this day Medea's honour'd name.
For here the nymphs, their veils around them
ſpread,
To nuptial joys the happy lovers led:
And every chief, to guard the bliſsful ſpot,
Clad in bright armour, ſtood before the grot,
Leſt hoſtile troops, with rude tumultuous noiſe,
Should force an entrance, and diſtract their joys.
Thus ſtation'd, they protect the hallow'd ground,
Their feſtive brows with leafy chaplets crown'd.
As Orpheus ſtruck his tuneful lyre, they ſung,
And Hymeneals round the grotto rung.
But in Alcinoüs' court the fair to wed,
O'er Jaſon's anxious mind diſquiet ſpread:
Full oft he wiſh'd Iolcos' coaſt to gain,
And wed the virgin in his ſire's domain;
Such too Medea's wiſh: but fate ſevere
Forc'd him to celebrate his nuptials here.
For pleaſure unalloy'd we look in vain;
Pleaſure to ſuffering man is mix'd with pain.
Whether the Colchian foe had ſcorn'd or clos'd
With the juſt terms Phæacia's prince propos'd,
Of this they doubted: mid' the mirthful ſcene
Fears, which theſe doubts ſuggeſted, intervene.
Aurora now her orient beams diſplay'd,
And pierc'd the ſullen night's ſurrounding
ſhade.
The circling ſhores and new beſpangled ground
Reflect her rays: the ſtreets with noiſe reſound.
The citizens and Colchians, who poſſeſs'd
The diſtant coaſt, awake from balmy reſt.
Impatient now his purpoſe to diſcloſe,
To plead Medea's cauſe the monarch roſe.
His hand ſuſtain'd a ſceptre's maſſy gold,
Which kings deciding right were wont to hold.
Around their prince, in gliſtering arms array'd,
Phæacia's peers a ſeemly pomp diſplay'd.
Eager on each adventurous chief to gaze,
A female troop beyond the city ſtrays.
In feſtive bands the diſtant ſwains unite:
(For Juno had divulg'd the nuptial rite)
One from his fold a ram ſelected brought,
An heifer one, to feel the yoke untaught;
Flagons of wine ſome for libation bear:
The ſmoke of victims blacken'd all the air.
As women wont, the female train ſelect
Their coſtly veils, with gay embroidery deck'd:
Such golden toys, ſuch trinkets they provide,
As on a nuptial day adorn the bride.
The comely chiefs their admiration won;
But more than all Æager's tuneful ſon,
As lightly to the lyre's melodious ſound
Tripp'd the briſk dancer o'er the meaſur'd ground.
In concert full the virgin-choir prolong
The happy day with Hymeneal ſong.
Here a fair band, collected in a ring,
Praiſes to thee, auſpicious Juno, ſing.
By thee inſpir'd, diſclos'd the royal dame
The friendly terms her prince was pleas'd to name.
Nor are the terms Alcinoüs nam'd diſown'd:
(For now their faithful loves hath Hymen
crown'd)
True to his oath, he heard with fix'd diſdain
And deem'd Æeta's vengeful fury vain.
Soon as the Colchians ſaw their purpoſe croſs'd,
Defeated all their ſchemes, their labour loſt;
That to the ſovereign's terms they muſt accede,
Or quit his ports, and ſail away with ſpeed;
Dreading the monarch's wrath, ſubmiſs they try
To win his friendſhip, and commence ally.
Settling at laſt, long time the Colchian hoſt
Dwelt with the natives on Phæacia's coaſt:
Till Bacchus' hated race from Corinth fled,
Exil'd theſe Colchians, and the iſle o'erſpread.
They ſought the neighbouring ſhores: in times
to come
Their ſons emigrating explor'd a home,
Where far and wide extends th' Illyric coaſt,
And the Ceraunian hills in clouds are loſt.
But theſe events, which now my muſe engage,
Were late fulfill'd in ſome ſucceeding age.
Yet ſtill, in Phœbus' fane, uninjur'd ſtand
The altars rais'd by fair Medea's hand:
Some to the fates are pil'd with victims due,
Some to the nymphs their annual rites renew.
Towards the parting train the royal pair
Their generous love by coſtly gifts declare.
Twelve fair Phæacians, at the queen's command,
Conduct Medea to the ſea-beat ſtrand.
On the ſeventh morn with gently breathing
gales
Propitious Jove expanded Argo's ſails;
Argo decreed freſh dangers to ſuſtain,
Ere Greece beholds her gallant ſons again.
Ambracia's bay had open'd to their view,
Beſides Curetes' land the galley flew,
The cluſtering iſles, Echidanes, they paſs'd,
And Pelops' diſtant realm beheld at laſt.
Nine tedious nights and days the veſſel ſweeps
The troubled ſurface of the Libyan deeps;
Till, driven by rapid tides and ſtorms aſtray,
She near the Syrtes' quickſands plow'd her way:
Whirl'd in whoſe gulfy pools, their deſtin'd grave,
Nor ſails nor oars the ſinking galleys ſave.
Burſt from its black abyſs, the boiling flood
Up-heaves its ſhaggy weeds, involv'd in ſhelves
of mud.
With the far-ſpreading ſpray the ſands ariſe;
But nought diſcern they here that creeps or flies.
The tide (which now retreats into the main,
And now returns upon the beach again);
Far o'er the ſhore, impell'd with fury, ſhow
All Argo's ſlimy keel expos'd to view.
They diſembark, and gaze with aching eyes
On ridgy mountains loſt amid the ſkies.
No grateful ſtreams, no beaten paths appear,
No rural cot diſcern they far or near;
A death-like ſilence reign'd: around diſmay'd
His comrade each interrogating ſaid:
'What country this? on what bleak clime at
laſt
'Have the rude tempeſts heaven-built Argo caſt?
'Oh! had we dar'd, devoid of vulgar fear,
'Our courſe undaunted through thoſe fragments
ſteer,
'Like heroes then (though Jove ſucceſs deny'd)
'We in the bold attempt had bravely died.

'What can our skill devise? the least delay
'Is fatal here; the winds forbid our stay.
'How bleak and barren is the coast we tread!
'And what a desert waste is wide around us
'spread!'
He said; and, joining in the loud lament,
Ancæus thus forboded the event:
'What dire mishaps our gallant host befall!
'Thus by stern fate's decree we perish all!
'What woes await us on this desert cast,
'If from the land awakes the furious blast!
'For slimy seas my sight far off commands,
'And whitening billows bursting o'er the sands.
'And dreadfully had Argo's yawning sides,
'Remote from shore, receiv'd the gushing tides,
'Had not the surge which lifted her to heav'n,
'Full on the pebbly beach the vessel driv'n.
'But now the tide retiring quits the strand,
'And waves unfaithful skim the levell'd sand.
'Our projects baffled, and hope's cheerly dawn
'From our expecting sight thus soon withdrawn,
'Let other hands the pilot's art display,
'And they who fear not danger steer the way.
'But our joint labours Jove decrees to foil,
'Nor will our native home reward our toil.'
He said; and all renown'd for naval skill,
Close with his words, and wait th' impending ill.
From every heart the vital motion fled,
O'er every face a deadly paleness spread.
As when from street to street, in wild dismay,
Affrighted mortals like pale spectres stray;
Expecting wars, or plagues, or bursting rains,
That deluge all the harvest of the plains:
Or, as when statues drops of blood distil,
And fancied bellowings the temples fill;
The noon-day sun eclips'd involves in night
Th' astonish'd world, and stars emit their light:
Thus on the beach they stalk'd, a heartless clan!
Like sweating statues, or like spectres wan.
His feeble arm each round his comrade cast,
Then sunk into the sand to breathe his last,
Resolv'd, as now the star of Hesper rose,
To share the solace of united woes.
Some here, some there select their clay-cold bed,
And round their shivering limbs their garments
spread:
Resign'd to death, in midnight's sullen shade
And at mid-day, here languishing they laid.
Remote, Medea's fair attendants moan,
Cling round their queen, and groan return for
groan.
As when a nest, surcharg'd with callow young,
Falls from the lofty cliff to which it clung,
Th' unfeather'd brood by shrillest cries attest
Their far-flown mother, and their ruin'd nest:
As on the banks Pactolus' streams bedew,
Melodious swans their dying notes renew;
The rivers gliding the rich vales among,
Bear on their silver streams the soothing song:
Thus they, their golden locks besmear'd with
gore,
All night in plaintive elegies deplore.
Their toils yet incomplete the godlike band
Had now ignobly perish'd on the sand,
But the bold heroines, who guard the coast,
Beheld with pitying eye the drooping host:
Those nymphs, who, when in glistering arms ar-
ray'd,
Rush'd from the thunderer's brain the martial
maid,
In needful hour their kind assistance gave,
And cleans'd her infant-limbs in Triton's wave.
'Twas noon: o'er Libya's sands the god of day
Darted the splendours of his fiercest ray.
Full before Jason stood the nymphs confess'd,
And gently from his head withdrew the vest.
Sudden he starts, impress'd with silent dread,
And from his fair protectors turns his head.
They in compassion's mild address began
To free from terrors vain the hopeless man:
'Why griev'st thou thus? Oh! bid thy sorrows
cease:
'We know thy coming's cause, the Golden Fleece.
'We know the various toils by land you bore;
'How tost'd on ocean, how distress'd on shore.
'Terrestrial powers, for acts of friendship known,
'We make the shepherd's rural cares our own.
'We, Libya's daughters and avengers, boast
'Our sway extended o'er the Libyan coast.
'Arise, nor sink beneath thy sorrow's weight;
'But rouse thy fellows from their drooping state.
'When Amphitrite with officious speed
'Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery steed,
'Thy mother then with duteous care repay.
'Whose womb hath borne thee many a toilsome
day.'
'Discharge this duty, and resail to Greece,
'Safe and triumphant with the Golden Fleece.'
They spoke, and vanish'd: from his sandy bed
Jason arose, and looking round he said;
'Ye godlike powers, the desert plains who rove,
'Ye fair, who tend the flocks, propitious prove.
'Those dark mysterious truths your tongues fore-
told,
'I go, if haply can my friends unfold.
'Conven'd, may they some prudent scheme devise,
'For in th' advice of numbers safety lies.'
He said: and, wading through the driven sand,
Rous'd with loud voice the sad desponding band.
Thus while the lion his lost mate explores,
The forests ring, earth trembles as he roars:
Herdsmen and herds, o'erwhelm'd with equal fear,
All mute and trembling deem destruction near.
But grateful to the host was Jason's call;
No fears it cherish'd, but gave hope to all.
Yet with dejected looks the heroes meet.
Beside the female train to each his seat
He near the shore assign'd; in order due
His wondrous tale relates, and cheers the pensive
crew:
'Attend, my friends: three virgin forms, who
came.
'From heaven their race, to sooth my sorrows
'Their shoulders round were shaggy goat-skins
cast;
'Which, low descending, girt their slender waist.
'High o'er my head they stood; with gentle hand
'My vesture rais'd, and gave this dread command:
'That I with speed my piteous bed forsake,
'And, risen, haste my comrades to awake.
'That mindful we our mother's cares repay,
'Whose womb sustain'd us many a toilsome day,

'When Amphitrite with officious speed
'Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery steed.
'Long have I sought this wonder to explain,
'And still revolving I revolve in vain.
'In the bold name of heroines they boast,
'Daughters and guardians they of Lybia's coast.
'Known to these nymphs are all the toils we bore
'On the rough ocean and the faithless shore.
'Nor staid they long; but, sudden from my view
'Their radiant forms an ambient cloud withdrew.'
He said: on every face sat boding fears;
When, lo! a portent greater far appears.
Fierce from the foamy deep, of wond'rous size,
Springs an huge horse; his mane expanded flies.
From his strong sides he shakes th' adherent spray,
Then towards the coast directs his rapid way.
Skill'd in whate'er this prodigy portends,
With pleasure Peleus thus consoles his friends:
'Now by his consort's hand releas'd I see
'The car of Neptune, and his horses free.
'A mother's name (or I predict in vain)
'Argo may boast; she feels a mother's pain.
'Her pregnant womb a troop of heroes bears,
'And endless perils for their safety shares.
'Come, let us now our boasted strength display,
'And on our shoulders bear our ship away.
'Steer we through depths of sand our dangerous course,
'Led by the steps of this portentous horse.
'His steps reluctant press the dusty plain,
'But rapid bear him to his kindred main;
'Thither attend his flight.' Thus spoke the seer:
His pleasing counsels gratify'd their ear.
This wondrous tale the tuneful nine recite,
And as the muses dictate I must write.
This have I heard, and this as truth proclaim,
That you, O princely peers, of deathless fame,
By the joint efforts of united hands,
Twelve days and nights through Lybia's burning sands,
High on your shoulders rais'd the vessel's weight,
All that its womb contain'd, a mighty freight.
What woes o'ertook them, and what toils befell,
No verse can celebrate, no tongue can tell.
Such brave exploits proclaim'd their godlike line,
For, as their lineage, were their deeds divine.
But when Tritonis' lake the chiefs attain,
They eas'd their shoulders, and embark'd again.
Doom'd to acuter griefs they now are curs'd
With all the miseries of burning thirst;
Like dogs they run its fury to assuage,
And at a fountain's head suppress its rage.
Nor wander'd they in vain; but soon explor'd
The sacred spot with golden apples stor'd,
In Atlas' realm: the serpent's wakeful eyes
Watch'd till but yesterday the golden prize.
The fair Hesperides with kind survey
Tended the serpent as they tun'd their lay.
But, lo! the monster by Alcides slain,
Beneath a branching pear-tree press'd the plain.
His tail still vibrates, though his ghastly head
And spine immense lie motionless and dead,
Flies in thick swarms his gory sides surround,
Drink his black blood, and dry the dripping wound,
Made by the darts, whose poison'd tips detain
The deadly venom of the Hydra slain.
As Ladon's fate the pensive maids deplore,
Their hands they wrung, their golden locks they tore;
But, sudden as the heroes hasten'd near,
They to the dust descend and disappear.
Struck with the prodigy his eyes survey'd,
Thus to the nymphs observant Orpheus pray'd:
'Ye goddesses, with blooming beauty bless'd,
'Look with benevolence on men distress'd.
'Whether ye grace the splendid courts of Jove,
'Or on this humble earth auspicious move;
'Whether to flowery pastures ye repair,
'And the lov'd name of shepherdesses bear;
'Illustrious nymphs, from ocean sprung, arise,
'Bless with a recent view our longing eyes.
'Bid from the thirsty soil a torrent burst,
'Or open some hard rock to slake our thirst.
'Should we again our tatter'd sails expand,
'And greet at last the dear Achaian land,
'Grateful we then these favours will repay,
'And choicest offerings on your altars lay:
'No goddess who frequents the court of Jove,
'Shall greater honour share, or greater love.'
Thus Orpheus pray'd, with feeble voice and low:
The listening nymphs commiserate their woe.
First tender grass they bade the soil disclose;
Then high above it verdant branches rose,
Erect and strong, the spreading boughs display'd
Wide o'er the barren soil an ample shade.
A poplar's trunk fair Hespera receives,
And in a weeping willow Ægle grieves.
But Erytheïs in an elm remains:
Each in her tree her proper shape retains;
Stupendous sight! first Ægle silence broke,
And kindly thus the suppliant band bespoke:
'Hither some lawless plunderer came of late,
'Who will reverse the colour of your fate.
'Yon beast he slew for whom we sorrow now,
'And tore the golden apples from their bough.
'But yesterday the desperate giant came;
'From his black eye-brows flash'd the livid flame:
'A lion's shaggy skin, besmear'd with gore,
'Wide o'er his shoulders spread the monster wore.
'On his stout staff his fearless step rely'd,
'And by his deadly dart the serpent died.
'He like a sturdy traveller stalk'd along,
'Seeking some fount to cool his fiery tongue.
'With eager haste he trod the dusty plain,
'And still for water look'd, but look'd in vain.
'To this tall rock, hard by Titonis' lake,
'Some god conducted him his thirst to slake.
'Struck by his heel its deep foundation shook,
'And from the yawning clefts a torrent broke.
'Prone on the ground the limpid streams he swills,
'And, groveling like a beast, his belly fills.'
Elated with the tale, they speed their course,
To find as Ægle told, the fountain's source.
As when assembled ants with joint essay
Strive in some chink their lifted grain to lay:
Or as when flies some liquid sweet explore,
They hang in clusters round the honied store;
Like them the Mynians: such their numbers seem,
And such their haste to gather round the stream.

Conjecturing thus some grateful hero said,
As from the rill refresh'd he rais'd his head:
'Ye gods! though absent, great Alcides gives
'These limpid streams; by him each hero lives.
'Come, haste we now the country to explore,
'And the lost wanderer to our host restore.'
Instant to council rose th' associate band,
Selecting heroes to explore the land.
For nightly winds dispersing o'er the plains
The light loose sands no step impress'd remains.
Boreas' fleet sons, who wing their airy flight,
Sagacious Lynceus bless'd with keenest sight,
Euphemus swift of foot, and Cantheus speed:
Him his brave spirit urg'd, and heaven decreed
To ask Alcides, on what fatal coast
He left his comrade, Polyphemus lost.
When this bold chief had rear'd on Mysian ground,
And senc'd with circling walls a city round,
Wide o'er the country Argo's fate to learn,
He roam'd, with Argo anxious to return.
Scarce had his feet Calybian frontiers press'd,
Ere fate consign'd him to eternal rest.
Along the beech with stately poplars spread,
They rear'd a tomb in honour of the dead.
But Lynceus deems, that, o'er the distant lands
His sight the long-lost Hercules commands.
Thus sees the clown, or thinks he can descry
The new moon breaking through a cloudy sky.
Back to his comrades hastes the joyous chief,
Precludes their further search, and gives their mind relief.
Euphemus soon, and Boreas' sons his friends,
Whose search in empty expectation ends,
Rejoin'd the host: but thee, brave Canthus, slain
Stern fate foredoom'd to press the Libyan plain.
To feast his comrades with the grateful prey,
He forc'd through scatter'd flocks his desperate way.
Sudden his flock to guard the shepherd flew,
And with a rock's huge fragment Canthus slew.
This sturdy villager, Capharus nam'd,
His lofty lineage from Apollo claim'd,
And Acacallis: conscious of his might,
He fear'd no rival, nor declin'd the fight.
Minos her sire, to Libya's coast remov'd
Fair Acacallis, by the god belov'd.
To Phœbus here a hopeful son she gave,
Amphithemis or Garamans the brave.
Thy love, Amphithemis, Tritonis crown'd,
And grac'd thy bed with Nasamon renown'd,
And bold Caphaurus; whose decisive blow
Transmitted Canthus to the shades below.
The bloody deed divulg'd to all the host,
Not long his conquest could Caphaurus boast.
They to its sepulchre the corse convey,
Weeping; and make the shepherd's flocks their prey.
To Pluto's realms prophetic Mopsus fled,
And join'd on that sad day the mighty dead.
With fate's decrees must mortal man comply,
And the wise seer in spite of prescience die.
For, shelter'd from the fierce meridian ray,
Beneath a sandy bank a serpent lay.
Innoxious till incens'd, he ne'er annoy'd
But strove th' affrighted traveller to avoid.
But all whome'er the foodful earth contains,
Who feel his darted venom in their veins,
Nor long, nor distant deem the dreary road,
That leads direct to Pluto's dark abode.
His fangs infix'd when once the wretches feel,
In vain would medicine's god attempt to heal.
For when brave Perseus (this her godlike son
His mother oftener nam'd Eurymedon)
O'er Libya flew, the Gorgon's head to bring,
Fresh slain and dripping, to th' expecting king,
From every drop that dyed the soil with blood,
A serpent sprung, and thus increas'd the brood.
The monster's spiry tail rash Mopsus press'd
With his unheeding foot: his tortur'd breast
Upward he turn'd, and writh'd his spires around,
Then with his venom'd fang infix'd a deadly wound.
Medea trembled and her female train:
Fearless he bathes the wound, nor heeds the pain.
But now, lost wretch! each sense is clos'd and dead,
And o'er his sinking eyes death's gloomy shade is spread.
Prone to the dust he falls: his cold remains
Press with unwieldy weight the desert plains.
His faithful friends, and Jason with the rest,
Weep o'er the corse, with heart-felt grief impress'd.
His flesh all putrid from the taint within,
And hanging round him loose his flabby skin,
The burning sun unable long to bear,
His busy comrades, with officious care,
Deep in the soil conceal their delving spade,
And soon a decent sepulchre was made.
Men, matrons, all, as round the grave they flock,
Lamenting loud select the sacred lock:
His corse the bright-arm'd heroes thrice surround,
And raise in seemly form the hallow'd mound,
Then hasten to their ship: the southern breeze
Curl'd, as it blew, the surface of the seas.
In sad suspense, still wishing to forsake,
And cross with favouring gales Tritonis' lake,
They loiter long, and waste the useful day
In idle contest, and in vain delay.
A serpent thus, long scorch'd with summer's heat,
Winds to some secret chink, his cool retreat.
Enrag'd he hisses, rears his crest on high,
And furious darts his fire-emitting eye,
Till haply he the wish'd-for chink pervade,
And in its cool recess secure a shade.
Uncertain thus, the ship explor'd in vain
The lake's wide mouth that open'd to the main.
With pious care, as Orpheus gives command,
They place Apollo's tripod on the strand;
That those auspicious powers the coast who guard,
Pleas'd with th' oblation, may their toils reward.
Clad like a youth, before them stood confess'd
The mighty Triton: in his hands he press'd
The gather'd soil; this amicable sign
He to the heroes held, and spoke benign:
'The hospitable pledge my hand extends,
'The best I now can give, accept, my friends.
'Would you o'er ocean's paths your course discern,
'And learn the tracks which strangers wish to learn,

'Hear! from my sire, the monarch of the main,
'I boast my science; o'er these seas I reign.
'Perchance ev'n you, though distant far you
came,
'May recognise Eurypylus's name,
'In Libya born.' He said: Euphemus took
The proffer'd foil, and thus responsive spoke:
"If such thy knowledge, friendly chief, explain
"Where Atthis lies, where rolls the Cretan main.
"Reluctant sail'd we towards the Libyan coast,
"By angry heaven and adverse tempests tost:
"By land, with Argo o'er our shoulders cast,
"We toil'd, and launch'd her in this lake at last.
"Nor can we yet our certain course devise,
"Where full in prospect Pelops' realms will rise."
He said: his hand out-stretching, Triton show
The lake's wide mouth, and sea expos'd to view.
'Where the lake blackens, and its waters sleep,
'Expect,' he cries, 'a passage to the deep.
'Observe the cliffs high towering on each side,
'And through the straight they form your vessel
'guide.
'There, above Crete, where, mingling with the skies,
'Yon ocean spreads, the land of Pelops' lies.
'When to the right th' expanded lake ye leave,
'And the safe seas your mighty freight receive,
'Still cautious coast along the winding strand,
'Till you the cape's projecting sides command:
'Your course, that cape once doubled, safe pur-
'sue,
'Your ship uninjur'd, and undaunted you.
'Thus gladden'd, go; nor let your vigorous arms
'Droop with fatigue, and shake with vain alarms.'
Heartening he spoke: the decks they reascend,
And, rowing brisk, to cross the lake contend.
The proffer'd tripod friendly Triton takes,
And hides his head beneath the dimpling lakes.
Thus with the costly prize the god withdrew,
Instant invisible to mortal view.
Inspir'd with joy, that some superior guest
Had comfort given them, and with counsel bless'd,
The choicest sheep they bade their leader slay,
And to the power benign due honours pay.
He to the galley's poop with speed convey'd
The choicest sheep, and, as he offer'd, pray'd:
'Dread deity, who late conspicuous stood
'On the clear margin of this rolling flood,
'Whether great Triton's name delight thine ear,
'Triton, whom all the watery gods revere:
'Or ocean's daughters, as they sound thy fame,
'Thee mighty Nereus, or thee Phorcuns name,
'Be bounteous still: bid all our labours cease,
'And reinstate us in our native Greece.'
Thus pray'd the chief, as on the poop he stood,
And sunk the slaughter'd victim in the flood.
His head above the billows Triton rear'd,
And in his proper shape the god appear'd.
As when, intent his fiery steed to train,
The horseman leads him to the dusty plain,
His floating mane firm twisted in his hand,
He runs, yet holds him subject to command:
Superb he paces, by his master led,
Curvetting still, and tossing high his head.
His bits, all white with gather'd foam around,
Craunch'd by his restless jaw, aloud resound:
Thus Triton's hands the vessel's head sustain,
And safely guide her to the seas again.
His every limb, down to his swelling loin,
Proclaims his likeness to the powers divine.
Below his loin his tapering tail extends;
Arch'd like a whale's, on either side it bends.
Two pointed fins, projecting from his side,
Cleave, as he scuds along th' opposing tide.
Acute and tapering, these indented thorns
A semblance bear to Phœbe's budding horns.
His arm conducts her, till, from danger free,
She rides embosom'd in the open sea.
This prodigy the shouting warriors saw,
Impress'd at once with gratitude and awe.
Here shatter'd ships Argous' port receives,
Here tokens of her voyage Argo leaves:
To Triton here, high-towering o'er the strand,
And here to Neptune stately altars stand.
For here they linger'd out one useless day;
But with fresh breezes sail'd at morn away.
Far to the right they leave the desert land,
And the stretch'd canvass to the winds expand.
Gaining mid ocean with returning light,
The doubled cape diminish'd from their sight.
The zephyr's ceasing, rose the southern gale,
And cheer'd the shouting heroes as they sail.
‡ The evening star now lifts, as daylight fades,
‡ His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
‡ Stretch'd at his ease the weary labourer shares
‡ A sweet forgetfulness of human cares:
‡ At once in silence sleep the sinking gales.
‡ The mast they drop, and furl the flagging
sails;
‡ All night, all day, they ply their bending oars
‡ Towards Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores;
‡ Thence Crete they view, emerging from the
main,
‡ The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain.
‡ There Tagus mountains hurls with all their
woods;
‡ Whole seas roll back, and tossing swell in floods.
‡ Amaz'd at his towering monster they survey,
‡ And trembling view the interdicted bay.
‡ His birth he drew from giants sprung from oak,
‡ Or the hard entrails of the stubborn rock:
‡ Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year
explores
‡ The trembling isle, and strides from shores to
‡ A form of living brass: one part beneath
‡ Alone he bears, a part to let in death.
‡ Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
‡ Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.‡
Pining with want, and sunk in deep dismay,
From Crete far distant had they sail'd away,
But the fair sorceress their speed repress'd,
And thus the crew disconsolate address'd:
'Attend. This monster, ribb'd with brass a-
'round,
'My art, I ween, will level to the ground.
'Whate'er his name, his strength however great,
'Still, not immortal, must he yield to fate.

☞ *The lines thus marked ‡ are Broome's, who has translated the story of Talus; not without several omissions, which are here supplied.*

'But from the far-thrown fragments safe retreat,
'Till prostrate fall the giant at my feet.'
She said: retiring at her sage command,
They wait the movement of her magic hand.
Wide o'er her face her purple veil she spread,
And climb'd the lofty decks, by Jason led.
‡ And now her magic arts Medea tries;
‡ Bids the red furies, dogs of Orcus, rise,
‡ That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
‡ Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes invade.
‡ Thrice she applies the power of magic pray'r,
‡ Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
‡ Then, turning towards the foe, bids mischief fly,
‡ And looks destruction, as she points her eye.
‡ Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bow'rs,
‡ Howl round in air, or grin along the shores. ‡
Father Supreme! what fears my breast annoy,
Since not disease alone can life destroy,
Or wounds inflicted fate's decrees fulfil,
But magic's secret arts have pow'r to kill!
For, by Medea's incantations plied,
Enfeebled soon the brazen monster died.
‡ While rending up the earth in wrath he throws
‡ Rock after rock against th' aërial foes,
‡ Lo! frantic as he strides, a sudden wound
‡ Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground.
‡ As from a furnace, in a burning flood
‡ Pours melting lead, so pours in streams his blood:
‡ And now he staggers, as the spirit flies,
‡ He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
‡ As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
‡ Pierc'd by the steel, expects a final blow,
‡ Awhile it totters with alternate sway,
‡ Till freshening breezes through the branches play;
‡ Then tumbling downward with a thundering sound,
‡ Headlong it falls, and spreads a length of ground:
‡ So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,
‡ Outstretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores. ‡
Crete thus deliver'd from this baneful pest,
The Minyans unmolested sunk to rest.
Soon as Aurora's orient beams appear,
A temple they to Cretan Pallas rear.
With water stor'd, once more the busy train
Embark, and lash the foamy brine again.
Assiduous all with equal ardour glow
Distant to leave Salmonis' lofty brow.
As o'er the Cretan deep the galley flew,
Around them night her sable mantle threw;
Pernicious night, whose all-investing shade
Nor stars nor Phœbe's brighter rays pervade.
Thick darkness, or from heaven or hell profound,
Spread, as it rose, its rueful shades around.
Uncertain whether, on huge billows toss't,
Sublime they sail, or sink to Pluto's coast,
Uncertain where the bursting wave may throw,
They to the sea commit their weal or woe.
Jason aloud, with lifted hands, address'd
The god of day to succour the distress'd.
The tears fast trickling down his sorrowing face,
He vow'd with gifts the Delphic shrine to grace,
He vow'd with choicest gifts, an ample store,
To load Amyclæ and Ortygia's shore.
Attentive to his tears and meek request,
Phœbus from heaven descends, and stands confess'd,
Where, frowning hideous o'er the deeps below,
The rocks of Melans lift their shaggy brow.
Awhile on one of these he takes his stand,
His golden bow high lifting in his hand;
Assisted by whose far-reflected light,
An isle of small extent attracts their sight,
Amid the Sporades; against it stood
Hippuris, circled by the rolling flood.
Their anchors here they drop. Aurora's ray
Glimmer'd, and sunk before the light of day.
A temple here o'er-arch'd with woods, they raise,
And bid an altar to Apollo blaze,
On whom the name Æglete they bestow;
For here the god display'd his beamy bow.
Here, since on Argo's crew all bright he shone,
By the name Anaphe the isle is known.
The scanty produce of this barren isle
To Phœbus they on humble altars pile.
Each fair Phæacian in Medea's train,
Who oft had seen the fatted oxen slain
In king Alcinoüs' court, in laughter joins
At sight of waters pour'd on burning pines.
With well-dissembled wrath the chiefs reprove
The laughing damsels, and the mirth they love.
A wordy altercation soon began,
And pleasant raillery through the circle ran.
Hence, to Æglete, on this festive day,
All who in Anaphe due honours pay,
Maidens and men, a mix'd assembly, join
In friendly contests and debates benign.
The halsers now were loosen'd from their hold,
And unrestrain'd in ocean Argo roll'd,
When thus the dream of night, yet uneffac'd,
Revering Maia's son, Euphemus trac'd.
How, with close grasp the sacred clod compress'd,
Stream'd with a milky current at his breast.
And from this clod, though small, his wondering eyes
Beheld a lovely female form arise.
Charm'd with the beauteous fair, he soon resign'd
To nuptial joys his love-devoted mind,
Lamenting still that he the maid should wed,
Whom at his fostering breast with milk he fed.
"Thy children's nurse am I," (the fair began,
Accosting mild the disconcerted man);
"But not thy daughter: I from Triton came;
"(Triton and Libya my parents' name)
"He fix'd near Anaphe my watery cell, [dwell.
"And bade me here with Nereus' daughters
"But now I hasten towards the sun's bright ray,
"And to thy race the choicest boon convey."
This dream recurring to his mind again,
He told the leader of the gallant train,
Who, long revolving, thus at length reveal'd
Those mystic truths the Pythic shrine conceal'd:
'Ye gods! what glory waits thy valorous deeds,
'What fame, Euphemus, to thy toil succeeds!

'For, when in ocean's bed this earth you fling,
'Thence (ſo the gods ordain) an iſle ſhall ſpring;
'Here ſhall thy children's children late repoſe.
'Triton this hoſpitable gift beſtows:
'He tore from Afric's coaſt the treaſur'd ſoil;
'To him, of all the gods, aſcribe the iſle.'
Thus ſpoke he preſcient, nor in vain divin'd:
Euphemus heard him with attentive mind:
Tranſported with the preſage, forth he ſprung,
And the myſterious clod in ocean flung.
Inſtant emerging from the refluent tides,
Calliſte's iſle diſplay'd its wave-waſh'd ſides,
Nurſe of Euphemus' race: in days of yore,
They dwelt on Sintian Lemnos' footy ſhore.
Exil'd from Lemnos by Etrurian force,
To Sparta's friendly walls they bent their courſe:
Ejected thence, Theras, Auteſion's heir,
Bade him to fam'd Calliſte's iſle repair;
His name it took: th' events we now diſplay
Were unaccuſtom'd in Euphemius' day.
Vaſt tracts of ocean paſs'd, the joyous hoſt
Steer'd towards, and anchor'd on Ægina's coaſt.
They here propoſe a trial of their ſkill;
What chief can firſt the weighty bucket fill,
And, ere his fellows intercept his way,
Firſt to the ſhip the watery ſtore convey.
For parching thirſt, and winds that briſkly blew,
To the fleet courſe inclin'd the gallant crew.
His bucket now, repleniſh'd at the ſprings,
Each ſtout Theſſalian on his ſhoulder brings;
Intent the palm of conqueſt to obtain,
He ſcours with ſpeedy foot acroſs the plain.
Hail, happy race of heroes, and repay
With tributary praiſe my tuneful lay!
With pleaſure ſtill may diſtant times rehearſe
And added years on years exalt my verſe!
For here I fix the period of your woes,
And with your glorious toils my numbers cloſe.
Your galley looſen'd from Ægina's ſhore,
Waves diſcompos'd, and winds detain'd no more.
Serene he ſail'd beſide th' Achaian ſtrand,
Where Cecrops' towers the ſubject main command,
Where oppoſite Eubœa Aulis lies,
And where the Locrian cities lofty riſe,
Till Pagaſæ her friendly port diſplay'd,
Where rode triumphant Argo ſafe embay'd.

NOTES ON BOOK IV.

Ver. 1. The firſt and ſecond books contain, as we have ſeen, the voyage of the Argonauts to Colchis. In the book we are now entering upon, the poet has given us an account of the route they took on their return. And, in order to throw the utmoſt variety into his poem, he has conducted them to Greece by a way altogether new and unknown. He makes them ſail up the Iſter, and by an arm of that river, to the Eridanus, and from thence to the Rhone. Apollonius's geography is, in many inſtances, very exceptionable. The licence which poets are allowed, *quidlibet audendi*, is his beſt excuſe for inaccuracies of this kind. Scaliger, who ſeldom ſpares our author, does not ſcruple to aſſert, that, "quod attinet ad "ſitum orbis terrarum, ſanè imperitus regionum "fuit Apollonius. De Iſtro, dii boni! quas nu-"gas." But let it be remembered, that not only poets have trifled in their deſcriptions of this river, but that hiſtorians and geographers, who have attempted to explain its courſe, have given very different and inconſiſtent accounts of it. Many curious traditions, and entertaining pieces of ancient Greek hiſtory are interſperſed throughout this book. The ſpeeches of Medea can never be enough admired. Her ſentiments are admirably ſuited to her condition; they are ſimple, unaffected, and calculated to raiſe our pity. Our poet has diſplayed a luxuriant fancy in his deſcription of the nuptials of Jaſon and Medea; and he has painted the diſtreſſes of his Argonauts, on the coaſt of Africa, in the moſt glowing colours. This book appears, indeed, in every view of it, equal, if not ſuperior, to any of the foregoing. We meet with ſome obſcurities. The tranſlator confeſſes his inability to aſcertain the true ſenſe of every intricate paſſage. Let it, however, be ſome alleviation of his errors, that his guides have been but few, and they not always the moſt intelligent; and that no part of this book, except only the ſtory of Talus, has appeared in an Engliſh dreſs, before the preſent verſion was publiſhed.

Ver. 32. The cuſtom of kiſſing beds, columns, and doors, before they were obliged to quit them, occurs frequently in the Greek tragedians.

Ver. 33. It was cuſtomary for young women, before the nuptial ceremony was performed, to preſent their hair to ſome deity, to whom they had particular obligations. Medea, therefore, previous to her departure and marriage with Jaſon, preſents a lock of hair to her mother, to be depoſited by her in the temple of ſome deity to whom it was conſecrated.

Ver. 64. Latmos was a mountain in Caria, in whoſe cave the moon was ſaid by the poets to viſit Endymion. Thus, in Valerius Flaccus, who ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye, we read;

Latmius æſtivâ reſidet venator in umbrâ,
Dignus amore deæ; velatis cornibus et jam
Luna venit. Lib. viii. 29.

Ver. 92. Several parts of the body were conſidered by the ancients as the ſeats of virtues and vices, of good and bad qualities. Modeſty was aſſigned to the eyes, ſagacity and deriſion to the noſe, pride and diſdain to the eye-brows, and pity to the knees; which, it was cuſtomary for ſuppliants, when they made their requeſts, to touch and embrace with reverence.

Ver. 123. Xenophon, de Venatione, makes the ſame obſervation, ἐξιέναι πρωΐ, *exire diluculo*. The ſame remark is made by Oppian and others.

Ver. 143. This noble hyperbole was copied by Virgil, B. vii. v. 515. where, ſpeaking of Alecto, he ſays,

With her full force a mighty horn ſhe winds;
Th' infernal ſtrain alarms the gathering hinds,
The dreadful ſummons the deep foreſt took;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains ſhook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound;
The Veline fountains trembled at the ſound;
The thick ſulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blaſt that blew the flames of war:
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers preſt
With ſhrieks their ſtarting infants to the breaſt.
Pitt.

This circumſtance of the mothers claſping their infants to their breaſts, is a very tender and affecting one. The poets ſeem particularly fond of it. We meet with it in the Troades of Euripides; and Camoens, in his imitation of theſe ſtriking paſſages in Apollonius and Virgil, was too ſenſible of its beauty to omit it.

Such was the tempeſt of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurſes' arms
Shrick'd at the ſounds: with ſudden cold impreſt,
The mothers ſtrain'd the infants to the breaſt,
And ſhook with horror.—
The Luſiad, B. iv. p. 124.

Ver. 203. Mr. Warton is of opinion, that Virgil had this beautiful paſſage in his eye in the following lines:

Expleri nequit, atque oculis per ſingula voluit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia verſat.
Æn. viii. v. 618.

And thus Spenſer, in his Faery Queene:

But Triſtram then deſpoiling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly ornaments of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair light
Of the bright metal, ſhining like ſun-rays;
Handling and turning them a thouſand ways.
B. vi. c. 2. ſt. 39.

Ver. 292. By Selene, and Selenia, is meant the ark, of which the moon was only an emblem; and from thence the Arcades, or Arkites, had the appellation of Selenitæ. When, therefore, it is ſaid that the Arcades were prior to the moon, it means only, that they were conſtituted into a nation before the worſhip of the ark prevailed, and before the firſt war upon earth commenced. *Bryant.* This boaſt of the Arcadians, that they were a nation before the moon gave light to the world, is alſo thus accounted for by ſome ingenious writers: the Greeks generally ordered their affairs according to the appearance of the moon, eſpecially thoſe two of the new and full moon. The Spartans held it criminal to begin any great deſign till after they had conſidered the moon, as ſhe appeared when new and at the full. The Arcadians, contrary to this general cuſtom of the Greeks, tranſacted all their buſineſs of importance before the appearance of the new moon, or that of the full; and were, therefore, called in deriſion, προσέληνοι, for their neglect of this religious ceremony. Which term of reproach the Arcadians applied to their commendation, and ſhrewdly affirmed, that they were entitled to this epithet, becauſe their nation was more ancient than the moon.

Ver. 301. Seſoſtris not only overran the countries which Alexander afterwards invaded; but croſſed both the Indus and the Ganges; and thence penetrated into the eaſtern ocean. He then turned to the north, and attacked the nations of Scythia; till he at laſt arrived at the Tanais, which divides Europe and Aſia. Here he founded a colony; leaving behind him ſome of his people, as he had juſt before done at Colchis. He ſubdued Aſia Minor, and all the regions of Europe; where he erected pillars with hieroglyphical inſcriptions, denoting, that theſe parts of the world had been ſubdued by the great Seſoſtris or Seſooſis. *Diodorus. Sic.* L. i. p. 49. Apollonius Rhodius, who is thought to have been a native of Egypt, ſpeaks of the exploits of this prince, but mentions no name; not knowing, perhaps, by which properly to diſtinguiſh him, as he was repreſented under ſo many. He repreſents him as conquering all Aſia and Europe; and this in times ſo remote, that many of the cities which he built, were in ruins before the era of the Argonauts. *Bryant.*

Ver. 311. The Colchians, ſays the Scholiaſt, ſtill retain the laws and cuſtoms of their forefathers; and they have pillars of ſtone, upon which are engraved maps of the continent and of the ocean. The poet calls theſe pillars κύρβεις; which, we are told, were of a ſquare figure, like obeliſks. Theſe delineations had been made of old, and tranſmitted to the Colchians by their forefathers; which forefathers were from Egypt. The Egyptians were very famous for geometrical knowledge. All the flat part of this country being overflowed, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that they made uſe of this ſcience to determine their lands, and to make out their ſeveral claims at the retreat of the waters. *Bryant.*

Ver. 451. Thus Dido, in a fit of deſpondency and rage, threatens Æneas:

Et cum frigida mors anima ſeduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. *Æn.* iv. 385.

Ver. 526. Our poet, whenever he introduces moral ſentences, which is but ſeldom, takes care to do it with the utmoſt propriety; at a time when the occaſion warrants the uſe of them, and gives additional force and luſtre to the truths which they convey. Virgil has adopted this ſentiment of Apollonius on a ſimilar occaſion:

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
Æn. iv. 412.

Ver. 412. From the Greek word Ερως, in the original, Mr. Bryant has taken occaſion to give us the following curious account of Cupid and his emblems: Iris, the rainbow, ſeems to have been expreſſed Eiras, by the Egyptians. Out of Eiras the Greeks formed Eros, a god of love; whom they annexed to Venus, and made her ſon. And finding that the bow was his ſymbol, inſtead of the Iris, they gave him a material bow, with the addition of a quiver and arrows. Being furniſhed with theſe implements of miſchief, he was ſuppoſed to be the bane of the world.

Ver. 350. The remorſe and concern of Medea are very ſtrongly expreſſed by this ſimple action, of turning aſide and concealing her face from the ſcene of barbarity. Signs are ſometimes more ſignificant than words, however eloquent and pathetic; and ſilence is often the ſureſt indication of heart-felt ſorrow.

Ver. 613. Cadmus ſettling in Bœotia, married Harmonia, or Hermione, the daughter of Venus by Mars. A conſpiracy being formed againſt him, he was obliged to quit Bœotia, and retire with his wife into Illyricum. They are ſaid by the poets to have been transformed into ſerpents. Of this transformation, and of the tomb, which the people of Illyricum erected to their memory, Dionyſius thus ſpeaks:

——————Ἴδοις περικυδέα τύμβον,
Τύμβον, ὃν Ἁρμονίης Καδμοιό τε φῆμις ἐνίσπει.
Κεῖθι γὰρ εἰς ὄφιων σκολιὸν γένος ἠλλάξαντο,
Ὄπποτ' ἀπ' Ἰσμηνοῦ λιπαρὸν μετὰ γῆρας ἵκοντο

Ver. 649. By Megara, the daughter of Creon king of Thebes, Hercules had ſeveral ſons, whom he ſlew in a fit of madneſs. Soon after this ſlaughter he left Thebes, and received expiation for the murder at Athens, according to ſome; but according to our poet, at Macris.

Ver. 689. In the original,

Μηδομένη δ' ἄνυσιν τοῖο πλόου, ὥρσεν ἀέλλας
Ἀντικρύ.

Juno, anxious for the ſafety of her crew, and knowing they muſt viſit Circe's iſle, raiſed a ſtorm for that purpoſe; which drove them back, up the Chronian ſea, as far as the iſland Electris. By thus changing their direction, ſhe ſhortened their voyage, and haſtened their approach to the iſland of Circe.

Ver. 727. There are ſo many inconſiſtent fables among the ancients, reſpecting the country and ſituation of the Hyperboreans, that modern geographers have not been able to reconcile them. *See Geſner de Navigationibus extra columnas Herculis, Præl.* 2.

Callimachus, in his hymn to Delos, ſpeaks of them as a people of high antiquity, Pindar places them near the Iſles of the Bleſt, which were ſuppoſed to have been oppoſite to Mauritania, and celebrates their rites. *See Olymp. Od.* iii. and *Pyth.* x.

Ver. 728. Jupiter, incenſed that Æſculapius had reſtored Hippolitus to life, deſtroyed him with his thunder. Apollo, willing to revenge the death of his ſon, directed his darts againſt the Cyclops, by whoſe hands the thunder of Jupiter was formed. The god, for this offence, baniſhed him from heaven. *See Virg. Æn.* vii. *v.* 764.

Ver. 775. In the original,

——————ἵνα ψηφῖσιν ἀπωμόρξαντο καμόντες
Ἱδρῶ ἅλις· χροιῇ δὲ κατ' ἀιγιαλοῖο κέχυνται
Ἐκπελοι.

The firſt line is obſcure; for it may either mean, that they made uſe of the ψήφοι as ſtrigmenta, or *ſtrigiles*, for rubbing; or that, in rubbing, the ſweat dropped on the ſtones, ψεφῖσιν, and diſcoloured them. If this ſenſe be the true one, the following lines may, perhaps, be ſomewhat leſs exceptionable than thoſe already given:

To cleanſe their ſides from copious ſweet they toil,
Which, trickling down, diſtain'd the chalky ſoil.

This paſſage will receive ſome illuſtration from Ariſtotle, περὶ θαυμασίων ἀκουσμάτων; who aſſerts, that among other monuments of the Argonautic expedition this was one, τὸ ἐπὶ τῶν ψήφων λεγόμενον, παρὰ τὸν αἰγιαλὸν ψήφους φασὶν εἶναι ποικίλας. ταύτας δὲ οἱ Ἕλληνες, οἱ τὴν νῆσον οἰκοῦντες, λέγουσι, τὴν χροιὰν λαβεῖν ἀπὸ τῶν στλεγγισμάτων, ὧν ἐποιοῦντο ἀλειφόμενοι.

Ver. 783. We have the fulleſt deſcription of Circe and her habitation in the 10th Odyſſ. of Homer: from which book ſucceeding poets have been ſupplied with ample materials, to aſſiſt them in dreſſing out this entertaining fiction.

It is entertaining to obſerve, how different poets have written on the ſame or ſimilar ſubjects. And according as they have acquitted themſelves in working them up, we may form a judgment of their taſte and genius.

Ver. 932. Others aſcribe this diſcovery to Prometheus, for which Jupiter promiſed to releaſe him from his chains.

Ver. 946. The ſtory here alluded to, is mentioned by ſeveral of the ancient mythologiſts. Medea, when in Elyſium, or the Fortunate Iſlands, gained the affections of Achilles, who then dwelt in thoſe regions and married her. The ancients are by no means conſiſtent in their accounts of theſe Elyſian fields. Some affirm them to be in the moon, others in the milky way. But it is more generally ſuppoſed, that they are ſituated in ſome fertile and pleaſant region on earth. *See Homer's Odyſſ. B.* iv *and the note to v.* 765 *of Pope's Tranſ. and Geſner de Inſulis Beat. Præl.* 2

Ver. 1016. Thus Ceres, when ſhe undertook to bring up Triptolemus, in order to render him immortal, fed him all day with celeſtial food, and covered him all night with burning embers. His father Eluſinus, obſerving this, expreſſed his fears for his child. Ceres, diſpleaſed with the behaviour, ſtruck him dead, but conferred immortality on his ſon.

Ver. 1047. The Syrens were Cuthite and Canaanitiſh prieſts, who had founded temples, which were rendered more than ordinary famous on account of the women, who officiated. With their muſic they enticed ſtrangers into the purlieus of their temples, and then put them to death. The female part of their choirs were maintained for a twofold purpoſe; both on account of their voices and their beauty. They were ſaid to be the children of the muſe Terpſichore; by which is meant only, that they were the daughters of harmony. *Bryant.*

Orpheus, in the Argonautics aſcribed to him, has not only mentioned theſe ſyrens, but given us the ſong, alluded to by Apollonius, which was ſo efficacious as to prevent the ill effects of the ſyrens' muſic. We have the moſt particular deſcription of theſe enchantreſſes in the 12th book of Homer's Odyſſey.

Ver. 1054. Among others, whom Ceres ſent in ſearch of her daughter Proſerpine, were the ſyrens. She is ſaid to have given them wings, to enable them to explore the country with greater eaſe and expedition.

Ver. 1086. Theſe flaming billows, muſt have been very alarming to the ſailors, who were ignorant of the cauſe of them. The poet has therefore, in his deſcription of Scylla and Charybdis, with great judgment ſelected theſe remarkable appearances, which could not fail to excite terror and aſtoniſhment.

Ver. 1691. Virgil, in his 1ſt Æneid, has made uſe of the aſſiſtance of the ſea-nymphs on a ſimilar occaſion.

Cymothoe ſimul et Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo.

And Camoens, who ſeems to have been particularly pleaſed with this deſcription, has, in imitation of it, ſummoned together a vaſt number of ſea-nymphs to reſcue the navy from deſtruction. See B. ii. p. 48.

Ver. 1151. One would not expect to find in ſo grave a writer as Heſiod any thing like that low kind of wit, which the double ſenſe of words gives riſe to. The taſte of the ancients, it has been ſaid, was too good for theſe fooleries. Yet his learned annotator is of opinion, that Heſiod has availed himſelf of the ambiguity of the word μῆδος. He thus diſcuſſes this curious ſubject in a note on ver. 180 in Theog.

Omninò exiſtimo Heſiodum, et qui eum hac in re anteceſſerunt, aut ſequuti ſunt, luſiſſe in ambiguo. Vox μῆδος duo ſignificabat, pudenda et conſilium, cumque audiſſent Saturnum patri ἀποτεμεῖν μῆδος, datâ operâ in rem acceperunt, quaſi narraretur ei pudenda reſecuiſſe, ut τερατολογίαις, quas hac de re habent, locus daretur, quamvis probè ſcirent conſilium ſeu conſiliarios intelligi, quorum ſuaſu Theſſaliâ excedere coactus fuerat Saturnus. Hoſce conſiliarios fugavit, et navibus in Aſiam redire coegit.

Ver. 1281. *Thus Pyctæus.*] (*Note*, it ought to be *Nyctæus*). Antiope, the daughter of Nyctæus, was deflowered by Jupiter in the form of a ſatyr. To avoid the anger of her father, ſhe fled to Sicyon, a city in Peloponneſus: where ſhe was protected by Epops. Nyctæus at his death requeſted his brother Lycus to lay ſiege to Sicyon, but to ſhow no compaſſion to Antiope. He, willing to comply with the requeſt of Nyctæus, beſieged the city, killed Epops, and took Antiope priſoner.

Ver. 1283. Danaë was the daughter of Acriſius. Having been informed by the oracle, that his grandſon ſhould bereave him of his life and crown, he ſhut her up in a tower of braſs. But Jupiter, according to the fable, made his way through the roof in a ſhower of gold. The meaning of which fable is; Pretus, who was ſurnamed Jupiter, bribed the keepers, and having thus gained acceſs to the priſoner, made her the mother of Perſeus. Acriſius being apprized of this illicit commerce, and the fruits of it, ordered the mother and her ſon to be locked up in a cheſt, and thrown into the ſea.

Ver. 1338. Jupiter being in love with Semele, Juno concerted the following ſcheme for the deſtruction of her rival. She appeared to Semele in the ſhape of Beroë, a nurſe, and inſinuated to her, that if her lover were really Jupiter, he would not diſguiſe himſelf like a mortal: and that the certainty of his divinity could no otherwiſe be aſcertained, than by his appearing before her with the ſame majeſty, which he aſſumed when he viſited Juno. Semele followed her advice; and Jupiter having ſworn by Styx to grant her whatever ſhe might aſk, approached her in the full blaze of his glory, and Semele was conſumed by his lightning. Jupiter being deſirous to preſerve the infant Bacchus, of whom Semele had been for ſome time pregnant, commiſſioned Mercury to deliver him from the flames, by taking him out of her womb, and conveying him to Eubœa. Here he was committed to the care of Macris. But Juno's reſentment being not yet ſuſided, ſhe forbade her favourite iſland Eubœa to give protection to the nurſe of Bacchus; who now fled for refuge to Phæacia.

Ver. 1505. "The principal image, (ſays Pope, Il. xiv. in a note on v. 457.) is more ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind by a multitude of ſimiles, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very faſt: but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conception, it endeavours, by redoubling the compariſons, to ſupply this defect" Since then the heaping together of ſimiles, when occaſion requires, is conſidered as a proof of true poetical enthuſiaſm, it muſt be allowed that our poet, in this inſtance, as well as in many others, has ſhown himſelf capable of riſing above that uniform mediocrity, which has, perhaps too haſtily, been aſcribed to him. For we have here an accumulation of compariſons the moſt elegant and appoſite. The deſpondent heroes are likened to ſpectres and ſtatues diſtilling drops of blood. Medea's fair attendants, lamenting their misfortunes, are compared to ſwallows bereaved of their neſts, and ſcreaming for their mother; and, immediately after, to the plaintive notes of dying ſwans.

This ſimile of the ſwallow is copied by Virgil, Æn. xii. 473.

Ver. 1649. In Africa, where, according to Virgil, Atlas reigns:

Ultimus Æthiopum locus eſt, ubi maximus Atlas—

Ver. 1651. They were the daughters of Heſperus, the brother of Atlas, and ſhepherdeſſes. Hercules carried off their ſheep (which, for their exquiſite beauty, were called golden), and ſlew the ſhepherd, whoſe name was Draco. The Greek word μῆλα which ſignifies apples as well as ſheep, is ſuppoſed to have given riſe to the fiction.

Some are of opinion, that the fable of the ſerpent who guarded the golden apples, and was ſaid to have been ſlain by Hercules, derives its origin from the Moſaic account of the fall.

Ver. 1749. Tranſlated by Virgil, Æn. vi. 453.

——qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe
Aut videt aut vidiſſe putat per nubila lunam.

Ver. 1791. It has been already remarked, that Danaë was encloſed in a cheſt by the command of her father Acriſius, and thrown into the ſea. This cheſt was caſt upon the iſland Seripus, one of the Cyclades in the Ægæan ſea. It was found by a fiſherman, who brought it to Polydectes, king of the iſland. He received the mother and child with great tenderneſs but falling in love with Danaë, and fearing the reſentment of Perſeus, now grown to manhood, he planned the following ſcheme for his deſtruction. Having invited the neighbouring princes to an entertainment, he deſired each of them to bring with him ſome rarities for the feaſt. Perſeus was required to bring on this occaſion the head of Meduſa, one of the Gorgons: an enterpriſe which the king imagined would prove fatal to him; but by the aſſiſtance of Minerva, he cut off the Gorgon's head; which, when he carried it to the iſland, turned its inhabitants into ſtone, and among the reſt, their king, Polydectes, who had ſent him out on the expedition. *See Pindar's Pyth. Od.* xii.

Ver. 1817. Virgil takes occaſion to mention the ſame cuſtom in the following words:

Ter circum accenſos cincti fulgentibus armis
Decurrere rogos: ter mœſtum funeris ignem
Luſtravare in equis, ululatuque ore dederunt.
Æn. xi.

Ver. 1870. It would contribute towards clearing this obſcure paſſage, if, inſtead of ἴδυς, we read ὑπὲρ. This conjecture may the more readily be admitted, as we meet with the ſame expreſſion, ἀγκῶνες ὑπὲρ ποδὸχοντος, at v. 1626.

Ver. 1943. The following is Broome's note, prefixed to his tranſlation of the ſtory of Talus.

The following verſes from Apollonius will appear very extravagant, unleſs we have recourſe to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his Minos writes thus:

Talus and Rhadamanthus were the aſſiſtants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to viſit all parts of Crete thrice every year, to enforce them with the utmoſt ſeverity. The poet alludes to this cuſtom in theſe words:

Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores
The trembling iſle, and ſtrides from ſhores to ſhores.

Talus is fabled to be formed of braſs, becauſe the laws, which he carried with him in his circuit, were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable but the fable of the burſting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, aroſe from the manner of puniſhment practiſed by him; which was, by the opening of a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death.

Ver. 2093. See on this ſubject Pindar's Pyth. Od. iv towards the beginning.

Ver. 2096 The Sintians were originally Thracians; but ſettled afterwards at Lemnos.

Ver. 2118 It was cuſtomary with the Greeks, not only to ſing hymns, but to recite heroic poems in honour of the gods and heroes at their feſtive meetings.

THE WORKS

OF

COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

MR. C————.

C--------'S COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES.

THE RAPE OF HELEN, &c.

Ye nymphs of Troy, for beauty fam'd, who trace
From Xanthus' fertile ſtreams your ancient race,
Oft on whoſe ſandy banks your tires are laid,
And many a trinket which your hands have made,
What time to Ida's hallow'd mount ye throng,
To join the feſtive choir in dance and ſong;
No longer on your favourite banks repoſe,
But come, the judgment of the ſwain diſcloſe.
Say from what hills, to trackleſs deeps unknown,
Ruſh'd with impetuous zeal the daring clown;
Say to what end, with future ills replete,
O'er diſtant oceans ſail'd a mighty fleet;
What ſeas could this adventurous youth embroil,
Sow diſcord's ſeeds, o'er what diſaſtrous ſoil?
Say from what ſource aroſe the dire debate,
Which ſwains could end and goddeſſes create.
What his deciſion? Of the Grecian dame
Who to the ſhepherd's ear convey'd the name?
Speak, for ye ſaw, on Ida's ſtill retreat,
Judicial Paris fill his ſhepherd's ſeat;
Venus ye ſaw, the graces' darling queen,
As on her judge approv'd ſhe ſmil'd ſerene.
What time Hæmonia's lofty mountains rung
With hymeneal ſongs for Peleus ſung,
Officious Ganymede, at Jove's requeſt,
Supplied with ſparkling wine each welcome gueſt;
And all the gods to Thetis' nuptials came,
Siſter of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.
Earth-ſhaking Neptune left his azure main,
And Jove ſupreme forſook his ſtarry plain:
From Helicon, with odorous ſhrubs o'erſpread,
The muſes' tuneful choir Apollo led.
Him Juno follow'd, wife of ſovereign Jove:
With harmony the ſmiling queen of love
Haſten'd to join the gods of Chiron's feſtive grove.
Cupid's full quiver o'er her ſhoulder thrown,
Perſuaſion follow'd with a bridal crown.
Minerva, though to nuptial rites a foe,
Came; but no helmet nodded o'er her brow.
Diana to the Centaur's grove reſorts,
And for one day forgets her rural ſports.
His looſe locks ſhaking as the zephyrs play'd,
Not long behind convivial Bacchus ſtay'd.
War's god, as when to Vulcan's dome he ſped,
No ſpear his hand ſuſtain'd, no caſque his head,
Such now, without his helmet or his lance,
Smiling he look'd, and led the bridal dance.
But from theſe blifsful ſcenes was diſcord warn'd;
Peleus rejected her, and Chiron ſcorn'd.
And by the gadfly ſtung, the heifer ſtrays
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, ſtung with envy, diſcord roam'd, nor ceas'd
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feaſt.
Oft from her flinty bed ſhe ruſh'd amain,
Then ſtood, then ſunk into her ſeat again:
With deſperate hand ſhe tore her ſnaky head,
And with a ſerpent-ſcourge ſhe laſh'd her flinty bed.
To dart the forky lightning, and command
From hell's abyſs the Titans' impious band,
Jove from his throne with rebel-arms to wreſt,
Were projects form'd within the fury's breaſt.
But, though incens'd ſhe dreaded Vulcan's ire,
Who forms Jove's bolt, and checks the raging fire,
Her purpoſe changing, ſhe with rattling arms
Diſſention meditates and dire alarms;
If haply clattering ſhields can ſtrike diſmay,
And from the nuptials drive the gods away.
But Mars ſhe dreaded, oft in arms array'd,
And this new project with complacence weigh'd.
The burniſh'd apples, rich with golden rind,
Growth of Heſperian gardens ſtruck her mind.
Reſolv'd contention's baneful ſeeds to ſow,
She tore the bluſhing apple from its bough,
Graſp'd the dire ſource whence future battles ſprung,
And midſt the gods the golden miſchief flung.
The ſtately wife of Jove with wondering eyes
Beheld and wiſh'd to graſp the golden prize.
Beauty's fair queen to catch the apple ſtrove;
For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.
Jove mark'd the conteſt, and, to cruſh debate,
Thus counſel'd Hermes, who beſide him ſat:
'Paris, perchance, from Priam ſprung, you know:
'His herds he grazes on mount Ida's brow,
'And oft conducts them to the dewy meads,
'Through which his ſtreams the Phrygian Xanthus leads:
'Show him yon prize, and urge him to declare
'Which of theſe goddeſſes he deems moſt fair:

'In whom, of all his matchleſs ſkill can trace
'The cloſe arch'd eyebrow and the roundeſt face,
'On ſuch a face, where bends the circling bow,
'The golden apple, beauty's prize, beſtow.'
Thus ſpoke the ſire: the willing ſon obey'd,
And to their judge the deities convey'd.
Each anxious fair her charms to heighten tries,
And dart new luſtre from her ſparkling eyes.
Her veil aſide inſidious Venus flung;
Looſe from the claſp her fragrant ringlets hung;
She then in golden cauls each curl compreſs'd,
Summon'd her little loves, and thus addreſs'd:
'Behold, my ſons, the hour of trial near!
'Embrace, my loves, and bid me baniſh fear.
'This days deciſion will enhance my fame,
'Crown beauty's queen, or ſink in endleſs ſhame.
'Doubting I ſtand, to whom the ſwain may ſay,
'Bear thou, moſt fair, the golden prize away.
'Nurs'd was each grace by Juno's foſtering hand;
'And crowns and ſceptres ſhift at her command.
'Minerva dictates in th' embattled field;
'And heroes tremble when ſhe ſhakes her ſhield.
'Of all the goddeſſes that rule above,
'Far moſt defenceleſs is the queen of love.
'Without or ſpear or ſhield muſt Venus live;
'And crowns and ſceptres ſhe has none to give.
'Yet why deſpair? Though with no faulchion grac'd,
'Love's ſilken chain ſurrounds my ſlender waiſt.
'My bow this ceſtus, this the dart I fling,
'And with this ceſtus I infix my ſting.
'My ſting infix'd renews the lover's pain,
'And virgins languiſh but revive again.'
Thus to her loves the roſy-finger'd queen
Told all her fears, and vented all her ſpleen:
To every word they lent a willing ear,
Round their fond mother clung, and ſtrove to cheer.

And now they reach mount Ida's graſſy ſteep,
Where youthful Paris feeds his father's ſheep:
What time he tends them in the plains below,
Through which the waters of Anaurus flow,
Apart he counts his cattle's numerous ſtock,
Apart he numbers all his fleecy flock.
A wild goat's ſkin, around his ſhoulders caſt,
Looſe fell and flow'd below his girded waiſt.
A paſtoral ſtaff, which ſwains delight to hold,
His roving herds protected and controll'd.
Accoutred thus, and warbling o'er his ſong,
He to his pipe melodious pac'd along.
Unnotted oft, while he renews his lay,
His flocks deſert him, and his oxen ſtray.
Swift to his bower retires the tuneful man,
To pipe the praiſe of Hermes and of Pan.
Sunk is each animal in dead repoſe;
No dog around him barks, no heifer lows:
Echo alone rebounds through Ida's hills,
And all the air with ſounds imperfect fills.
The cattle, ſlunk upon their verdant bed,
Cloſe by their piping lord repoſe their head.
Beneath the ſhades which ſheltering thickets blend,
When Paris' eye approaching Hermes ken'd,
Back he retires, with ſudden fear impreſs'd,
And ſhuns the preſence of the heavenly gueſt;
To the thick ſhrubs his tuneful reed conveys,
And all unfiniſh'd leaves his warbled lays.
Thus winged Hermes to the ſhepherd ſaid,
Who mark'd the gods approach with ſilent dread:
'Diſmiſs thy fears, nor with thy flocks adide;
'A mighty conteſt Paris muſt decide.
'Haſte, judge announc'd; for whoſe deciſion wait
'Three lovely females, of celeſtial ſtate.
'Haſte, and the triumph of that face declare,
'Which ſweeteſt looks, and faireſt midſt the fair:
'Let her, whoſe form thy critic eye prefers,
'Claim beauty's prize, and be this apple hers.
Thus Hermes ſpoke; the ready ſwain obey'd,
And to decide the mighty cauſe eſſay'd.
With keeneſt look he mark'd the heavenly dames;
Their eyes, quick flaſhing as the lightning's flames,
Their ſnowy necks, their garments fring'd with gold,
And rich embroidery wrought in every fold;
Their gait he mark'd, as gracefully they mov'd,
And round their feet his eye ſagacious rov'd.
But, ere the ſmiling ſwain his thoughts expreſs'd,
Graſping his hand him Pallas thus addreſs'd;
'Regard not Phrygian youth, the wife of Jove,
'Nor Venus heed the queen of wedded love:
'But martial proweſs if thy wiſdom prize,
'Know, I poſſeſs it; praiſe me to the ſkies.
'Thee, fame reports, puiſſant ſtates obey,
'And Troy's proud city owns thy ſovereign ſway;
'Her ſuffering ſons thy conquering arm ſhall ſhield,
'And ſtern Bellona ſhall to Paris yield.
'Comply; her ſuccour will Minerva lend,
'Teach thee war's ſcience, and in fight defend.'
Thus Pallas ſtrove to influence the ſwain,
Whoſe favour Juno thus attempts to gain:
'Should'ſt thou with beauty's prize my charms reward,
'All Aſia's realms ſhall own thee for their lord.
'Say, what from battles but contention ſprings?
'Such conteſts ſhun; for what are wars to kings?
'But him, whoſe hands the rod of empire ſway,
'Cowards revere, and conquerors obey.
'Minerva's friends are oft Bellona's ſlaves,
'And the fiend ſlaughters whom the goddeſs ſaves.'
Proffers of boundleſs ſway thus Juno made;
And Venus thus, contemptuous ſmiling, ſaid:
But firſt her floating veil aloft ſhe threw,
And all her graces to the ſhepherd ſhew;
Looſen'd her little loves' attractive chain,
And tried each art to captivate the ſwain.
'Accept my boon' (thus ſpoke the ſmiling dame),
'Battles forget, and dread Bellona's name.
'Beauty's rich meed at Venus' hand receive,
'And Aſia's wide domain to tyrants leave.
'The deathful fight, the din of arms I fear;
'Can Venus' hand direct the martial ſpear?
'Women with beauty ſtouteſt hearts aſſail,
'Beauty, their beſt defence, their ſtrongeſt mail.
'Prefer domeſtic eaſe to martial ſtrife,
'And to exploits of war a pleaſing wife.
'To realms extenſive Helen's bed prefer,
'And ſcoff at kingdoms, when oppos'd to her,

'Thy prize with envy Sparta shall survey,
'And Troy to Paris tune the bridal lay.'
The shepherd, who astonish'd stood and mute,
Consign'd to Venus the Hesperian fruit,
The claim of beauty, and the source of woes;
For dire debates from this decision rose.
Uplifting in her hand the glowing prize,
She rallied thus the vanquish'd deities:
'To me, ye martial dames, the prize resign;
'Beauty I court, and beauty's prize is mine.
'Mother of mighty Mars and Vulcan too,
'Fame says the choir of graces sprung from
'you;
'Yet distant far, this day, your daughters stray'd,
'And no one grace appear'd to lend you aid.
'Mars too declin'd t' assert his mother's right,
'Though oft his brandish'd sword decides the
'fight.
'His boasted flames why could not Vulcan cast,
'And at one blaze his mother's rivals blast?
'Vain are thy triumphs, Pallas, vain thy scorn;
'Thou, not in wedlock, nor of woman born.
'Jove's teeming head the monstrous birth con-
'tains,
'And the barb'd iron ripp'd thee from his brains.
'Brac'd with th' unyielding plaits of ruthless
'mail,
'She curses Cupid and the silken veil.
'Connubial bliss and concord she abhors,
'In discord glories, and delights in wars.
'Yet know, virago, not in feats of arms
'Triumph weak women, but in beauty's charms.
'Nor men nor women are those mungrels base,
'Like you, equivocal in form and face.'
In terms like these the laughter-loving queen
Rallied her rivals, and increas'd their spleen,
As, lifting high, she view'd with secret joy
Her beauty's triumphs, and the bane of Troy.
Inspir'd with love for her, the fair unknown,
By beauty's conquering queen pronounc'd his
own,
Ill-fated Paris to the forest's maze
Men vers'd in Pallas' various arts conveys.
At Pericles' command they give the blow,
And lay the glories of the forest low.
He, artist fam'd, his frantic prince obey'd,
And burden'd ocean with the ships he made.
From Ida's summits rush'd the daring swain,
And to its bowery shades preferr'd the boisterous
main.
Th' extended beach with choice oblations stor'd,
And his protectress Venus oft implor'd,
The billowy deep his furrowing keel divides,
And in the Hellespont his vessel rides.
But prodigies announce approaching ill,
And with presages sad each bosom fill,
Up-heaving waves heaven's starry concave shroud,
And round each Bear is cast a circling cloud.
Clouds and big waves discharge their watery
stores;
Full on the deck the bursting torrent pours.
Their sturdy oars with unabating sweep
Far whitening agitate the angry deep.
Dardanus pass'd, and Ilion's fertile plains,
The mouth of Ismarus' lake th' adventurer gains.
Now, far remote, they view Pangræa's height:
Now Phillis' rising tomb attracts their sight,
And the dull round she nine times trod in vain,
To view the faithless wanderer again.
Hæmonia's meads remote, the Trojan spies
Th' Achaian cities unexpected rise:
Phthia, with heroes far renown'd replete;
Mycenæ, fam'd for many a spacious street.
Beside the meads, where Erymanthus glides,
Sparta aspires, that boasts her beauteous brides;
Sparta with joy th' expecting swain survey'd,
Lav'd by Eurotas, by Atrides sway'd.
Nor distant far, o'ershaded by a wood
Beneath a mountain's brow Therapnæ stood
Short was their voyage now: the bending oar
Was heard to lash the foamy surge no more.
The sailors, safe embosom'd in the bay,
Firm to the beach confine the corded stay.
In purifying waters plung'd the swain,
And, rising thence, pac'd slowly o'er the plain;
For much he fear'd, lest his incautious tread
O'er his wash'd feet the spatter'd mire should
spread:
Or lest his hair, beneath his casque confin'd,
Should, if he ran, be ruffled with the wind.
The city's splendour Paris' eye detains,
The citizen's abodes, and glittering fanes.
Here Pallas' form, in mimic gold pourtray'd,
Here Hyacinthus' image he survey'd.
Him with delight the Amiclæans view'd,
Pursuing Phœbus, and by him pursu'd;
But, sore displeas'd at jealous Zephyr's spite,
They urg'd the stripling to unequal fight;
For Phœbus' efforts ineffectual prov'd,
To save from Zephyr's rage the youth he lov'd.
Earth with compassion heard Apollo's cries,
And from her bosom bade a flower arise,
His favourite's name, impress'd upon whose
leaf,
Still, as the god contemplates, sooths his grief.
Now Priam's son before Atrides' dome
Exulting stood in beauty's purple bloom.
Not Semele, by Jove's caresses won,
On Jove bestow'd so beautiful a son:
(Forgive me, Bacchus, seed of Jove supreme)
Such peerless graces round his person beam.
Touch'd by fair Helen's hand, the bolts recede;
She to the spacious hall repair'd with speed:
Her form distinct th' unfolded portals show;
She look'd, she ponder'd, and again withdrew.
Then on a radiant seat she bade him rest,
And, still insatiate, gaz'd upon her guest.
Awhile she likens him in graceful mien
To love, attendant on the Cyprian queen.
But 'tis not love, she recollects again;
Nor bow nor quiver deck this gallant swain.
'Tis Bacchus sure, the god of wine, she said;
For o'er his cheeks a rosy bloom is spread.
Daring at length her faultering voice to raise,
She thus express'd her wonder and her praise:
'Whence art thou, stranger? whence thy
'comely race?
'Thy country tell me, and thy natal place.
'In thee I mark the majesty of kings:
But not from Greece thy lofty lineage springs;

'Not sandy Pyle thine origin can show;
'I know not thee, though Nestor's son I know.
'Phthia, the nurse of heroes, train'd not thee;
'For known are all th' Æacidæ to me,
'Peleus, and Telamon renown'd in fight,
'Patroclus' courtesy, Achilles' might.'
Inspir'd by love, thus spoke the gentle dame;
And he thus answering, fann'd the rising flame:
"If e'er recording fame, illustrious maid,
"Hath to thine ear great Ilion's name convey'd,
"Ilion, whose walls on Phrygian frontiers stand,
"Rear'd by Apollo's and by Neptune's hand;
"Him if thou know'st, most opulent of kings,
"Who reigns o'er Ilion, and from Saturn springs;
"I to hereditary worth aspire;
"The wealthy Priam is my honour'd sire.
"My high descent from Dardanus I prove;
"And ancient Dardanus descends from Jove.
"Th' immortals thus forsake the realms of light,
"And mix with mortals in the social rite.
"Neptune and Phœbus thus forsook the sphere,
"Firm on its base my native Troy to rear.
"But know, on three fair goddesses, of late,
"Sentence I pass'd, and clos'd the long debate.
"On Venus, who with charms superior shone,
"I lavish'd praises, and conferr'd my boon.
"The Cyprian goddess, pleas'd with my decree,
"Reserv'd this recompence, O queen, for me;
"Some faithful fair, possess'd of heavenly charms,
"Should, she protested, bless my longing arms;
"Helen her name, to beauty's queen ally'd;
"Helen, for thee I stemm'd the troubled tide.
"Unite we now in Hymen's mystic bands:
"Thus love inspires, and Venus thus commands.
"Scorn not my suit, nor beauty's queen despise:
"More need I add to influence the wise?
"For well thou know'st, how dastardly or base
"Is Menelaus's degenerate race.
"And well I know, that Græcia's ample coast
"No fair like thee, for beauty fam'd, can boast."
He said: on earth her sparkling eyes she cast,
Embarrass'd paus'd awhile, and spoke at last:
'To visit Ilion, and her towers survey,
'Rear'd by the god of ocean and of day,
'(Stupendous labours by celestials wrought)
'Hath oft, illustrious guest, employ'd my thought,
'Oft have I wish'd to saunter o'er the vales,
'Whose flowery pasture Phœbus' flocks regales;
'Where, beneath Ilion's walls, along the meads,
'The shepherd-god his lowing oxen feeds.
'To Ilion I'll attend thee: haste, away;
'For beauty's queen forbids our long delay.
'No husband's threats, no husband's search I dread,
'Though he to Troy suspect his Helen fled.'
The Spartan dame, of matchless charms possess'd,
Proffer'd these terms to her consenting guest.
Night, which relieves our toils, when the bright sun,
In ocean sunk, his daily course has run,
Now gives her softest slumbers, ere the ray
Of rising morn proclaims th' approach of day.
Two gates of airy dreams she opens wide;
Of polish'd horn is this, where truths abide:
Voices divine through this mysterious gate
Proclaim th' unalterable will of fate.
But through the ivory-gate incessant troop
Of vain, delusive dreams, a faithless group.
Helen, seduc'd from Menelaus' bed,
Th' adventurous shepherd to his navy led:
To Troy with speed he bears the fatal freight;
For Venus' proffers confidence create.
At morning's dawn Hermione appears,
With tresses discompos'd and bath'd in tears;
She rous'd her menial train, and thus express'd
The boding sorrows of her troubled breast:
'Where, fair attendants, is my mother fled,
'Who left me sleeping in her lonely bed?
'For yesternight she took her trusty key,
'Turn'd the strong bolt, and slept secure with me.'
Her hapless fate the pensive train deplore,
And in thick circles gather round the door;
Here all contend to moderate her grief,
And by their kind condolence give relief:
'Unhappy princess, check the rising tear;
'Thy mother, absent now, will soon appear.
'Soon as thy sorrow's bitter source she knows,
'Her speedy presence will dispel thy woes.'
'The virgin-cheek, with sorrow's weight o'er-
'come,
'Sinks languid down, and loses half its bloom.
'Deep in the head the tearful eye retires,
'There sullen sits, nor darts its wonted fires.
'Eager, perchance, the band of nymphs to meet,
'She saunters devious from her favourite seat,
'And, of some flowery mead at length possess'd,
'Sinks on the dew-bespangled lawn to rest.
'Or to some kindred stream perchance she strays,
'Bathes in Eurotas' streams, and round its mar-
'gin plays'
'Why talk ye thus?' (the pensive maid replies,
The tears of anguish trickling from her eyes)
'She knows each roseate bower, each vale and
'hill,
'She knows the course of every winding rill.
'The stars are set; on rugged rocks she lies:
'The stars are up; nor does my mother rise.
'What hills, what dales thy devious steps detain?
'Hath some relentless beast my mother slain?
'But beasts, which lawless round the forest rove,
'Revere the sacred progeny of Jove.
'Or art thou fall'n from some steep mountain's brow,
'Thy corse conceal'd in dreary dells below?
'But through the groves, with thickest foliage
'crown'd,
'Beneath each shrivell'd leaf that strews the ground,
'Assiduous have I sought thy corse in vain:
'Why should we then the guiltless grove arraign?
'But have Eurotas' streams, which rapid flow,
'O'erwhelmed thee bathing in its deeps below?
'Yet in the deeps below the Naiads live,
'And they to womankind protection give.'
Thus spoke she sorrowing, and reclin'd her head,
And sleeping seem'd to mingle with the dead;
For sleep his elder brother's aspect wears,
Lies mute like him, and undisturb'd by cares.
Hence the swoln eyes of females, deep distress'd,
Oft, when the tear is trickling, sink to rest.

In this deluſive dream the ſleeping maid
Her mother ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, portray'd.
Aloud ſhe ſhriek'd, diſtracted and amaz'd,
And utter'd thus her anguiſh as ſhe gaz'd:
'Laſt night far diſtant from your daughter fled.
'You left me ſlumbering in my father's bed.
'What dangerous ſteeps have not I ſtrove to gain?
'And ſtroll'd o'er hills and dales for thee in vain?'
"Condemn me not (replied the wandering dame):
"Pity my ſufferings, nor augment my ſhame.
"Me yeſterday, a lawleſs gueſt beguil'd,
"And diſtant tore me from my darling child.
"At Cytherea's high command I rove;
"And once more revel in the walks of love."
She ſaid: her voice the ſleeping maid alarms;
She ſprings to claſp her mother in her arms.
In vain: no mother meets her wiſtful eyes;
And now her tears redouble and her cries:
'Ye feathery race, inhabitants of light,
'To Crete's fam'd iſle direct your rapid flight.
'There to my ſire th' unwelcome truth proclaim,
'How yeſterday a deſperate vagrant came,
'Tore all he dotes on from his bridal bed,
'And with his beauteous queen abruptly fled.'
The reſtleſs fair, her mother to regain,
Thus to the winds bewail'd and wept in vain.
The Thracian town diminiſh'd from their view,
And fleet o'er Helle's ſtrait the veſſel flew.
The bridegroom now his natal coaſt deſcry'd,
And to the Trojan port conducts his bride.
Caſſandra from her tower beheld them ſail,
And tore her locks, and rent her golden veil.
But hoſpitable Troy unbars her gate,
Receives her citizen and ſeals her fate.

NOTES ON THE RAPE OF HELEN.

COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES, a Theban poet, flouriſhed in the reign of the emperor Anaſtaſius, about five hundred years after Chriſt. He is ſaid to have been the author of ſeveral poems; none of which have come down to us except this, which in many paſſages is corrupt and mutilated. There is an excellent edition of this poem by Lennep. There is alſo an old tranſlation of it by Sir Edward Sherburne; to whom I acknowledge myſelf indebted for ſome of his uſeful annotations.

Did the inſertion of this little poem ſtand in need of an apology, it might be made by obſerving, that the ſubjects of the two poems are not wholly diſſimilar. In the one is celebrated the rape of Medea, in the other the rape of Helen; two events of equal celebrity in ancient ſtory.

On the title of this poem Sir Edward Sherburne makes the following not unpleaſant remark: "The word *rape* muſt not be taken in the common acceptation of the expreſſion. For Paris was more courtly than to offer, and Helen more kind-hearted than to ſuffer ſuch a violence. It muſt be taken rather for a tranſporting of her with her conſent from her own country to Troy: which Virgil ſeems to inſinuate in the firſt book of his Æneid, where, ſpeaking of Helen, he ſays,

"Pergama cum peteret.———"

The word *peteret* implies that the quitting of her country, and going along with Paris, was an act ſhe deſired, as well as conſented to; and thus much the enſuing poem makes good.

Ver. 2. The moſt celebrated river in Troas: it derived its ſource from mount Ida.

Ver. 10. The ancients eſteemed the art of huſbandry to be of all others the moſt honourable. The hands of princes ſuſtained at the ſame time the crook and the ſceptre. Paris the ſon of Priam, king of Troy, is repreſented in this poem under the character of a ſhepherd. In our times the care of flocks and herds is committed to the loweſt orders of the people. Shepherd and clown are terms with us nearly ſynonymous. But we muſt endeavour to ſeparate from them the ideas of churliſhneſs and ill-breeding, when applied, as the ancients applied them, to heroes and kings.

Ver. 24. It was a fiction of the poets, that Peleus, the ſon of Æacus, and pupil of Chiron, married Thetis the daughter of Nereus; and that all the gods attended at their nuptials on mount Pelion, except Eris or Diſcord, in whoſe preſence agreement and harmony could not long ſubſiſt. See on this ſubject, *Catullus de Nupt. Pel. & Thet.* and *Valerius Flaccus*, L. i. v. 129.

Ver. 42. The correſpondent lines in the original ought to be placed after v. 33. as Lennep rightly obſerves: to that place (immediately after the poet's mention of Diana) the tranſlator has reſtored them.

Ver. 56. The conjectural reading of Voſſius is here preferred; as it ſeems to contain more ſenſe and more poetry than any other. He reads,

——————χειρὶ δὲ λαιῇ
Ὃν δὲ τε κάλλοσι ἔρυξε καὶ ἣν ἐφυφάσσατο πέτρην.

Ver. 79. Apples were eſteemed the ſymbol of love, and dedicated to Venus. They were alſo conſidered as allurements of love, and were diſtributed among lovers. Hence the expreſſions *μηλοβολεῖν* and *malo petere*, in Theocritus and Virgil.

Ver. 89. The ancients looked upon ſuch eyebrows, which our poet calls *βλεφάρων συνοχὴν* as eſſential to form a beautiful face. See Anacreon's deſcription of his miſtreſs, and *Theocr. Id.* viii. 72.

Ver. 99. They were ſuppoſed to be very numerous.

——volucrumque exercitus omnis amorum.
Val. Flacc. vi. 457.

Ver. 116. The ceſtus of Venus, of which Homer makes particular mention, Il. xiv. 216. derives its name ἀπὸ τοῦ κεντεῖν. To which ſtimulating quality our poet alludes in the following line.

And with this ceſtus I infix my *ſting*.

Ver. 205.

——— κάλλος,
Ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν
Ἀντ' ἐγχέων ἀπάντων. *Anacr. Ode* xi.

Ver. 267, 268. *Iſmarus, Pangræa.*] Mountains in Thrace. The former is alſo the name of a lake.

Ver. 269. Demophoon, ſon of Theſeus, on his return from Troy, paſſed through Thrace, where he was hoſpitably received by Phillis, its queen, who fell in love with and married him. He having expreſſed his deſire to viſit Athens, his native country, Phillis conſented to his departure, upon condition that he would return on a certain day which he ſhould appoint. Demophoon promiſed to be with her on the appointed day. When the day came, Phillis, tortured with the pangs of an impatient lover, ran nine times to the ſhore, which from this circumſtance was called in Greek *Enneados:* but unable any longer to ſupport his abſence, ſhe, in a fit of deſpair, hanged herſelf. *See Ovid's Epiſt.* ii. *Phillis to Demoph.*

Ver. 274. A province and city of Theſſaly; the birth-place of Achilles. But, for a more particular account of Coluthus's geography, the reader may conſult Lennep's note on ver. 215, where he ſhows (to make uſe of his own words), "quam "fuerit in geographicis hoſpes Coluthus."

Ver. 296 Hyacinthus was a young prince of the city Amyclæ in Laconia. He had made ſo extraordinary a progreſs in literature, that he was conſidered as a favourite of Apollo. As he was playing with his fellows, he was unfortunately ſtruck on the head by a quoit, and died of the blow. The poets have enlarged on this ſimple ſtory in the following manner:

The wind which blew the quoit aſide, and gave it the fatal direction, they have called Zephyrus; whom they have repreſented as the rival of Apollo. Zephyrus having received for his kindneſſes to Hyacinthus, the moſt ungrateful returns, was reſolved to puniſh him for his inſolence; and having challenged him one day to a game of quoits, he ſtruck the unfortunate youth a blow on the temples.

The inhabitants of Amyclæ, ſays the poet,

——————δηΐδ' ἀήτου
Σκυζόμενος, καὶ τοῦτον ἀνήγαγεν.——

were diſpleaſed with the conteſt propoſed by Zephyrus, and withdrew Hyacinthus from the fight; or, perhaps (ſtill better to connect this with the following ſentence), they brought him out, and ſpirited him on to the fight, preſuming that his favourite god would enable him to come off victorious—αὐταρ Ἀπόλλων. &c.

This is Lennep's conjectural reading; which, whether the true one or not, muſt be allowed to affix a tolerable meaning to a paſſage that was before very unintelligible.

Ver. 302. From the blood that was ſpilt on the ground, Apollo produced a flower, called after the name of his favourite youth. *See Ovid Metam. l* x.

Ver. 331. Antilochus, mentioned frequently in Hom. Il.

Ver. 333. The deſcendants of Æacus. He was the ſon of Jupiter and Ægina: his offspring were Phocus, Peleus, Teucer, and Telamon.

Ver. 390 The fiction to which our author in this place, and Virgil, in Æneid vi. allude, is borrowed from B. xix. of Hom. Odyſſ. It is imagined, that this ſtory of the gates of ſleep may have had a real foundation, and have been built upon the cuſtoms of the Egyptians. *See the note on ver.* 656. *book* xix. *of Pope's Odyſſ.* Our poet has repreſented theſe fanciful gates as opened by Night; and with great propriety.

"The ancients," ſays Sir Edward Sherburne, "painted Sleep like a man heavy with ſlumber; his under-garment white, his upper black; thereby expreſſing day and night; holding in his hand a horn; ſometimes really ſuch, ſometimes of ivory, in the likeneſs of one; through which, they feigned, that he conveyed dreams; true, when the ſame was of horn, falſe when of ivory." Some have aſſigned, as a reaſon why true dreams paſs through the gate of horn, and falſe ones through the gate of ivory—that horn is a fit emblem of truth, as being tranſparent, and ivory of falſehood, as being impenetrable.

Ver. 448. Virgil, Æn. vi. 278. calls ſleep *conſanguineus lethi.*

Ver. 450. Hence, i. e. by reaſon of the likeneſs there is betwixt theſe two affections.

Ver. 464. The line in the original is obſcure, and uſually miſplaced. It is given to Hermione, but without the leaſt reaſon. It is here reſtored to its proper place: and is an obſervation which comes naturally enough from the mouth of Helen. See Lennep's note on the paſſage.

Ver. 482 Caſſandra was the daughter of Priam, and prieſteſs of Apollo. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy; but on her refuſing to comply with the conditions on which it was given her, he rendered it ineffectual, by ordaining that her predictions ſhould never be believed Hence it was, that, when Paris ſet ſail for Greece in purſuit of Helen, her prophecy, that he ſhould bring home a flame, which ſhould conſume his country, was not regarded. Her appearance, therefore, on the preſent occaſion is quite in character; and our poet has ſhown his judgment by the repreſentation he has given of her.

THE WORKS

OF

T. LUCRETIUS CARUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

THOMAS CREECH, M. A.

CREECH'S LUCRETIUS.

PREFACE.

The poems of the ancients, tranſlated into modern languages, are juſtly compared to flowers, of the growth of warmer regions, tranſplanted thence into our colder climates: They often die in the raiſing; but, if with difficulty they are brought to bear, the flowers they produce, wanting the indulgent warmth of their native ſun, degenerate from their ancient ſtock; they impair in livelineſs of colour, and loſe their fragrancy of ſmell, or retain at beſt but a faint odour. Verſe, in like manner, when tranſplanted from the language of one country into that of another, participates of all the defects of the air and ſoil; and when ancient wit comes to be taught and confined in modern numbers, the noble ſpirit, for want of the warmth with which the original was written, evaporates in transfuſing, and often becomes little better than a dead and ſenſeleſs image. Hence we ſee, that though compoſing be indeed the nobler part of poetry, yet to tranſlate well is ſcarce a leſs difficult taſk. The materials, I grant, are found to the tranſlator's hands; but then his fancy is bound up and confined; for he muſt build according to his model: and though his invention toil the leſs, his judgment muſt labour the more; otherwiſe he will never copy his original, nor do juſtice to his author.

I will not preſume to give my opinion, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe, of the following tranſlation in general; the many teſtimonies, given in behalf of it, by the tranſlator's learned and ingenious friends, in their commendatory verſes, which, as they were to all the former editions of this work, are likewiſe prefixed to this, render all that can be ſaid in praiſe of it ſuperfluous, and in blame of it ineffectual; for who will dare to cenſure a work, that has deſervedly found ſo favourable a reception, and gained ſuch a general approbation and applauſe? What Mr. Waller writes to Mr. Evelyn on his tranſlation of the firſt book of Lucretius only, may with greater juſtice be applied to our tranſlator:

For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind:
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought. *Waller.*

Now all tranſlated books, whatever ſubjects they treat of, are, or ought to be, intended for the benefit and inſtruction of ſuch as underſtand not the languages in which the originals are written, and if they fail of that end, they are always, and at beſt, but uſeleſs amuſements: But if they aſſert principles, and advance maxims and propoſitions, that are repugnant to the doctrine of the Chriſtian faith, or to the precepts of morality and good manners, they may prove of ill conſequence to ſome, particularly to the unwary or leſs intelligent readers. It were better that books of that nature (and moſt of the writings of the ancient Heathens are ſuch, in a leſs or greater degree) were never tranſlated at all, than that, by being rendered into modern languages, they ſhould fall into the hands of all ſorts of readers; many of whom, not being capable to judge of the ſtrength or weakneſs of the arguments they find in them, are often ſeduced into errors. Such books are a ſort of edged tools, that either ought to be kept from the weak, and the illiterate; or, when they are put into their hands, they ought to be inſtructed how to uſe them without danger. This being granted in general, is ſufficient to juſtify my undertaking, and to prove the uſefulneſs of it, in writing the following notes and animadverſions on this Engliſh Lucretius.

I foreſee, nevertheleſs, that ſome will blame, and perhaps cenſure me ſeverely, for having beſtowed ſo much time and labour on an impious poet: For this, will they ſay, is that very Lucretius, who believes, and endeavours all he can to prove, the human ſoul to be corporeal and mortal; and who, by ſo doing, denies a future ſtate, either of happineſs or miſery, and takes away all hopes of our ſalvation in a bleſſed and eternal futurity: This is he, who flatly denies the Providence of God, which is the chief baſis and ſupport of the Chriſtian religion: And, laſtly, this is he who teaches, and aſſerts to be true, that Atheiſtical hypotheſis of Democritus and Epicurus, concerning the indiviſible principles, and the nature of all things. This, I confeſs, ſeems at firſt ſight to be a grievous accuſation; but yet, if duly conſidered, it will appear to be of little moment: For not to mention that, for the ſame reaſon that we ought not, as ſome pretend, to read Lucretius, we ought likewiſe to abſtain from reading all, at leaſt moſt of the authors of antiquity, ſince in their writings are contained many impious, profane,

falſe, ridiculous, and fabulous aſſertions; inſomuch, that all our poets, orators, hiſtorians, and philoſophers muſt be rejected and thrown away, as debauchers of youth, and corrupters of good manners, if their writings were once to be tried by the ſtandard of our faith, and by the doctrine of Chriſtianity; not to mention, I ſay, all this, I dare boldly affirm, that whatever propoſitions Lucretius advances, contrary to the Chriſtian religion, are ſo viſibly and notoriouſly falſe, and conſequently ſo eaſily anſwered, that they cannot in the leaſt ſtartle any one, who profeſſes our holy belief: For inſtance, Lucretius, in his third book, after having, as he thinks, fully demonſtrated the corporality of the human ſoul, brings no leſs than twenty-ſix arguments to prove its mortality likewiſe: But all of them, when they come to be maturely conſidered, are of ſo little validity, and ſo obvious to be confuted, that, far from being able to ſtagger in the leaſt the faith of a Chriſtian, no man, I think, though but of mean capacity, can, on ſuch ſlender and unconvincing proofs, believe, even if he would, that the ſoul dies with the body. Nor are his arguments, by which he labours to overthrow all belief of a divine Providence, and to wreſt the power of creation out of the hands, even of Omnipotence itſelf, more cogent or perſuaſive, as will, I hope, be made appear in the following notes and animadverſions; in which I have made it my chief ſtudy to ſhow the weakneſs, and to expoſe to my readers the inſufficiency of them. How well I have ſucceeded in my attempt muſt be left to the judgment of the public; the deſign, I am ſure, was well-meaning and honeſt; and if the performance be anſwerable, it may juſtly challenge a favourable reception: For what Chriſtian will not be pleaſed to ſee, that not even the moſt penetrating wit of Lucretius has been able to advance any thing ſolid againſt the power of that infinite God whom he adores; eſpecially conſidering, that if any ſuch impieties could have been defended, he certainly was capable of defending them:

————————Si pergama dextrâ
Defendi poſſent, certè hâc defenſa fuiſſent. *Virg.*

Moreover, what danger can ariſe to any man, though but of common underſtanding, while he reads that ridiculous doctrine of the Epicurean philoſophers concerning their atoms, or minute indiviſible corpuſcles, which they held to be the firſt principles of all things? An opinion ſo abſurd, that even the bare mentioning of it confutes it. So far, therefore, from being of dangerous conſequence to us is the reading thoſe abſurdities of the ancients concerning the nature of things, that, on the contrary, we may gain from thence the great advantage of acquiring a more perfect knowledge of nature, and of the wonderful works of God: For nature has imprinted on all men an innate deſire of truth; and to know the falſe opinions of others, will excite and ſtir them up to be the more diligent in the inquiry and ſearch of it, will render them the more capable to judge and determine concerning it, and to retain in their minds the more firmly the convictions it imprints upon them. As light is then moſt beautiful when it firſt riſes out of darkneſs, ſo truth is then moſt delightful when it firſt emerges out of errors. For as my lord Roſcommon finely expreſſes it,

Truth ſtamps conviction on your raviſh'd breaſt,
And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt.
Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

Nor is all that Lucretius has written, impious, falſe, or ridiculous: on the contrary, many excellent things are contained in his poem; many that well deſerve to be read and remembered even by Chriſtians. How excellently does he declaim againſt ambition, and all manner of injuſtice and cruelty; againſt ſuperſtition, and the fear of death; againſt avarice, luxury, and luſt; againſt all the other paſſions of the mind, and diſhoneſt pleaſures of the body. Is he not continually exhorting his Memmius to ſobriety, temperance, chaſtity, magnanimity, and all the reſt of the moral virtues? Inſomuch that what Diogenes writes of Epicurus ſeems to be true; that he was falſely accuſed by ſome perſons of indulging himſelf too much in pleaſure, and that it was a mere calumny in them to wreſt, as they did, to a wrong ſenſe, the meaning of that philoſopher, and to interpret what he ſaid of the tranquillity of the mind, as if it had been ſpoken of the ſenſual delights of the body. To the ſame purpoſe Caſſius, that great general of the Romans, after he had embraced the Epicurean philoſophy, writing to Cicero, explains this matter in the following words: They, ſays he, whom we call lovers of pleaſure, are indeed lovers of goodneſs and of juſtice; and men who practiſe and cultivate all manner of virtues: for there is no true pleaſure without a good and virtuous life: "ii, qui á nobis φιλήδονοι vocantur, ſunt φιλόκαλοι καὶ φιλοδικαίοι, omneſque virtutes et colunt et retinent: ὁ γαρ ἐστινήδέως ἄνευ τοῦ καλῶς καὶ δικαίως ζῆν." as the ſame Caſſius there cites the very words of Epicurus, who himſelf takes notice of this calumny, and complains of the malice and diſingenuouſneſs of his accuſers, who, not underſtanding it aright, had miſrepreſented his doctrine concerning pleaſure: When we aſſert, ſays he, that pleaſure is the chief good and greateſt felicity of man, we mean not the pleaſures of the luxurious and libidinous; not the pleaſures of the taſte, the touch, or any other ſenſual enjoyments, as ſome ignorant perſons, or ſuch as diſſent from our opinions, or as take them in a wrong ſenſe, maliciouſly give out: but what we call pleaſure is, to be exempt from pain of body, and to have a mind ſerene and void of all cares and perturbations; for not the company of laſcivious boys and women, not luxurious eating and drinking; not to feed on fiſh, and other delicious meats that load the tables of the wealthy, nor any other ſenſual delights can procure a happy life; but a right and ſound reaſon, that ſearches into, and diſcerns the cauſes why ſome things are to be deſired, others to be avoided; and that chaſes and expels thoſe opinions, by means of which the mind is diſquieted, and vexed with paſſions and anxieties. Thus we

ſee there is nothing ſo prudent, nothing ſo true, nothing ſo virtuous, but what, by being miſrepreſented, may be made to appear its contrary. Nor indeed is it probable, that ſo many excellent and wiſe men, who were ſuch great ornaments and ſupports of the Roman commonwealth, would ſo aſſiduouſly have frequented the gardens of Epicurus, or have engaged themſelves to one another in the ties of friendſhip, as even their deſamers allow they did, had they not been fully convinced of the good morals and innocence of life of that philoſopher who firſt founded their ſect: Galen, in Art. Med. witneſſes of him, that he conſtantly exclaimed aloud againſt the uſe of all venereal actions, that he neglected the advantages of life, that he contemned all daintineſs and exceſs in eating, drinking, and apparel; and that he would often ſay, that bread and water, when taken by thoſe that wanted them, afforded the greateſt pleaſure. And in his epiſtles, which Diogenes Laërtius had the good fortune to ſee, he teſtifies of himſelf, that he was content to live on brown bread and water only; but ſend me, ſays he, a little of your Cyprian cheeſe, that I may feaſt myſelf deliciouſly, if I ſhould have a mind to do ſo. Diocles reports of his diſciples too, that they were ſatisfied with the meaneſt and the pooreſt fare: They ſcarce, ſays he, ever taſted of wine, and water was their chief beverage. To confirm this, it is obſerved, that this abſtemiouſneſs of theirs was the reaſon that they were the better able to undergo hardſhips, when Demetrius beſieged Athens, during which ſiege, ſays Plutarch in the life of that prince, the philoſopher Epicurus ſupported thoſe of his ſect, ſharing with them daily a certain ſmall number of beans. Cicero himſelf, though he was a profeſſed enemy to this ſect, yet ſays in many places, that the Epicureans were generally good men, and that none of the philoſophers were leſs addicted to vice: And Seneca too witneſſes of Epicurus, that he was a man eminently remarkable for his temperance and continence.

Thus lived Epicurus, whoſe very name nevertheleſs has for many ages been uſed as a proverb, to denote an atheiſtical voluptuous wretch, addicted to all manner of ſenſualities. Thus too lived his followers, who nevertheleſs are generally deemed to have been impious libertines, and repreſented as a herd of ſwine, indulging themſelves in pleaſure, and wallowing in all manner of impurities. How groundleſs this cenſure, how unmerited this reproach, the reader is left to judge, from the foregoing teſtimonies of the ancients, which among many others that might have been produced, I have given in defence of the morals and innocence of life, both of Epicurus and his followers.

I wiſh there were as much to be ſaid in behalf of their theology: Let me not, however, be thought to endeavour to patronize and defend their impieties; if in a few words I give the opinion of Epicurus concerning the Deity: againſt whom, I own, I [illegible] concluded, in abſolutely denying a [illegible] and in dethroning the Almighty from the government of the world: But this impiety of his proceeded from an exceſs of ſuperſtition: For he apprehended that the eternal happineſs, which the divine eſſence enjoys, muſt be perplexed and diſturbed with the affairs of the lower world; nor could he comprehend how the moſt perfect and happy Being, that ſtands not in need of any thing in the power of man, could be pleaſed at their good, or offended at their wicked deeds. For he imagined and taught, that buſineſs and cares, and anger, and joy, and gratitude, were inconſiſtent with perfect happineſs, and proceeded from infirmity and weakneſs, and from fear and indigence. But what juſt ſentiments he had of the Deity we find in his epiſtle to Menœceus: God, ſays he, is an immortal and ever bleſſed being; and even common reaſon teaches, that nothing can be aſcribed to the Deity, that is repugnant either to immortality or beatitude: That there are gods we know for certain; but yet they are not ſuch as many believe them to be: He therefore is not impious who denies the gods of the multitude; but who aſcribes to the gods the opinions of the multitude: For thoſe opinions are not principles known by the light of nature; but merely falſe notions, that many conceive of the gods. Nor will I omit what Epicurus immediately ſubjoins: The gods, ſays he, puniſh the wicked, and reward the good: For being, as they are, all virtue and goodneſs, they take delight in whatever is virtuous and like themſelves. And in the compendium of his philoſophy, which he writ to Herodotus, ſpeaking of the meteors, we find the following paſſage: You ought not, ſays he, to believe, that the motion and converſion of the heavens, the riſing and ſetting of the planets, their eclipſes, and the like, are the labour and work of any one, or effected by any other cauſe, but only by his will and command, who enjoys at once all immortality and beatitude.

Thus, whatever impious notions Epicurus might once have entertained of the Deity, it is not unreaſonable to believe, that he was at length convinced of his error in that particular, and became, from an impious, a very pious philoſopher. He perſiſted indeed to the laſt in his erroneous doctrine concerning the human ſoul; which he held to be corporeal, to conſiſt of minute corpuſcles, and alike with the body, to be obnoxious to mortality. In this, I own, he grievouſly erred: but yet, methinks, his cenſurers might animadvert with leſs ſeverity againſt a poor ſhipwrecked heathen; ſince the Sadducees themſelves, though they were brought up in the boſom of the law, ſtruck on the ſame rock; conſidering beſides, that by the conſent, even of the beſt Chriſtians, the immortality of the ſoul is an ocean that cannot be ſounded, nor the danger avoided, without the immeaſurable plummet of faith.

Let none be offended that I have ventured thus far in defence of Epicurus, contrary to the commonly received opinion of that philoſopher. It matters not much to our preſent purpoſe, whether he recanted his impieties or not; ſince it

cannot be denied but that Lucretius ſtrenuouſly aſſerts them, and labours with all his force to inculcate his errors. Aſſertions of ſuch a nature ought not to paſs uncontrouled in ſo corrupt an age as ours; when even the very arguments, by which Lucretius endeavours to make good his impieties, are revived afreſh; and alleged to juſtify new-broached opinions, that viſibly tend to the eſtabliſhment of deiſm, and conſequently to the ſubverſion of all revealed religion: for which reaſon I have chiefly laboured in the following notes, to demonſtrate the weakneſs and invalidity of thoſe arguments, that are brought in confirmation of propoſitions, that are repugnant to our holy Chriſtian faith.

Beſides, books that treat of ſubjects that are naturally ſo crabbed and obſcure, as are many of thoſe of which Lucretius argues, cannot be turned into our language in ſuch a manner, as, by a bare tranſlation only, to make them intelligible to a reader merely Engliſh, and that has no knowledge of the languages, in which the originals were compoſed; for the terms, though dark and difficult, muſt of neceſſity be retained; and yet they will not be underſtood by a great number of Engliſh readers. For example, the definition of the void, which we find in the firſt book of Lucretius, v. 334. is tranſlated as follows:

A void is ſpace intangible.——

Now I would fain know if thoſe words do not as much require to be explained to a reader, who underſtands only the Engliſh language, as to one who knows the Latin, the following paſſage of Lucretius, of which they are the tranſlation?

——Locus eſt intactus, inane, vacanſque.

And yet how many ſheets have been filled, and what labour has been beſtowed, to explain the meaning of them, by the commentators on the Epicurean philoſophy, is notorious to all the learned world. The leaſts of Epicurus, both mathematical and phyſical, the homœomery of Anaxagoras, the harmony of Ariſtoxenus, are, till they are explained, no leſs difficult to underſtand; and ten thouſand other inſtances of the like nature, that the reader will find in the following tranſlation, are abundantly ſufficient to evince the uſefulneſs, and even the neceſſity of theſe notes. For, not to underſtand what we read, is at beſt but loſs of time; and to take things in a wrong ſenſe, or to gain an imperfect notice of them, as they muſt neceſſarily do, who underſtand by halves what they read, is always alike dangerous, and often proves of bad conſequence, eſpecially when the weak and unwary amuſe themſelves in the lectures of ſuch authors as treat of ſubjects like thoſe of which our poet diſputes. Such readers, like men who ſail in unknown ſeas, ought to be ſhown the rocks and ſhelvings, otherwiſe they are in great danger of being loſt; for they are ever the moſt ſubject to take the ſtrongeſt impreſſions; and it is no eaſy taſk to eradicate from the minds of the leſs intelligent part of mankind, and diſpoſſeſs them of thoſe opinions which they have ſwallowed with greedy delight, and been long accuſtomed to believe. Such an inveterate credulity, like a diſeaſe of long ſtanding, and that has gained a head, is not eaſy to cure; and, what is yet worſe, we often find that the ſtiffeſt obſtinacy attends the moſt erroneous belief.

To apply what I have been ſaying to the matter in hand, there is reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome have not been wanting, and, I fear, are ſtill to be found, who, not being capable of themſelves to form a true judgment of theſe arguments of Lucretius, and for want of a right diſcernment, have imbibed ſome of his falſe notions, and yielded too eaſy an aſſent to them: they have taken the ſhadow for the ſubſtance of reaſon, and thus have been wretchedly ſeduced into error. The following notes are chiefly intended, not only to undeceive ſuch perſons, but alſo to prevent others from falling into the like miſtakes; and, if they compaſs that effect, I ſhall have no reaſon to think my labour miſemployed, nor to fear the cenſure of the public.

Having given this ſhort account of the reaſons that induced me to compoſe theſe annotations, it remains only to acquaint the reader with the helps I have had, and with the method I have obſerved in this undertaking.

As to the firſt of thoſe points, the alphabetical catalogue of the names of the authors cited in the notes and animadverſions, is a ſufficient indication that I have ſpared no pains, nor wanted any aſſiſtance that could be required to render this work as perfect in its kind, as any thing of this nature can be expected to be, and that whatever defects ſhall be found in it, muſt be imputed to my want of judgment and capacity, ſince I was abundantly ſupplied with all the materials that were requiſite to accompliſh my undertaking. And throughout the whole work, I ſeldom advance any thing of my own, but have collected only the opinions of others, and left the reader to judge and determine concerning them.

In the text itſelf I have taken care to ſupply all the verſes which Mr. Creech had not tranſlated; and that were never before in any of the former editions of this Engliſh Lucretius. Thoſe that were omitted towards the end of the fourth Book, where the poet treats of the nature of love, are taken from Mr. Dryden's tranſlation of that part of our author. Of all the other verſes that are now firſt inſerted, I have given an account in their due places, in the notes upon them: Meanwhile, I have included all the verſes that are thus ſupplied between crotchets, as a mark of diſtinction, to let the reader know that they were not in any of the former editions. Beſides, I have prefixed to every book a ſeveral Argument, in which may be ſeen, at one view, not only the ſeveral ſubjects treated of in each of the ſix books; but likewiſe the manner in which they are handled, the method of the poet's diſputation, and the connection of the following book to that which precedes

it. And each book concludes with an animadverſion, briefly recapitulating the contents of it, and condemning or approving the maxims and arguments contained and aſſerted in it. This method our tranſlator himſelf has obſerved in his Latin edition of Lucretius; from whence the animadverſion, which the reader will find at the end of each book, is chiefly taken. Moreover, to make this edition more perfect than any of the former, where, in many places, ſeveral of the poet's arguments and propoſitions are joined together, without any diſtinction where one ends or the other begins, I have been careful to diſtinguiſh them from one another, by beginning each argument and propoſition with a break; ſo that the reader will readily diſcern where it begins and where it ends: and that too the more eaſily, becauſe each note begins by expreſſing the number of the verſes that each argument or propoſition contains.

As for the tranſlator's own excellent and learned notes on Lucretius, which have hitherto been printed at the end of all the former editions, and all together by themſelves, I have now diſpoſed them into the ſeveral places to which he had directed them, and they properly belong: inſomuch that the reader will now find them, not as before, in a body by themſelves, but intermixed with my annotations, without the leaſt alteration, and in their proper place *.

Each note has a number prefixed before it, which directs to the number in the margin of the text; which laſt number, for the greater eaſe of the reader, marks every tenth verſe of the tranſlation, and ſhows how many verſes are contained in each book.

It will be obſerved, that in the notes that are merely explanatory, I often differ from the ſenſe of my author, I mean Mr. Creech; for I exactly follow the ſenſe of Lucretius; whoſe meaning that interpreter has miſtaken in many places of this tranſlation. This I the more confidently affirm, becauſe I have his own authority to ſtrengthen my aſſertion: for, in his Latin edition of Lucretius, he often gives his author an interpretation far different from, nay, ſometimes quite contrary to what he makes him ſay in this tranſlation. One manifeſt inſtance of this, among many others, may be ſeen in the note on the 547th verſe of the 5th book, to which I refer the reader: and will here only obſerve, that our tranſlator's miſtakes of this nature have often forced me to the neceſſity of giving the original text of Lucretius; to the end, that ſuch as underſtand the Latin may be convinced, that I have not taken upon me to blame and correct him without reaſon. And to exempt myſelf from all manner of imputation upon that account, I have ſcarce through the whole courſe of theſe annotations, ever accuſed this tranſlator of error, except only in paſſages to which Mr. Creech himſelf in his Latin edition of our author, has given a different interpretation from what we find in this tranſlation; inſomuch, that, by pointing out thoſe miſtakes to the reader, I have not only done juſtice to Lucretius, but in ſome meaſure even to his tranſlator likewiſe: of whom I may ſay, without any derogation to his fame, that he had not ſo thoroughly digeſted his author when he tranſlated him, as he had done afterwards when he came to publiſh his Latin notes upon him. And here, by the way, I cannot but wiſh that he had not been ſo ſevere on Du Fay, the editor of the Lucretius in Uſum Delphini, in laſhing him at the unmerciful rate he does in many places: in thoſe notes, for errors of which himſelf had once been guilty, and into which they had both been alike led by Lambine; eſpecially, too, ſince it is moſt evident that he is often indebted to that interpreter, I mean Du Fay, for the true underſtanding of the ſenſe of his author. This will manifeſtly appear to any one, who will compare the notes of thoſe two interpreters together, and reflect on the difference of time in which they were publiſhed.

But I have not taken upon me to correct our tranſlator, only where he has palpably miſtaken the ſenſe of his author, but in thoſe places likewiſe that he has rendered obſcurely or imperfectly. One inſtance of this, among too many others, the reader may obſerve in the note on the 986th verſe of the ſecond book, where Lucretius, enumerating all the conjuncts and events, or properties and accidents of the Epicurean atoms, has included them all in the following verſes:

Sic ipſis in rebus item jam materiāi
Intervalla, viæ, connexus, pondere, plagæ,
Concurſus, motus, ordo, poſitūra, figuræ,
Cum permutantur, mutari res quoque debent.
Lib. ii. v. 1. 1021.

To tranſlate all which, Mr. Creech employs only theſe two verſes and a half;

——In bodies ſo
As their ſeeds, order, figure, motion do,
The things themſelves muſt change and vary too.

Now, how lamely and imperfectly the full ſenſe and meaning of the above paſſage of Lucretius is expreſſed in this tranſlation of it, appears, at firſt ſight, to all that are acquainted with the Epicurean philoſophy, and is fully made appear in the note on theſe verſes, to which I refer the reader: and, in this place will only take notice, that I might juſtly have been blamed for diſcharging but ill the province I had undertaken, to explain Lucretius's ſyſtem of the Epicurean philoſophy, had I not ſupplied what I found wanting in this place, in order to attain the perfect underſtanding of the ſenſe of the original, which I found thus wretchedly mangled in the tranſlation. I have obſerved the like method throughout this whole work, having uſed my utmoſt diligence in comparing the tranſlation with the original, and ſhowing all along in what it differs, from it; inſomuch that the following annotations, in which is contained a complete ſyſtem of the Epicurean philoſophy, are rather notes on the original poem of Lucretius, than on Mr. Creech's tranſlation of it.

To conclude: Though I have ſwelled this work to a great length, yet I have made my notes and

* *This arrangement is altered in the preſent edition.* TRANS. ll.

animadverſions as ſhort as I could without omitting any thing that I thought might conduce to the explication of the ſenſe and meaning of the poet, to the right underſtanding of the hiſtorical and fabulous paſſages contained of him, to the explaining of the ſeveral terms and expreſſions that are not known to the generality of readers: to the intelligence of any thing that ſeemed difficult to underſtand, or, in a word, to the illuſtration of the whole.

THE LIFE OF LUCRETIUS.

The preſent deſign does not require an exact ſearch into the riſe of philoſophy, nor a nice inquiry, whether it began amongſt the Brachmans; and from them, as Lucian, in *Fugitivis*, ranks the countries, viſited Ethiopia, Egypt Scythia, Thrace, and Greece, or whether curioſity or neceſſity was the parent of it. The Chaldeans were invited to aſtronomy by the advantageouſneſs of their wide-extended plains; and the overflowing of the Nile forced the Egyptians to be curious in the properties of figures; but I ſhall take it for granted, that philoſophy came from the eaſt. The truth of this, not to mention the weak oppoſitions of Laërtius, in his preface, the travels of Thales and Pythagoras, of Democritus, Plato, and others, ſufficiently evince; and the Egyptians affirm, that the ſeveral methods of philoſophy of the abovementioned ancients, are only their notions diſguiſed, dreſſed after a Greek faſhion, and in that garb propoſed to their admirers. Thus, it is probable, that Democritus received his notions from Moſchus, the Phœnician, or from the prieſts of Egypt, whoſe ambition for antiquity made them embrace ſome of thoſe their abſurd opinions: or, if he travelled farther, he perhaps learned the whole ſyſtem of his philoſophy, the fortuitous beginning of the world, and the origin of man, from the Indians, that being now the opinion of the principal philoſophers in China, whither the learning of all India long ago retired.

This hypotheſis, though commended to men as the ſtrongeſt expedient againſt cares, and as the exacteſt method to obtain tranquillity, found not, nevertheleſs, many admirers, till Epicurus by an almoſt infinite number of volumes which he writ on that ſubject, endeavoured to illuſtrate and recommend it to the world. Yet, notwithſtanding he was ſo voluminous a writer, he, as Plutarch aſſures, added only one improvement to the hypotheſis of Democritus, which is the declination, or inclining motion of an atom.

What Epicurus was in his morals, is not eaſy to determine; for, ſometimes he ſeems to have been temperate and modeſt, otherwiſe Seneca would not have ſo often uſed his ſentences as ornaments, in his moſt ſerious epiſtles: at other times, he ſeems to have been a moſt looſe and diſſolute voluptuary, for ſuch his books declare him, if we may credit Tully, who, De. Fin. lib. 2. ſect. 7. makes a very confident appeal to mannd for the ſincerity of his quotations; ſo that, upon the whole matter, we cannot but be amazed at the unſettled humour of the man.

After his death, though in his will he had made great proviſion for the perpetuity of his ſect, his opinions were but coldly received, and the ſchool decayed, till C. Memnius, a man of ancient nobility, reſtored the garden, and, as Cicero acquaints us, deſigned to raiſe a public building for the advancement of Epicuriſm. His fame and authority drew many after him; and we find regiſtered, at once as famous, Velleius, Patro, and our author Lucretius, of whoſe life antiquity has tranſmitted to us but few particulars, perhaps for the ſame reaſon that Ælian with reluctance mentions Diagoras, becauſe he was an enemy to the gods; Θεοῖς γὰρ ἐχθρός Διαγόρας, καὶ οὐ μοὶ ἥδιον ἐπιπλεῖστον μεμνῆσθαι ὑντοῦ, ſays that author, lib. 2. cap. 23. What we know of him is as follows:

His name was Titus Lucretius Carus, and no other: for what Lambinus pretends, that beſides his firſt name Titus, by the Latins called Prænomen, and which anſwers to what we call our Chriſtian name, beſides the name of his family, Lucretius, and his ſurname, Carus, he may have been called either T. Lucretius Veſpillo Carus, or thus, T. Lucretius Offella Carus, is mere conjecture, and grounded on no authority whatſoever. Carus was a Roman ſurname, of which Ovid and many others make mention; but we no where find how it came to be given to Lucretius. However, it is not improbable but that it was conferred upon him, either on account of his excellent and ſprightly wit, his affability and ſweetneſs of temper and manners, or for ſome other the like endearing qualities, that rendered him agreeable to thoſe with whom he converſed.

That he was a Roman, and born at Rome, is agreed on all hands, and even his own teſtimony aſſures us of it: therefore, what Cornelius Nepos writes of T. Pomponius Atticus, that it was the gift of fortune, that, preferable to all other places, he was born in that city where the ſeat of the empire of the whole earth was eſtabliſhed, that he might have the ſame country and ſovereign, may well be applied to Lucretius, of whom we may ſay, that the ſame city which was his country was miſtreſs of the world.

His very name directs us to the noble and ancient family of the Lucretii, which, being divided into many branches, comprehended under it the Tricipitini, the Cinnæ, the Veſpillones, the Trio-

pes, the Offellæ, and the Galli, and gave to Rome many conſuls, tribunes, and prætors, who were great ſupports and ornaments of the commonwealth.

From which of the above branches our Lucretius ſprung is not known, there being nothing any where recorded of his parentage. There lived, indeed, in thoſe days, one Quintus Lucretius, but whether he was brother of our poet Lucretius, or in what degree of relation they were to one another, is altogether uncertain.

It has been obſerved by ſome, and the truth of it is unconteſted, that the parentage of the beſt poets of antiquity is almoſt unknown, as if it had been induſtriouſly concealed; and in this they are thought to have affected ſomething of divinity.

The time of his birth is almoſt as doubtful, ſome placing it in one year, ſome in another, in which, as in moſt things elſe, the authors who have delivered it down to us, make good that inverted taunt of Seneca, who, in his treatiſe, De Morte Claudii, ſays, "Citius inter horologia quam authores conveniet." Clocks will be found to agree ſooner than authors.

Euſebius, the ſon of Pamphilus, brings him forth in the 171ſt Olympiad, when Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, and C. Caſſius Longinus were conſuls, which was in the 657th year after the building of Rome. But Lydiat leaves it doubtful, whether theſe were conſuls in the firſt year of the 171ſt, or the fourth of the 170th Olympiad. Voſſius makes him born in the ſecond year of the 171ſt, whilſt others place his birth in the 172d Olympiad, when L. Lucinius Craſſus, and Q. Mucius Scævola were conſuls, that is to ſay, in the 658th year of Rome; ſo that the difference between them is not great, and the age in which he lived is certain.

About this time, the Romans began to apply themſelves to the ſtudy of the philoſophy of the Greeks. Suppoſing, therefore, Lucretius to be nobly deſcended, and a man of ſprightly wit, it is an eaſy inference, that he received a ſuitable education, and, by his parents or other relations, was ſent in his youth to ſtudy at Athens. This is the more probable to be true, becauſe it was then the cuſtom of the Romans to ſend their youths thither to be inſtructed in the learning of the Greeks. Thus, ſome years after, Virgil too ſtudied there, as we learn from himſelf, when, writing to Meſſala, he ſays:

Etſi mi vario jactatum laudis amore,
Irritaque expertum fallacis præmia vulgi,
Cecropius ſuaves expirans hortulus auras,
Florentis viridi ſophiæ complectitur umbra.

And the learned Propertius too earneſtly deſired

Illic vel ſtudiis animum emendare Platonis;
—— aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.

Zeno, together with the courteous good-natured Phædrus, as Tully calls him, was then maſter of the gardens; and theſe were the preceptors of our Lucretius, as they were likewiſe of Pomponius Aticus, Memmius, Velleius, Pœtus, Caſſius and many others, who in that age rendered themſelves very illuſtrious in the republic of Rome.

How Lucretius ſpent his time, how ſtudiouſly he improved it, let this poem be witneſs. That he fitted himſelf for the beſt company, is evident by what Cornelius Nepos tells us of the great intimacy between him, Pomponius Aticus, and Memmius; and, no doubt but he was intimate likewiſe with Tully and his brother, who make ſuch honourable mention of him.

If we look into his morals, we may diſcover him to be a man ſuitable to the Epicurean principles, diſſolved in eaſe and pleaſure, flying public employment, as a derogation to wiſdom, and a diſturber of peace and quietneſs, and avoiding thoſe diſtractive cares which he imagined would make heaven itſelf uneaſy.

As moſt of the other poets, he too ſeems to have had his ſhare in ſenſual pleaſures; and if the account which Euſebius gives of his death be true, it will ſtrengthen this opinion; but it is hard to ſay for certain what ſort of death Lucretius died; nor is it much eaſier to determine in what year of his life his death happened. Some make him die on the very day when Virgil was born, in the forty-third year of his age, when Pompey the Great was the third time conſul, and Cæcilius Metellus Pius was his colleague, in the year of the city 701, at which time there were great commotions in the republic; for Clodius was then killed by Milo; Memmius and many others being convicted of bribery, were baniſhed from Rome into Greece; and Cæſar, who was then forty-four years of age, was laying waſte the provinces of Gaul. According to Euſebius, he died by his own hands, in the forty-fourth year of his age, being dementated by a philtre, which either his miſtreſs, or his wife Lucilia, for ſo ſome call her, though without authority, in a fit of jealouſy, had given him; not with deſign to deprive him of his ſenſes, or to take away his life, but only to make him love her. Donatus, or whoever was the author of the life of Virgil that goes under his name, writes, that he died three years before, when Pompey the Great and M. Licinius Craſſus were both of them the ſecond time conſuls. Others who allow that, having loſt his ſenſes, he laid violent hands on his own life, yet place his death in the twenty-ſixth year of his age, and believe that his madneſs proceeded from the cares and melancholy that oppreſſed him on account of the baniſhment of his beloved Memmius: to which others again add likewiſe another cauſe, the fatal calamities under which his country then laboured. And indeed it is certain, that a few years before his death, Lucretius was an eye witneſs of the wild adminiſtration of affairs in the days of Clodius and Cataline, who gave ſuch a blow to the republic of Rome, as not long after occaſioned its total ſubverſion. Of theſe commotions he himſelf complains, in the beginning of his firſt book, where, addreſſing himſelf to Venus, he

implores her to intercede with the god of war, to reſtore peace and quiet to his native country.

Hunc tu diva, tua recubantem corpore ſancto
Circumfuſa ſuper, ſuaves ex ore loquelas
Funde, petens placidam Romanis inclyta pacem.
Nam neque nos agere hoc patriai tempore iniquo
Poſſumus æquo animo; neque Memmi clara propago
Tallibus in rebus communi dêſſe ſaluti.
Lucr. lib. i. *v.* 39.

There are yet ſome other accounts given of the time and manner of his death; but ſince in ſo great a variety of opinions we can fix on no certainty, nor determine which of them is true, it would be loſs of time to dwell any longer upon them.

The only remains this great wit has left us, are his ſix books of the Nature of Things, which contain an exact ſyſtem of the Epicurean philoſophy. They were read and admired by the ancients; and if Ovid could preſage,

Carmina ſublimis tunc ſunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Lucretius' lofty ſong ſhall live in deathleſs fame,
Till fate diſſolves at once this univerſal frame.

But becauſe ſome are in doubt concerning the number of books written by Lucretius, and believe that he writ more than ſix, it will not be improper to convince them of their error. They ground their opinion chiefly on a paſſage in Varro, which, ſay they, make it evident that Lucretius left one and twenty books, and that this is not the beginning of his poem which is commonly taken to be ſo, ſince Varro cites a quite different verſe as the beginning of it.

The paſſage of Varro, which they allege in favour of their opinion, is in his fourth book, De lingua Latina, where we find theſe words: "Loca ſecundum antiquam diviſionem prima duo, cœlum et terra: à qua bipartita diviſione Lucretius ſuorum unius et viginti librorum initium fecit hoc:

Ætheris et terræ genitabile quærere tempus."

Theſe words, indeed, are very plain and poſitive; nevertheleſs, I inſiſt, that unleſs there were another poet Lucretius among the ancients, who was author of the one and twenty books, ſpoken of in that paſſage of Varro: and that there was I own, no mention is made in any of the records of antiquity, I inſiſt, I ſay, that there muſt be a fault in the above paſſage of that author, and believe, that inſtead of Lucretius, it was formerly written Lucilius. Whoever reflects on the following reaſons, will, if I miſtake not, be of my opinion.

In the firſt place, it is believed upon good grounds, that Varro writ that treatiſe of the Latin tongue, about the time that Cæſar was dictator, or rather a little before: if ſo, it is highly probable that copies of Lucretius could not ſo ſoon be got abroad, for he died but in the fourth year before the dictatorſhip of Cæſar; and after his death, his poem of the Nature of Things, was firſt begun to be corrected by his intimate friend Tully, a taſk which may ſeem to require ſome time; and, it may be, even a longer than that which paſſed from the death of Lucretius to the writing of the treatiſe by Terentius Varro.

Moreover, faults of the like nature were very frequent in the writings of the ancients, where Lucilius, Lucretius, and Lucullus, in like manner as Cælius and Cecilius, and the like, were often put by miſtake one for another. Thus, for example. Priſcian, lib. xviii. obſerves, that in Salluſt, Hiſt. lib. v. there was a miſtake of this nature: "At Lucilius audito Marium regem proconſulem per Lycaoniam cum tribus legionibus in Ciliciam tendere," &c. which that grammarian thus corrects: "At Lucullus audito Marium regem proconſulem," &c.; for Salluſt there treated of the war that Lucullus was carrying on againſt Mithridates. In like manner, Macrobius, lib. iii. Saturnal. cap. xv. "M. Varro in lib. de agriculturâ refert M. Catonem, qui Uticæ periit, cum hæres teſtamento Lucilii eſſet relictus," &c. I read, ſays he, "Teſtamento Luculli," &c. Macrobius, nevertheleſs is there miſtaken in one thing, for, as Plutarch witneſſes, Lucullus left not Cato his heir, but only appointed him to be guardian of his ſon, as being his uncle. And many the like inſtances might eaſily be produced.

But to remove all manner of objections concerning the beginning of this poem, and to evince beyond reply the firſt book now extant to be the firſt book Lucretius writ, beſides the invocation, with which, according to the cuſtom of all poets, he begins his poem, I will, in oppoſition to the above paſſage of Varro, produce the authority of old Priſcian, who, after having ſaid that words of the firſt declenſion form the genitive plural in *arum*, and by contraction in *ûm*, by way of example, adds *amphorûm* for *amphorarum æneadûm* for *æneadarum*. For ſo, ſays he, Lucretius has it in his firſt verſe:" "Ita enim Lucretius in primo verſu."

Æneadûm genitrix, hominum divûmq voluptas.

Beſides, is there the leaſt ground of probability that Lucretius ever writ above ſix books, ſince not one of the ancient grammarians, or other writers, neither Feſtus, Nonius, Diomedes, Priſcian, Probus, Cariſius, Donatus, Servius, Tertullian, Arnobius, nor Lactantius, who ſo frequently bring quotations from the fifth, ſixth, and all the foregoing books of this poet, ever cite ſo much as one ſingle verſe from the ſeventh, eighth, &c. This, morally ſpeaking, would be impoſſible, had Lucretius written fifteen books, of the Nature of Things, more than are now extant. This makes me the rather wonder at the poſitiveneſs with which ſome aſſert, that the ſeventh book of Lucretius is praiſed in Priſcian, who, nevertheleſs, does not ſo much as mention any ſuch book.

Moreover, in my opinion, Lucretius himſelf ſufficiently determines this controverſy, for, in his ſixth book, reminding his reader of what he had been treating of in the firſt, he ſays,

Nunc omnes repetam quàm claro corpore ſint res
Commemorare, quod in primo quoque carmine claret. *Lucret. lib.* vi. *v.* 936.

This ſufficiently proves the firſt of the books now extant to be the firſt he writ, ſince in that he has endeavoured to evince, "omnes——quam claro corpore ſint res," that no bodies are ſo ſolid as not to contain ſome void; "quod in primo quoque carmine claret." See Book I. ver. 402. And he ſeems expreſsly to call the ſixth book his laſt, in theſe excellent verſes,

Tu mihi ſuprema præſcripta ad candida calcis
Currenti ſpatium præmonſtra, callida muſa,
Calliope, requies hominum, divûmque voluptas,
Te duce ut inſigni capiam cum laude coronam.
Lucret. lib. vi. *v.* 91.

From whence we may eaſily infer, that he never ſo much as propoſed to himſelf to write above ſix books, ſince he tells us he is now haſtening, "ad præſcripta candida ſupræme calcis," to the end of the race he had determined with himſelf to run; and therefore he invokes his muſe,

To lead him on, and ſhow the path to gain
The race and glory too, and crown his pain.
Creech.

Laſtly, To ſtrengthen all the foregoing arguments, we may obſerve, that in theſe ſix books only is contained the whole doctrine, and all the philoſophy of Epicurus, in as much as it relates to the explication of nature, or natural cauſes and effects; and there is nothing left for any one to ſay farther upon that ſubject.

Add to this the manifeſt and pertinent connection of one book to another, the judicious method he has obſerved in handling the ſeveral ſubjects of which he treats, and his artfulneſs in the diſpoſition of them. They ſeem naturally to follow one another. In the firſt book, he treats of the principles of things; in the laſt, of meteors and of the heavens. Has not this method been conſtantly practiſed by all who have treated of the knowledge of nature? Even Epicurus himſelf obſerved the very ſame diſpoſition, as appears by the few ſurviving remains of that philoſopher, his three epiſtles to Herodotus, Mœnecœus, and Pythocles.

But as, for the reaſons above alleged, I am verily perſuaded that Lucretius never writ more than theſe ſix books of the Nature of Things; ſo, on the other hand, I am readily inclined to believe, that ſome of his verſes are, perhaps, wanting; for, as with almoſt all the ancient authors, ſo more eſpecially with this poet, ſome have aſſumed to themſelves too great a liberty, and altered, added, or taken away many things, as we have made it appear in ſeveral places in our notes. Servius cites this fragment from Lucretius:

——Superi ſpoliatus luminis aër.

which may perhaps have been his, though it be no where found in any of his books; nor can it eaſily be diſcovered where it has been left out. To reſtore it to its due place, would require an accurateneſs of judgment as great, if poſſible, as was their diſingenuity who firſt left it out.

I now return to Lucretius, who, as Euſebius declares, wrote theſe ſix books of Epicurean philoſophy, in his lucid intervals, when the ſtrength of nature had thrown off all the diſturbing particles, and his mind, as it is obſerved of madmen, was ſprightly and vigorous. Then, in a poetical rapture, he could fly with his Epicurus beyond the flaming limits of this world; frame and diſſolve ſeas and heavens in an inſtant; and, by ſome unuſual ſallies, be the ſtrongeſt argument of his own opinion; for it ſeems impoſſible that ſome things which he delivers ſhould proceed from reaſon and judgment, or from any other cauſe but chance, and unthinking fortune.

After his death, as I hinted before, Cicero, as Euſebius witneſſes, reviſed and corrected his writings. Lambinus contradicts this; but the arguments he brings againſt the aſſertion of Euſebius are but weak, and of little validity.

Virgil, who was eager and aſſiduous in the ſtudy of them, has borrowed from him in many places: as both Macrobius and Gellius teſtify: the laſt of whom calls him "Poëtam ingenio et facundiâ "præcellentem;" and Cornelius Nepos has placed him "inter elegantiſſimos poëtas." So that if ſome great divines have given him the ill name of Canis, it was not for any rudeneſs in his verſe, but due rather to his Grecian maſter; the eternity of matter, and the like abſurd aſſertions, having corrupted moſt of the philoſophies of Athens.

As a corollary to theſe few remaining memoirs of the life of Lucretius, I will here give the opinions of ſeveral learned men, concerning him and his writings.

TESTIMONIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNED MEN,

CONCERNING LUCRETIUS AND HIS WRITINGS.

M. Cicero to his Brother Q. Cicero, book ii. *epist.* 11.

The poems of Lucretius, as you obſerve, are not written with much brightneſs of wit, but with a great deal of art.

Upon which paſſage of Cicero, the learned P. Victorius, in his Caſtigations on Tully's Epiſtles, makes the following remark:

If any one, ſays he, thinks it ſtrange that ſome have been of opinion, that the poems of the moſt elegant and excellent poet Lucretius, are written with no great brightneſs of wit, let him blame the judgment of Quinctus; for we may reaſonably miſtruſt, that, ſince M. Cicero defends and commends him in the manner he does, he was not altogether of his brother's opinion, though he ſeems indeed, to confirm it; but that he would not thwart a teſty man, who, perhaps, becauſe he writ verſes himſelf, was blinded with envy, and did not perceive the truth: Beſides, he might be of that opinion, becauſe Lucretius compoſed not his poem to boaſt his ſhining wit, but to explain, with his utmoſt art and induſtry, the whole philoſophy of Epicurus.

The ſame Victorius Var. Lect. lib. xvii. *cap.* 16.

The copiouſneſs and purity of the Latin tongue, appear chiefly in Lucretius.

M. Vitruvius, in his Treatiſe of Architecture, book ix. *chap.* 3.

Thoſe, whoſe minds are inſtructed with the delights of learning, cannot, but with veneration, carry in their breaſts, as they do the images of the gods, ſo too, that of the poet Ennius. Thoſe, who are pleaſingly diverted with the poems of Attius, ſeem to have preſent with them, not only his virtues, but his figure and reſemblance likewiſe. In like manner, many will, in after ages, ſeem to diſpute, as it were, face to face with Lucretius, concerning the Nature of Things, as they will with Cicero, of the Art of Rhetoric.

Quintilian, book x.

For Macer and Lucretius are, indeed, worth the reading: but not as if they contained the whole body of eloquence. Each of them is elegant in the ſubject he treats of; but the one is low, the other crabbed and obſcure.

Upon which paſſage of Quintilian, Giſanius thus:

This opinion of Quintilian is, the greateſt part of it, unanimouſly condemned by the ancients and moderns.

Barthius.

There are many things in Lucretius, that are not to be found elſewhere.

The ſame Author.

So great is the beauty of the pure and ſimple, that is to ſay, of the ancient, and almoſt only Latinity, that it eaſily prevails with intelligent readers, and ſuch as are not ſuperſtitious, to contemn, in compariſon of it, the borrowed charms of a gaudy and painted diction. This comes into my mind, chiefly when I read the poems of Catullus and Lucretius; for, of all the Latin poets, who have ſurvived to our days, theſe two deſerve the preference; and, therefore, no diligence can be miſemployed, no pain nor ſtudy ſuperfluous, that may tend to the right underſtanding of them, or to prevent their being corrupted.

Lactantius.

All the errors that Lucretius advances, were long before aſſerted by Epicurus.

Petrus Crinitus.

T. Lucretius Carus is believed to be deſcended of the family of the Lucretii, which, at Rome, was held to be very ancient and noble. He was a little older than Terentius Varro, and Marcus Cicero, as ſome have written: this is the rather to be taken notice of, becauſe in the annals which we have from the Greeks, there are many things erroneouſly related, and perverſely ſet down, contrary to the truth of chronology. He is repreſented to have been a man of a vaſt and ſoaring wit, in writing of verſes. He was wont to apply himſelf to the muſes at ſeveral intervals of time; not without a certain fury and rupture of mind, as the authors of antiquity deliver. Quintilian witneſſes, that Æmilius Macer, and Titus Lucretius, excel in elegance of ſtyle; but that the poem of Lucretius is very difficult and obſcure: this was occaſioned not only by the ſubject itſelf, but by reaſon of the poorneſs of the tongue, and the newneſs of the doctrine he taught, as he himſelf teſtifies. He writ ſix books of the Nature of Things; in which he has followed the doctrine of Epicurus, and the example of the poet Empedocles, whoſe wit and poetry he praiſes with admiration. There are ſome who write, that the poem of Lucretius was corrected by Tully: it is not, therefore, improbable, that, by reaſon of his ſudden death, he left it incorrect and imperfect. Quinctus, the brother of Cicero, held in high eſteem the

poetry of Lucretius; and allows his work to have a great deal of artfulneſs and wit: beſides, that it ought not to be wondered at, that ſome of his verſes ſeem rough, and almoſt like proſe. This was peculiar to the age in which he writ, as Furius Albinus fully witneſſes in Macrobius, whoſe words are as follows: No man ought to have the worſe eſteem for the ancient poets upon this account, becauſe their verſes ſeem to be ſcabrous; for that ſtyle was then in greateſt vogue; and the following age had much ado to bring themſelves at length to reliſh this ſmoother diction. Therefore, even in the days of the emperors the Veſpaſians, there were not wanting ſome, who choſe to read Lucretius rather than Virgil, and Lucilius than Horace.

Franciſcus Floridus Sabinus.

T. Lucretius was an excellent philoſopher, and often gives very ſatisfactory reaſons of the things that ſeem to happen contrary to nature.

Hieronymus Mercurialis.

Lucretius was the firſt who explained the Nature of Things in the Roman tongue; and he borrowed many things from Democritus, Epicurus, and Hippocrates.

Julius Scaliger.

Lucretius was a divine man, and an incomparable poet.

Caſaubon.

Lucretius is the beſt author of the Latin tongue.

Juſtus Lipſius.

There are ſome antiquated, and almoſt obſolete words to be found in Lucretius, Ennius, and other ancients; but, though they are now out of uſe, and baniſhed from our preſent way of ſpeaking, yet, out of the reſpect due to antiquity, they ought to be carefully retained, and religiouſly preſerved in the writings of the ancients.

Melchior Junius.

The diction of Lucretius is pure, plain, and elegant, though he defends the opinions of Epicurus.

Aldus Pius.

Lucretius, even in the judgment of the ancients, is both a very great poet and philoſopher, but full of lies; for, having followed the Epicurean ſect, his opinions concerning God, and of the creation of things, are quite different from the doctrine of Plato, and of the other academics; for which reaſon, ſome believe that he ought not to be read by Chriſtians, who adore and worſhip the true God. But ſince truth, the more it is inquired into, ſhines the more bright, and appears the more venerable, Lucretius, and all that are like Lucretius, even though they be liars, as they certainly are, ought, in my opinion, to be read.

Adrianus Turnebus.

Lucretius, in his pleaſing poem, has ſeaſoned his verſes with a certain delightful reliſh of antiquity.

Dionyſius Lambinus, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to Charles IX. the Moſt Chriſtian King.

If among the few remains of the writings of the ancients, which have eſcaped as from a ſhipwreck, there be any ſort of learning, from whence many and great advantages have accrued to us, it is from their poems, &c. But you will ſay, that Lucretius argues againſt the immortality of the ſoul, denies the providence of the gods, overthrows all religion, and places the chief good in pleaſure. This is not the fault of Lucretius, but of Epicurus, whoſe doctrines Lucretius followed. His poem, though he advances in it ſome opinions that are repugnant to our religion, is, nevertheleſs, a poem; nay, and a beautiful noble poem too, diſtinguiſhed, illuſtrated, and adorned with all the brightneſs of wit, &c.—What though Epicurus and Lucretius were impious; are we, who read them, therefore impious too? How many aſſertions are there in this poem, that are conſentaneous to the opinions and maxims of the other philoſophers! How many probable! How many excellent and almoſt divine! Theſe let us lay hold on; theſe let us ſeize; theſe let us approve of.—Beſides, are we ſo credulous and eaſy of faith as to believe, that what aſſertions ſoever all manner of writers have left recorded in their works, are as true as if they had been pronounced from the oracle of Apollo? And ſince we daily read many things that are fabulous, incredible, and falſe, either to give ſome reſpite to our minds, or to make us the more willingly acquieſce in, and the moſt conſtantly adhere to ſuch as are uncontrovertibly true; what reaſon is there, that we ſhould contemn or neglect Lucretius, a moſt elegant and beautiful poet? &c.—I return to our great and excellent poet Lucretius, the moſt polite, moſt ancient, and moſt elegant of all the Latin writers; from whom Virgil and Horace have in many places borrowed not half, but whole verſes. He, when he diſputes of the indiviſible corpuſcles, or firſt principles of things; of their motion, and of their various figuration; of the void; of the images, or tenuitous membranes that fly off from the ſurface of all bodies; of the nature of the mind and ſoul; of the riſing and ſetting of the planets; of the eclipſe of the ſun and moon; of the nature of lightning; of the rainbow; of the Averni; of the cauſes of diſeaſes, and of many other things, is learned, witty, judicious, and elegant. In the introductions to his books; in his compariſons; in his examples; in his diſputations againſt the fear of death; concerning the inconveniences and harms of love; of ſleep and of dreams, he is copious, diſcreet, eloquent, knowing, and ſublime.—We not only read Homer, but even get him by heart, becauſe, under the veils of fables, partly obſcene, and partly abſurd, he is deemed to have included the knowledge of all natural and human things. Shall we not then hear Lucretius, who, without the diſguiſe of fables, and ſuch trifles, not truly indeed, nor pioufly, but plainly and openly, and as an Epicurean, ingenioufly, wittily, and learnedly, and in the moſt correct and pureſt of ſtyles, diſputes of the prin-

ciples and causes of things; of the universe; of the parts of the world; of a happy life; and of things celestial and terrestrial. And, though in many places he dissent from Plato, though he advance many assertions that are repugnant to our religion, we ought not therefore to despise and set at nought those opinions of his, in which not only the ancient philosophers, but we who profess Christianity agree with him. How admirably does he dispute of the restraining of pleasures, of the bridling the passions, and of the attaining tranquillity of mind! how wittily does he rebuke and confute those who affirm, that nothing can be perceived and nothing known; and who say that the senses are fallacious! How fully he defends the senses! &c.—How beautiful are his descriptions! How graceful, as the Greeks call them, his episodes! How fine are his disputations of colours, of mirrors, of the loadstone, and of the Averni! How serious and awful are his exhortations to live continently, justly, temperately, and innocently! What shall we say of his diction; than which nothing can be said or imagined to be more pure, more correct, more clear, or more elegant? I make not the least scruple to affirm, that in all the Latin tongue, no author speaks Latin better than Lucretius; and that the diction neither of Cicero nor of Cæsar is more pure.

Obertus Giffanius in the Life of Lucretius.

I have retained the common title, of the Nature of Things: for, besides that the ancient copies have it so, and that Sosipather in the second book of his Gram. mentions the third book of Lucretius, of Natural Things; our poet himself confirms it in book v. verse 381, where he says,

These truths, this rise of things we lately know:
Great Epicurus liv'd not long ago:
By my assistance young Philosophy
In Latin words now first begins to cry.

Creech.

Lucretius is in the right to say this of himself: for he was the first, who in the Latin tongue, writ of the Nature of Things; though afterwards many others followed his example; as C. Amafinius, Catius, M. Cicero Varro, and Ignatius: of the last of whom Aur. Macrobius cites the third book. But the same subject had, many ages before, been treated of in Greek by Empedocles, whom Lucretius held in great veneration, as appears by the following elegy, which he gives of him in his first book, where, speaking of Sicily, he says, that that island,

Though rich with men and fruit, has rarely shown
A thing more glorious than this single one:
His verse, compos'd of nature's works, declare
His wit was strong, and his invention rare;
His judgment deep and sound; whence some began,
And justly too, to think him more than man.

Creech, B. i. *v.* 748.

Him, therefore, our poet carefully imitated: For, what Aristotle says of Empedocles, that he writ in the same style as Homer, and was a great master of his own language, as being full of metaphors, and making use of all other advantages that might conduce to the beauty of his poetry; all these perfections, I say, though they are scarce to be found in any other of the Latin poets, manifestly discover themselves in Lucretius: for he excels all the rest in purity of diction; and, if I may use the expression, in sublimity of eloquence: besides, he has adorned his whole poem with an infinite number of excellent metaphors, as with so many badges of distinction and honour. Tully, who was well able to judge, calls him a very artful poet: and, would I had leisure enough to show, not only what he has borrowed from Homer and others, but chiefly from Ennius, whom of all the Latin poets he most admired, and studied to imitate, but what Virgil likewise has taken from Lucretius: for that would make manifest what I have often said, that Ennius is the grandfather, Lucretius the father, and Virgil the son, they being the most illustrious triumvirate of the epic Latin poets.

The same Giffanius in his Preface to Sambucus.

Some there are, who will chiefly blame me for bestowing so much labour on an impious poet; for this, will they say, is the very Lucretius, who endeavours to evince that the soul is mortal; and thus takes away all hope of our salvation, and of a happy futurity; who denies the providence of God! which is the main basis and support of the Christian religion: and, lastly, who asserts in his poem that most absurd doctrine of Democritus and Epicurus, concerning the indivisible corpuscles or principles of all things. This being a grievous accusation, did indeed at first very much startle me; but having maturely weighed this objection, I was persuaded that it was not of such moment as to make us neglect the labours of this most excellent poet, or suffer them to be totally lost: For, by the same reason, we ought to condemn many of the writings of Cicero; since in them as well as in this poem, the same doctrine of the providence of God, of the nature of the soul; but above all of the atoms, is proposed, and often strenuously defended; nay, we must in that case be obliged to neglect almost all the writers of antiquity.—And, to say all in a word, almost all the authors of the preceding ages, the poets, the historians, the orators, and the philosophers, must all be laid aside, if their writings were once to be tried by the standard of our religion, and by the precepts of Christianity.—The assertions we find in Lucretius that are contrary to the Christian faith, are indeed of the greatest moment: but then they are so evidently false, that they can by no means lead a Christian into error.—What danger can accrue to us from the ridiculous doctrine of his atoms, since it is so easy to be refuted? On the contrary, we may from thence reap this great advantage, that, having discovered the falsity of his assertions concerning the Nature of Things, we shall be the more diligent to find out the truth; and, having found it, to retain

ſt the more ſtrongly in our memory. It cannot be denied but that Lucretius is a ſage and diſcreet writer; nor is there in all his poem any token or footſtep of intemperance: nay, there are many excellent things contained in it, and many that well deſerve to be read and remembered: for, in the firſt place, he teaches that they only are fit to be truſted with the adminiſtration of the government, who excel others in prudence, wiſdom, and moderation. How diſcreetly and ſtrongly too does he argue for the reſtraint of ambition, and for avoiding the miſeries of inteſtine diviſions and civil wars; the calamities that in his days afflicted the republic of Rome! He extols philoſophy, and the ſtudies of the wiſe in a ſtyle incredibly ſublime. How beautiful is his poetry when he treats of ſerenity of mind, and of the contempt of death! In how many places, and in how excellent and almoſt divine a diction, does he confute the ſuperſtition of the vulgar, and their fabulous belief of the torments of hell! How elegantly does he detect the frauds, and deride the vanity of aſtrologers! Not to mention with how great ſeverity he diſſuades from avarice, and ſhows the many ills that ariſe from the greedineſs of riches; nor how wholeſome are his inſtructions concerning temperance, frugality of living, and modeſty of apparel. As to what relates to the reſtraints of the other cupidities of the mind, and ſordid pleaſures of the fleſh, ſo excellent indeed are the inſtructions he gives us, that what Diogenes writes of Epicurus ſeems to be true, that he was falſely accuſed by ſome for indulging himſelf too much in pleaſure and voluptuouſneſs; and that it was a downright calumny in them to wreſt his meaning, and interpret what he meant of the tranquillity of the mind, as if it had been ſpoken of the pleaſures of the body; of which likewiſe our poet moſt excellently ſings in the beginning of the fifth book.——Concerning ſome of the phenomenons of the heavens, he advances indeed ſeveral opinions that are falſe, or rather ridiculous; but yet they are conſonant to the Epicurean doctrine: and, on the other hand, how true are many of his aſſertions concerning thunder, the nature, force, and ſwiftneſs of lightning; the magnitude of the ſea; the winds, and many other things of the like nature! With how wonderful a ſweetneſs does he ſing the firſt riſe of the world, of the earth, of the heavens, and of all the ſeveral kinds of animals. As likewiſe the origin of ſpeech, of government, of laws, and of all the arts. How full and ſatisfactory are his diſputations of the flames of mount Ætna, of the Averni, and of the cauſes of diſeaſes. How excellently has he deſcribed, as it were in a picture, that memorable and dreadful plague, which deſolated Athens, and the whole country of Attica.

Thomas Scauranus.

Carus alone, of all the Auſonian bards, in ſearch of truth employed his painful muſe, greedy to view the ſecret holds of nature, and towering, ſoar even to the immortal gods: but oft, alas! he ſwerves, by thee miſled, O Epicurus, from the paths of truth.

Quintus Serenus in his Poem of Phyſic.

If, after many years of kind endeavours, no tender off-ſpring bleſs the nuptial joys; whether the female or the male be curſed with barrenneſs, ſhall be unſung by me: The fourth of great Lucretius ſolves the doubt.

Michael Du Foy in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to the Dauphin of France, only Son to the Moſt Chriſtian King Lewis XIV.

Though in the writings of Lucretius there are ſome opinions that diſagree with the doctrine of the Chriſtian religion; yet, of all the Latin authors, he is eſteemed to be the moſt judicious and elegant. For, laying aſide the veil of fables, he diſputes, plainly, accurately, and with great ſtrength of wit, concerning the whole Nature of Things: his language is entirely correct and pure, his diction exceeding elegant, his ſtyle plain and eaſy, though at the ſame time domeſtic and ſublime: his poem abounds with a wonderful plenty of moral ſentences; and the admirable connection obſerved through the whole, is indeed ſurpriſing: By the lecture of it, not to mention the other advantages, we may acquire a nobler magnanimity againſt the blows of fortune, a greater fortitude againſt the fear of death, a ſtronger conſtancy againſt ſuperſtition, and a more conſtant temperance againſt the burning rage of luſt. Add to this, that, excepting a few fooliſh aſſertions and impieties, he delivers many things that are conſonant to truth and reaſon; more, to good manners; and that ſome of his diſputations are almoſt divine. As bees, therefore, gather from each flower only what is uſeful and proper to make honey; ſo too, moſt judicious prince, do you accurately and diligently collect from this author, only what ſeems to conduce to the knowledge of things, and to the acquiring an elegance of ſtyle.

Mr. Dryden in his Preface to the ſecond Volume of Poetical Miſcellanies.

I have, in the next place, to conſider the genius of Lucretius.——If he was not of the beſt age of Roman poetry, he was at leaſt of that which preceded it; and he himſelf refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an eaſy taſk to Virgil, who, as he ſucceeded him in time, ſo he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him.

Lucretius had choſen a ſubject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical deſcriptions, and precepts of morality in the beginning and ending of his books; which you ſee Virgil has imitated with great ſucceſs in thoſe four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verſes he has likewiſe followed in thoſe places which Lucretius has moſt laboured, and ſome of his very lines he has tranſplanted into his own works, without much variation.

If I am not miſtaken, the diſtinguiſhing character of Lucretius, I mean his ſoul and genius, is a certain kind of noble pride and poſitive aſſertion of his own opinions. He is every where confident of his own reaſon, and aſſuming an abſolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and uſing a magiſterial authority, while he inſtructs him. From his time to ours, I know none ſo like him, as our poet and philoſopher of Malmſbury. This is that perpetual dictatorſhip, which is exerciſed by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet ſeems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain ſincerity, I believe he differs from our Hobbes; who could not but be convinced, or at leaſt doubt of ſome eternal truths which he has oppoſed: but for Lucretius, he ſeems to diſdain all manner of replies, and is ſo confident of his cauſe, that he is beforehand with his antagoniſts; urging for them whatever he imagined they could ſay; and leaving them, as he ſuppoſes, without an objection for the future. All this too with ſo much ſcorn and indignation, as if he were aſſured of the triumph, before he entered into the liſts.

From this ſublime and daring genius of his, it muſt of neceſſity come to paſs, that his thoughts muſt be maſculine, full of argumentation, and that ſufficiently warm: from the ſame fiery temper proceeds the loftineſs of his expreſſions, and the perpetual torrent of his verſe, where the barrenneſs of his ſubjects does not too much conſtrain the quickneſs of his fancy; for there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his deſcriptions, and in the moral part of his philoſophy, if he had not aimed more to inſtruct in his ſyſtem of nature than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialiſt, and teaching him to deſy an inviſible power; in ſhort, he was ſo much an Atheiſt, that he forgot ſometimes to be a poet.

Theſe are the conſiderations which I had of that author before I attempted to tranſlate ſome parts of him, and, accordingly, I laid by my natural diffidence and ſcepticiſm for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I ſaid, is ſo much his character, as to make him that individual poet.

As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the ſoul, they are ſo abſurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural arguments; at leaſt, to take away rewards and puniſhments, is only a pleaſing proſpect to a man who reſolves beforehand not to live morally; but, on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death, is a burden inſupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confined to the ſhortneſs of our preſent being, eſpecially when we conſider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: ſo that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the exceſſes to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be uncapable of puniſhment after he is dead? If he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to reſtrain him; for fame and reputation are weak ties: Many men have not the leaſt ſenſe of them; powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their intereſt, and that not always when a paſſion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my thoughts abſtractedly, and without entering into the notions of our common faith, which is the proper buſineſs of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem which I have turned into Engliſh, not belonging to the mortality of the ſoul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable man, to make him leſs in love with life, and conſequently in leſs apprehenſions of death. Such are the natural ſatiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the ſame things, the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleaſures, the decay of underſtanding and memory, which render him contemptible and uſeleſs to others. Theſe, and many other reaſons, ſo pathetically urged, ſo beautifully expreſſed, ſo adorned with examples, and ſo admirably raiſed by the proſopopeia of Nature, who is brought in ſpeaking to her children, with ſo much authority and vigour, deſerve the pains I have taken with them.

It is true there is ſomething, and that of ſome moment, to be objected againſt my Engliſhing the nature of love, from the fourth book of Lucretius; and I can leſs eaſily anſwer why I tranſlated it, than why I thus tranſlated it. The objection ariſes from the obſcenity of the ſubject, which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verſes. In the firſt place, without the leaſt formality of an excuſe, I own it pleaſed me; and let my enemies make the worſt they can of this confeſſion. I am not yet ſo ſecure from that paſſion but that I want my author's antidote againſt it. He has given the trueſt and moſt philoſophical account both of the diſeaſe and remedy which I ever found in any author, for which reaſons I tranſlated him. But it will be aſked why I turned him into this luſcious Engliſh, for I will not give it a worſe word? Inſtead of an anſwer, I could aſk again of my ſupercilious adverſaries, whether I am not bound, when I tranſlate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to tranſlate him to the beſt advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am ſatisfied was honeſt and inſtructive, I had either omitted ſome part of what he ſaid, or taken from the ſtrength of his expreſſion, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeneſs of thought and words being thus caſhiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, phyſicians muſt not ſtudy nature, anatomies muſt not be ſeen, and ſomewhat I could ſay of particular paſſages in books, which, to avoid profaneneſs, I do not name; but the intention qua-

lifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to inſtruct as well as pleaſe. It is moſt certain, that bare-faced bawdery is the pooreſt pretence to wit imaginable. But neither Lucretius nor I have uſed the groſſeſt words, but the cleanlieſt metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadneſs of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther than the philoſophical exacted.

Mr. Dryden's opinion of the following Tranſlation of Lucretius, by Mr. Creech, taken from his Preface to the ſecond Volume of Poetical Miſcellanies.

I now call to mind what I owe to the ingenious and learned tranſlator of Lucretius. I have not here deſigned to rob him of any part of that commendation which he has ſo juſtly acquired by the whole author, whoſe fragments only fall to my portion. The ways of our tranſlation are very different; he follows him more cloſely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole poem. I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he uſed my method in ſo long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my buſineſs to tranſlate the whole. The preference then is juſtly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confeſſion of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already eſtabliſhed in this poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obſcure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himſelf is to be condemned, I refer myſelf to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new pleaſure.

T. LUCRETIUS CARUS.

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. THE poet invokes Venus. II Then, from ver. 64. to ver. 191, he dedicates to Memmius his books of the Nature of Things, praiſes Epicurus, whoſe philoſophy he follows, endeavours to clear his doctrine from the charge of impiety: and briefly propoſes the arguments of this and the following books. III. He enters upon his ſubject, and, from ver. 192. to ver. 315, teaches, that nothing can be made of nothing, and that nothing can be reduced into nothing. IV. From ver. 315. to ver 380, that there are ſome little bodies, which though imperceptible to the eye, may be conceived by the mind, and of which all things are made. V. To theſe corpuſcles from ver. 380 to ver. 479, he ſubjoins a void or an empty ſpace. And, VI. From ver. 479. to ver. 526, he proves that there is nothing but body and void: and that all the other things which ſeem to be, as weight, heat, poverty, war, &c. are only conjuncts or events, properties or accidents, of body and void. VII From ver. 526. to ver. 573, he teaches, that the firſt little bodies or principles of things, are perfect ſolids, and conſequently, from ver. 573. to ver. 667, that they are indiviſible leaſts (for body cannot be divided into infinite), and eternal. VIII. In the next place, from ver. 667. to ver. 729, he confutes the opinion of Heraclitus, who held that fire is the principle of all things; and of others who believed the like of air, water, or earth. IX. Then, from ver. 729. to ver. 840, he proves againſt Empedocles, that things are not compoſed of the four elements. X. From ver. 840. to ver. 926, he refutes Anaxagoras. XI. Laſtly, From ver. 926. to ver. 1049. he teaches, that the univerſe is infinite on all ſides: that the corpuſcles are infinite in number, and that the void cannot be included in any bounds. XII. And from ver. 1049. to the end of this book, he laughs at thoſe who believe there is a centre in the univerſe, down to which all heavy things are continually ſtriving, while the light work upwards of their own accord.

KIND Venus, glory of the bleſt abodes.
Parent of Rome, chief joy of men and gods;
Delight of all, comfort of ſea and earth, [birth:
To whoſe kind pow'rs all creatures owe their
At thy approach, great goddeſs, ſtrait remove,
Whatever things are rough, and foes to love.
The clouds diſperſe, the winds moſt ſwiftly waſte,
And rev'rently in murmurs breathe their laſt:
The earth, with various art (for thy warm pow'rs
That dull maſs feels), puts forth her gaudy flow'rs:
(For thee does ſubtle luxury prepare
The choiceſt ſtores of earth, of ſea, and air:
To welcome thee, ſhe comes profuſely dreſt
With all the ſpices of the wanton eaſt:
To pleaſure thee, ev'n lazy luxury toils):
The rougheſt ſea puts on ſmooth looks, and ſmiles;
The well-pleas'd heav'n aſſumes a brighter ray
At thy approach, and makes a double day.
When firſt the gentle ſpring begins t' inſpire
Soft wiſhes, melting thoughts, and gay deſire,
And warm Favonius fans the amorous fire:
Firſt through the birds thy active flame does move,
Who, with their mates, ſit down, and ſing, and love;
They greedily their tuneful voice employ
At thy approach, the author of their joy.
Each beaſt forgets his rage, and entertains
A ſofter fury, through the flow'ry plains:
Then rapid ſtreams, through woods, and ſilent groves,
With wanton play, all run to meet their loves:
Whole nature yields to thy ſoft charms; the ways
Thou lead'ſt, ſhe foll'wing eagerly obeys:
Acted by the kind principles thou doſt infuſe,
Each bird and beaſt endeavours to produce
His kind; and the decaying world renews.

Thee, nature's pow'rful ruler, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darkſome Chaos, deep and ugly womb.
Thee, now I ſing of nature, I muſt chooſe
A patron to my verſe; be thou my muſe;
Poliſh my lines, while I to Memmius write,
Thy choice, thy moſt deſerving favourite:
Inſpire my breaſt with an unuſual flame,
Sprightly as is his wit, immortal as his fame:
Let war's tumultuous noiſe and labours ceaſe,
Let earth and ſea enjoy a ſolid peace:
Peace is thy gift alone; for furious Mars,
The only governor and god of wars,
When tir'd with heat and toil, does oft reſort
To taſte the pleaſures of the Paphian court;
Where on thy boſom he ſupinely lies,
And greedily drinks love at both his eyes;
Till quite o'ercome, ſnatching an eager kiſs,
He haſtily goes on to greater bliſs.
Then midſt his ſtrict embraces claſp thy arms
About his neck, and call forth all thy charms;
Careſs with all thy ſubtle arts, become
A flatterer, and beg a peace for Rome.
For midſt rough wars how can verſe ſmoothly flow?
Or in ſuch ſtorms the learned laurel grow?
How can my Memmius have time to read,
Who by his anceſtors fam'd glory led
To noble actions, muſt eſpouſe the cauſe
Of his dear country's liberties and laws?
And you, my Memmius, free from other cares,
Receive right reaſon's voice with well-purg'd ears;
Leſt what I write, and ſend you for your good,
Be ſcorn'd, and damn'd, before well underſtood.
Entreat of things abſtruſe, the Deity,
The vaſt and ſteady motions of the ſky;
The riſe of things: how curious nature joins
The various ſeeds, and in one maſs combines
The jarring principles: what new ſupplies
Bring nouriſhment and ſtrength: how ſhe unties
The Gordian knot, and the poor compound dies:
Of ſeeds or principles (for either name
We uſe promiſcuouſly; the thing's the ſame),
Of which ſhe makes, to which ſhe breaks the frame.
For whatſoe'er's divine muſt live in peace,
In undiſturb'd and everlaſting eaſe:
Not care for us; from fears and dangers free,
Sufficient to its own felicity:
Nought here below, nought in our pow'r it needs;
Ne'er ſmiles at good, ne'er frowns at wicked deeds.
Long time men lay oppreſs'd with ſlaviſh fear;
Religion's tyranny did domineer,
And being plac'd in heav'n look'd proudly down,
And frighted abject ſpirits with her frown.
At length a mighty man of Greece began
T' aſſert the nat'ral liberty of man,
By ſenſeleſs terrors, and vain fancies led
To ſlav'ry: ſtraight the conquer'd phantom fled!
Not the fam'd ſtories of the Deity,
Not all the thunder of the threat'ning ſky,
Could ſtop his riſing ſoul; through all the paſt
The ſtrongeſt bounds that pow'rful nature caſt:
His vigorous and active mind was hurl'd
Beyond the flaming limits of this world,
Into the mighty ſpace, and there did ſee
How things begin, what can, what cannot be:
How all muſt die, all yield to fatal force;
What ſteady limits bound their nat'ral courſe.
He ſaw all this, which others fought in vain.
Thus by his conqueſt we our right regain;
Religion he ſubdu'd, and we now reign.
Leſt you ſhould ſtart at theſe bold truths, and fly
Theſe lines, as maxims of impiety:
Conſider that religion did, and will
Contrive, promote, and act the greateſt ill.
By that Diana's cruel altar flow'd
With innocent and royal virgin's blood:
Unhappy maid! with ſacred ribbands bound,
Religion's pride! and holy garlands crown'd;
To meet an undeſerv'd, untimely fate,
Led by the Grecian chiefs in pomp and ſtate:
She ſaw her father by, whoſe tears did flow
In ſtreams; the only pity he could ſhow.
She ſaw the crafty prieſt conceal the knife
From him, bleſs'd and prepar'd againſt her life!
She ſaw her citizens with weeping eyes
Unwillingly attend the ſacrifice.
Then, dumb with grief, her tears did pity crave;
But 'twas beyond her father's power to ſave.
In vain did inn'cence, youth, and beauty plead;
In vain the firſt pledge of his nuptial bed:
She fell; ev'n now grown ripe for bridal joy,
To bribe the gods, and buy a wind for Troy.
So died this innocent, this royal maid:
Such dev'liſh acts religion could perſuade!
But ſtill! ſome frightful tales, ſome furious threats,
By poets form'd, thoſe grave and holy cheats.
May bias thee. Ev'n I could eaſily find
A thouſand ſtories to diſtract thy mind.
Invent new fears, whoſe horrid looks ſhould fright,
And damp thy thoughts when eager on delight:
And reaſon good ———
But if it once appear,
That after death there's neither hope nor fear;
Then men might freely triumph, then diſdain
The poet's tales, and ſcorn their fancy'd pain;
But now we muſt ſubmit, ſince pain we fear
Eternal after death, we know not where.
We know not yet the ſoul; how 'tis produc'd;
Whether with body born, or elſe infus'd:
Whether in death breath'd out into the air,
She mix confus'dly with't, and periſh there;
Or through vaſt ſhades and horrid ſilence go
To viſit brimſtone caves, and pools below;
Or into beaſts retires.
As our fam'd Ennius ſings, upon whoſe brow
The firſt, and freſheſt crowns of laurel grow,
That ever learned Italy could ſhow:
Though he in laſting numbers does expreſs
The ſtately Acheruſian palaces,
Which neither ſoul nor body e'er invades;
But certain pale and melancholy ſhades,
From whence he ſaw old Homer's ghoſt ariſe,
An auguſt ſhade! down from whoſe rev'rend eyes

While his learn'd tongue nature's great ſecrets told,
Whole ſtreams of tears in mighty numbers roll'd.
Therefore I'll ſing to cure theſe wanton fears,
Why ſun and moon mete out the circling years:
How bodies firſt began: But chiefly this,
Whence comes the ſoul, and what her nature is:
What frights her waking thoughts, what cheats her eyes,
When ſleeping, or diſeas'd, ſhe thinks ſhe ſpies
Thin ghoſts in various ſhapes about her bed:
And ſeems to hear the voices of the dead.
I'm ſenſible the Latin is too poor
To equal the vaſt riches of the Grecian ſtore:
New matter various nature ſtill affords,
And new conceptions ſtill require new words.
Yet, in reſpect to you, with great delight
I meet theſe dangers; and I wake all night,
Lab'ring fit numbers, and fit words to find,
To make things plain, and to inſtruct your mind,
And teach her to direct her curious eye
Into coy nature's greateſt privacy.
Theſe fears, that darkneſs, which o'erſpreads our ſouls,
Day can't diſperſe; but thoſe eternal rules,
Which from firm premiſes true reaſon draws,
And a deep inſight into nature's laws.
And now let this as the firſt rule be laid:
Nothing was by the gods of nothing made.
From hence proceeds all our diſtruſt and fear;
That many things in heaven and earth appear,
Whoſe cauſes far remote and hidden lie,
Beyond the ken of vulgar reaſon's eye;
And therefore men aſcribe them to the Deity.
But this once prov'd, it gives an open way
To nature's ſecrets, and we walk in day.
How things are made, and how preſerv'd we'll prove,
Without the trouble of the powers above.
If nothing can be fertile, what law binds
All beings ſtill to generate their own kinds?
Why do not all things variouſly proceed
From ev'ry thing? What uſe of ſimilar ſeed?
Why do not birds, why fiſh not riſe from earth,
And men and trees from water take their birth?
Why do not herds and flocks drop down from air?
Wild creatures and untam'd ſpring ev'ry where.
The ſame tree would not riſe from the ſame root,
The cherry would not bluſh in the ſame fruit:
Nought fix'd and conſtant be; but ev'ry year
Whole nature change, and all things all things bear.
For did not proper ſeeds on all things wait,
How then could this thing ſtill proceed from that?
But now ſince conſtant nature all things breeds,
From matter, fitly join'd with proper ſeeds;
Their various ſhapes, their diff'rent properties,
Is the plain cauſe why all from all can't riſe.
Beſides, why is ripe corn in ſummer found?
Why not bald winter with freſh roſes crown'd?
Why not his cups o'erflow with new preſs'd wine?
Why ſweaty autumn only treads the vine?
But becauſe ſeeds to vital union caſt,
Spring and appear, but while the ſeaſons laſt;
While mother earth has warmth and ſtrength to bear,
And can with ſafety truſt her infant buds to the mild air.
Things made of nothing would at once appear
At any time, and quarter of the year;
Since there's no ſeed, whoſe nature might remit,
And check their growth until the ſeaſon's fit.
Beſides, no need of time for things to grow:
For time would be a meaſure e'en too ſlow:
But in one inſtant, if from nought began,
A ſhrub might be a tree, a boy a man.
But this is falſe: Each mean obſerver ſees,
Things grow from certain ſeeds by juſt degrees;
And growing keep their kind: And hence we know,
That things from proper matter riſe and grow;
By proper matter fed and nouriſh'd too.
Again, the earth puts forth no gaudy flow'rs,
Unleſs impregnated with timely ſhow'rs!
And living creatures too, that ſcarce receive
Supplies of food; nor can beget, nor live.
Wherefore, 'tis better to conclude there are
Many firſt common bodies every where,
Which join'd, as letters words, do things compoſe,
Than that from nothing any thing aroſe.
Beſides, why does weak nature make ſuch ſmall,
Such puny things for men? Why not ſo tall,
That while they wade through ſeas and ſwelling tides,
Th' aſpiring waves ſhould hardly touch their ſides?
Why not ſo ſtrong, that they with eaſe might tear
The hardeſt rocks, and throw them through the air?
Why cannot ſhe preſerve them in their prime,
Above the pow'r of all-devouring time?
Why wanton childhood ends in youthful rage,
And youth falls ſwiftly into doating age?
But becauſe things on certain ſeeds depend,
For their firſt riſe, continuance, and end.
Therefore unfruitful nothing nothing breeds;
Since all things owe their life to proper ſeeds.
Laſtly, experience tells us that wild roots,
Better'd by art and toil, bear noble fruits.
Whence we conclude, that ſeeds of bodies lie,
In earth's cold womb, which, ſet at liberty,
By breaking of the clods, in which they lurk,
Spring briſkly up, and do their proper work.
For, were there none, though we no help afford,
Things would be better'd of their own accord.
Beſides, as nothing nature's pow'r creates:
So death diſſolves, but not annihilates.
For could the ſubſtances of bodies die,
They preſently would vaniſh from our eye;
And, without force, diſſolving, periſh all;
And ſilently into their nothing fall.
But now ſince things from ſeeds eternal riſe;
Their parts well join'd and fitted, nothing dies,
Unleſs ſome force break off the nat'ral ties.
If all things, over which long years prevail,
Did wholly periſh, and their matter fail;
How could the pow'rs of all-kind Venus breed
A conſtant race of an'mal to ſucceed?
Or how the earth eternally ſupply,
With conſtant food, each his neceſſity?

How could the ſprings and rivers flow ſo far,
And fill a ſea? How could th' air feed each ſtar?
For whatſoe'er could into nothing waſte,
That infinite ſpace of time already paſs'd,
Had quite conſum'd.——
But if thoſe bodies, which compoſe this all,
Could for ſo many ages paſt endure:
They are immortal, and from death ſecure;
And therefore cannot into nothing fall.
Again, the ſame force ev'ry thing would break,
Were not the union made more ſtrong or weak
By their immortal ſeeds: Nay, more than that,
One ſingle touch would be the ſtroke of fate.
For things, where no eternal ſeeds are found,
Would ſtrait diſſolve, and die with any wound.
But ſince the ſeed's eternal, and the frame
Of bodies, and their union not the ſame;
Things may ſecure, and free from danger ſtand,
Until ſome force, driv'n by an envious hand,
Proportion'd to the texture, break the band.
Thus death diſſolves alone; death breaks the chain,
And ſcatters things to their firſt ſeeds again.
Laſtly, when father ether kindly pours
On fertile mother earth his ſeminal ſhow'rs,
They ſeem to periſh there: But ſtrait new juice
Ferment, and various herbs and trees produce,
Whoſe trunks grow ſtrong, and ſpreading branches ſhoot,
Look freſh, and green, and bend beneath their fruit.
Theſe nouriſhment to man and beaſt do prove:
Hence our towns fill with youth; with birds each grove,
Who ſit and ſing; and in a num'rous throng,
With new-fledg'd wings clap, and applaud the ſong.
Theſe fat our cattle, that diſtended lie
On fertile banks, their ſpightful young ones by,
Rev'ling on milk, which their ſwoln udders yield,
Grow gay, and briſk, and wanton o'er the field.
And therefore bodies cannot fall to nought,
Since one thing ſtill is from another bought
By prov'dent nature, who lets nothing riſe,
Nor be, except from ſomething elſe that dies.
Now ſince we have by various reaſons taught,
That nothing riſes from, or falls to nought;
Leſt you diſſent, becauſe theſe ſeeds muſt lie
Beyond the ken, ev'n of the ſharpeſt eye:
Know there are bodies, which no eyes can ſee,
Yet them, from their effects, we grant to be.
For firſt the winds diſturb the ſeas, and tear
The ſtouteſt ſhips, and chaſe the clouds through air:
Sometimes through humble plains their vi'lent courſe
They bend, and beat down trees with mighty force;
Sometimes they riſe ſo high, their ſtrength ſo great,
With furious ſtorms they lofty mountains beat,
And tear the woods.——
Theſe muſt be bodies, though unſeen they be,
Which thus diſturb heav'n, earth, and air, and ſea.
Which hardeſt rocks, and oaks, and all things tear;
And ſnatch them up in whirlings through the air:
They all ruſh on as headlong rivers flow,
Swoln big with falling ſhow'rs, or melting ſnow;
And rocks and trees o'erturn, and weighty beams;
And whirl their conquer'd prey in rapid ſtreams,
No bridge can check, no force the ſtream controul;
It grows more wild, and fierce, and beats the mole.
Ruin and noiſe attend where'er it flows,
It rolls great ſtones, and breaks what dares oppoſe.
So ruſh the blaſts of wind, which, like a flood,
Which way ſoe'er they tend, drive rocks and wood,
And all before them: Sometimes upward bear
In rapid turns, and whirl them in the air.
'Tis certain then, theſe winds, that rudely fight,
Are bodies, though too ſubtle for our ſight;
Since they do work as ſtrong, as furious grow,
As rapid ſtreams, which all grant bodies do.
The num'rous odours too, whoſe ſmells delight,
And pleaſe the noſe, are all too thin for ſight.
We view not heat, nor ſharpeſt colds, which wound
The tender nerves: Nor can we ſee a ſound.
Yet theſe are bodies, for they move the ſenſe;
And ſtrait ſweet pleaſure, or quick pains commence;
They ſhake the nerves. Now whatſoe'er does touch,
Or can be touch'd, is body, muſt be granted ſuch.
Beſides, freſh clothes, expanded near the main,
Grow wet; but by the ſun are dry'd again:
Yet what eye ſaw when firſt the moiſture ſate?
Or when it roſe, and fled before the heat?
Therefore we muſt conclude, the drops t' have been
Diſſolv'd to parts, too ſubtle to be ſeen.
Nay more, 'tis certain, ev'ry circling year,
The rings, which grace the hands, diminiſh there:
Drops hollow ſtones; and while we plough, the ſhare
Grows leſs: The ſtreets, by often treading, wear.
The brazen ſtatues, that our gates adorn,
Show their right hands diminiſh'd much, and worn.
By touch of thoſe that viſit or paſs by.
'Tis certain from all theſe ſome parts muſt fly;
But when thoſe bodies part, or what they be,
Malicious nature grants not pow'r to ſee.
Laſtly, not ev'n the ſharpeſt eye e'er ſees
What parts, to make things grow by juſt degrees,
Nature does add; nor what ſhe takes away,
When age ſteals ſoftly on, and things decay.
Nor what the ſalt, to ſet the waters free,
Frets from the rocks, and beats into the ſea:
'Tis certain then, that much which nature does,
She works by bodies, undiſcern'd by us.
Yet bodies do not fill up every place;
For beſide thoſe, there is an empty ſpace,
A void. This known, this notion form'd aright,
Will bring to my diſcourſe new ſtrength and light;
And teach you plaineſt methods to deſcry
The greateſt ſecrets of philoſophy.
A void is ſpace intangible: Thus prov'd,
For were there none, no body could be mov'd.

Becauſe where'er the preſſing motion goes,
It ſtill muſt meet with ſtops, ſtill meet with foes:
'Tis natural to bodies to oppoſe.
So that to move would be in vain to try;
But all would fix'd, ſtubborn and moveleſs lie;
Becauſe no yielding body could be found,
Which firſt ſhould move, and give the other ground.
But ev'ry one now ſees that things do move
With various turns, in earth, and heav'n above:
Which, were no void, not only we've not ſeen,
But bodies too themſelves had never been,
Ne'er generated; for matter, all ſides preſt
With other matter, would forever reſt.
Though free from pores, though ſolid things appear,
Yet many reaſons prove them to be rare.
For drops diſtil, and ſubtle moiſture creeps
Through hardeſt rocks, and ev'ry marble weeps.
Juice, drawn from food, ev'n to the head does climb,
Falls to the feet, and viſits ev'ry limb.
Trees grow, and at due ſeaſons yield their fruit:
Becauſe the juice, drawn by the lab'ring root,
Does riſe into the trunk, and through the branches ſhoot.
Sounds paſs through well-clos'd rooms, and hardeſt ſtones;
And rig'rous winter's froſts affect our bones.
This could not be, were there no empty ſpace,
Through which theſe moveables might freely paſs.
Beſides, why have not bodies equal weight
With thoſe whoſe figure is but juſt as great?
For, did as many equal bodies frame
Both wool and lead, their weight would be the ſame.
For ev'ry part of matter downwards tends,
By nature heavy; but no void deſcends.
Wherefore thoſe lighter things, of equal ſize,
Do leſs of matter, more of void compriſe.
But by the heavier more of ſeed's enjoy'd;
And theſe convincing reaſons prove a void.
But ſome object: The floods to fiſh give way,
Who cut their paſſage through the yielding ſea;
Becauſe they leave a ſpace where'er they go,
To which the yielding waters circling flow;
And hence by an analogy they prove,
That, though the world were full, yet things may move.
But this is weak.——
For, how could fiſh e'er ply their nat'ral oars,
How cut the ſea, and viſit diſtant ſhores,
Unleſs the waves gave way? How theſe divide,
Except the fiſh firſt part the yielding tide?
Therefore fight ſenſe, deny what that will prove,
Diſcard all motion, and the pow'r to ſhove,
Or grant a void, whence things begin to move.
Let two broad bodies meet, and part again,
The air muſt fill the ſpace that's left between.
And ev'n ſuppoſe it flies as ſwift as thought,
Yet common ſenſe denies it can be brought
O'er all at once: the neareſt firſt poſſeſs'd,
And thence 'tis hurry'd on, and fills the reſt.
But now, ſhould ſome ſuppoſe theſe marbles part,
Made firm by nature, and polite by art,
Becauſe the air's condens'd, they err: 'tis plain
That a wide void is made and fill'd again:
Nor can the air condens'd be thus employ'd;
Or, if it could, yet not without a void,
Could all the parts contract to ſhorter ſpace,
And be combin'd with a more cloſe embrace.
Thus though you cavil, yet at laſt o'ercome,
You muſt ignobly grant a vacuum.
Nor are theſe all; ten thouſand reaſons more,
Clear, firm, convincing, yet ne'er heard before,
Might be produc'd; but theſe, my curious youth,
Will guide thy ſearching mind to farther truth.
For as hounds, once in trace, ſtill bear about,
Purſue the ſcent, and find the quarry out;
So you, my Memmius, may from one thing known
To hidden truths ſucceſsfully go on.
Purſue coy truth with an unerring ſenſe,
Into her cloſe receſs, and force her thence.
Go bravely on; and, in ſuch things as theſe,
Ne'er doubt; I'll promiſe thee deſerv'd ſucceſs:
And my full ſoul is eager to declare
So many ſecrets, that I juſtly fear,
Ere I ſhall prove but one particular,
The reaſons flow in ſuch a num'rous throng,
That age or haſty death will break the ſong.
But to go on:——
This all conſiſts of body and of ſpace:
That moves, and this affords the motion place.
That bodies are, we all from ſenſe receive;
Whoſe notice, if in this we diſbelieve,
On what can reaſon fix, on what rely?
What rule the truth of her deductions try
In greater ſecrets of philoſophy?
Suppoſe no void, as former reaſons prove,
No body could enjoy a place, or move:
Beſides theſe two, there is no third degree
Diſtinct from both; nought that has pow'r to be.
For if 'tis tangible, and has a place,
'Tis body; if intangible, 'tis ſpace.
Beſides, whatever is, a power muſt own,
Or fit to act, or to be acted on,
Or be a place in which ſuch things are done.
Now, bodies only ſuffer and act; and place
Is the peculiar gift of empty ſpace:
And thus a diff'rent third in vain is ſought;
And ne'er can be found out by ſenſe or thought.
For, whatſoe'er may ſeem of more degrees,
Are but th' events or properties of theſe.
Which to explain; we call thoſe properties,
Which never part, except the ſubject dies:
So weight to ſtones, ſo moiſture to the ſea,
So touch to body is, and to be free
From touching is to void; but peace and wealth,
War, concord, ſlav'ry, liberty, and health,
Whoſe preſence or whoſe abſence nor prevents
Nor brings the ſubject's ruin, are events.
Time of itſelf is nothing, but from thought
Receives its riſe; by lab'ring fancy wrought
From things conſider'd, while we think on ſome
As preſent, ſome as paſt, and ſome to come.
No thought can think on time; that ſtill confeſt;
But thinks on things in motion or at reſt.
Yet while the ſons of fame their ſongs employ
On Helen's rape, or mourn the fall of Troy,

Take heed, nor fancy from ſuch tales as theſe
That actions are, that they ſubſiſt confeſs.
Since all, of whom they were events, war's rage
Long ſince deſtroy'd, or more devouring age.
For action, or whate'er from action ſprings,
Is call'd th' event of countries or of things.
Laſtly; ſuppoſe no frame, no ſeeds had been,
To act theſe things, nor ſpace to act them in;
No gentle fire had warm'd kind Paris' breaſt,
No flames from beauteous Helen's eyes increas'd,
And kindled dreadful war, no teeming horſe
Brought forth in one ſhort night ſo great a force
As ruin'd ſtately Troy; which plainly ſhow
That actions not ſubſiſt as bodies do;
Neither as void, but as events alone [done.
Of places where, and things by which they're
But farther; bodies are of diff'rent kinds,
Or principles, or made of thoſe combin'd.
The principles of things no force can break;
They are too ſolid, and all ſtrokes too weak:
Though ſuch can hardly be believ'd: for voice,
Or thunder's ſound, or ev'ry louder noiſe,
Breaks through our walls, which yet remain entire:
So iron glows, and rocks diſſolve in fire,
Strong flames divide the ſtubborn gold and braſs,
And to a liquid ſubſtance break the maſs:
Through ſilver, heat and cold: and each diſdains,
And ſcorns a priſon, though in precious chains.
This ſenſe perceives; for, hold a ſilver cup,
And pour ſome water gently in at top,
Th' impriſon'd heat or cold ſtrait break their bands, [hands.
Grow fierce, fly through, and warm or chill the
Theſe inſtances are ſtrong; theſe ſeem t' explain
That beings, in their vaſt extent, contain
No perfect ſolids; creatures of the brain!
But yet attend my muſe; ſhe ſweetly ſings,
(Becauſe right reaſon and the frame of things
Such ſeeds require) attend, ſhe briefly ſhows,
And proves that things from perfect ſolids roſe.
Two ſorts of beings reaſon's eye deſcry'd,
And prov'd before: their diff'rence vaſtly wide:
Body and void, which never could agree
In any one eſſential property.
For body, as 'tis matter, is from place
Diſtinct; and void from body, as 'tis ſpace.
Both theſe diſtinct ſubſiſt: and thus 'tis prov'd,
That ſeeds are ſolid, and from ſpace remov'd.
But farther on: ſince things of ſeeds compos'd
Hold void, that thing by which that void's enclos'd
Is perfect ſolid; for what elſe employ'd
Can hold a ſpace, or what contain a void?
Now what can ſenſe, what ſearching reaſon find
To hold this void, but ſolid ſeeds combin'd?
This ſolid matter muſt for ever laſt,
Eternally endure, while compounds waſte.
So grant no void, no ſpaces unpoſſeſs'd,
Then all would ſolid be, and all at reſt.
And grant no ſolids, which fill up the place
That they poſſeſs, all would be empty ſpace.
And thus ſeeds mix'd with void compoſe the whole;
Nor all is empty ſpace, nor all is full.

But ſolid ſeeds exiſt, which fill their place,
And make a diff'rence betwixt full and ſpace.
Theſe, as I prov'd before, no active flame,
No ſubtle cold can pierce, and break their frame,
Though ev'ry compound yields: no pow'rful blow,
No ſubtle wedge divide, or break in two.
For nothing can be ſtruck, no part deſtroy'd
By pow'rful blows, or cleft without a void,
And things that hold moſt void, when ſtrokes do preſs,
Or ſubtle wedges enter, yield with eaſe.
If ſeeds then ſolid are, they muſt endure
Eternally, from force, from ſtroke ſecure.
Beſides, were ſeeds not eternal ——
All things would riſe from nought, and all return
To nought: nothing would be both womb and urn.
But ſince my former reaſons clearly taught
That nothing riſes from or ſinks to nought;
Thoſe various things eternal ſeeds compoſe,
And death again diſſolves them into thoſe;
And thence new things were fram'd, new creatures roſe.
Then ſeeds are ſolid, elſe how could they laſt?
How things repair, ſo many ages paſt?
When nature things divides, did ſhe go on
Dividing ſtill, and never would have done;
The ſeeds had been ſo ſmall, ſo much refin'd,
That nothing could have grown mature, no maſs combin'd;
For things are eaſier far diſſolv'd than join'd.
Then nature, who, through all theſe ages paſt,
Has broke the ſeeds, and ſtill goes on to waſte,
Could ſcarce contrive, though num'rous years remain,
To fit, unite, and join them cloſe again.
But now 'tis plain, by ſtricteſt reaſon try'd,
Nature does not to infinite divide,
Since things are made, and certain years endure,
In which they ſpring, grow, and become mature.
But more; though ſeeds are hard through all their frame,
A compound may be ſoft, as water, flame,
Whate'er it is, or whenceſoe'er it ſprings,
Becauſe we grant a void, commix'd with things;
But were they ſoft, no reaſon could be ſhown
How harden'd iron's fram'd, or harder ſtone;
For nature then would want fit ſeeds to work upon.
Then ſolid ſeeds exiſt, whoſe num'rous throng,
Cloſely combin'd, makes compounds firm and ſtrong.
Beſides; ſince things have time for life and growth
Prefix'd, and certain terms are ſet for both;
Since bounds are plac'd, o'er which they cannot go,
And laws ſpeak what they can and cannot do;
Since things not change; for all the kinds that fly
Are cloth'd with plumes of the ſame curious dye;
The matter muſt be firm, the ſeeds muſt be
Unchangeable, from alteration free:
For, grant the ſeeds may change, we could not know
What things would be produc'd, or when, or how;

How great their pow'r would riſe, how far extend,
How long they'd live, or when their actions end:
Nor ſhould we find the ſame delights purſu'd,
Nor parents natures in their young renew'd.
Farther: thoſe parts of things that utmoſt lie
Are ſomething, though too ſubtle for our eye.
And theſe are leaſts: they never break the chain,
And by themſelves ſubſiſt, nor ever can;
For they are parts, whoſe both extremes the ſame;
And ſuch like, plac'd in order, bodies frame.
Since theſe ſubſiſt not in a ſep'rate ſtate,
Their union muſt be ſtrong, too firm for fate:
And ſtroke and wedge may try their ſtrength in vain;
No force can looſe the tie, or break the chain.
Then ſeeds are ſimple ſolids, and their parts combin'd
By ſtrongeſt bands, but not of others join'd.
Theſe nature keeps entire: theſe ſeeds ſupply
For future things, repairing thoſe that die.
Beſides; ſuppoſe no leaſt, then ſeeds refin'd,
Too ſmall for ſenſe, nay, ſcarce perceiv'd by mind,
Would ſtill be full, ſtill num'rous parts contain
No end, no bound, but infinite the train;
And thus the greateſt and the ſmalleſt frame
Would both be equal, and their bounds the ſame;
For though the all be infinite, each ſingle grain
And ſmalleſt ſeeds as num'rous parts contain:
But that's abſurd, by reaſon's laws confeſs'd,
And therefore nature muſt admit a leaſt;
Not fram'd of others, which no parts can ſhow,
And which is ſolid and eternal too.
Beſides; did nature not reſolve to leaſt,
Her pow'r quite ſpent, her works had long ſince ceas'd:
Her force all gone; no beings rais'd anew,
Nor things repair'd: for no compoſures ſhow
What ſeeds muſt have thoſe cath'lic qualities,
Nature's great inſtruments, weight, motion, ſize.
Laſtly; great nature infinitely divides,
And never ceaſes: you muſt grant beſides
That ſtill ſome ſeeds exiſt, which, never broke,
Remain ſecure, free from the pow'r of ſtroke:
But 'tis abſurd frail ſeeds ſhould bear the rage
Of ſtrokes unhurt, nor yield to pow'rful age.
They groſsly err who teach all riſe from fire;
As Heraclitus, whom vain Greeks admire
For dark expreſſion; but the ſober few,
Who ſeek for, and delight in what is true,
Scorn and contemn; for only fools regard
What ſeems obſcure, and intricate, and hard:
Take that for truth, whoſe phraſes ſmooth appear,
And dancing periods charm the wanton ear.
For how could bodies, of ſo diff'rent frame,
So various riſe from pure and real flame.
Nor can you clear the doubt by fond pretence
That fire is made more rare, or elſe more denſe:
This changes not the fire, 'tis ſtill the ſame;
If denſe, a ſtrong; if rare, a weaker flame.
Yet this is all that can be ſaid.——
Who can believe that nature's various pride
Can ſpring from flame, condens'd or rarify'd?
'Tis true, did they admit an empty ſpace,
Then flame, made rare, might fill a larger place,
Or denſe, combine with a more ſtrict embrace.
But ſince they think that hard, and void oppoſe,
Fearing the difficult, the right they loſe;
Nor yet perceive, that baniſh void alone,
All bodies would be denſe, and all be one;
From which no ſeeds could fly, no parts retire,
As ſmoke, and heat, and vig'rous light from fire:
This proves a void commix'd.——
But if by any means, however, ſtrange,
The flame could periſh, and its parts could change;
If this could once be done, then all its heat,
And its whole nature would to nought retreat,
And therefore bodies would from nothing riſe;
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.
But after change ſome ſeeds muſt ſtill remain,
Leſt all ſhould ſink to nought, and thence return again.
Now, ſince our former reaſons clearly ſhow
Some ſeeds, and thoſe of conſtant nature too,
Whoſe preſence, abſence, or whoſe diff'rent range
Of order makes the things themſelves to change;
We certainly conclude they are not flame;
For then 'twould nought import, what newly came,
What chang'd its order, or what did retire,
Since all would be of the ſame nature, fire.
But this is my opinion.——
Some ſeeds exiſt, from whoſe ſite, figure, ſize,
Concuſſion, order, motion, flames ariſe:
And when the order's chang'd, the parts of fire
Their nature loſe, and ſilently expire.
The diſunited bodies fly from thence,
Not flame, nor any object of the ſenſe.
But now to think, as Heraclitus tells,
That all that is is fire, and nothing elſe;
'Tis fond; and certainty of ſenſe o'erthrows,
By which alone that flame exiſts he knows.
In this he credit gives: but fears t' afford
The like in things as plain; and that's abſurd:
For what can judge, and what our ſearch ſecure
Like ſenſe, truth's great criterion? What ſo ſure?
Beſides; why ſhould we rather all diſclaim,
Reject all elſe, and fancy only flame,
Than fire deny, and all things elſe receive?
Both which 'tis equal madneſs to believe.
Therefore all thoſe who teach things took their birth
From ſimple fire, or water, air, or earth,
Lie under palpable miſtakes.
And thoſe
That teach from doubled elements they roſe,
As air and fire, as earth and water join'd,
Or all four, earth, air, water, fire, combin'd.
Thus ſung Empedocles——
In fruitful Sicily, whoſe crooked ſides
Th' Ionian waſhes with impetuous tides,
And a ſmall frith from Italy divides.
Here Scylla raves, and fierce Charybdis roars,
Beating with boiſt'rous waves the trembling ſhores.
Here preſs'd Enceladus with mighty loads
Vomits revenge in flames againſt the gods:
Through Ætna's jaws he impudently threats,
And thund'ring heav'n with equal thunder beats
This iſle; though with ſuch wond'rous ſights as theſe
She call forth trav'llers, and the curious pleaſe;

Though ch with men and fruit, has rarely ſhown
A thing more glorious than this ſingle one:
His verſe, compos'd of nature's works, declare
His wit was ſtrong, and his invention rare;
His judgment deep and ſound, whence ſome began,
And juſtly too, to think him more than man.
Yet he, with all the meaner others nam'd,
Though for ſome rare inventions juſtly fam'd,
Which they have left as oracles, more ſure
Than from the tripod ſpoke, and leſs obſcure
Than thoſe, th' ancients from the Pythia heard
In the firſt ſeeds of things has greatly err'd.
That things may move, or may be ſoft, or rare,
Without a void, as water, flame, or air,
They all affirm;
That nature never reſts
In breaking bodies, and admits no leaſts:
When yet we ſee the part that topmoſt lies
Is leaſt, that is preſented to our eyes:
From whence we that a leaſt may well conclude,
Which utmoſt is, too little to be view'd.
Beſides, their ſeeds are ſoft, and can be born
And die; then all would riſe, and all return
To nought: nothing would be both womb and urn.
Nay, farther: ſince they're contraries, at jars
Among themſelves, engag'd in civil wars,
They periſh when they meet; or, ſcatter'd, waſte,
Like wind and ſhow'rs, croſs'd by an adverſe blaſt.
If all things from four elements aroſe,
And are again by death diſſolv'd to thoſe;
What reaſon we ſhould rather fondly deem
Them principles of things, than things of them?
For they alternately are chang'd, and ſhow
Each others figure, and their nature too:
And if you think that earth is join'd with fire,
With water, air, their nature ſtill entire,
Nothing could firſt be made; or, made, increas'd;
Nor tree, nor man, nor tender fruit, nor beaſt:
For each component in the various maſs
Would keep its nature, and be what it was;
And we ſhould view, confus'dly join'd and fix'd,
Thin air with earth, and fire with water mix'd.
But principles of things muſt be unknown,
Of nature undiſcern'd, leſt any one
Riſing above the other ſhould appear.
And ſhow that things not truly compounds are.
Beſides, they all theſe four from heav'n derive;
And firſt, that flame is turn'd to air, believe;
Thence water, and thence earth; and ſo retire
From earth to water, thence to air and fire:
Their change ne'er ceaſes, but about they're driv'n
From heav'n to earth, from earth again to heav'n.
But ſeeds can never change their nat'ral ſtate;
They muſt endure, free from the pow'r of fate,
Leſt all ſhould ſink to nought, and thence ariſe;
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.
Now, ſince theſe four can die, ſince thoſe can fail,
Of other ſeeds, o'er which no ſtrokes prevail,
They muſt be fram'd; leſt all ſhould riſe, and all return
To nought; and nothing be both womb and urn:
Then rather grant ſeeds ſuch, that they did frame
A ſingle body; as, for inſtance, flame;
Yet take away, or add ſome new to thoſe;
Their ſite and motion chang'd, would air compoſe;
And ſo of other things.———
But you'll object, and ſay, 'tis manifeſt
From earth riſe trees, are nouriſh'd and increas'd;
And if the ſeaſons prove not kind and good,
Moiſture and ſoaking ſhow'rs corrupt the wood;
And did not Phœbus ſhed enlivening heat,
No fruit or beaſts could grow, look fair and great;
And we, unleſs upheld by means, ſhould die,
Swallow'd by treacherous mortality;
Life loos'd from nerves and bones, long ſince had fled,
And left the waſted carcaſe pale and dead.
For we from certain things our ſtrength receive;
And other things from certain others live;
For various common principles are fix'd
In every thing, and all confus'd and mix'd.
And therefore nature knows no gen'ral good;
But diff'rent things muſt have their diff'rent food:
And thus it matters to the grand deſign,
How, or with what, the various ſeeds combine:
What ſite, and what poſition they maintain;
What motion give, and what receive again.
For the ſame ſeeds compoſe both earth and ſeas,
The ſun, the moon, all th' animals and trees;
But their contexture, or their motion, diſagrees.
So in my verſe are letters common found
To many words, unlike in ſenſe and ſound:
Such great variety bare change affords
Of order, in few elements of words.
Now, ſince the ſeeds of things are more, from them may riſe
More diff'rent ſhapes, and more varieties.
Next let's examine, with a curious eye,
Anaxagoras' philoſophy;
By copious Greece term'd homœomery.
For which our Latin language, poor in words,
Not one expreſſive ſingle voice affords:
Yet by an eaſy ſhort periphraſis,
We plainly can diſcover what it is:
For this it means: That bones of minute bones;
That fleſh of fleſh, and ſtones of little ſtones;
That nerves take other little nerves for food;
That blood is made of little drops of blood;
That gold from parts of the ſame nature roſe;
That earths do earth, fires fire, airs air compoſe;
And ſo in all things elſe alike to thoſe.
But he admits no void, he grants no leaſt;
And therefore errs in this with all the reſt.
Beſides, too weak, too feeble ſeeds he choſe,
If they are like the bodies they compoſe,
And liable to death as well as thoſe;
For which of all theſe beings could endure
The vi'lent jaws of death, from death ſecure?
Could fire, could air, could water, blood, or bone?
Which of all theſe? In my opinion, none.
Since all would be as liable to die,
Subject to powerful mortality,
As thoſe, which force deſtroys before our eye;
But I by former arguments have taught,
That things nor periſh to, nor riſe from nought.
Beſides, ſince by our meat our bodies grow,
Are nouriſh'd and increas'd, we plainly know

That bones, and blood, and veins, and nerves are made
Of parts diſſimilar, in order laid.
But if the meat in perfect form contains
Small parts of nerves, of blood, of bones, and veins;
Then meat and drink would in themſelves preſerve
Diſſimilar parts, as blood, bone, vein, and nerve.
Yet more: if all thoſe things, that ſpring from earth,
Before they roſe, before they ſhow'd their birth,
Lay hid within; the clods muſt needs compriſe,
As proper parts, thoſe various things that riſe:
Now change the ſubject, keep the terms the ſame;
In wood, if ſmoke lies hid, and ſparks and flame,
It muſt conſiſt of parts of diff'rent frame.
But there's a little ſhift, a ſlight excuſe,
Which Anaxagoras' ſcholars uſe.
Though ſuch lie mix'd in all, that part alone
Appears, which only to the ſenſe is ſhown;
Which in the compoſition does compriſe
The greateſt part, and on the ſurface lies.
But this is falſe; or through the weighty mill,
From broken corn would bloody drops diſtil;
Or ſome ſuch parts as in our bodies grow;
From herbs and flow'rs a milky juice would flow;
In broken clods each ſearching eye might ſee
Some lurking, ſcatter'd herb, or leaf, or tree;
And in cleft wood, and broken ſticks, admire
Smoke, aſhes, flame, and little ſparks of fire.
But ſince, on ſtricteſt ſearch, no parts appear,
We muſt not fondly fancy they are there;
That bodies are compos'd of ſuch combin'd;
But common ſeeds in various order join'd.
But you will anſwer thus: 'Tis often known,
That ſtately trees, on lofty mountains grown,
When beaten by a furious ſouthern blaſt,
Grow warm and hot, and ſo take fire at laſt.
All this we grant:——
Yet there's no actual fire, but ſeeds of heat,
Which, daſh'd together, all this flame beget.
For if in wood ſuch actual flame were held,
How could it for one moment be conceal'd?
It ſtraight would ſhow its mighty force, and burn;
And ſhrubs, and trees, and all to aſhes turn.
And hence, as we diſcours'd before, we find
It matters much with what firſt ſeeds are join'd;
Or how, or what poſition they maintain,
What motion give, and what receive again;
And that the ſeeds remaining ſtill the ſame,
Their order chang'd, of wood are turn'd to flame.
Juſt as the letters little change affords,
Ignis and Ligna, two quite different words.
Beſides, if you ſuppoſe no frame could ſpring,
Unleſs the principles were like the thing,
The ſame in nature ſeeds are loſt; for then
Some ſeeds would laugh, and weep, and laugh again;
With vi'lent grin diſtort their little face,
And preſently drop briny tears apace.
Now what remains obſerve; diſtinctly mark;
I know 'tis hard; 'tis intricate, and dark:
But pow'rful hope of praiſe ſtill ſpurs me on;
I'm eager; and 'tis time that I were gone.

I feel, I riſing feel poetic heats,
And, now inſpir'd, trace o'er the muſes' ſeats,
Untrodden yet: 'tis ſweet to viſit firſt
Untouch'd and virgin ſtreams, and quench my thirſt;
'Tis ſweet to crop freſh flow'rs, and get a crown
For new and rare inventions of my own;
So noble, great, and gen'rous the deſign,
That none of all the mighty tuneful nine
Shall grace a head with laurels like to mine.
For, firſt, I teach great things in lofty ſtrains,
And looſe men from religion's grievous chains;
Next, though my ſubject's dark, my verſe is clear
And ſweet, with fancy flowing ev'ry where;
And this deſign'd: for as phyſicians uſe,
In giving children draughts of bitter juice,
To make them take it, tinge the cup with ſweet,
To cheat the lip: this firſt they eager meet,
And then drink on, and take the bitter draught;
And ſo are harmleſsly deceiv'd, not caught:
For, by this means, they get their health, their eaſe,
Their vigour, ſtrength, and baffle the diſeaſe.
So, ſince our methods of philoſophy
Seem harſh to ſome; ſince moſt our maxims fly,
I thought it was the fitteſt way to dreſs,
In pleaſing verſe, theſe rigid principles,
With fancy ſweet'ning them; to bribe thy mind
To read my books, and lead it on to find
The nature of the world, the riſe of things,
And what vaſt profit too, that knowledge brings.
Now, ſince my former various reaſons ſhow,
That ſeeds are ſolid, and eternal too;
Let's next inquire, if infinite or no?
Likewiſe, if void and ſpace do ſomewhere end?
Or, without bound, t'immenſity extend?
The all is ev'ry way immenſely wide,
Or elſe it would have bounds on ev'ry ſide.
Now, what can be a bound, but that which lies
Beyond the body, whoſe extreme it is?
That nought's beyond the all, ev'n common ſenſe
Declares; therefore the all muſt be immenſe.
Thus ſtand on any quarter of the ſpace,
That's nothing; 'tis immenſe from ev'ry place.
But grant it finite.——
Suppoſe a man on the extremeſt part;
Suppoſe him ſtand and ſtrive to throw a dart;
The dart would forward fly, or, hinder'd, ſtay:
Chooſe which you will, the reaſon's good each way,
And firm. For if ſome farther ſpace admit,
Or ſome reſiſtance ſtop its haſty flight,
That's not the end: ſo place the utmoſt part
Where'er you will, I'll follow with the dart;
And by this ſingle argument deface
(For ſtill the void will give a farther place),
Thoſe feign'd extremes and bounds you ſet to ſpace.
But to proceed.——
Suppoſe the all had bounds, ſuppoſe an end;
Then bodies, which by nature muſt deſcend,
And from eternity purſu'd the race,
Had long ere this time reach'd the loweſt place,
Whence nothing could in decent order riſe;
There could not be a glittering ſun or ſkies;

For all the ſeeds muſt lie confus'dly mix'd
In a vaſt chaos, immoveable and fix'd.
But now the ſeeds ſtill move, becauſe the ſpace
Is boundleſs, and admits no loweſt place;
No end, which heavy ſeeds, by nature preſt,
Might ſeek below, and ſettle there and reſt.
Now all, from parts of matter mov'd, ariſe,
Which the vaſt maſs eternally ſupplies.
But laſtly; things to things ſtill bounds appear;
So air to lofty hills, and hills to air;
So earth the ſeas, and ſeas the earth controul;
But there is nothing that can bound the whole.
Wherefore 'tis ſuch, that did ſwift light'ning fly
Through the vaſt ſpace to all eternity,
No utmoſt part, no end would e'er be found,
So vaſtly wide it is, and without bound.
Again; nature's eternal laws provide,
That the vaſt all ſhould be immenſely wide,
Boundleſs and infinite, becauſe they place
Body as bound to void, to body ſpace;
By mutual bounding making both immenſe:
For did they not each other bound, but one
Were infinite; for inſtance, ſpace alone;
Nor man, nor earth, nor heav'n, nor could the ſea,
Nor bodies of the gods one moment be;
For ſeeds of things, their union all deſtroy'd,
Would fly diſſolv'd and ſcatter'd through the void;
Or rather into things had ne'er combin'd,
Becauſe, once parted, they had never join'd
For ſure unthinking ſeeds did ne'er diſpoſe
Themſelves by counſel, nor their order chooſe;
Nor any compacts made how each ſhould move,
But from eternal through the vacuum ſtrove,
Variouſly mov'd and turn'd, until, at laſt,
Moſt ſorts of motion and of union paſt,
By chance to that convenient order hurl'd,
Which frame the beings that compoſe the world.
And theſe ſame ſeeds, now orderly maintain'd,
In the convenient motions they have gain'd,
Is a ſufficient cauſe why fertile earth,
By ſun-beams quicken'd, gives new fruits their birth;
Why rivers ſtill the greedy deep ſupply;
Why beaſts increaſe, why ſun and moon ne'er die.
Which could not be, unleſs ſupplies ſtill came
From the vaſt maſs, and propp'd the ſinking frame.
As beaſts, depriv'd of food, ſo things muſt die,
As ſoon as matter fails of juſt ſupply.
Nor can external ſtrokes preſerve the whole;
Sometimes they may the haſty flight controul
Of ſome ſmall part, till others come and join,
And, taking hold, into one maſs combine;
But very oft they muſt rebound, and then
The principles of things may break the chain,
And get their former liberty again.
Nay, that theſe ſtrokes might be, this laſting fight,
The maſs of matter muſt be infinite.
'Tis certain then, that there muſt come ſupply
From the vaſt maſs, repairing things that die.
But ſcorn their dreams, who fondly can believe,
And teach, that all things to the middle ſtrive;
And by that nat'ral preſſure this whole frame
Might be maintain'd, its order ſtill the ſame,
Without external impulſe; high and low
Would always be as firmly join'd as now;
And their own ſite their diff'rent place poſſeſs,
Since all unto one common centre preſs.
They farther teach, that pond'rous weights below
Unto their reſting places upwards go:
And as our ſhadows in ſmooth ſtreams appear,
So feet to feet ſome animals walk there;
Yet can no ſooner fall into thoſe ſkies
That lie beneath, than we to heav'n can riſe.
When Phœbus climbs their eaſt, the feeble light
Of ſtars peeps forth, and beautifies our night.
But this ridic'lous dream, this fancy ſprings
From ign'rance, blind in principles of things.
For ſince the void is infinite, the ſpace
Immenſe; how can there be a middle place?
Or grant there were———
Why may not bodies end their tedious race,
And ſtop as well in any other place,
As there? For ev'ry part of empty ſpace,
Or midſt or not, muſt equally allow
To pond'rous movents eaſy paſſage through:
For there's no place, to which by nature preſt,
Seeds loſe their force of weight and freely reſt;
Nor empty ſpace can prop the ſeeds, nor ſtay
Their motion: 'tis its nature to give way:
In bodies then there lies no fond deſire
To ſeek the midſt which keeps this frame entire.
Beſides, they grant not all, but only thoſe
Which heavy water and dull earth compoſe,
Strive to the centre: but that two retire,
Endeav'ring from it as light air and fire;
Whence ſtars, thoſe feeble ornaments of night,
Are nouriſh'd, and gay Phœbus' fiercer light:
Becauſe the flame which from the midſt retires,
When got on high combines its ſcatter'd fires.
But how could an'mals live, how leaves on branches bud,
If earthly parts roſe not, and gave them food?
Then they contend, the higheſt heav'n, around
All things enclofing, is of all the bound;
Elſe the world's walls, like ſwifteſt flames would fly
Through the vaſt ſpace; the fabric of the ſky
Confus'dly falling, lowеſt buildings meet;
Elſe faithleſs earth forſake our trembling feet;
And all things both in heav'n and earth deſtroy'd,
Confus'dly ſcatter through the boundleſs void;
And in one moment ev'ry thing deface,
But unſeen atoms, and vaſt empty ſpace:
For wherefoe'er the fabric does begin
To fail, there greedy death will enter in,
And through the ruinous breach, the violent courſe,
Of rapid matter ruſh with mighty force.
This learnt, 'tis no uneaſy taſk to know
The reſt: I'll lead thee on, and clearly ſhow
The pride of nature, and philoſophy
Her greateſt works, and pleaſe thy curious eye.
The walk is pleaſant, 'tis an eaſy way,
All bright and clear, for things will things betray
By mutual light, and we, from one thing known,
To hidden truths ſucceſsfully go on.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

Lucretius begins his poem with an invocation of Venus, a gay and beautiful goddeſs, a friend of Mars, and, as the fables ſay, ſometimes too immodeſtly familiar with him: but by whoſe power all animals are generated; by whoſe charms all nature is governed; and who alone can give all beauty and gracefulneſs. He, therefore, makes choice of her as the fitteſt patron for a man, who is going to treat of the Nature of Things: he aſks of her to beſtow ſmoothneſs on his verſe, and to procure a peace for Rome, which ſhe may eaſily obtain from her dreadful ſervant the god of war. For, while the republic was engaged in arms, neither himſelf nor his Memmius, to whom he inſcribes this poem, could find leiſure to attend to the ſtudies of philoſophy. Now, whatever may be the opinion of others, he, by this invocation, excellently well performs the part of a poet, who intends to treat of nature and of an Epicurean philoſopher likewiſe: for he derides while he invokes; and, as we ſeldom find a more beautiful, ſo we never can a more reproachful image of Venus and of Mars. But they ſeem too wittily pious, who believed that the poet, a profeſſed enemy to Providence, was compelled by the Deity, as it were in ſport and deriſion, to implore the aid of a moſt notorious goddeſs: nor are others leſs trifling, who obſerve, that Venus took care of gardens; and, therefore, was the moſt proper patroneſs for the Epicureans, who chiefly dwelt, or at leaſt ſpent moſt of their time in gardens. Nor they neither, who diſcover, I know not what myſteries, that lie concealed under the names of Venus, Mars, Cœlus, &c. Such trifles are beneath the diſdainful and ſoaring wit of Lucretius; for, as Cicero tells us in the firſt book of the Nature of the Gods, ſect. 59. the Epicureans deſpiſed the myſteries of the ancients no leſs than they did their religion. Hence, too, the grammarians, with their Venus Genetrix, unleſs they will allow Lucretius to have been inſpired with ſo divine and prophetic a fury, as to have foreſeen that Venus would one day be honoured with that title by Julius Cæſar. We need not then look any farther for a reaſon for the invocation. Lucretius was a poet, and therefore neglected not the rules of his art; an Epicurean, and therefore craftily conformed with the ſuperſtition of his country: beſides, the practice of the poets is not more obvious, than the wantonneſs of the Epicureans is notorious: and, therefore, both like a poet, and according to the principles of his philoſophy too, he might very well apply himſelf to Venus, that is, to the common natural appetite to procreation, which nevertheleſs he treats as a goddeſs, and gives her all her titles, as if he really expected ſome aſſiſtance from her; yet, even here he ſhows his ſpite to religion, and ſcatters bitter reflections on the then faſhionable devotion.

Ver. 1. We learn from Cicero, in book iii. of the Nature of the Gods, that there were four of this name. The two chief of them were ſhe who was born of the froth of the ſea, and another who was daughter of Jupiter and Dione. They are often confounded one for the other, both in regard to their actions and their name: for the Greeks called either of them Aphrodite, from ἀφρὸς, froth: but the Latins, Venus, becauſe, as the ſame Cicero ſays, "ad omnes veniat," ſhe comes to all; for ſhe was the goddeſs of pleaſure; "& trahit ſua quemque voluptas."

Ver. 2. Becauſe the Romans deduced their origin from Æneas, who was the ſon of Venus by Anchiſes.

Ver. 9. Becauſe the earth produces flowers and fruits of all kinds and colours.

Ver. 10. This and the four following verſes are an improvement of our tranſlator upon his author, who only ſays,

——tibi ſuaveis dædala Tellus
Submittit Flores——

Which thought is fully expreſſed in the two immediately preceding verſes.

Ver. 14. He means Arabia Felix, a country that produces ſo great an abundance of aromatic ſpices, that when they are in bloom, their fragrancy may be perceived at a great diſtance off at ſea. Thus Milton, in his Paradiſe Loſt,

——As when to them, who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now have paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea, north-eaſt winds bear
Sabæan odours from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt, with ſuch delay
Well-pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Pleas'd with the grateful ſmell old ocean ſmiles.

And Waller in like manner:

So we th' Arabian coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow:
By the rich odour taught to ſteer,
Though neither day nor ſtars appear.

Pliny ſays, that the inhabitants of this country uſe no wood but what is ſweet-ſcented; and that they even dreſs their meat with that of the trees from which they diſtil the frankincenſe and myrrh. "Nec alia ligni genera in uſu ſunt, quam odorata; ciboſq. coquunt Turis ligno, & myrrhæ," lib. 12. cap. 17.

Ver. 19. From this paſſage of our poet, Virgil has borrowed part of his excellent deſcription of the ſpring, which we find in Georg. 2. ver. 328.

Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.
Parturit almus ager: Zephyriq. tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus: superat tener omnibus humor:
Inque novos soles audent se gramina tuto
Credere; nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros,
Aut actum cœlo magnis Aquilonibus imbrem;
Sed trudit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnes.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love;
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground.
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elm prevail,
Unhurt by southern show'rs, or northern hail
They spread their gemsthe genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust their buds in open air. *Dryden.*

Ver. 21. The west wind, so called "à favore, quia favet genituræ," because it favours and helps forward the generation and production of things.

Ver. 37. The confused and unordered heap of matter, of which the poets supposed all things were made in the beginning. Hence Milton calls it,

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

And Ovid, Metamorph. 1. ver. 7.

——dixere chaos; rudis indigestaque moles,
Nec quicquam nisi pondus iners; congestaque eodem
Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

——Rude undigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd. *Dryden.*

Chaos was likewise the first of the gods, according to Hesiod, in Theogon. ver. 116, where he sets up Chaos, Tellus, and Amor, for the progenitors of the gods.

Ver. 40. C. Memmius Gemellus, with whom Lucretius had travelled to Athens, where they studied philosophy together; and they were ever afterwards very intimate. He was descended of the noble family of the Memmii, who derived their extraction from the Trojans, as Virgil witnesses, *Æn.* 5. ver. 116.

Mox Italus Mnestheus, genus à quo nomine Memmi.

Then Mnestheus, from whom the Memmian race.

This C. Memmius, to whom Lucretius inscribes his poem, arrived to the dignity of Prætor, and obtained Bithynia for his province; but was soon recalled, being accused by Cæsar of mal-gesture in his office. However, not many years after his return to Rome, he came to be tribune of the people; and, in a little time, stood candidate for the consulship: of which he not only failed, but being accused of bribery, was, even though Cicero pleaded in his defence, convicted of it, and banished into Greece, where he died in exile. Whoever desires to know more of him, may consult Gisanius, in his Dissertation de Genti Memmia.

Ver. 46. The son of Jupiter and Juno, or of Juno only without a father; as Minerva was of Jupiter only without a mother. She is said to have conceived him by touching a certain flower, which Flora showed her for that purpose.

Ver. 49. The court of Venus, who herself was called Paphia, from Paphos a city of Cyprus, where she had a stately temple. It is now called Baffo.

Ver. 58. Lucretius, a few years before his death, was an eye-witness of the mad administration of affairs in the time of Clodius and Catiline, who gave such a blow to the republic of Rome, as occasioned its total subversion, which happened not long after. And this is what he speaks of in these six verses

Ver. 59. Because that tree was sacred to Apollo, the god of learning. See the note on ver. 152 of the sixth book.

Ver. 60. For as Cicero says, "Nemo bene potest inter Belli strepitus, ac plebis seditiones, æquo animo philosophari," Tuscul. 1. No man can well apply his mind to philosophy, amidst the noise of war and the seditions of the people.

Ver. 64. In these fourteen verses, he unfolds to his Memmius, whose attention he bespeaks, and wishes him free from all cares and anxieties, the argument of his future disputation: and tells him, he is going to treat of the nature of the heavens, and of the gods; as likewise concerning the first principles, of which all things are made, and into which they are again resolved. For, as to the gods, says he, they enjoy a blissful ease and idleness, and are exempt from all cares and business; nor did they, as most philosophers believe, either make the world, or do they take care of it. "De Deorum immortalitate nemo dubitavit: quod autem æternum beatumq. est, id non habere ipsum negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri; itaque neque ira neque gratia teneri, quod, quæ talia essent, imbecilla essent omnia." No man doubts of the immortality of the gods: but whatever is happy and eternal, must have nothing to do itself, nor find out employment for others. thus it will exempt itself from anger and gratitude, to either of which, whatever is subject, must be frail and imperfect, says Epicurus in Cicero, lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.

Ver. 76. He means the atoms. And let it suffice to give notice once for all, that he calls them by several other names likewise: as corpuscles, elements, first matter, first causes, first bodies, little bodies, &c.

Ver. 78. Here Lucretius begins his impiety. Had he contented himself with deriding only the superstitious devotion of the age he lived in; had he stopped there, and not proposed principles of irreligion drawn from the happiness of the Deity, which, therefore, must be universal, and against all religion under whatsoever denomination: he might have been read with much profit and satisfaction as an excellent satirist against the heathen worship; for

he severely scourges the mad zeal of men-sacrificers; and though perchance he has not proposed a true instance in Iphigenia, yet histories, both sacred and profane, of former and present ages, give us too many sad relations of such cruelties. But, since he openly declares, that the design of his writing is to free men from the fears of that heavenly tyrant, Providence, and to induce perfect serenity, that boasted Ἀταραξία of Epicurus; and in pursuit of this, endeavours to maintain the great dictate of his master. "Nihil beautum, nisi quod quietum;" Nothing is happy but what is supinely idle and at ease. I shall examine his vain pretensions; and, in order to it, present you with a summary of the Epicurean religion.

If any man considers the inconsistencies that are in the Epicurean notion of a Deity, how the attributes disagree, and how the very being thwarts all their other philosophy, he will easily agree with Tully, and admit his censure to be true. "Verbis ponunt, Re tollunt Deos." In words they assert, but in effect deny a God: which is seconded by Dionysius in Eusebius, ἀλλὰ τοῦτο μεν περιδηλον ὅτι κατὰ τὸν Σοκράτους θάνατον καταπεπτηχὼς Ἀθηναίους ὡς μὴ δοκοίη τοῦθ' ὅπερ ην Ἄθεος εἶναι, κενάς αὐτοῖς ἀνυποστάτων θεῶν τερατευσάμενος ἐζωγράφησε σκιάς. *Eusebius. lib.* 15. It is evident, that after Socrates was put to death, being afraid of the Athenians, that he might not seem what really he was, an Atheist, he fashioned some empty shadows of fantastical deities: but since antiquitiy hath but three Atheists on record, why should we increase the catalogue? he therefore asserts a divine nature, and proves it from the common consent of mankind; which does not arise from any innate ideas as Gassendus phrases it, those being altogether strangers to his hypothesis: for every idea is a mode of thinking, and no thought can arise, according to the Epicurean principles, but from a previous image; and therefore Lucretius makes the cause of this general consent to be the constant deflux of divine images, which strike the mind. Plutarch de Placit. Phil. lib. 1. cap. 7. And Atticus, the Platonist asserts it to be the common doctrine of the garden, τὰς βελτίονας ἀποῤῥοίας τῶν θεῶν τοῖς μεταχούσι μεγάγων ἀγαθῶν Παραιτίας γενέσθαι, Eusebius. Præp. lib. 25. That the good emanations from the gods bring great advantages to those that receive them: to this the prayer of Democritus, ἀγαθῶν εἰδώλων μετέχειν, that he might receive good images; and Cicero, de Natura, Deor. lib. 1. sect. 107. agrees, and I hope Gassendus's bare denial cannot stand in competition with all these. This divine nature is branched out into many, his gods are numerous, and even exceed the catalogue of Apollodorus; and this he gathers from that ἰσονομία, or equability which must be in the universe, "Si enim "mortalium tanta multitudo, immortalium non "minor, et si quæ interimant item quæ conser-"vent, infinita," For since there is so great a multitude of mortal things, there is no less of immortal; and if the things that die are infinite, so likewise are those that remain to all eternity. Their substance is not immaterial, and Velleius reprehends Plato for his ἀσώματον, or incorporeality, as inconsistent with sense, prudence, and pleasure, and yet he cannot allow it to be a coalition of atoms, for that would destroy their necessity of being, and infer discerpibility; but they have *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguinem*, as it were a body, and as it were blood: a fancy perchance received from Homer.

Οὐ γὰρ σῖτον ἔδουσ', οὐ πίνουσ' ἀίθοπα αἶνον,
Τ' οὕνεκ' ἀναίμονες εἶσι καὶ Ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.

They drink no wine, they eat no common food,
And therefore nam'd immortal, void of blood.

They are of the figure of a man, that seeming the most beautiful, and the only receptacle of reason, without which the gods cannot be virtuous, nor happy: their knowledge infinite, and boundless; for Velleius in Tully, to confute Pythagoras, boldly inquires, 'Cur quidquam ignoraret ani-"mus hominis, si esset Deus?" why the mind of man should be ignorant of any thing, if it were a god? easy and quiet is their life; and therefore unconcerned with the affairs of the world; for being full of themselves, why should they look on others, or trouble their minds with the consideration of less perfection, when they can expect no advantage nor addition to their happiness: yet these glorious beings are to be reverenced for the excellence of their nature. Our piety and religion must be heroical, not forced by fear, or raised by hope: interest must not bribe, nor terror affright us to our duty; but our devotion must be free, and unbiassed by the solicitations of the one, or the impulse of the other. These, in short, are the deities of Epicurus; and this is the sum of his religion: a sufficient instance, that men may dream when they are awake, and that absurd fancies are not only the consequents of sleep. Let us look on the favourers of these opinions, and what are they but exact images of Timon's philosophers?

Ἄνθρωποι κενεῆς οἰήσεος ἔμπλεοι ᾀσκός.

Men, casks of vain opinion full.

For, as Tully long ago observed, it is their usual custom to avoid difficulties by proposing absurdities; that the less may not be discerned, whilst all mens eyes are on the greater. For, first, not to require an explication of their unintelligible *quasi corpus*, and *quasi sanguis*, it is very easy to be proved, and a direct consequence from their established principles, that the matter of the deities is perfectly like that of our bodies, and so discerpible; nor can they find any secure retreat for their gods beyond the reach and power of troublesome atoms, which scattering every where must disturb their ease, destroy their quiet, and threaten a dissolution. For since the images that flow from them, move the mind, which they assert material, those must be body:

Tangere enim et tangi sine corpore nulla potest res. *Lucret.*

For nought but body can be touch'd, or touch.

And since it is the nature of body to resist, the greater and heavier the atoms are, the stronger and the more forcible will be the stroke on the divine substance; and consequently in this dissolution of worlds, in these mad whirls of matter, their deities, unless they remove them beyond the infinite space, must be endangered: for they are not perfect solids, and above the power and force of impulse, such combinations being unfit for sense, or animal motion. And thus the Epicureans must necessarily fall into that absurdity, for which Velleius lashes Anaximander, "Nativos esse Deos, "et longis intervallis orientes et occidentes," That the gods are born, and that there is a long interval of time between their birth and their death. But since they offer as a reason, that immateriality is inconsistent with sense and prudence, I shall consider that in its proper place, and now examine how omniscience can agree to their gods. Lucretius, in his fifth book, asks the question, how the gods could have those ideas of man, sun, moon, and stars, before they were formed? from whence it is easily concluded, that they imagine the divine perception arises from the same causes that man's does, viz. from some subtile images that flow from the surfaces of things, and enter at the senses. Now it had been an attempt worthy the soaring wit of our poet, to have described the passages of these images; how they reach the happy seats entire, how these light airy things are undisturbed by the rapid whirls of matter, and how at last they should all conveniently turn round, and enter at the eyes of the deity. For if ours can ascend thither, why not the forms of these things that lie scattered through the infinite worlds reach us? no, their gods must be as senseless as they are careless; no intruding images must disturb their thoughts, or turn them from the contemplation of their happy selves; no doubt their ease will scarce agree with such troublesome agitations, and like the soft Syharite, should the image of a man digging encroach upon them, they must necessarily undergo a ῥῆγμα.

As for the figure they please to allow them, we must needs acknowledge it a wonderful chance, that man (for that is the most proper opinion) should so much resemble the divine nature; but I had rather believe all the adulteries in the poets, than that man was made after the image of the Deity without his direction. Besides, what need of all these members? why must they have eyes, unless they have a looking-glass in their hands? why mouth and teeth which will never be employed? and why does not that fancied *ἰσονομία*, or equability in the universe, require immortal men, and immortal beasts! for that would make it more perfect. These are absurdities fit for the credulity of an Epicurean, beyond imagination, had not these men abetted them, and made good to the utmost, that severe reflection of Tully, "Ni- "hil est tam absurdum quod non aliquis è philo- "sophis afferat;" There is nothing so absurd, but one or other of the philosophers has asserted it.

Now I come to consider, whether Providence is inconsistent with the happiness of the Deity. And here the Epicureans are prest with the consent of mankind, there being no nation but has some shadow of piety, which must be founded on the belief of Providence, that being the basis of all natural religion. The Stoics took the notion of their Πνεύματος νοεροῦ καὶ πυρώδους, their intelligent and fiery spirit, from the excellent order and disposition of the universe. The Νοῦς, mind, of Anaxagoras is sufficiently known. Nor was Aristotle an enemy to Providence, though, as it was generally thought, and as Atticus the Platonist words it, μεχρὶ Σηλήνης ἔῆσας τὸ Θεῖον τὰ λοιπὰ τὰ κόσμια μέρη περιγράφει τῆς τοῦ Θεοῦ δικαιήσεως, confining Providence within the moon's orb, he leaves nothing below to his direction, and compares him to Epicurus, τί καὶ διαφέρει πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἢ τοῦ κόσμου τὸ Θεῖον ἐξοικίσασθαι, καὶ μηδεμίαν πρὸς αὐτὸ κοινωνίαν ἀπολιπεῖν. For it is the same thing to us to have no Deity at all, as to have such a one with whom we can have no communication. And Athenagoras delivers it as the doctrine of the Peripatum, ἀπρονόητα πάντα εἶνα κατωτέρω τοῦ ὑρανοῦ, that Providence takes care of nothing below the sky; and Origen, ὁ Πλάτων Ἐπικούρου εἰς τὴν πρόνοιαν ἀσεβῶν Ἀριστοτέλης. Aristotle's opinions concerning Providence were somewhat less impious than those of Epicurus; but authority will prevail little with a proud Epicurean, whose talent it is to scoff at all beside his own sect, and undervalue every man that is not delighted with the weeds of his garden.

And here it must be observed, that as Epicurus circumscribed the Deity with the finite figure of a man, so he measured all his actions by the same model, and thought an intermeddling with the affairs of the world would bring cares, trouble, and distraction; because he sometimes observed a necessary connection betwixt these two, in those little intervals of business that disturbed his ease and quiet. A fond opinion, directly contrary to the consent of the world, and to his own principles and practice. For what trouble can it be for that Being, whom a bare intuition (for he grants him Omniscient) acquaints with all the springs and wheels of nature; who perfectly knows the frame, and with a nod can direct and rule the automaton; for self-existence necessarily infers Omnipotence. For what can determine the mode of existence in that Being? what confine its power? what circumscribe it? since it depends on nothing but itself. And since the Deity is the most excellent of beings, how can it want that amiable attribute, benevolence? will not an Epicurean commend it in the master of the garden? will he not be prodigal in his praises, and call the Athenian a god for his philosophy, and make his numerous books (Laertius calls him πολυβιβλιώτατον, the most voluminous writer) an argument for his Ἀποθέωσις, deification? And are all these commendations bestowed on him, because he made himself unhappy? Or must the Deity be deprived of that perfection, which is so lovely in man, and which all desire he should enjoy; because when dangers press, they seek for relief to heaven, and passionately expect descending succour; which sufficiently declares

that the belief of the Providence is as univerſal as that of the happineſs of the Deity, and founded on the ſame reaſon? for, as Tully argues, "fac. "imagines eſſe quibus pulſentur animi, ſpecies "quædam duntaxat objicitur, num etiam cur "beata ſit? cur æterna?" Grant they are images that ſtrike the mind, a certain ſpecies only offers itſelf: why then muſt it be happy? why eternal? And, conſequently, the ſame reaſon dictating that Providence is an attribute, requires as ſtrong an aſſent as when it declares happineſs to be one, ſince neither can be inferred from the bare impulſe of the images. For ſuppoſe the ſtroke conſtant. yet what is this (as Lucretius would have it) to eternity. And why may not any thing we think upon be eſteemed immortal on the ſame account? Suppoſe the impulſe continual, yet what connection between that and happineſs; ſo that the Epicurean's argument recoils againſt himſelf, and he is foiled at his own weapons.

And now who can imagine ſuch abſurd principles proper to lead any rational inquirer to ſerenity. Will it be a comfort to a good man, to tell him, as Ariſtophanes ſpeaks in his Clouds, ἀντὶ Ζήνος ὁ Δῖνος βασιλεύει, inſtead of Jupiter a whirlwind rules, when it is his greateſt intereſt, that there ſhould be a merciful diſpoſer, who takes notice of, and will reward his piety. It will be an admirable ſecurity no doubt for his honeſty, to aſſure his malicious enemies, that nothing is to be feared but their own diſcovery. And unleſs their dreams prove treacherous or their minds rave, they are ſecure in their villanies, and may be wicked as often as they can fortunately be ſo, as often as occaſion invites, or intereſt perſuades. When commonwealths may be preſerved by breaking the very band of ſociety, τὸ σαλεύσιμα τῆς πολιτείας, as Polybius in his hiſtory, book vi. ch. 54. calls religion; when treaſons may be ſtifled by taking off from ſubjects all obligations to duty, but their own weakneſs; and when a Democles can ſit quietly under his hanging ſword; then the denial of Providence, then the belief of a world made and uphold by chance, will be a remedy againſt all cares, and a neceſſary cauſe of that deſired Ἀταραξία, ſerenity of mind.

Ver. 84. In theſe four verſes he deſcribes the tyranny, as he calls it, of religion; whom he places in heaven, looking ſternly down on mankind, and frighting them into a vain and empty fear of the gods. And here let all, who, with Cicero, find a want of wit in Lucretius, contemplate this image, and ſhow me one more beautiful if they can: In what a deplorable ſtate lie thoſe abject wretches, oppreſſed under the tyranny of religion, and how dreadful are the gruff and haughty looks with which that heavenly tyrant threatens them from above;—the devil himſelf ſeems to be laſhing his whips over them.

Ver. 88. Here the poet attempts the praiſe of Epicurus of Athens, the ſon of Neocles; and who firſt, ſays he, oppoſed himſelf to all theſe terrors, with an undaunted ſoul, and being by the ſtrength of his mind carried beyond the limits of this world, into the infinite ALL, got a thorough inſight into the power of all nature; deſcried her in her inmoſt and moſt hidden receſſes; and by teaching mankind that things are made without the care and workmanſhip of the gods, totally overthrew all religion, as Cicero obſerves, lib. i. de Natur. Deor. "Quid eſt enim cur ab hominibus colendos dicas, cum Dii, non modo homines "non colant, ſed omnino nihil curent, nihil a-"gant?" For what reaſon is there why men ſhould worſhip the gods, ſince not only they take no care of them, but are entirely void of all care for any thing, and do nothing? But Gaſſendus, Faber, and ſome others, waſte their time to no purpoſe, while they endeavour to perſuade that the book which Epicurus writ, περὶ ὁσιότητος of ſanctity or holineſs, and the piety of the Epicureans towards the gods, are a ſufficient evidence, that the word religion is uſed in this place by the poet, to ſignify only ſuperſtition, and an idle and vain fear of the gods. As if Lucretius did not abſolutely renounce all belief of Providence; or had been that ſuperſtitious man to believe that God did any thing, or concerned himſelf with the care of mankind.

Ver. 93. No natural effects whatever give ſuch impreſſion of divine fear as thunder. This is evident by the example of ſome wicked emperors; who, though they were Atheiſts, and made themſelves gods, yet by their trembling and hiding themſelves when they heard it, confeſſed a greater divine power than their own. "Cælo tonantem "credidimus Jovem," Horat. And, therefore, Lucretius in this place ſays of Epicurus, as if it were a thing extraordinary and peculiar to him, that even the ſound of thunder made not him ſuperſtitious.

Ver. 98. τὸ πᾶν The ALL, whatever is in the nature of things, Epicurus and Lucretius after him, diſtinguiſh between the ALL, and what they call *mundus*, the world. The ALL is the whole, or the univerſe; the world only a part of it. The Epicureans held the ALL to be infinite and eternal, never to have had a beginning, and that it will never have an end, and to be incapable of increaſe or decreaſe; but the world to be finite, to have had a beginning, and to be liable to have an end. Epicurus called the ALL, τῶν ὅλων φύσιν, the nature of the whole; and in Plutarch τῶν ὄντων φύσιν, the nature of beings. This is what Lucretius calls in this place, *omne immenſum*, the immenſe All; and our tranſlator, the mighty ſpace.

Ver. 103. This is that conqueſt which Virgil celebrates, Georg. ii. ver. 490. where he ſings a pæan to the victor Epicurus.

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas;
Atq. omnes metus, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumq. Acherontis avari.

Happy the man, alone, thrice happy he,
Who could through groſs effects their cauſes ſee;
Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fear'd inevitable things:

But did his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.

Cowl.

Ver. 105. In thoſe twenty-four verſes, he ſeems to ſuſpect that Memmius will be ſtartled at this impious doctrine that tends to the ſubverſion of religion and denies the Divine Providence; he therefore endeavours to buoy up his mind, by telling him that the religion which acknowledges Providence, did often formerly perſuade men to commit the moſt horrid crimes. To prove this, he brings the example of Iphigenia, who, upon the account of religion, and even by command of the oracle, was ſacrificed to Diana upon her altar at Aulis, a port of Bœotia on the river Euripus, even her own father aſſiſting at the ſacrifice; and this was done, ſays he,

To bribe the gods, and buy a wind for Troy.

For the ſtory goes, that Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ and Argos, whom the Greeks made choice of to command in their expedition againſt Troy, had killed a favourite ſtag, belonging to Diana, who, enraged at it, ſent a tempeſt among their ſhips, which forced them into the port of Aulis; where being detained for ſome time by contrary winds, they at length ſent to conſult the oracle, who told them Diana would not be appeaſed till Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon, was ſacrificed to that incenſed goddeſs; and this was accordingly done, ſays the fable, which, as well as what is related of Idomeneus, who, under pretence of a vow, would have ſacrificed his eldeſt ſon, took riſe, no doubt, from the ſtory of Jephtha. which happened not a great many years before the ſiege of Troy.

Ver. 109. She was daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and born at the ſame birth with Apollo. A virgin goddeſs, whoſe chief delight was hunting of wild beaſts; for which reaſon ſhe was called the goddeſs of the woods. She was Luna in heaven, Diana upon earth, and Proſerpina in hell. Hence Dryden, or rather Chaucer, in the Knight's Tale:

O goddeſs, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heav'n, and earth, and ſeas are ſeen;
Queen of the nether ſkies, where half the year,
Thy ſilver beams deſcend, and light the gloomy ſphere;
Thou, goddeſs, by thy triple ſhape art ſeen,
In heav'n, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen.

Ver. 111. It was the cuſtom to deck and trim up the victims with ribbands of ſeveral colours, and other gauderies, as if they were to be led to their nuptials, not their death.

Ver. 114. For ſhe was led to the altar by her own father Agamemnon, and his brother Menelaus, who commanded the Greeks in the war againſt the Trojans.

Ver. 124. Becauſe ſhe was the eldeſt of all Agamemnon's children. Thus ſhe ſays to her father in Euripides:

Πρώτη σ' ἐκάλεσα πατέρα, καὶ σὺ παῖδ' ἐμὲ.
Iphig. in Aul. ver. 1220.

I was the firſt that called you father, and firſt that you called child.

Ver. 129. Lucretius once more diſtruſts, leſt Memmius giving credit to the fables of the poets of Acheron, Cerberus, the puniſhments after death, &c. to which he had been long accuſtomed, ſhould ſtill be averſe to his opinions; he therefore obviates theſe ſcruples by ſuggeſting to him, that all thoſe and the like fables are only the mere inventions of poets; and that he himſelf could invent others altogether as dreadful.

Ver. 135. In theſe twenty-four verſes he inſinuates, that ſince the dread of puniſhments after death proceeds from the belief of the immortality of the ſoul, if it be once proved that the ſoul is mortal, all that vain fear will vaniſh; but ſince the philoſophers have differed in opinion concerning the ſoul, ſome believing it to be born with the body, and to die with it; others, that it exiſts before, and is infuſed into bodies at the moment of their birth, and that being ſeparated from the body by death, it goes down into hell; or tranſmigrates into the bodies of beaſts, certainly men would be much in the wrong to contemn Providence, ſeeing eternal torments are reſerved for all that deſpiſe it.

Ver. 141. The opinions concerning the ſoul were very different in the age of Lucretius. Some of the ancients believed it to exiſt from all eternity, and that it is incorporeal and immortal; others, that it is born with the body, and corporeal and mortal Plato held it to be created from all eternity, and that it was placed among the ſtars; till grown weary of celeſtial, and falling in love with earthly things, it infuſed itſelf into bodies, at the moment of their birth. Ariſtotle, that it was not created from all eternity, but at the ſame time with the body; that is to ſay, that it begins to exiſt in heaven, at the time when the body is born, and is the ſame moment infuſed into the body, and continues in it, till it is ſeparated from it by death, and then returns back to heaven; but he held it to be incorporeal and immortal. Hence others fabled, that after death ſouls return into heaven from whence they came; others, that they deſcend into hell, but not all into the ſame place; for they imagined that the ſouls of men who had lived wicked lives, were thrown down into Tartarus, which they held to be the loweſt deep of the infernal abodes; but that the ſouls of thoſe who had lived well, were received into Elyſium. Others, as Ennius, held that the body returned into earth, and that the ſoul flew away into heaven; but that the ſhadows or ghoſts, which they held to be certain images of ſouls, go into hell. Pythagoras believed the ſoul to exiſt from all eternity, and to be immortal and incorporeal, but that after death it goes from body into body, as well of man as of beaſt; and this is what

they call *metempſychoſis*, tranſmigration of ſouls. But Heraclitus, Democritus, Epicurus, Hipparchus, Hippo, Thales, Hippocrates, Zenophanes, Parmenides, Empedocles, Lucretius, and others of the like gang, held the ſoul to be born with the body, and corporeal and mortal; but with this difference, that Hippo and Thales believed it to conſiſt of water; Heraclitus, Democritus, and Hipparchus, of fire; ſome of the diſciples of Thales, of air; Hippocrates, of fire and water; Xenophanes, of water and earth; Parmenides, of earth and fire; Empedocles, of all the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water: Critias, of blood, &c.

Ver. 148. He was a Latin poet, who lived about a hundred years before Lucretius; who calls him the firſt of the Latin poets, not that he lived before any of the others; for Livius Andronicus writ poems before Ennius; but becauſe he was the firſt of the Latin poets, that writ an epic and heroic poem after the example of Homer. He was a Pythagorean, as indeed were moſt of the writers of that age.

Ver. 150. A country of Europe, very well known, it lies extended in the ſhape of a boot, between the Adriatic or Gulph of Venice, from the north and eaſt; and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan Sea from the ſouth; to the north and weſt the Alps divide it from Germany and France.

Ver. 152. So called from Acheron, one of the rivers of hell, that was feigned to receive the ſouls of the dead. What our tranſlator calls Acheruſian palaces, his author calls *Acheruſia Templa*, the vaſt and ſpacious places of hell; for ſo the word *Templa* ſignifies; *Templa Cæli* in Terence is uſed to ſignify the immenſe tract of the air; and thus too in Lucretius we find "Ætheris Templa, tronitra-" lia Templa," in the ſame ſenſe.

Ver. 153. Ennius, as we obſerved before, held the Pythagorean doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls; and he affirmed that the ſoul of Homer was in his body. But that he might not injure Pluto, he bequeathed to the infernal manſions, not the ſouls nor the bodies, but the ghoſts, ſpectres, images, or ſhadows of the dead, which appearing to us, or ſeeming to do ſo, when we are aſleep, awake, or in our ſickneſs, ſtrike a terror into our minds. This was the opinion of Ennius; which Lucretius hints at in this place, and by the way takes occaſion to deride.

Ver. 154. He means ghoſts or ſpectres, which the ancients held to be a third nature, of which, together with ſoul and body, the whole man conſiſts.

Ver. 155. Homer, the Greek poet, is too well known to need any thing that we can ſay in his commendation. But Cicero in Lucullus mentions this dream of Ennius, "Viſus Homerus adeſſe Poetæ," Homer ſeemed to appear to the poet; and in the dream of Scipio, he ſays, "Fit enim ferè ut cogitationes ſermoneſque noſtri pariant aliquid in Somno, tale, quale de Homero ſcribit Ennius, de quo videlicet ſæpiſſimè vigilans ſolebat cogitare et loqui." For it often happens that our thoughts and words produce in our ſleep, ſomething like that which Ennius writes of Homer, of whom he waking was wont frequently to think and ſpeak.

Ver. 158. For Ennius uſed to ſay, that the ghoſt of Homer came to him from hell, and bitterly weeping diſcovered to him the nature of things: a folly for which Cicero ſufficiently laughs at him in his ſecond book of Academic Queſtions.

Ver. 159. Therefore to deliver his Memmius from all his fears, he tells him in ver. 8. that he will diſpute, not only of the heavens, of the gods, and of the generation of things; all which he had before promiſed to do; but that he will explain beſides the nature of the ſoul, and what thoſe things are which affect us to that degree, ſometimes when we are awake, ſometimes when aſleep, that we think we ſee perſons long ſince dead, and hear them talking to us; from whence we believe that the ſoul exiſts after her ſeparation from the body.

Ver. 167. Having propoſed the argument of the following work, the poet, in theſe ten verſes, weighs the difficulty of it; and declares how hard a taſk it is to write in Latin verſe the philoſophy of the Greeks, that is to ſay, of Epicurus and his followers; as well becauſe of the poorneſs of the Latin tongue, as of the newneſs of the ſubject: he profeſſes, however, that he is willing to undergo any labour for the ſake of his beloved Memmius, whom he has undertaken to inſtruct.

Ver. 177. In theſe four verſes the poet declares, that thoſe cauſeleſs and empty fears, and that inward darkneſs which religion and ignorance have produced in the minds of men, cannot be diſpelled and chaſed away by any beams of outward ſunſhine; but by that philoſophy, that inſtructs us aright in the nature of things, and teaches the true cauſes of them.

Ver. 181. At length in theſe eleven verſes he enters upon his ſubject, and totally to overthrow all belief of Providence, he endeavours to prove, that things were originally made without the help of the gods; and therefore are not governed and adminiſtered by them: And that he may go on the more ſucceſsfully in his argumentation, he firſt of all lays down this principle: That nothing is made of nothing, which he is going to prove at large; for he had taken notice, that the belief of Providence ſprung from hence: That men had obſerved many things upon earth, and in the heavens, and not being able to diſcover the cauſes of them, immediately concluded that the gods had made them out of nothing; the falſity of which he undertakes to demonſtrate.

Thus we ſee, that Lucretius begins his philoſophy with the denial of the creation; and we ſhall find him very copious in his arguments to juſtify this abſurd opinion, but not one of them reaches his deſign: For though all things now riſe from proper ſeeds, and grow by juſt degrees; though they ſpring only at convenient ſeaſons of the year, yet how does this evince that theſe ſeeds were not the production of the Almighty word? But to confute his impious opinion, and demonſtrate that it is impoſſible matter ſhould be ſelf-exiſtent; that it cannot be ἀδιάφθορον τῷ Θεῷ, ſiſter to the Deity, as

Hierocles, " de Fato et Providentia," p. 10. ſays, the Platoniſts imagine, it is ſufficient to look abroad into the world, and ſee that ſtones and mud are not beings of infinite perfection; for whatſoever is αὐταύσε, ſelf-exiſtent, as Scaliger calls the Deity, can have no bounds ſet to its excellency: For what can hinder the utmoſt perfection in that being which depends only on itſelf? Now if he could have proved, that nothing is made of nothing, Providence had at once been overthrown; but the reader will eaſily diſcern, that after all his great labour, and the mighty buſtle he makes, he in effect proves no more than what no man denies; that is to ſay, that nothing within the compaſs and circumference of nature is produced from nothing. And, therefore, Lactantius, 2. Inſt. 10. ſpeaking of this argument of the Epicureans, had reaſon to ſay, " Sin autem intra naturæ vires contineri voluerit Epicurus, non eſſet cur à nobis non laudaretur. Conſtat enim ex nihilo nihil fieri poſſe naturæ viribus." If Epicurus would be content, that this propoſition ſhould be interpreted to extend no farther than to things within the ſtrength of nature, we ſhould have no reaſon not to approve it: For it is moſt certain, that nothing is made of nothing by the ſtrength and power of nature. There is not, therefore, any reaſon to fear whatever arguments can be brought againſt the power of God, ſince thoſe which the moſt penetrating wit of Lucretius has been able to advance, are ſo weak; for if his impious doctrine could have been defended, he certainly was capable of defending it:

——————Si pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, certe hac defenſa fuiſſent.

Ver. 192. Epicurus, in the epiſtle to Herodotus, has comprehended in a few words this firſt argument, which Lucretius brings to prove, that nothing is made of nothing, οὐδὲν γίνεσθαι ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος, πᾶν γαρ ἐκ πάντος ἐγίνεσθαι ἄν, ασπερμάτων δὶ οὐδὲν προσδεόμενον· which is exactly what Lucretius ſays more at large in theſe eighteen verſes. If things were produced from nothing, then every thing would proceed from every thing: there would be no need of ſeed, but men would ſtart up out of the earth, beaſts and fiſh would drop out of the ſky, &c. Now ſince all things do not proceed from all things: but certain proper ſeeds are neceſſary, he rightly concludes, that nothing is produced from nothing. Nor indeed can any thing be objected againſt this argument, inaſmuch as it extends only to things within the power of nature; for ſo far it holds good, but no farther.

Ver. 210. The preceding argument, to prove that nothing is made of nothing, was brought from the firſt riſe and beginning of things. He now in twelve verſes proves the ſame propoſition by another argument, drawn from the conſtant and never changing effects of the ſeaſons in which the things are brought forth. For why ſhould roſes be produced only in the ſpring, why fruits in ſummer, and grapes in autumn, and not any or all of them in winter, if matter contributed nothing to their production, ſince there is not a greater diſpoſition in one ſeaſon of the year than in another, to produce any thing out of nothing? This argument likewiſe holds good, taking it to extend no farther than to things within the ſtrength of nature.

Ver. 216. He means in the ſpring; the ſeaſon

When firſt the tender blades of graſs appear,
And buds, that yet the blaſts of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year. *Dryden.*

Ver. 222. His third argument, contained in theſe nine verſes, is brought from the natural growth of things. For if things were made of nothing, what hinders them from growing bigger out of nothing likewiſe? And thus there would be no need of time for them to attain to the height of their perfection, and fullneſs of growth; at leaſt, in a moment of time, a new-born babe might ſtart up into a ſturdy youth, &c. For things grow ſlowly and by degrees, becauſe they are increaſed by a certain matter, and by certain principles, which in one inſtant of time can neither be aſſembled, diſpoſed in due order, nor joined together. Since, therefore, all things are nouriſhed, and grow by the help of proper ſeed, they muſt of neceſſity be produced from proper ſeeds likewiſe. This argument too is valid, provided ſtill it be not extended to things above the power of nature.

Ver. 231. Theſe eight verſes contain his fourth argument, which he has taken from the neceſſity of food and nouriſhment, and is no leſs cogent than the others. For ſince the earth can bring forth nothing without rain; and ſince animals, when deprived of food and nouriſhment, can neither propagate their kinds, nor even ſupport their own lives; who can be ſo weak as to believe, that either animals, or the fruits of the earth, are produced out of nothing, it being moſt evident, that matter is eſſentially neceſſary for the production and nouriſhment of all things? Nay, we ought rather to conclude, that there are certain ſeeds, of which things are compoſed, as words are of letters.

Ver. 239. His fifth argument, in theſe fourteen verſes, is taken from the fixed and determinate ſize and duration of things: For if men, for example, were produced of nothing, whence comes it to paſs, that they are conſtantly ſo weak and little? Whence proceeds this ſhortneſs of life, and the other inconveniences and imperfections of mankind: But admit, that men proceed from certain ſeeds, and of a certain matter, and all thoſe things will be eaſily accounted for, and even appear neceſſary and unavoidable.

This argument holds good with the ſame reſtriction as the former; but not without ſome diſtinction: For nature ſeems to have preſcribed no bounds to the ſize of ſome inanamate things. Fire, for example, if you continue to ſupply it with ſtill more and more fuel, it ſtill grows bigger and bigger: But to all things that have life, to plants as well as animals, nature has fixed certain bounds of growth and magnitude: For things

grow by the ſtrength of natural heat only; which leſſens by degrees, when either through failure of ſtrength, or the oppoſition of contraries, it can diffuſe and ſpread itſelf no farther; beſides it decays and grows weak with age.

Ver. 240. Lucretius ſeems to allude to the fable of Polyphemus, of whom Virgil, Æn. 3. ver. 364.

———graditurque per æquor
Jam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.

———Through ſeas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmoſt billows touch'd his ſides.
Dryden.

Ver. 243. As the giants were feigned to be; of whom, Virgil, Georg. i. ver. 288.

Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelio Oſſam
Scilicet et Oſſæ frondoſum involvere Olympum.

Oſſa on Pelion they thrice ſtrove to call,
And on them would have heap'd Olympus too at laſt.

But this fable of the giants fight with the gods was not invented by the Greeks, but came from the eaſtern nations, and aroſe from the true ſtory of the building of the Tower of Babel.

Ver. 253. The poet had obſerved, that corn, trees, flowers, &c. are improved and bettered by human induſtry; from whence he brings his ſixth and laſt argument, to prove that nothing is made of nothing, and reaſons thus in theſe eight verſes. All this is occaſioned by certain hidden ſeeds For what would induſtry and labour avail, if thoſe things were produced from nothing?- It would indeed be vain and uſeleſs: And whoſoever ſhould undertake to cultivate nothing, would do nothing. Nay, what can hinder plants, that are produced from nothing, from improving and growing every year more fair and fruitful of their own accord?

Ver. 261. Hitherto Lucretius has been proving, that nothing is made of nothing. But now, in theſe two verſes, he propoſes another principle which is a conſequent of the former, viz. that nothing is annihilated, or reduced into nothing.

Ver. 263. In theſe ſeven verſes, he brings his firſt argument againſt the annihilation of things, and reaſons to this purpoſe, from the common reſolution of compound bodies. For, ſays he, if things reſolved into nothing, or were mortal in all their parts, there would be no need of force or violence to diſſolve any of them: But as every thing would be produced, and appear on a ſudden, without the endeavour or force of any other thing; ſo without the force or violence of any other thing likewiſe, every thing would periſh, not by a diſſolution of its parts; but withdrawn from our eyes, would vaniſh away in a moment of time, and thus reſolve into nothing. For the reaſon why force is requiſite to diſſolve each thing is, becauſe it conſiſts of ſeeds that remain after its diſſolution.

Ver. 270. His ſecond argument, to prove that nothing is reduced into nothing, is contained in theſe fifteen verſes. Animals, ſays he, which, as I have already proved, are not made out of nothing, are born daily, and die daily. The fountains perpetually ſupply waters, of which rivers and the ſea conſiſt, &c. Now whence could all theſe things proceed, if there were not ſome immortal ſeeds, that remain after the diſſolution of the bodies? For who is ſo void of ſenſe, as not to grant that the firſt matter of things, if it were ſometimes ſubject to periſh, muſt have been totally conſumed in the infinite ſucceſſion of years, that has paſſed away ſince the beginning of things; inſomuch, that nothing of it would be now left to repair and renew the things that are daily dying?

Ver. 277. For the Epicureans held, that the ſun and ſtars were fires, that required nouriſhment to feed and keep alive their flames; and that they were nouriſhed by the vapours and exhalations that riſe from the earth and ſea. Nor was this the opinion of Epicurus only, but of the Stoics likewiſe. Nay, we may trace this belief even to before the age of Zeno.

But to anſwer this queſtion of Lucretius, and give a probable reaſon of the perpetual ſupply of waters to fountains and rivers, we may have recourſe to the invention that Cowley found out to juſtify his

———Eternal fountain of all waves,
Where there vaſt court the mother waters keep,
And undiſturb'd by moons in ſilence ſleep;

And ſtabliſh an abyſs, or deep gulf of waters, into which the ſea diſcharges itſelf, as rivers do into the ſea; and thus there is a perpetual circulation of water, like that of the blood in human bodies; and this Lucretius himſelf owns in ſome meaſure, Book vi. ver. 627. For to refer the original of fountains to condenſation, and afterwards to a diſſolution of vapours under the earth, is one of the moſt unphiloſophical opinions in all Ariſtotle. Beſides, ſuch an abyſs of waters is very agreeable to the ſcriptures; for Jacob bleſſes Joſeph with the bleſſings of the heavens above, and with the bleſſings of the depth beneath; that is, with the dew and rain of heaven, and with the fountains and rivers that ariſe from the deep; and conformably to this, Eſdras aſks, What habitations are in the heart of the ſea, and what veins in the root of the abyſs? Thus too at the end of the deluge, Moſes ſays, "That God ſtopped the windows of heaven, and the fountains of the abyſs."

Ver. 285. In theſe thirteen verſes, he urges his third argument, and ſays, that it is evident, that nothing is annihilated, becauſe the ſame force is not ſufficient to diſſolve all things; for it is in vain for any man to object, that the ſame force cannot diſſolve all things, becauſe the principles of bodies are joined together by different textures. For what would that diſparity of texture avail, what even the principles themſelves, if they can be reduced into nothing, are not able to reſiſt, or hold good even againſt the ſlighteſt touch? But admitting there are certain principles, which are eternal, then indeed a reaſon may be given from the diſſimilitude of their contexture with one ano-

ther, why the same force is not alike sufficient to dissolve all things.

Ver. 291. For the eternity of the seeds alone would signify nothing, unless there were a dissimilitude of them likewise, without which there can be no union or connection of things; and, therefore, though the first bodies were eternal, yet the compounds would not, for that reason only, remain entire one moment of time.

Ver. 298. But because there are many things which, as they dissolve, vanish both from our sight and touch, to that degree, that they seem totally to perish, he, in these eighteen verses, obviates that objection, and shows, that even the rain, which, when it falls upon the earth, dries away, and chiefly may seem to vanish, does not, nevertheless, perish, but supplies matter for the growth of all manner of plants and trees, and to enable them to bring forth their several fruits in great abundance, for the nourishment and support of men, birds, and beasts. We cannot, therefore, believe, that the least particle of the showers entirely perishes, since so many excellent things are renewed and repaired by them. Lastly, He concludes, that nothing returns to nothing, since nature produces one thing out of another, and never any thing new; but makes use of the matter of another thing that had been dissolved before. See the note on v. 957. B. ii.

Ver. 314. This agrees with the maxim of Aristotle, lib. i. "de generat et corrupt." Ἡ τοῦδε φθορὰ, ἄλλου γένεσις, ἡ τοῦδε γένεσις ἄλλου φθορά. The corruption of one thing is the generation of another, and the generation of one thing is the corruption of another.

Ver. 316. But that he may not dispute to no purpose, while his Memmius will perhaps distrust the validity of all the arguments he has hitherto brought to establish his atoms, because those eternal principles and seeds of things, in themselves, and apart from the bodies which they compose, are imperceptible to the sense, and, by reason of their exility, too small and subtle not to escape the sight, even of the sharpest and most piercing eye, he brings several instances of corporeal substances, to which no man denies an existence, though they are invisible to the eye. First, of the wind, in thirty-three verses, whose force and violence, says he, whoever thoroughly considers how it tosses and disturbs the sea, with what fury it drives the ships, &c. will acknowledge it to be corporeal, though no eye could ever discover its particles; and this too the more readily, if he reflects, that winds rush on in the same manner as rapid rivers do, when their waters are swoln with rain, and bear before them whatever opposes their course; and that rivers are bodies, the senses themselves most plainly demonstrate. Virgil seems to have imitated this description of a stormy wind, in the first *Æneid*, v. 86. and *Lucan*, lib. v.

Ver. 322. Virgil, Georg. i. ver. 318. describes the force of the wind in the like manner:

Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi;
Quæ gravidam late segetem a radicibus imis
Sublime expulsam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.

Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies;
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft, the lighter stubble borne:
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n;
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n.

Dryd.

And Georg. III. *ver.* 196.

Qualis, Hyperboreas aquilo cum densus ab oris
Incubuit; scythiæque hyemes atque arida differt
Nubila: tum segetes altæ campiq. nutantes
Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summæque sonorem
Dant sylvæ, longiq. urgent ad littora fluctus:
Ille volat, simul arva fuga, simul æquora verrens.

Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north;
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast,
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast:
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar,
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.

Dryd.

Ver. 333. Thus too Virgil describes the rapidity of the Po, *Georg.* i. *v.* 481.

Proluit insano contorquens vortice sylvas
Fluviorum rex eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta trahit—

Then rising in his might the king of floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And rolling onward with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.

Dryd.

And the violence of a Torrent, Æn. II. *ver.* 305.

——Ceu rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit argos, sternit sata læta, boumque labores,
Præcipitesque trahit sylvas: stupet insscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.

Thus, deluges descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow ear, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey.
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.

Dryd.

Ver. 349. In these eight verses, he farther teaches, that it is but reasonable to allow that there may be in nature certain corporeal principles imperceptible to the sight, since all men confess that there are such things as odours, sounds, heat, and cold, though no man ever saw any of them; and yet who doubts but that all of them are bodies, since they affect and move the senses, and consequently touch them? for the Epicureans held, that whatever could touch, or be touched, that, and that only, was truly a body.

Thus Ariſtotle, lib. iv. Phyſ. auſc. σῶμα οἴονθαι εἶναι πᾶν ἅπτον· They believe whatever can be touched to be a body. Hence Epicurus in Laertius, lib. x. calls the void which is oppoſed to body, a nature free from touch, which opinion, Lucretius follows in this verſe:

Tangere enim et tangi niſi corpus nulla poteſt res.

Nought but a body can be touch'd, or touch.

Ver. 357. He brings another example of an inviſible body, in theſe ſix verſes: Water, ſays he, is a body, and yet experience teaches, that it is ſometimes divided into particles too ſmall to be ſeen. Linen or woollen clothes, ſpread abroad near the ſea, will grow damp, and the heat of the ſun will dry them again; yet no man ever ſaw thoſe particles of water, either riſing from the ſea, and fixing themſelves in the clothes, or retiring from them.

Ver. 363. In theſe ten verſes, he gives ſeveral other inſtances to the ſame effect: Rings grow thin with long wearing; drops of rain, by often falling on ſtones, will make them hollow; the pavement of the ſtreets wear with treading on them; nay, we ſee that even braſs ſtatues will wear with frequent touching. Now, from all theſe things thus worn and diminiſhed, certain corporeal particles muſt fly away, though, whoever ſees them muſt be ſharper ſighted than "aut aquila, aut ſerpens epidaurius:" either an eagle or a ſerpent.

Ver. 364. Ovid ſays this admirably well in lib. iv. de Pon. Epiſt. x.

Gutta cavat lapidem, conſumitur annulus uſu,
Et teritur preſſa vomer aduncus humo.

Which he moſt certainly took from our author.

Ver. 367. He ſpeaks of the images of the tutelar or guardian gods, whoſe right hand whoever came into the city or went out of it, was wont to kiſs, "boni ominis cauſa," for good luck's ſake. Yet I know not one ſingle paſſage in any of the ancient authors that mentions or confirms this cuſtom; but it is ſo plainly deſcribed here that we have no room left to doubt of it. Why the ancients uſed to kiſs the right hand rather than the left, Varro teaches, in Excerpt. ex Servio in I. Æneid.

Ver. 373. In the laſt place, he teaches, in the eighth verſe, that certain corporeal particles are added to things that grow and increaſe, and taken from thoſe that decreaſe and diminiſh; but that thoſe particles too are inviſible even to the ſharpeſt eye. Epicurus has expreſſed all this very briefly in the epiſtle to Herodotus: πᾶν τε μέγεθος μὴ εἶναι ωερι ἄτομους; the atoms have no magnitude; and, οὐδέποτε γεῖν Ἄτομος ὄφθη αἴσθησει· for an atom is not viſible to the ſenſe. But Democritus believed that ſome atoms may be very big.

Ver. 381. Having thus proved that there are certain corporeal principles of things, he is now going to enter upon another ſubject, and in the ſixth verſe he teaches, that, in the univerſe, there is another thing beſides body, that is, a void, which void he thus defines; a place untouched and empty, that is to ſay, a ſpace that neither touches, nor is touched, that can neither act nor ſuffer. Thus in Book iii. ver. 781, he ſays:

Or elſe becauſe, like empty ſpace, 'tis ſuch
As is ſecure from ſtroke, or free from touch.

Laertius, lib. x. ſays, that Epicurus called the void an intangible nature, and a region. Empiricus, lib. ii. adv. Phyſ. ſays, that it is called an intangible nature, becauſe of its being exempt from all impulſe by touch; or, to uſe the words of Arnobius, lib. vii. adv. Gent. "quod omni tactu ſit incontigua," that is to ſay, becauſe it makes no reſiſtance to touch. Thus Epicurus and Lucretius call that only a void which is incorporeal in its nature, that is, which can act nothing, nor ſuffer nothing, but only yields a free paſſage through itſelf to all bodies. Now, Empiricus ſays, that they called this intangible nature a void, becauſe it is deſtitute of body; a ſpace, becauſe it contains bodies; and a region, becauſe bodies are moved in it. Thus Ariſtotle, 3 Phyſ. vii. defines the void, a place in which nothing is; that is to ſay, as he himſelf explains it, a place in which nothing corporeal, no body is. He goes yet farther, and ſays, that it is a property of the void to be full and empty; full when it is; filled with body, empty when it is void of all body, almoſt in the ſame ſenſe as we commonly ſay a veſſel is full when it is filled with any liquor, but empty when there is no liquor in it, unleſs in the empty veſſel, the air, which is a body, ſupplies the place of the liquor, by which means the veſſel is not entirely empty, but would be empty if neither the air nor any other body came into it. This being premiſed, will help us to underſtand the following arguments of Lucretius, by which he ſtrives to prove, that there is a void in the univerſe.

Ver. 387. The firſt argument to prove a void, is contained in theſe fifteen verſes, and, the better to comprehend the force of it, imagine the univerſe, if there be no void or empty ſpace interſperſed in it, to be a vaſt heap of matter, thronged, crowded, conſtipated, and wedged in on all parts to ſuch a degree, as not to be capable of receiving into its bulk the leaſt corpuſcle whatever; for, if there be nothing that is not full, then no place remains to be filled; therefore, either a new body will not be admitted, or it will be placed in the very place that is already taken up by ſome other body: and thus the ſame place will contain two different bodies, that muſt be penetrating into each other on all ſides, which no man will pretend is poſſible to be done by the force of nature. By this we ſee too, whether it be poſſible for any one of the bodies that are ſeated in that immenſe maſs of matter to be moved out of its place, and to take the place of another. Certainly, if it find a place already full, it muſt of neceſſity drive away the body that poſſeſſes and fills that place. And if all things are full, whither ſhall that body be driven? Shall that again thruſt away another? The ſame difficulty will re-

turn upon us, and be continued for ever; therefore, unless there were a void interspersed in all things, all things would be crowded to such a degree, that not only nothing in the whole universe could be moved from its place, but it would be even impossible to give a reason, and explain how any thing can be generated because a local motion is absolutely necessary for the generation of all things: and without a void there can be no motion whatever: nothing could move any more than do those flints and shells, that are sometimes found in the very heart of huge stones, and in the entrails of the hardest rocks. Aristotle, in 4 Phys. 6. offers almost the same argument, which he had collected from Democritus and Leucippus, whose opinions Epicurus followed. Δοκεῖ αὐτῷ, says Laertius in Democritus, speaking of that philosopher, τὰς ἀρχὰς εἶναι τοῦτ' ὄλων ἄτομος καὶ κενὸν. He believed atoms and void to be the principles of all things; but Epicurus more truly held, that the void affords nothing besides place and discrimination; and, indeed, though it be mixed with all bodies, yet it is in no wise to be admitted as any constituent part of them; and, therefore, Plutarch wittily expresses body by τὸ ὄν, and void by τὸ μηδὲν, as if he had said, body is something, void nothing, which sense we must be sure to bear in mind, and carry about with us, in order to comprehend a right and true meaning of our poet.

Ver. 412. In these thirteen verses is contained his second argument, by which he proves, that there is a void, because some bodies penetrate into, and distil through the things that seem to be most solid. Thus water soaks through stones; nourishment conveys itself into all the members of animals; the sap rises into the trunks and branches of trees; sounds pierce through walls; and cold penetrates the flesh and nerves, nay, even into the very bones; none of which could ever be, were there not between the particles of those solid things, some small void spaces, through which those bodies work their way.

Ver. 415. The third argument to prove a void takes up these ten verses, and is brought from the different weight of things that are of the same bulk and figure. And, indeed, why of two bodies of a like size and shape should one weigh more than the other, except because in one of them there is more of body to which weight is natural, and the other more of void, which has no weight at all.

Ver. 425. But because some, and among them Aristotle, lib. 4. Phys. 7. Cic. lib. 4. Academ, et Seneca, lib. 2. Nat. Quæst. 7. endeavour to elude the force of these arguments, by objecting, that there is no need of a void for the motion of bodies, since in a full, bodies may officiously give way to one another; because whatever body is moved, leaves a space to be possessed by that body, which it thrusts out of its place as water gives way to the fish that swim forward, and strait flows into the place they left. But Lucretius answers, that unless the water gave way, the fish could not move forward, nor open themselves a passage, or leave a space behind them; but the water could not give way, unless there were an empty place for it to retire to. And therefore we must allow a void mixed with bodies, or deny the possibility of all motion whatever.

Ver. 439. These six verses contain his fourth argument; which indeed is strong and valid. For if two smooth broad bodies meet, and are parted on a sudden, a void will be caused by their dissilition. For all manner of matter must have been compressed and driven away by the meeting of those two bodies, and therefore the space that opens between them, as they part, will be void of all body: for what can fill it up? Shall the air, or any subtle matter? Impossible: for how subtle soever you imagine the matter to be, you nevertheless leave a void, because that air or subtle matter, whatever it be, cannot be imagined to possess and fill up in one instant of time all the space that two such broad and flat bodies will disclose, and lay open at parting.

Ver. 445. Our translator has rendered this passage of his author a little obscurely: but the meaning of Lucretius is this. It may, says he, be objected against my last argument, that when these two flat bodies meet, the air that is intercepted between the surfaces of them is condensed, or at least lies hid in the cavities of the surfaces of those bodies; for no bodies are perfectly smooth. Now when those bodies separate, the intercepted air is rarified, and possesses and fills up all the space that is disclosed and laid open by the separation of those parting bodies. But Lucretius answers this objection thus, urging still his former assertion: When these two bodies are separated, a void must of necessity be made, (for this cannot be denied, since they did, at least in some places, touch one another), and that void must be filled up again with air; and thus the foregoing argument holds good, and proves what it advances. However, he insists yet farther; at least says he, that intercepted air is not totally condensed, or even grant that it be so, yet it follows from that condensation that there is a void: because it is absurd to pretend, that one same heap of matter can take up more room at one time than it does at another, unless there were a void. Besides, from such a contraction and condensation of the air, this absurdity will follow, that what was before granted to be full, must now be empty; and, *vice versa*, what was empty, full: And even let it be granted, that such a compression of the disjoined and loosened parts of the air could be effected; yet even that would even be extremely distressed without an interspersion of void; for otherwise all things would be full, solid, and mere bodies, whose properties no ways admitting of penetration, could not possibly suffer the least condensation. This is the sense of the text of Lucretius, which the English does not fully express.

Ver. 455. The poet here tells Memmius, that he could allege many other arguments to prove a void: but he leaves it to him to gather the rest out of those he has mentioned: For, says he, it is with philosophers as with hounds; and when they

have once fallen upon the ſure trial of truth, they eaſily find her out in her moſt ſecret receſſes.

Theſe are the arguments Lucretius has brought to prove the two principles of Epicurus, body and void: that the former is ſenſe ſufficiently declares; and the latter is here evidently proved by two arguments (for the other are eaſily eluded): the firſt is drawn from motion; the ſecond, from the parting of two flat ſmooth bodies.

Plutarch, in his ſecond book, de Placitis Philoſophorum, roundly tells us, οἱ ἀπὸ Θάλεω φυσικοὶ πάντες μεχρὶ Πλάτωνος τὸ κενὸν ὑπέλαβον. All the natural philoſophers from Thales to Plato denied a vacuum. But Laertius, in the life of Diogenes Apolloniates, who lived in the time of Xerxes, declares that he pronounced τὸ κενὸν ἄπειρον. Void ſpace is infinite. For the antiquity of that opinion I ſhall not be ſolicitous, though the reaſons are ſtrong, and obvious enough to make it ancient; for what is more obvious than motion? And how neceſſarily this infers a vacuum, is very eaſily diſcovered. Motion is change of place, which change is impoſſible in a plenum; for whatever endeavours to change its place muſt thruſt out other bodies; and ſo if the full be infinite, the proturſion muſt be ſo; if finite, the endeavour is in vain, and therefore all muſt be fixed in eternal reſt, and Archimedes himſelf with his engine would not be able to move the leaſt particle of matter. Cartes, in the ſecond part of his Principles, propoſes a ſolution, much applauded by his admirers; but a little attention will find it vain, and weak, and contradictory to his own ſettled principles. For when a body moves in a ſtraight line, it muſt give the body that lies before it the ſame determination with itſelf; and how this determination ſhould alter, and the motion prove circular, neither Cartes nor his followers have condeſcended to explain. But grant (though the former reaſon has proved it impoſſible), that there may be ſuch an attending circle of ambient air, yet unleſs it be perfectly mathematical (a thing very hardly ſuppoſed), each particle will acquire another attending circle, and ſo not the leaſt fly ſtir her wing, unleſs the whole univerſe is troubled. To this may be added, that it is inconceivable how the moſt ſolid matter (for ſuch is his firſt element) can ſo ſoon altar its figure, or be ſo eaſily diſſolved, and fitted to the different ſpaces that lie between the little globules. We ſee gold and adamant reſiſt the roughest ſtroke; it is pains and conſtant labour that muſt diſſolve them; how then can we imagine this element will yield? But indeed Cartes propoſes his ambient attending circle, as the only way to ſolve the phenomenon of motion in a full, which he thought he had ſufficiently before evinced: but his arguments are weak and ſophiſtical. For, in the firſt of his Meditations, he never takes notice of impenetrability, in which the very eſſence of matter conſiſts: and in the ſecond part of his Principles, he miſtakes the notion of a void, and confounds ſubſtance and body. Take his own words: "Vacuum acem philoſophico more ſumptum, h. e. in quo nulla planè ſit ſubſtantia, dari non poſſe manifeſtum eſt ex eo quod extenſio ſpatii non differt ab extenſione corporis: nam cùm ex eo ſolo quòd corpus ſit extenſum in longum, latum, et profundum, rectè concludamus illud eſſe ſubſtantiam, quia omnino repugnat ut nihil ſit aliqua extenſio: idem etiam de ſpatio, quod vacuum ſupponitur, concludendum eſt; quod nempe cum in eo ſit extenſio, neceſſario etiam in ipſo ſit ſubſtantio:" It is manifeſt, that a void, taken after the manner of philoſophers, that is to ſay, in which there is evidently no ſubſtance, cannot be granted: becauſe an extenſion of ſpace, does not differ from an extenſion of body; for ſince we rightly conclude body to be a ſubſtance, for this reaſon only, becauſe it is extended into length, breadth, and depth, it being abſolutely contradictory to ſenſe and reaſon that there ſhould be an extenſion of nothing. We muſt likewiſe conclude the ſame of ſpace, which is ſuppoſed a void; that is to ſay, that ſince there is an extenſion in it, there muſt be a ſubſtance in it likewiſe. For void doth not exclude all ſubſtance, but only body; and ſubſtance and body, are not convertible in the full latitude of an univerſal propoſition.

Secondly, It is evident, that when two ſmooth flat bodies are ſeparated by a perpendicular force, the ambient air cannot fill all the ſpace at once; and therefore there muſt neceſſarily be a void, and this Mr. Hobbes, a great pleniſt, in the ſecond of his Ten Dialogues, freely confeſſes would follow, if the bodies were infinitely hard; but ſince nature knows no ſuch, any bodies, though perfectly ſmooth, may be ſeparated by a force that overcomes their ſolidity, and yet no vacuum enſue. A pretty invention, but extremely diſagreeable to the phenomenon: for in the exhauſted receiver, where there is no prop of under air left to ſuſtain it, the lower marble falls by its own weight. Mr. Hobbes adds another argument, which is of no force againſt the vacuiſt, but overthrows his own notion of a material deity: theſe are the words. He that created natural bodies, is not a fancy, but the moſt real ſubſtance that is; who being infinite there can be no empty place were he is, nor full where he is not.

Now the other reaſon of Lucretius are inſufficient; for that drawn from the different weight of bodies, would infer immenſe vacuities in the air, which is two thouſand times lighter than gold (ſee Gliſſon. de Subſtantia, c. 26.) and that from rarefaction and condenſation is not cogent, though it is the moſt rational opinion, and more agreeable to the mind of Ariſtotle, than that which is commonly propoſed as his, in Categoria Qualitatum, Πυκνὸν μὲν καὶ τῷ τὰ μόρια συνεγγὺς εἶναι ἀλλήλοις, μανὸν δὲ τῷ διεστάναι ἀπ' ἀλλήλων. That is denſe, between whoſe parts there is a cloſer; that rare between whoſe particles there is a looſer connection.

Ver. 472. In theſe ſeven verſes he briefly recapitulates what he has been proving in the former arguments: and, to confirm them, adds, that ſenſe itſelf evinces the truth of them; and that nothing exiſts of itſelf beſides body and void. Thus, too, Epicurus in the epiſtle to Herodotus, τὸ πᾶν ἐστι τὴ μὲν σῶμα, τῇδε κένον· the ALL is partly body partly void. And Cicero, in 2. de Nat. Deor.

"Omnia quæ ſecundum Naturam Corpus & Inane docet Epicurus." Epicurus teaches that all things in nature are body and void. And this doctrine of his, though particularly deſigned againſt thoſe who take accidents into the number of real beings, yet has a farther reach, and endeavours to overthrow the belief of immaterial ſubſtances; for an Epicurean perception being nothing elſe but imagination, as ariſing from the ſtroke of a piece of matter, he had no way left to get a notice of any ſuch being, but by ſome deduction from thoſe appearances, of which his ſenſes had aſſured him: thus, from motion he infers that there is ſpace; and that being once ſettled, he proceeds to the ſolidity of atoms. Now, though the very ſame method, with leſs attention, had forced him to acknowledge ſubſtances immaterial, and to have made the univerſe more complete by another kind of beings; yet it was hard to thwart the genius of his maſter, to ſtart new fears that might diſturb his ſoft hours, and amaze himſelf with melancholy thoughts of a future ſtate. And therefore, to ſilence the clamours of his reaſon (for he could not but ſee ſuch plain conſequences), he ſecures motion as a property of matter neceſſarily reſulting from weight; and this I take to be the baſis of the Epicurean atheiſm, which once removed that tower of Babel, which now riſes ſo proudly as to brave Heaven, muſt be ruined and overthrown. For, if matter as ſuch, is deſtitute of that power, the inference is eaſy, that there muſt be ſome other being to beſtow it. This cannot be ſpace: and, therefore, another kind of ſubſtance is required; and hence follows all that train of conſequences, of which the Epicureans are ſo afraid. For he that firſt moves the matter, has no reaſon to ceaſe from his operation; and ſo muſt ſtill govern and direct it. And Providence is nothing elſe but an orderly preſervation of that frame which it firſt raiſed: and, if there is ſuch a director, how eaſily it follows, that he would diſcover his pleaſure to man, and preſcribe rules how he may be happy? And this makes a fair way for revealed religion; and that neceſſarily infers a future ſtate. This, methinks, is a conſiderable advantage of natural philoſophy, that it can proceed from ſuch ſenſible things, and plainly ſhows us the τὸ ἀόρατον τοῦ Θεοῦ, the inviſible things of God, in theſe his viſible operations. Now, that weight is not a property of atoms, will be afterwards demonſtrated; and ſo another ſort of beings proved againſt the Epicureans.

Ver. 480. In theſe ſix verſes, he proves, that nothing exiſts of itſelf beſides body and void: becauſe, whatever is, is endowed with ſome quantity, great or ſmall. Now, if it can be touched, and hinders motion, it muſt be body; if it cannot be touched, and does not obſtruct motion, it muſt be void. Therefore, there is no third nature; and whatever is, is body or void

Ver. 486. In theſe ſeven verſes, he again proves, that nothing exiſts of itſelf but body and void: for, whatever is, either has a power of acting on another; or may ſuffer from another, that is to ſay, it muſt be ſubject either to action or to paſſion. And that muſt be a body (for whatever acts or is acted on, touches, or is touched), or elſe it muſt be that in which things are contained, and in which they are made and moved; and that is the void. Therefore, there is no third kind of things that can be perceived by the ſenſe, which teaches that body is, or comprehended by reaſon, which demonſtrates that void is.

Ver. 493. But, foraſmuch as many things are ſaid to be, beſides body and void; as war is, peace is, heat is, &c. Leſt errors ſhould ſpring and get footing from this common way of ſpeaking, he obſerves, in theſe ten verſes, that all ſuch things are either conjuncts, or events of body and void. Conjunct (σύμπτωμα, or proper accident), is what cannot be abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject: ſuch is heat in fire, moiſture in water, &c. But event (συμβεβηκὸς, or common accident) is what may be abſent or preſent, without the ruin or deſtruction of the ſubject; as war, poverty, concord, &c.

Ver. 503. Some, who were not offended that poverty, war, peace, &c. ſhould be ranked among the number of events, had a nobler idea of time. Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and others, taught that it is a body; but the Stoics believed it to be incorporeal. To all theſe Lucretius oppoſes the opinion of Epicurus, in theſe ſix verſes, which Gaſſendus thus explains: Time is an event attributed to things by the mind or thought only, according as they are conceived to perſevere in the ſtate in which they are, or to ceaſe from it, and to preſerve a longer or ſhorter exiſtence, and to have it, to have had it, or to be to have it. Now, Epicurus, becauſe he ſaw that time is ſomething beſides body and void, aſſerted, that it does not exiſt of itſelf; nor as a conjunct or event, but as the chief event of events; as Laertius poſitively ſays, lib. 10. He taught, therefore, that time exiſts not in reality, but only in the mind; and, therefore is, as I may call it, a being of the underſtanding. Hence Ariſtotle, 7. Metaphyſ. 1. defines time, "Numerus, qui abſque ratione numerante, nullus eſt," which is as much as to ſay, that it has no exiſtence but in the underſtanding. Now, the reaſon why Epicurus held time to be an event of events, or an accident of accidents, was, becauſe it depends upon days, nights, hours, paſſions, exemption from paſſions, motions and reſt: for, as Empiricus ſays, adv. Phyſ. lib. 22. a day, a night, an hour, paſſions, exemption from paſſions, motions and reſt, are accidents to which time is adventitious only: for, day and night are accidents of the ambient air; and day happens from the illumination of the ſun; but night from the privation or abſence of the ſolar light. An hour, ſince it is a part either of the day or of the night, is likewiſe an accident of the air, as day and night are. But time is coextended with each day, each night, and each hour. Paſſions too, and impatibility or exemption from paſſions, that is to ſay, pains or pleaſures, happen to us: and, therefore, are not ſubſtances, but accidents of thoſe perſons who are affected with a ſenſe of them, that is to ſay, either with pleaſure or pain. Now, even

theſe accidents happen not without time. Moreover, motion and reſt are accidents of bodies, and nor without time neither: for we meaſure by time the ſwiftneſs and ſlowneſs of motion, and the length and ſhortneſs of reſt. Therefore, ſince in common acceptation, time is divided into three parts, the paſt, the preſent, and the future; the ſenſe, that is to ſay, the reaſon or underſtanding of the mind, comprehends all thoſe parts of time from the things themſelves: that is, we know the paſt time by things that are paſt, the preſent by the preſent, and the future by things to come. And without the motion or reſt of things, we can have no notice of time, ſince it is ſomething that is perpetually flowing. For the paſt time has already flowed away, the preſent is flowing, and the future is not yet flowed to us. Therefore, time exiſts not of itſelf. Thus Empiricus, whoſe text, for brevity's ſake, I have omitted And hence we ſee why, as Cicero 1. de Invent. ſays, "Difficile eſt Tempus dennire," it is difficult to give a definition of time: and St. Auſtin, 2. Confeſ. 24. "Si nemo ex me quærat, quid ſit Tempus, ſcio; "ſi quærenti explicare velim, neſcio." I know what time is if no man aſk me: but when I would explain it to any man that aſks me, I know not what it is. In a word, time does but meaſure other things, and neither works in them any real effects, nor is itſelf ever capable of any. And, therefore, what is commonly ſaid, that time is the wiſeſt thing in the world, becauſe it produces all knowledge; and that nothing is more fooliſh than time, which never retains any thing long, whatever is learnt to-day is often forgot to-morrow. And again, that ſome men ſee proſperous and happy days, while the days of others are miſerable. In all theſe and the like expreſſions, what is ſaid of time is not verified of time itſelf, but agrees properly to the things that happen in time; and which, by reaſon of ſo near a conjunction, either lay their burden on the back, or place their crown on the head of time: nay, the very opportunities which we aſcribe to time, do in reality adhere to the things themſelves with which time is joined. And, as for time itſelf, it neither cauſes things, nor opportunities of things, though it compriſe and contain them both.

Ver. 504. By fancy he means memory; for by memory we comprehend things paſt, and reaſon of things to come. Take away memory, the time paſt is nothing, and the future is not yet. And the preſent too, unleſs we remember and think of it, neither is, nor has any more a being, than either of the other two.

Ver. 509. I know not whether I ſhall be able to expreſs my meaning, ſo as to make myſelf, or this paſſage of Lucretius be plainly underſtood; but I will do the beſt I can. The poorneſs of the Latin tongue, obliges to uſe the verb, "Sum, es, eſt," &c. I am, thou art, he is, &c. in relating of things that happened in time paſt; when we would tell any thing that was done. Thus if any one ſhould ſay, "Victum eſt Ilium," Troy is conquered: ſome quibbler might preſently anſwer, Is conquered? therefore it is. In my opinion, this paſſage of our author, muſt, of neceſſity, be underſtood in this manner. Lucretius, therefore, in theſe eight verſes, ſolves this captious ſophiſm, occaſioned by the common way of ſpeaking, when we ſay that things paſt are done. For example, ſays he, The rape of Helen, and the deſtruction of Troy, are not at this time, nor do exiſt in themſelves as body and void do, but are, as it were, the events of things, of perſons, or of places, for the time paſt has ſwept away thoſe men, of whom theſe actions are events; whence it follows, that the time paſt is not any thing in itſelf, abſolutely and independent from things or countries, nor properly an event, but an event of events, as Epicurus himſelf expreſsly ſays, in the tenth book of Laertius. But whoever is of opinion, that theſe are dialectic trifles, is certainly much in the right: nor would Lucretius have condeſcended to amuſe himſelf with them, had not the Stoics, a moſt impertinent race of men, between whom and the Epicureans there was a mortal enmity, compelled him to it.

Ver. 510. Helena was daughter of Tyndarus, the huſband of Leda, who brought forth two eggs at a time: out of one of them, which ſhe had conceived by Jupiter, in the ſhape of a ſwan, were taken Pollux and Helena; out of the other, which ſhe had conceived by Tyndarus, Caſtor and Clytemneſtra But Horace, though contrary to the common opinion, ſays, that Caſtor and Pollux came out of the ſame egg.

Caſtor gaudet Equis: ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis——— *Sat. 1. l. 2. v. 26.*

Helena was very beautiful, and married to Menelaus king of Sparta. See the note on v. 519.

Ver. 517. He once more falls foul upon the ſophiſm: and in theſe ten verſes makes it appear, that things done in times paſt do not exiſt of themſelves, but are only events of body and void. For, if there had formerly been neither body nor void, thoſe things had never been done.

Ver. 519 *Pous.*] He was the ſon of Priamus king of the Trojans, and Hecuba; who, while ſhe was with child of him, dreamed that ſhe was delivered of a flaming torch: and the interpreters of dreams, being conſulted upon this occaſion, anſwered, that the burden ſhe carried in her womb, would be the cauſe of the deſtruction of Troy: upon which Priam gave orders, that the child as ſoon as born, ſhould be expoſed in the woods: but his mother took care to have him brought up privately in Mount Ida. At length, it being diſcovered who he was, by his brother Hector and his relations, he was ſent into Greece, where he was received at the court of Menelaus king of the Spartans, whoſe wife Helena he took away by the favour of Venus, and brought her to Troy. This was the cauſe of the Trojan war, and conſequently of the fall of that city. He was likewiſe called Alexander, by which name Lucretius here mentions him. He killed Achilles in the temple of Apollo the Thymbræan; and was himſelf ſlain not long after by Philoctetes.

Ver. 520. *Helen.*] Of whom ſee the note on v. 510.

Ver. 521. This ſtory is too well known to need any explication; but it was in the night-time that the Greeks went out of the belly of that wooden horſe, and ſet fire to Troy, when the city was buried in ſleep and wine, as Virgil expreſſes it, Æn. 2. v. 265.

Invadunt Urbem Somno Venoq. ſepultam.

Ver. 527. Having demonſtrated the two principles of nature, body and void; and having explained likewiſe the nature of the void, he comes now to diſpute more at large concerning bodies, which he divides into ſimple and compound: and in theſe twenty-three verſes, farther teaches, that the ſimple bodies, or the principles of the compounds are moſt ſolid, perfectly full, and contain no void whatever: for which reaſon they can never be broken, nor divided by any force or violence how great ſoever it be. At the ſame time he owns there is need of very ſtrong and convincing arguments to perſuade men to believe that any bodies whatever are perfectly ſolid and full; ſince we know for certain, that gold, braſs, ſtones, and all the other things that are thought to be moſt of all ſolid, are porous, and pervious to other bodies.

Ver. 529 Sextus Empiricus declares, that Epicurus hated the mathematics, and we may believe Lucretius follows his maſter, ſince, in his diſputes concerning the indiviſibility of atoms, he propoſes the popular argument againſt the known and demonſtrated property of quantity, infinite diviſibility. for as long as mathematics can boaſt any certainty, that muſt be acknowledged to be ſuch.

I ſhall not engage in this unneceſſary controverſy, though I believe thoſe common arguments againſt infinite diviſibility are empty ſophiſms, and a little attention (as whoever conſiders the method in which they are propoſed, muſt obſerve) will find them full of contradictions, and founded on abſurdities; for the indiviſibility of an atom proceeds not from the littleneſs, but the ſolidity: for ſince the atoms are of different figures, ſome triangular, ſome ſquare, &c. it is abſurd to imagine, that the mind, by which only atoms are perceived, cannot fancy a diagonal in the ſquare, or a perpendicular erected to the baſis of the triangle: yet from this mental to the phyſical diviſibility of an atom (as Cartes proceeds) is extremely weak and deficient. That there are ſome ſolid particles Lucretius has evidently proved: Theſe Democritus called πρῶτα μέγεθη. firſt magnitudes, Epicurus, Ἀτόμους. διὰ τὴν ἄλυτον στερρότητα. Atoms from their indiſſoluble ſolidity, but as Dionyſius in Euſebius Præp. lib 14. cap. 7. obſerves, ποσῶτον διεφόνησαν ὅσον ὁ μὲν, ἐλαχίστας πάσας, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ἀνεπαισθήτους ὁ δὲ Δημόκριτος, καὶ μεγίστας εἶναί τινας ἀτόμους ὑπέλαβεν, they ſo widely diſagreed, that Epicurus made all his atoms to be leaſts, and therefore inſenſible, but Democritus ſuppoſed ſome of his to be very great: Heraclides, Ὄγκους, tumid or maſſy But none of all his reaſons prove them unchangeable For, if ſolidity, i. e. immediate contact were a neceſſary cauſe of indiviſibility, it would follow, that no piece of matter could be divided, becauſe the parts that are to be ſeparated enjoy an immediate contact, and that contact muſt be between ſurfaces as large as atoms, or, at leaſt, ſome of their fancied parts. Beſides, let two hard bodies perfectly ſmooth be joined together in a common ſuperficies, parallel to the horizontal plain, and certain experience will aſſure us, that any force that is able to overcome the reſiſtance of the ſupporting air, will eaſily divide them. His other arguments are all unconcluding: for ſuppoſe the ſeeds not eternal, i. e. diviſible, it is a ſtrange inference, therefore beings riſe from nothing, ſince any body, and therefore one of theſe ſolid particles is not reduced into nothing by diviſion, but only into ſmaller parts: and the weakneſs of the reſt is ſo obvious, that I ſhall not ſpend time in declaring it.

Ver. 550. He has proved before that there are two principles of things, body and void, and that they are of very different natures. Now, who can deny, ſays he, but that theſe entirely different things ſubſiſt of themſelves. wholly diſtinct and apart from one another. For it is abſurd to ſay, that where void is, there body is likewiſe, and ſo on the contrary: from whence he infers, in theſe eight verſes, that the firſt bodies are perfectly ſolid and full; becauſe they ſubſiſt where there is no void.

Ver. 558. In theſe ſix verſes he aſſerts, that in all compound bodies, which he here calls *genita*, begot or engendered, there are little void ſpaces intermixed: and then he adds, that the firſt, or ſimple bodies, muſt be perfect ſolids, becauſe the maſs of thoſe ſimple bodies contains thoſe voids: and what can contain a void but a ſolid, unleſs any one will imagine that a void can contain a void?

Ver. 564. In theſe two verſes he teaches, that theſe ſolids cannot be broken by any force or violence, and therefore are indiſſoluble and eternal.

Ver. 566 Here he confirms the ſolidity of his atoms by another argument, contained in theſe eight verſes. For as the whole univerſe would be a full, if there was no void, which he has already proved to be abſurd ſo, on the other hand, if nothing were full, and conſequently perfectly ſolid, the ſame univerſe, immenſe as it is, would be all an empty ſpace; which would be no leſs incongruous and abſurd. Epicurus ſpeaks to the ſame effect in Plutarch de Plac Philoſoph lib. 1. cap 3 Ὅλη δέ ἐστιν ἄτομος στερρά, τε γὰρ ἰσχεῖα αἰεὶ ὄντα. καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ κενοῦ διορίζόμενα.

Ver 574. Having demonſtrated the ſolidity of atoms, he, in theſe ten verſes, aſſerts their eternity: for ſolids are perfectly full, contain no void, and, therefore, are not ſubject to diſſolution; becauſe every diviſible and diſſoluble body is ſuch, by reaſon of the void that is intermixed in the maſs of it, and that intercepts and breaks off the communication between its parts, and thus gives an entrance to ſome external power and force to ſeparate and disjoin them: but whatever is indiſſoluble and indiviſible is ſuch, becauſe it is perfectly full and ſolid, and becauſe it has no void, which might ſubject it to a ſeparation and diviſibility.

its parts. Epicurus to Herodotus, defines an atom, Πλήρη τίνα φύσιν, τὰ ἐκ ἔχοντα ὅπη, ἢ ὅπως διαλυέσθαι.

Ver. 564. To prove the eternity of his ſeeds yet more fully, he brings another argument from that common principle of the Epicureans, that nothing is made of nothing, and that nothing is reduced into nothing. This argument, contained in ten verſes, is to this effect. If the firſt ſeeds of things were diſſolved and periſhed, they would fall into nothing; for there are no principles prior to the firſt, into which they can be reſolved and thus the things that are daily born would ariſe from nothing. It muſt, therefore, of neceſſity be granted, either that the ſeeds are eternal, or that things proceed from nothing: and this the philoſophers held to be the greateſt abſurdity that any man could advance.

Ver. 592. In theſe two verſes, he concludes to this purpoſe: The firſt ſeeds of things are eternal, becauſe they are ſolid, and are ſolid, becauſe they are ſimple; for, unleſs they were ſimple, they would not be ſolid, becauſe all compound bodies have a mixture of void: unleſs they were ſolid, they would not be eternal, becauſe they might be diſſolved; and unleſs they were eternal, all things muſt have been produced from nothing, and would return into nothing. The impoſſibility whereof he has already demonſtrated.

Ver. 594. He proceeds, in theſe thirteen verſes, to ſhow that there is a certain and definite time appointed for the growth of all things; and, therefore, that the ſeeds, by which things are increaſed, are of a certain fixed magnitude, and indiſſoluble, nor can be broken to pieces: for, otherwiſe, having been broken and waſted for ſo vaſt a tract of time as is already paſt, they would have been reduced into parts ſo extremely minute, that they could never in any length of years, and therefore not in a few, be reunited and made again into one maſs. And this any man will acknowledge, who reflects, that it is a much eaſier taſk to divide and diſſolve things, than to renew and rejoin them together.

Ver. 607. He confirms the ſolidity of his atoms in theſe nine verſes. Now, becauſe it is manifeſt, that there are in nature hard and ſoft bodies, he declares, that if the principles are allowed to be ſolid, not only hard things may be made of them, as it is moſt evident they may, but ſoft things likewiſe; becauſe whatever is compounded of ſuch ſeeds, may become ſoft by the intermixion of void: but if the principles themſelves are allowed to be ſoft, then, indeed, ſoft things may be made of them; but no reaſon can be given, how any thing ſhould be hard, becauſe there would be no ſolidity in their compoſition: and ſolidity alone is the foundation of all hardneſs.

Ver. 616. In theſe fourteen verſes, Lucretius confirms the ſolidity of his atoms by another reaſon, taken from the manifold and never-failing conſtancy of nature; as well in always carrying on of animals to certain bounds of ſtrength, as in imprinting likewiſe always upon them the ſame diſtinguiſhing characters and marks of their reſpective kinds: which, indeed, ſhe could not do; but that ſhe makes uſe of principles, that are firm and conſtant, and therefore not obnoxious to diſſolution or change; for whence can proceed this ſo obſtinate conſtancy in ſeeds that are daily changed? And were they ſo indeed, neither men, nor any other animals, would retain the ſame uſual ſhapes; and ſome would enjoy a vaſt ſtrength and length of days, while others of the ſame kind, would be puny and ſhort-lived; we ſhould frequently ſee white crows, and ſometimes black ſwans.

Ver. 630. In theſe fourteen verſes, he employs another argument; which is, indeed, ſomething refined, and not underſtood by many. Seeds or atoms, according to Epicurus, are endowed with quantity; but all quantity has an extreme: now that extreme is the leaſt thing that can be conceived; nor does it ever ſubſiſt ſeparated, and diſjoined from the other parts; and of theſe leaſts the whole maſs of each atom is compoſed: but ſince the conſtituent parts cannot ſubſiſt when they are ſeparated from one another, they cannot be divided from one another; for whatever body can be disjoined from another, muſt be able to preſerve its being without the help and aſſiſtance of the body, from which it is parted: every ſeed, therefore, is of neceſſity ſimple and indiſſoluble; becauſe it conſiſts of parts, even the leaſt that can be conceived; and which no art or ſtrength can diſjoin, becauſe no art or ſtrength can reduce into nothing. For nothing goes into nothing.

To make this yet more eaſy to be underſtood, we muſt know, that the Peripatetics and Epicureans differed in many things, but chiefly in their opinions concerning theſe leaſts. For the Peripatetics held, that every compound body may be divided into infinite parts; and that no part can be made ſo ſmall, but that it may ſtill be made ſmaller. But the Epicureans believed, that no compound body can be divided into ſuch minute parts as may always be made leſs; but may, indeed, be divided into parts ſo ſmall, as cannot be divided any more; and conſequently no leſs parts can be made of them; ſo that they fix an end, and preſcribe bounds to the diviſibility. Thus we ſee, that the Epicureans held that every body may be leſſened to a point that can neither be ſeen, nor divided any more; but that is inviſible and void of parts: and this is what they call a leaſt, which is the firſt and the laſt part in all things; that is to ſay, is the firſt principle that nature reſerves for the creating and renewing of things, and likewiſe a ſomething laſt, into which they are reſolved: Now, becauſe the firſt principles are theſe leaſts, Lucretius argues, that the firſt principles are eternal, ſolid, and moſt ſimple.

Ver. 640. This muſt not be underſtood, that the atoms are compoſed of leaſts, as of parts, as if they were bodies compounded of an aggregation and connection of things, in like manner as all the other things of nature conſiſt of a coalition of atoms; but only in ſuch a wiſe, that they cannot by any means whatever be broken or diſſolved. We muſt, therefore, take care not to miſtake our

poet's leaſt for ſuch a mathematical point, as is repreſented without magnitude; which his principles enjoy, and figure likewiſe; and that, too, as infinitely variable, as the Peripatetics is diviſible. And theſe apices, or leaſts of things, may, perhaps, upon ſerious and ſpeculative diſquiſition, prove a notion to be hardly denied, whether phyſically or mathematically taken, as Gaſſendus demonſtrates at large; where he ſpeaks, "de non eſſe Epicuro magnitudinem infinitè dividuam," to which I refer the reader.

Ver. 644. He ſaid, in the laſt place, that ſeeds are compoſed of parts ſo ſmall, that they can ſcarce be conceived. But that ſuch leaſts are, he confirms in theſe twelve verſes, by that moſt known argument which all the philoſophers make uſe of. And here we may obſerve by the way, that Gaſſendus, in his explication of theſe verſes, performs the part of a maſter, rather than of an interpreter, and takes upon him to blame and correct the opinion of Lucretius, rather than to explain it: for if there be any force in this argument, if the words themſelves have any meaning, Lucretius evidently meant that theſe leaſts, of which he compoſes his principles, are mathematical. For that the atoms of Epicurus are endowed with magnitude, and, therefore, have parts, none can oppoſe, but they who are ſtrangers to his philoſophy, and do not know that Epicurus ever writ περὶ τῆς ἐν τῷ ἀτόμῳ γωνίας. This, then, is the meaning of Lucretius. The firſt ſeeds are indiſſoluble and eternal, not becauſe they are void of parts, but becauſe they are endowed with ſolidity; and, therefore, cannot be broken to pieces nor torn aſunder, or divided by any force whatever. If any one deſires to know what theſe parts are, the anſwer is, that theſe parts have no parts, and that they are mathematical. For unleſs ſuch leaſts be granted, there would be no inequality between the greateſt and the ſmalleſt thing; becauſe either of them would contain infinite parts alike, and thus both of them would be infinite: than which what can be more abſurd? For this reaſon Arceſilas laughed at the Stoics in their ſchools, about the leg of a man that was cut off, putrified, and thrown into the ſea, which, they aſſerted, might be ſo reſolved, and mixed with the waters of the ſea, that not only the fleet of Antigonus might ſail through that leg, but that even the twelve hundred ſhips of Xerxes, and the three hundred galleys of the Greeks might maintain an engagement in it. This, too, makes Plutarch deride Chryſippus, for believing that one drop of wine may be mingled with all the water of the ſea; and that a wing of the leaſt fly may be coextended throughout the whole ſpace of the ſky.

Ver. 656. The poet having explained the meaning of a mathematical leaſt, returns to his phyſical leaſt, which he imagines to be indiſſoluble and eternal; not becauſe of its exility, but by reaſon of its ſolidity. For if nature did not attain, ſays he, to the extremeſt reſolution; if ſhe did not divide and leſſen even to the minuteſt mites; the matter, of which things are compoſed, would be improper, and unfit to undergo all thoſe mutations, and to receive all thoſe figures, to which it muſt be ſubject and expoſed: for thoſe minute bodies, if they were connected of ſeveral parts, and contained any void within themſelves, could not, in the opinion of Epicurus, have an equal weight, nor an uniform motion: they would awkwardly, and, as it were with an ill will, obey any foreign and exterior ſtrokes; and, therefore, could in no wiſe be connected together.

Ver. 662. In theſe ſix verſes, he concludes for the ſolidity of his atoms, from what he has proved already. For he has demonſtrated, either that there muſt be ſome ſeeds from all eternity undiſſolved and unbroken, or that no thing whatever could have been produced, or at leaſt muſt have been produced of nothing. That things are produced, the ſenſes themſelves evince; and all men allow, that nothing comes from nothing: therefore, if there be no ſolids, which cannot be broken nor diſſolved, where can we find thoſe bodies, that have from all eternity remained undiſſolved and unbroken? For frail atoms, which are obnoxious to ſuch an infinity of ſtrokes and blows, in ſo long a ſpace of time, muſt of neceſſity have been diſſolved.

Ver. 668. Having hitherto laid down and eſtabliſhed the principles of Epicurus, he now attacks the opinions of other philoſophers; and, diſtributing all his arguments into two heads, he firſt falls upon thoſe, who believe and teach that but one of the elements only is the principle of all things: and, in the next place, argues againſt thoſe who aſſert more. Among the firſt he has ſingled out Heraclitus, who held fire to be the principle of all things, and beſtows ſixty-two verſes to confute his opinion: for he takes it for granted, that whatever arguments he brings againſt him, will hold good againſt the others likewiſe; ſince nothing can be oppoſed againſt his doctrine of fire, but with what equal reaſon will be concluſive, as to the air, or any other of the elements. And, indeed, ſays Gaſſendus, whoever weighs this matter fully, will believe this variety of opinions to be a mere game; for though the authors of them aſſert different poſitions, yet they only beat about the buſh, uſe a great circumſtance of words, and, at length, fall all of them into the ſame thing: for let any man make choice of which of the elements he thinks fit; he will get neither more nor leſs, nor be able to make good his opinion any otherwiſe than any other who has pitched upon any other of the elements; becauſe, whoever has but one of them, has nothing to do, but to condenſe and rarefy that; and he will preſently have all the reſt; ſo that it ſignifies nothing, whether this or that be firſt made uſe of.

Ver. 669. *Heraclitus.*] He was ſon of Blython or Heracion, and born at Epheſus in Ionia, 504 years before the birth of Jeſus Chriſt. He flouriſhed about the 69th Olympiad, in the reign of the laſt Darius. "Εδοξεν αὐτῷ πάντα ἐκ πυρὸς συνεστάναι, καὶ εἰς τοῦτο ἀναλυέσθαι. *Laert.* He taught that all things are made of fire, and reſolved again into fire. This was that philoſopher, who is reported to have wept ſo often at the vanities of other men; which, never-

theleſs, ſome ſay he did but diſſemble, out of an exceſs of pride and diſdain, being ſelf-conceited, and believing himſelf the only perſon in the world for profoundneſs of learning and wiſdom.

Ver. 669. *Vain Greeks.*] For Heraclitus had many interpreters, and a world of followers, who were called Ἡρακλειτείους, Heraclitians. *Laert. in Vit Herac.*

Ver 670. He writ many things in Greek verſe, and is often cited by Ariſtotle: but in all his writings he affected obſcurity. "De induſtria et conſulto occultè dixit Heraclitus." ſays Cicero, De Fin lib 2 Heraclitus ſtudied and affected to ſpeak obſcurely. And, in the third book of the Nature of the Gods, he ſays, that he would not be underſtood: "intelligi noluit." Hence he was ſurnamed Σκοτεινὸς, obſcure And in this ſays Menagius, and Laert Vit Heracliti, he imitated nature: Φύσις γὰρ κατ' Ἡράκλειτον κρυπτόσθαι φιλεῖ. For nature, according to Heraclitus, takes delight in being hid. *Themiſt. Orat.* 12.

Ver. 675. D'Avenant, ſpeaking of the ſchoolmen, ſays, that

With terms they charm the weak, and poſe the wiſe.

Ver. 676. In theſe ſeven verſes, he propoſes his firſt argument againſt Heraclitus: it cannot, ſays he, be conceived, how ſo great a variety of things, nay, how one thing only, that is endowed with different parts, ſhould be made and conſiſt of one ſimple and uniform principle: ſuppoſe it fire; yet, unleſs you mix ſome other things with it, you can make nothing of it but fire, for in what manner ſoever its parts are tranſpoſed and blended together, it will be always the very ſame thing, by reaſon of the ſameneſs of the nature of all its parts. And that none may eſcape by the ſubterfuge of condenſation and rarefaction, he confeſſes that it may be underſtood, how a thing may become more warm by the condenſation of the hot parts of fire, and leſs warm by their rarefaction; and that the reaſon of this is obvious: but that any thing ſhould become cold, nay, and moſt cold too, as we find many things in nature to be, from fire only, how can that be underſtood?

Ver. 679 Heraclitus, as we find in Laertius, to make good his hypotheſis, pretended that fire, by being condenſed, grows moiſt, and thus becomes air; that the air, by compreſſion, becomes water; that the water, by condenſation, is turned into earth, &c. But all this, ſays Lucretius, ſignifies nothing; for the more the fire is condenſed, the more it is fire. And the rarefaction will avail nothing; for rarefy fire as much as you will, it will ſtill be fire.

Ver. 683. In theſe twelve verſes he inſiſts, that they who favour the opinion of Heraclitus, cannot fly to condenſation and rarefaction, to juſtify their belief, becauſe they admit not a void, without which nothing can be made rare or denſe; as he has proved above, in ver. 450.

Ver. 695. But leſt there ſhould ſtill remain ſome means to eſcape and elude this argument, by pretending that the fire is extinguiſhed, and changed into another body, he urges, in theſe eight verſes, that that cannot be, unleſs it be granted that the fire retreats into nothing; becauſe a ſimple and uncompounded thing, as that element ought to be, if it is indeed the firſt and only matter of which all things are made, cannot be changed, except it totally periſh. For a compound body may be changed in ſuch a manner, that, ceaſing to be what it was, it may leave its remaining part; which having loſt its former ſtate, may take up and put on a new one; but a ſimple, or uncompounded body, cannot utterly loſe its nature; but it entirely dies: nor is it capable of any alteration, without a total perdition.

Ver. 703. He concludes in theſe fifteen verſes, that if any thing were to be generated out of the extinguiſhed fire, there muſt of neceſſity remain ſomething of it, which, having loſt and laid aſide the form of fire, may take up, and put on the form of that generated thing. But it is moſt evident, that it is the common matter, which Lucretius ſuppoſes to be uncorruptible corpuſcles, that by the various addition, detraction, and tranſpoſition of themſelves, can take up, and appear now in the form of fire, and now of any thing elſe. But to prove, that theſe corpuſcles are not fiery in their own nature, he gives this convincing reaſon: becauſe if they were, neither the addition, detractions or tranſpoſition would produce any effect: For if that nature of fire remain ſafe and untouched, nothing but fire can be made of it. Then he explains the opinion of Epicurus, that certain corpuſcles, which have no form perceptible to the ſenſe, are the principles of things; and that, from them meeting and conjoining in various manners, fire and all other things proceed.

Ver. 718. In theſe eight verſes, he appeals to the certainty of ſenſe, to confirm that all things do not conſiſt of fire. Heraclitus confeſſes, that he knows fire by the help of his ſenſes; and Lucretius urges that the ſenſes do as plainly perceive many other things of a quite different nature from fire, as they do fire itſelf; and that we ought to give always the ſame, or never any credit at all to the ſenſes. Then he briefly explains the opinion of Epicurus concerning a criterion. Of Heraclitus, ſee ver. 669.

Ver. 711. Heraclitus never denied, but that ſome things beſides fire appear, but he never granted them to be. This opinion Lucretius oppoſes, and therefore urges, that other things beſides fire truly are, and that even the ſenſes diſcover, and certainly know them to be.

Ver. 720. For Heraclitus allowed the certainty of the ſenſes, and yet deſtroyed that certainty in teaching that all things are fire: For if that were true, our ſenſes would perceive fire in all things; and yet they perceive no ſuch thing in an apple, in wood, in marble, &c.

Ver. 726. He adds in theſe four verſes, that if we look upon water, and many other things, and handle them, we ſhall evidently diſcover in them another, and that too a quite different nature from fire; from whence he infers, that there is no more reaſon to aſſert all things to be fire, than there is to reject fire, and ſay they are any thing elſe.

Ver. 730. In these three verses, he concludes concerning fire, or any other single element, against any of which the same objections will proportionably hold good; that they are horribly mistaken, who hold that fire, as Heraclitus, that air, as Anaximenes Milesius, that water, as Thales Milesius, or that earth, as Pherecydes, is the principle of all things.

Ver. 732. Among the philosophers, who held more than one of the elements to be the principles of all things, he has singled out Empedocles, and employs 108 verses to confute his opinion. Now whatever he objects against his doctrine, in asserting the four elements to be the principles of things, will be conclusive likewise against those other philosophers, who taught that all things are produced from two or three of them only. For if four cannot be thought sufficient, much less will a fewer number suffice. But that four, nay nor a much greater number of bodies, are not sufficient to produce so vast a variety of things, as are contained in the universe, will more evidently appear by what shall be said hereafter. In the mean while, it may be considered, that as from one letter you can have but one figure, as A; from two but two, as Am, Ma; from three, but six, as Amo, Aom, Mao, Moa, Oam, Oma; from four, but 24, as Amor, Amro, Mora, &c. from five 120, from six 720, from seven 5040, from eight 40320, from nine 362,880, from ten, 3,628,800, and so on, till you have completed the number of the twenty-four letters, as shall be said more at large in the note on book ii. ver. 643. So of one simple body, turn it ever so much, you can make but one body; of two bended together, but two; that is, to say, one compound; which, the more rare or dense it is, or the more it has of the one, or of the other, the nearer it will approach the nature of one, than of the other: And for the like reason, of three, but six: of four, but twenty-four, &c.; and change their positions, turn them and turn them again, and shift their places as often as you please, they will still be the same figures: and lastly, he concludes, that to produce such an innumerable variety of things, as are contained in the universe, an innumerable variety of elements or principles is likewise necessary.

Ver. 734. *Water.*] Thales, the Milesian, held water to be the first principle of all natural bodies; of which they consist, and into which they resolve. He endeavoured to establish this opinion by arguments drawn from the origin and continuation of most things. First, Because the seminal and generating principles of all animals is humid. Secondly, Because all kinds of plants are nourished by mere water; and when they want moisture, wither and decay. Thirdly, Because fire itself cannot live without air, which is only water rarefied; and the Sun and stars draw up vapours for their own nourishment and support. These were the considerations upon which he grounded his opinion: and hence it is easy to guess, that he kept up the credit of his school, rather by the riches he gained by his lucky conjecture of the scarcity of olives, than by the strength of reason and argument. Some, however, have not been wanting to father this philosophy on Moses; and Hippo and Theophrastus were of the same faith. Nay, Hippocrates himself lays great stress upon it: and of later days the great Sendivogius, and generally the most learned of the Spagirists; who own that water is really a very *παναυσρμία*, or universal principle.

Ver. 734. *Air and Fire.*] As Oenopides of Chios. Earth and water, as Xenophanes; but Armenides joined fire and earth; and Hippo of Rhegium, fire and water; and Onomacritus held that fire, water, and earth, all three together, are the principles of all things.

Ver. 736. *Empedocles.*] He was son of Meton, or, as others will, of Archinomus, and some say, of Exinetus; but all agree, that he was born, and lived at Agrigentum in Sicily. He was contemporary with Euripedes and Armenides. He flourished in the 84th Olympiad, about 404 years before J. C. He taught, that all things are made of the four elements, fire, water, air, and earth, and are resolved into the same again. To which he added two powers, amity and discord; the one unitive, the other discretive. Ἐμπεδοκλῆς Μέτωνος Ἀκραγαντῖνος τέτταρα μὲν λέγει στοιχεῖα, πῦρ, ἀέρα, ὕδωρ γῆν, δύο δὲ ἀρχικὰς δυνάμεις, φιλίαν τε καὶ νεῖκος, ὧν ἡ μὲν ἔστιν ἑνωτική, τὸ δὲ διαιρετικόν. Plutarch de Placit. Phil. l. 1. c. 3. See likewise Laertius, in Vita Emped. Achilles Tatius, in Arat. Phænomen. et Lactantius, lib. 2. Which last says, he derived this opinion from Hermes Trismegistus. These elements he called after this manner, fire he termed Jupiter, the air Juno, or as Laertius says, but not with so good reason, Pluto. The water Nestis, from *νασῖν*, to sow. The earth Pluto, or according to Laertius, Juno, i. e. Vesta. Consonant to this opinion of Empedocles, Ovid sings:

Quatuor æternus genitalia corpora mundus
Continet.——— *Metam.* xv. *ver.* 259.

For this eternal world is said of old,
But four prolific principles to hold. *Dryd.*

And again, ver. 244.

———Omnia fiunt
Ex ipsis, et in ipsa cadunt———

All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolved again.

Ver. 737. In these seventeen verses, he describes Sicily, the country of Empedocles, and praises that philosopher. Sicily is the largest of all the islands of the Mediterranean sea; it has been called by several names, and has had several different inhabitants. First, The Cyclops, who, as Cluverius says, de Sicil. lib. i. cap. 2. were the first who inhabited this island, which was then called Trinacria; and they dwelt chiefly about Mount Ætna, and in the Leontinian territory. Secondly, The Sicanians, a people of Spain, who dwelt on the banks of the river Sicanus, which, according to some, is the Segro, according to others, the Cinca; from them it was called Sicania. Thirdly, The Italians, who, under the command of Siculus,

drove the Sicanians into the weſt part of the iſland, and gave it the name of Sicilia; though ſome are of another opinion. Fourthly, Greeks and barbarians of ſeveral countries, who brought colonies into the iſland, and ſettled themſelves in it. Laſtly, It was ſubject to the Carthaginians, Romans, &c.

For the iſland of Sicily has three promontories or forelands. Pelorus towards the north, now called Capo di Faro, from Pharus, a watch-tower, or light-houſe, that is built upon it, to direct ſhips in their courſe: Pachynus, Capo di Paſſaro towards the eaſt, and Lilybœum, Capo di Marſalia, towards the ſouth and weſt, which made it triangular, almoſt in the form of a Δ Delta.

Ver. 738. That part of the Mediterranean, which lies above the Streights of the Adriatic, and extends itſelf between Crete and Sicily. Whence the Greeks divide the Ionian Sea into the Cretan and Sicilian, Plin. c. 11. l. 4. It ſurrounds a great part of Sicily, and received its name from Ionius, the ſon of Dyrribachius, whom Hercules killed unawares, and threw him into that ſea to perpetuate his memory: But Solinus will have it named from Ionia, a little country on the fartheſt ſide of Calabria: Lycophron, from Io the daughter of Inachus; and others from the Ionians, who often ſuffered ſhipwreck in that ſea.

Ver. 739. The ſea that divides Sicily from Italy is not above half a league over. Thoſe two countries were formerly contiguous, till about the days of Joſhua, as Faber has ſhown in his epiſtles, the force of the ſea divided Sicily from the reſt of Italy.

Ver. 740. Lucretius mentions only Charybdis, not Scylla; which is a rock in the ſea, between Italy and Sicily, on the Italian coaſt, off the promontory of Cœnys. It continually makes a roaring noiſe, by reaſon of the rough and tempeſtuous waves of that ſea, which are always beating into its hollows and daſhing againſt it. It is now called Sciglia, and took its name from σκύλλω, I vex or diſturb. Charybdis, now called Calcfaro, is a gulf or whirlpool, almoſt oppoſite to Scylla, on the coaſt of Sicily: from χάσχω, I gape, and σιφῶ, I ſwallow: it ſucks in the waters, and belches them out again with violence. Scylla is ſaid to be the daughter of Phorcus, and changed by Circe into a monſter, whoſe upper parts retained the form of a woman, and whoſe lower parts were transformed into dogs, by whoſe barking the poets expreſſed the roaring of the waves, and fabled that the monſter lay hid in the rock, and allured ſhips thither, which by that means were caſt away. Charybdis, they ſay, was a notorious harlot and thief together, who having ſtolen ſome oxen from Hercules, Jupiter ſtruck her with a bolt of his thunder, and threw her into the ſea, where ſhe was changed into a whirlpool. Virgil, Æn. iii. v. 420. deſcribes them thus:

Dextrum Scylla latus lævum implicata Charybdis
Obſidet; atque imo barathri ter gurgite vaſtos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rurſuſq. ſub auras
Erigit alternos, et ſydera verberat unda.
At Scyllam cæcis cohibet ſpelunca latebris,
Ora exſertantem, et naves in ſaxa trahentem:
Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus: poſtrema immani corpore priſtis,
Delphinum caudas utero commiſſa luporum.

——————In the ſtreights
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides;
Charybdis, roaring on the left preſides;
And in her greedy wirlpool ſucks the tides:
Then ſpouts them from below; with fury driv'n
The waves mount up, and waſh the face of heav'n.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws
The ſinking veſſels in her eddy draws,
Then daſhes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin's boſom hide her tail's diſgrace:
Her parts obſcene below the waves deſcend,
With dogs enclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
Dryden.

Thus the fables; but Cluverius, who went on purpoſe to Meſſina to be ſatisfied, and learn the nature of this whirlpool, ſays and proves, lib. 1. c. 5. "de Sicilia antiqua," that though it be ſhown near Meſſina, and called Califaro and la Rema, yet the whole ſea is tempeſtuous and full of whirlpools: and he commends Thucydides, for giving the name of Charybdis to all that ſea, lib. 4. where he ſays, that the ſtreight between Rhegium, now called Rezzo, and Meſſina, where Sicily is leaſt diſtant from the continent, is the ſea that is called Charybdis, through which Ulyſſes is ſaid to have ſailed, καὶ ἔστιν ἡ χαρύβδις ἀληθέσα, τοῦτο, &c. And this is the reaſon why ſome place Charybdis near the Cape of Pelorus, and others near Meſſina. Homer deſcribes it under a rock ſhaded with wild fig-trees, and as a gaping gulf of whirling waters; but, in truth, it is only the impetuous current of the ſea, that flows in with greater violence from the north than from the ſouth; and whoſe billows, when adverſe winds ſtruggle with one another, eſpecially when the ſouth ſea rages, are driven into the ſtreights; and being there compreſſed in a narrow ſpace, and daſhing with violence againſt one another, and againſt the rocks and ſhores, are by that conflict twiſted into whirls, and cauſe that noiſe and roaring.

Ver. 742. *Enceladus.*] He is ſaid to be the hugeſt of the giants that fought againſt the gods. He was the ſon of Titan and Terra; Jupiter killed him with thunder, and threw Mount Ætna upon him: Thus Virg. Æn. iii. ver. 578.

Fama eſt, Enceladi femuſtum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemq. inſuper Ætnam
Impoſitam, ruptis flammam exſpirare caminis:
Et ſeſſum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure trinacriam, et cœlum ſubtexere fumo.

Enceladus, they ſay, transfix'd by Jove,
With blaſted wings came tumbling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid iſle, and ſmoke the heavens hides,

Which may ſerve to explain this paſſage of our tranſlator; for Lucretius makes no mention of Enceladus.

Ver. 744. *Ætna.*] A mountain in Sicily, of which Lucretius diſputes at large in book vi. ver. 675. See that place and the notes upon it.

Ver. 750. The ancients were in doubt whether they ought to rank Empedocles among the philoſophers, or among the poets; ſo elegant was the poem which he writ of the Nature of Things. Ὁμηρικὸς Ἐμπεδοκλῆς, καὶ δεινὸς περὶ φράσιν γέγονε, μεταφορικός τε ὤν, καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις τοῖς περὶ ποιητικῶν ἐπιτάγμασι χρώμενος. Ariſtot. ἐν τῷ περὶ ποιητικῶν. Laert. Ariſtotle likewiſe aſcribes to him the invention of rhetoric.

Ver. 754. In theſe ſix verſes, he owns Empedocles to have been an excellent philoſopher, even greater than Heraclitus, and the others, whom he has already refuted, and whom we may more ſafely believe than the oracles of the gods; yet he is going to ſhow, by ſeveral arguments, that even Empedocles himſelf is miſtaken in the principles of things; and thus Lucretius includes him in the number of thoſe philoſophers of whom the Stagyrite ſomewhere pronounces, ζητοῦντες γὰρ εἰ καὶ φιλοσοφίαν πρῶτοι τὴν ἀλήθειαν καὶ τὴν φύσιν τῶν ὄντων ἐξεπράπησαν, which our poet interprets,

Principiis tamen in rerum fecere ruinam,
Et graviter magni magno cecidere ibi caſu.

Ver. 757. *Tripod.*] A table, or ſtool that was ſupported by three feet, and upon which the prieſteſſes of Apollo were wont to ſtand or ſit, when they pronounced the oracles, Plin. l. 34. c. 3. This tripod, and the prieſteſſes themſelves were decked and crowned with laurel, a tree ſacred to Apollo, and therefore they were ſaid to ſpeak from the tripod and laurel, "ex tripode et lauro."

Ver. 758. *Pythia.*] Was the prieſteſs of Apollo at Delphos, who anſwered from the tripod thoſe that came to conſult the oracle. She was called Pythia, from the Greek word πυνθανέσθαι, to conſult or aſk.

Ver. 760. His firſt objection againſt them is contained in theſe three verſes: That as well Empedocles, as the other aſſerters of ſeveral elements, deny a void, no leſs than the philoſophers mentioned above, and yet they admit motion, rareneſs, and ſoftneſs, none of which can be without a void.

Ver. 762. His ſecond objection, contained in theſe ſix verſes, is to this purpoſe: That they held all bodies to be infinitely diviſible, contrary to what Lucretius has ſhown before, ver. 630. and what he now proves by the ſame argument he then made uſe of.

Ver. 678. Thirdly, He objects againſt them in theſe three verſes, that their elements are ſoft, and conſequently ſubject to change, and therefore muſt fall into nothing; for, if the firſt bodies could change, they would be annihilated. But he has proved already, that nothing proceeds from or returns into nothing.

Ver. 771. Fourthly, He objects in theſe four verſes, that the elements which they ſet up are contrary to one another, and therefore will mutually deſtroy each other; at leaſt they can never combine, and grow into one body; for the ſticklers for theſe elements, like maſters of families, give to each its proper qualities: heat and dryneſs to one, humidity and cold to another, humidity and heat to the third, and dryneſs and cold to the fourth: thus they arm theſe elements to deſtroy one another, and yet expect nothing from them but peace, concord, and alliances.

Ver. 775. In theſe eighteen verſes, he objects, in the fifth place, that they ought to ſay, either that the elements, having firſt loſt their nature, are changed into things, which things are again changed into them: in which caſe the elements are not more properly the principles of things, than things are the principles of the elements; or that, retaining their nature, certain heaps only are made of them; and in this caſe, nothing of one ſpecies and of one name could be produced, but only a certain rude and undigeſted maſs of fire, air, water, and earth: in like manner, as of the filings and duſt of gold, ſilver, tin, and braſs, you can never make any thing but a heap of gold, ſilver, tin, and braſs. Laſtly, He concludes, that principles endowed with any ſenſible quality are altogether unfit and improper for the generation of things.

Ver. 784. The meaning of this is, that in caſe the elements preſerve their nature entire, they are capable of making only ſome confuſed or rude heaps of matter, without producing any thing perfectly diſtinct;

Non animans; non exanimo cum corpore, ut arbos,

ſays Lucretius; and though our tranſlator takes no notice of "exanimo cum corpore," yet thoſe words allude to a particular doctrine of Epicurus, who did not admit of any ſoul to reſide in plants, but held that they are produced and grow by virtue of a certain nature not vegetable, but proper to them alone; yet he affirmed that they live, that is, enjoy a peculiar motion; as the water of ſprings, the fire which we excite to a flame, is called living water, and living fire; ſomething analogical to that which I think is more difficult to expreſs than comprehend; for ſuch is fire without light, &c. But concerning this, ſee the treatiſe written on this ſubject by the learned T. Campanella, in his book, De Senſu Rerum et Magia.

Ver. 793. Sixthly, He objects farther in theſe nineteen verſes, that they who admit a mutual tranſmutation of the elements, ought to admit likewiſe a common or general and prior matter, that may ſucceſſively put on their various forms: for Empedocles and his followers taught, that the elements are continually preying upon one another; that now fire takes away ſome parts of the air, and now the air robs the fire of ſome of its particles; and that the other elements are continually doing the like. But Lucretius inſiſts: Let the principles be changed, and they will fall into nothing; and, therefore, ſince they all allow that the elements are changed, they are not the prin-

ciples of things; for nothing comes from nothing. There is, therefore, an immutable matter, which, being variously moved and disposed, produces now air, now water, now fire, now earth.

Ver. 794. Hesychius says, ἀγένητα στοιχεῖα παρὰ Ἐμπεδοκλεῖ. If then the grammarian be not mistaken, Lucretius disputes to no purpose; and Plutarch will not suffer him to be mistaken, who so often affirms that Empedocles acknowledged στοιχεῖα των στοιχείων, the principles of the elements, and Hesychius must be understood of these first principles. Empedocles, therefore, and Epicurus agree very well, except that the opinion of the first of them is more abstruse and intricate, and that of the latter more plain and simple; for Empedocles composes his elements of the first principles, and of those elements constitutes all things; but Epicurus will have all things proved immediately from the first principles.

Ver. 797 Laertius says of Heraclitus and the like may be affirmed of Empedocles, that he held that fire, when it is condensed, humectates and becomes air; that air, when compressed, becomes water; that water, contracting and growing concrete, becomes earth and that this is the way down: On the contrary, that earth, being diffused, is changed into water; and of water the rest in like manner: that this is the way up. Πυκνόμενον τὸ πῦρ ἐξυγρανεσθαι καὶ αέρα γίνεσθαι; συνιστάμενον αέρα γίνεσθαι ὕδωρ· πυκνόμενον τὸ ὕδωρ εἰς γῆν τρέπεσθαι, καὶ ταύτην ὁδὸν ἐπὶ τὸ χατω εἶναι· Παλιν δὶ αὐτὴν τὴν γῆν κείσθαι, ἐξ ἧς τὸ ὕδωρ γινεσθαι, ἐκ δὶ ταύτου τὰ λοιπὰ ὁμοίως αὐτὴν δὲ εἶναι τὴν ἄνω ὁδόν. Which Ovid fully explains in these verses: Metam. xv. 245.

———Resolutaq tellus
In liquidas rorescit aquas: tenuatus in auras
Aeraque humor abit: demto quoque pondere rursus
In superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes:
Inde retro redeunt idemq. retexitur ordo:
Ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit;
Hic in aquas; tellus glomerata cogitur unda.

Which Dryden renders thus:

Earth rarefies to dew; expanded more
The subtle dew in air begins to soar:
Spreads as she flies, and, weary of her name,
Extenuates still, and changes into flame.
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless, they soon untwist the web they spun;
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew condensing does her form forego,
And sinks a heavy lump of earth below.

Ver. 812. In these twenty-three verses, he starts an objection, and solves it. Plants and all animals owe their nourishment and growth to the four elements; for no man denies that all things grow out of the earth; but yet, without the assistance of the kindly warmth of the air, of the heat of the sun, and of seasonable showers, the earth will produce nothing of herself; therefore it must be allowed, that water, fire, &c. are the principles of all things. To which Lucretius answers, that they are no more the principles than wine, wheat, and the other things with which we support our life; for the things that nourish are not therefore principles, but those from which they receive such a contexture as makes them fit nourishment for things.

Ver. 816. *Phœbus.*] As it were φῶς τοῦ βίου, "the light of life;" the same with Apollo and Sol, the sun. He was son of Jupiter and Latona, born at the same birth with Diana. He invented physic, and was the god of divination, music, and poetry. Ovid. Metam. i. v. 517.

Jupiter est genitor: per me, quod eritque, fuitque,
Estque, patet: per me concordant carmina nervis:
Certa quidem nostra est; nostra tamen una sagitta
Certior, in vacuo quæ vulnera pectore fecit.
Inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
Dicor; et herbarum subjecta potentia nobis.

Which Dryden thus translates:

The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was in fate, I see.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes and heav'nly numbers I inspire:
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields or forests; all their pow'rs I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.

Ver. 835. In these six verses, he illustrates his opinion with the similitude he so often uses. The same letters, by the various changes of their order, only compose innumerable words that are very different both in sense and sound. Why then do we doubt but that the same seeds, which far exceed the letters in number, and which have different figures, are able to produce fire, water, and, in short, all the immense variety of things? For so it fares with them as with the different disposition and various location of these Miranda Naturæ, as Vossius, lib. 1 de Arte Grammat. calls the few letters the distinction of words; as with the position of six or seven notes in music the change of tunes, and, as with the wonderful variety of sums by figures, the amazing diversity of numbers. And, if it be really so in these familiar instances, what stupenduous variety cannot then the changes and sundry scites, orders, and positions of atoms, the ἀρχαὶ and principles of our poet produce? And, indeed, the comparisons are exceedingly just and apposite: since in all confused and tumultuous commixion of any of them, neither articulate words nor harmonious concerts; nor proportionable numbers, can possibly result from them. So, neither in these natural things, all atoms are not in general to be thought fit and capable to produce and constitute all sorts of concrete bodies; but only such as are endued with a particular and prone disposition so to do.

Ver. 838. Letters; so called by way of similitude; for, as the elements are called the first principles of things; so the letters are commonly called elements, because of them are first formed syllables and words.

Ver. 841. Having refuted the opinions of Heraclitus, Empedocles, and other philoſophers, concerning the principles of things, he now, in 86 verſes, attacks Anaxagoras, who held the matter of which all things are produced, to be infinite, and that it conſiſts of very minute particles, exactly like one another; and at firſt confuſed, but afterwards brought into order by the Divine Mind. Cicero, Acad. Quæſt. lib. 4. he aſſerted, that all things are made of ſimilar parts; as bones of little bones, blood of ſmall drops of blood, &c.

Ver. 842. *Anaxagoras.*] He was the ſon of Hegeſibulus, or of Eubulus, and born at Clazomenæ in Ionia, twenty years before the traject of Xerxes, as Laertius witneſſes. He applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the Nature of Things, and left his country for the ſake of philoſophy. He lived ſixty-two years, and died 286 years after the building of Rome; 368 before the birth of Jeſus Chriſt. He was diſciple of Anaximenes of Miletum, and of Pherecydes the Syrian. This opinion of his, which Lucretius here mentions, is thought to have been taken out of a book which he compoſed, of phyſiology, and which is much commended by Socrates in Plato.

Ver. 843. Likeneſs of parts, from the Greek words ὁμοῖος, like, and μέρος, part. We call homœomeries thoſe things whoſe minuteſt parts have the name of the whole; as ſtones, gold, blood, &c. It may be called in Latin *ſimilaritas*, ſays Faber; but Lucretius complains in the next verſe, that his language had no word to expreſs it by.

Ver. 855. The opinion of Anaxagoras not pleaſing Epicurus, Lucretius gives him no quarter, and begins to fall upon him in theſe two verſes, in which he makes uſe of two arguments which he had alleged before againſt Heraclitus, Empedocles, and others. The firſt, that there is a void; the ſecond, that no continuous body is infinitely diviſible.

Ver. 877. Thirdly, He argues, in theſe twelve verſes, that ſeeing Anaxagoras was of opinion, that like things conſiſted of like; and that the principles are exactly of the ſame nature with the compounds, it follows, that they are both of them equally liable to periſh. And certainly no reaſon can be given, why a ſmall portion of fleſh ſhould not be obnoxious to corruption as well as a greater; nor does it appear, even though it do conſiſt but of a leaſt; yet, ſince it is fleſh, why it ſhould not ſuffer from exterior violence, and be at length deſtroyed. But, if the principles are corruptible, they will fall into nothing, which he has ſufficiently proved already to be abſurd and impoſſible.

Ver. 869 His fourth argument, contained in theſe eight verſes, is very cogent. Our bodies are nouriſhed with ſeveral ſorts of wood, which moſt evidently conſiſts of diſſimilar parts, whence it follows, that the parts of our body conſiſt of diſſimilar likewiſe: for the ſeveral parts of it, the bones, the veins, the nerves, &c. are nouriſhed with different and diſſimiiar aliments. But, if it be pretended that thoſe aliments contain ſome particles of bones, nerves, &c. it muſt of neceſſity be granted, that there is not in theſe bodies that homœomery, which Anaxagoras imagined. Lucretius calls the different and diſſimilar parts, alienigenas of another kind; but retaining the Greek word, we commonly call them heterogeneous, as we do the ſimilar homogeneous.

Ver. 877. In theſe ſeven verſes he propoſes his fifth argument againſt Anaxagoras. If every thing that the earth produces, lay hid in the earth, then even the earth muſt of neceſſity conſiſt of diſſimilar things. He argues yet farther: if flame, ſmoke, and aſhes, that are things very unlike one another, be in the wood, then wood is compoſed of diſſimilar things, and therefore there is no homœomery.

Ver. 844. In theſe eighteen verſes, he propoſes and anſwers an opinion of Anaxagoras, which Ariſtotle expreſſes in this manner: "Res et apparere, et denominare, invicem differentes ajunt, ab eo, quod in infinitorum miſtura maximè abundat: Non enim eſſe totum pure aut album, aut nigrum, aut dulce, aut carnem, aut os: Cujus autem amplius unumquodque habet, eam talis rei naturam videri." Which Gaſſendus thus interprets: Under the name of fleſh, for example, is not to be underſtood a nature that is ſimple and of one ſort; but an united heap of many, nay, innumerable and different particles, which then make this ſpecies of the body which we call fleſh, when there is a certain greater plenty of thoſe particles which are fit and proper to exhibit that ſpecies, and to appear in it, than of all the reſt whatſoever, which lurking among them might give them a form and name. But if thoſe particles be reſolved, and tranſlated into any other maſs or body, then the fleſhy particles that are lurking with the others, will yield, and give likewiſe a name and form to thoſe of which there happens to be a greater plenty, and whoſe ſpecies is the moſt viſible. To this Lucretius anſwers, that, if this opinion were true, then in the detrition, bruiſing and crumbling to pieces of corn, herbs, or any the like things, there muſt of neceſſity appear at ſome time or other, the ſpecies or likeneſs of blood, milk, or other things of the like nature, &c.

Ver. 885. *Anaxagoras.*] Of him, ſee ver. 842.

Ver. 902 The poet, in eleven verſes, propoſes and ſolves what Anaxagoras urged to prove, that all things are in all things; and conſequently that all things are made of all things. For inſtance, fire muſt lie hid in the trees that take fire by a vehement colliſion, which Thucydides, lib. 2. witneſſes has ſometimes happened. See Book v. ver. 168. Lucretius anſwers, that there is not indeed any fire in the tree itſelf, but that the ſeeds of fire, or the moleculæ of the atoms being diſpoſed in a certain and new order, and daſhing with violence againſt one another, exhibit and produce the ſpecies of fire: for otherwiſe, and if there were actually and indeed any fire in woods and foreſts of trees, it would, without doubt, ſhow its ſtrength, and make a wide deſtruction.

Ver. 911. Virg. Æn. x. ver. 405. has an excellent deſcription of a wood ſet afire:

Ac velut optatò, ventis æſtate coortis,
Diſperſa immittit ſylvis incendia paſtor:
Correptis ſubito mediis, extenditur una

Horrida per latos acies Vulcania campos:
Ille ſedens victor flammas deſpectat ovantes.

As when in ſummer welcome winds ariſe,
The watchful ſhepherd to the foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt plants; contagion ſpreads,
And catching flames infeſt the neighb'ring heads;
Around the foreſt flies the furious blaſt,
And all the leafy nation ſinks at laſt,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waſte:
The paſtor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the fatiate flames in ſheets aſcend the ſky.
Dryden.

Ver. 913. He aſſerted above, that many ſeeds of fire lie concealed in wood; but that they do not conſume that wood, becauſe, being hindered by other ſeeds of a different figure, they cannot put on the ſpecies and form of fire: and from hence, in theſe eight verſes, he takes occaſion to confirm the above-mentioned opinion of Epicurus, viz. That the common ſeeds or principles of many things are in many things; and that the ſame principles made the heavens, the earth, the ſea, in a word, all things: but that the things themſelves are different, becauſe ſeeds of a different figure are joined to others of a different figure, and in a different order, even as in the words, *ligna*, wood, and *ignis*, fire; the letters are common, and almoſt the ſame, but the words very different in ſenſe and ſound. In like manner, wood is compounded of a vaſt variety of corpuſcles, which being diſpoſed in a certain order, conſtitute the forms as well of wood as of divers other things that are leſs concrete; inſomuch that ſome more ſubtle and moveable bodies that are contained in the wood, may ſpecify and produce fire, flame, ſmoke, &c. according to its compoſition, denſity, coherence, laxity, reſolution, &c. So that in truth only, this ſimple connection, diſpoſition, and fabric of the parts, is at any time deſtroyed when the matter is fired, and to all appearance conſumed, viz. its external form, ſpecies, and accidents which denominate it wood; the reſt being reſolved into flame, fire, ſmoke, aſhes, phlegm, ſpirits, ſalts, &c. all of which are only thoſe minute particles that lurk in it, though ever ſo imperceptible to our ſenſes.

Ver. 921. His laſt argument againſt Anaxagoras is contained in theſe ſix verſes, and drawn from the abſurdity of the opinion. For, to evince that all things proceed from ſimilar things, it would be abſolutely neceſſary, that laughing, weeping, &c. Homœomeries ſhould ſometimes be ſeen in the world: if becauſe men laugh, weep, &c. they had thoſe faculties from laughing, weeping, &c. principles; to imagine which is altogether ridiculous and abſurd. To aſſert that the principles of things are joyful or lugubrous, is, indeed, very ridiculous philoſophy: and yet ſome of the later philoſophers ſeem at leaſt to favour this opinion of Anaxagoras, when they aſſert that theſe affections do indeed "præeſſe in Elementis," though not altogether after the ſame manner as in man. St. Auguſtin himſelf may be a little ſuſpected, ſince he affirms, "Omnium rerum ſemina occulta extare ab initio."

Ver. 925. Cowley in the third book of his Davideis:

Sometimes a violent laughter ſcrew'd his face,
And ſometimes briny tears dropp'd down apace.

Whether he took this from Lucretius, or whether our tranſlator has copied him rather than his author, may be ſeen by comparing the originals.

Ver. 927. In theſe thirty-three verſes, he firſt beſpeaks the attention of his Memmius, whom he ſuppoſes wearied with this long diſputation concerning the principles of things; and tells him, he is now going to enter upon a more noble and ſublime ſubject. He ſpeaks haughtily of his own poem; he confeſſes that the doctrine of Epicurus is dark, intricate, and not adapted to the vulgar taſte: however, he promiſes to adorn and ſprinkle it with his ſmooth and flowing verſes. And this at leaſt he will do like phyſicians, who, when they are to give an ill-taſted potion to ſick children, tinge the brims of the cup with ſweets, by whoſe flavour and taſte deceived, they ſwallow down the nauſeous draught. The taſk is indeed great; but the hopes of future praiſe ſpurs him on, and to explain to his Memmius the nature of things, he undertakes a difficult and painful work, unattempted hitherto by any man in Latin verſe.

Ver. 932. *Muſes.*] They were daughters of Jupiter and Mnemoſyne, born in Pieria, a country of Macedonia, and dwelt upon Helicon in Bœotia, and Parnaſſus in Phocis, two hills that were near one another: the goddeſſes of poetry, learning, and muſic, and nine in number: I. Calliope, ſo called from καλὸς, good, and ὄψ, voice; ſhe was the mother of Orpheus, and preſided over heroic verſe. II. Clio, from κλέω, I celebrate; ſhe was believed to have invented hiſtory. III. Erato, from ἐράω, I love; ſhe ruled over lovers. IV. Thalia, from θάλλω, I live, or flouriſh; becauſe the fame of poets never dies. V. Melpomene, from μέλπω, I ſing or celebrate in verſe; ſhe was the firſt that writ tragedies. VI. Terpſichore, from τέρπω, I delight, and χορὸς, dancing, in which ſhe took delight; the invention of the harp is aſcribed to her. VII. Euterpe, from εὖ, well, or pleaſantly, and τέρπω, I delight: ſhe invented the flute and mathematics. VIII. Polyhymnia, from πολὺς, many, and ὕμνος, a hymn; ſhe preſided over panegyrics. IX. Urania, from τὰ ἄνω ὁρῶσα, contemplating the things above; ſhe is ſaid to have invented aſtrology.

Ver. 933. This is a kind of boaſt which may not be charged with immodeſty, ſince almoſt all the poets, as well the ancient as the modern, make uſe of the ſame allegory. Virgil exactly imitates this paſſage of Lucretius, Georg iii. ver. 289.

Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam ſit, et auguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem:
Se me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo:

Becauſe none of the Latins had written on the ſubject of agriculture before him; ſo Horace, Epiſt. i. lib. i.

Libera per vacuum poſui veſtigia princeps,
Non alieno meo preſſi pede.——

Thus too Manilius, lib. i. ver. 4.

Aggredior primuſque novis Helicona more
Cantibus.——
Hoſpita ſacra ferens nulli memorata priorum.

And in his ſecond book, v. 59. he uſes the ſame alluſion. And Nemeſianus:

——Ducitque per avia, quà ſola nunquam
Trita Rotis.

Though in this he does wrong to Grotius, who treated of the ſame argument before him. And we may obſerve the like in our own poets too: particularly in Milton and Cowley. The firſt of whom ſays his ſubject was

Unattempted yet in verſe or proſe.

And the other:

Guide my bold ſteps——
In theſe untrodden paths to ſacred fame.

The very expreſſion Creech uſes; and indeed he has taken occaſion, in this tranſlation, to rifle that poet.

Ver. 939. Lucretius makes no mention of laurel; and indeed garlands or wreaths of ivy ſeem to have been the firſt ornaments of poets and other learned men, and laurels of conquerors: Thus Horace:

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miſcent ſuperis——

And Virgil:

——Atqua hanc ſine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros.

However, that poets did wear wreathes of laurel is moſt certain; though ivy ſeems to have been more proper for them, becauſe it requires the ſupport of ſome ſtronger tree, as learning does of princes and great men.

Ver. 944. This paſſage of Lucretius the incomparable Taſſo has rather tranſlated than barely imitated; and if we may give credit to his countryman Nardius, has ſurpaſſed his author: *Dum æmulatur*, ſays he, *palmam auctori eripuit;* the verſes are in his Goffredo, and well deſerve to be tranſcribed:

Sai che là corre il mondo, ove più verſi
Di ſue dulcezze il luſinghier Parnaſo,
E che'l vero condito in molli verſi
I più ſchivi allettando hà perſuaſo:
Coſi al 'egro fanciul' porgiamo aſperſi
Di ſoavi licor gli orli del vaſo
Succhi amari, ingannato, in tanto ei beve,
E dal inganno ſuo vita riceve.

Cant. i. St. 3.

Of which I will give likewiſe Fairfax's interpretation, which perhaps equals, if not excels this of our tranſlator:

Thither thou know'ſt the world is beſt inclin'd,
Where luring Parnaſs moſt his beams imparts;
And truth, convey'd in verſe of gentleſt kind,
To read ſometimes will move the dulleſt hearts:
So we, if children young diſeas'd we find,
Anoint with ſweets the veſſel's foremoſt parts,
To make them taſte the potions ſharp we give,
They drink deceiv'd, and ſo deceiv'd they live.

Ver. 960. Lucretius has proved by many arguments, that bodies are, and that they are perfectly ſolid and indiſſoluble; and likewiſe that there is a void. He has farther taught, that the univerſe conſiſts of theſe two, body and void, and that there is no third kind of things. Now, in theſe four verſes he ſtarts a noble queſtion, whether the univerſe be infinite, or included and circumſcribed in bounds? And he will now endeavour to evince by ſeveral arguments, that the univerſe is terminated on no ſide, but is altogether infinite, as well in the multitude of bodies, as in the extent and magnitude of the void.

Ver. 965. The firſt argument, by which, in theſe eight verſes he endeavours to prove the infiniteneſs of the univerſe, is explained by Cicero, lib. ii. de Divinit. ſect. 154. Whatever is finite has an extreme; but whatever has an extreme, may be ſeen by what is without or beyond it. Now the univerſe, or the ALL, is not ſeen by any thing that is beyond it; therefore the univerſe has no extreme. Empiricus adv. Phyſ. Stobæus, Eclog. Phyſ. and Plutarch, i. de Placit. 3. confirm this to be the doctrine of Epicurus, who himſelf writes thus to Herodotus: Ἀλλὰ μὲν τὸ πᾶν ἄπειρον ἐστὶ, τὸ γὰρ πεπερασμένον ἄκρον ἔχει, τὰ δὲ ἄκρον τῶν ἑτέρου τι θεωρεῖσθαι, ὥστε τὸ μὴ ἔχειν ἄκρον πέρας μὴ ἔχει, πέρας δὲ μὴ ἔχειν ἄπειρον ἂν εἴη, καὶ ἐ πεπερασμένον.

Ver. 973. In theſe twelve verſes, Lucretius ſtruggles bravely with his dart for the immenſity of the univerſe. Grant the univerſe to be finite, and let any man be placed on the extremeſt verge of it, and ſtrive to throw a dart, either that dart will fly forward, or ſomething will ſtop it; if it flies forward, there is a ſpace beyond the extremeſt brink; if it be ſtopt by any thing, there muſt be ſomething without the utmoſt part. Thus wherever you fix the extremeſt bound of the univerſe, there Lucretius will preſs on, and brandiſh his dart againſt you.

This convincing inſtance is likewiſe uſed by the learned and judicious Bruno, who has written an excellent treatiſe on purpoſe to prove not only the infinity of ſpace, but even that of worlds alſo: and in his firſt dialogue we find theſe words, which exactly agree with, and may ſerve to explain this argument of our poet: "Mi pare coſa "ridicola," &c. In my opinion, ſays he, it is extremely ridiculous to affirm, that there is nothing without, or exterior to the heavens, and that the heaven itſelf is a thing placed, as it were, *per accidens*, or by its own parts; for be their meaning by theſe notions what they pleaſe themſelves, it is impoſſible, nor can they any ways elude it, but they muſt make two of one, ſince there will eter-

nally remain one and another; that is to say, the thing that contains, and the thing that is contained; and in like manner so another and another; so that the container must be incorporeal, the contained corporeal; the one immoveable, the other moveable; the one mathematical, the other physical. But whatever this surface be, I demand eternally what there is beyond it? If it be answered that there is nothing, then it is void; and such an inanity as has no extreme; bounded, indeed, on this part towards us, which is yet more difficult to imagine, than that the universe should be immense and infinite, because we can then no way avoid a vacuum, if we will admit the whole to be finite. Thus far Bruno: and, indeed, our metaphysical eyes discern, as they conceive, the bounds of two worlds, of which some imagine the supremest heaven to be the term of this, and the convexity of that to the boundary of the other; but how that should then be habitable, as they likewise assert, where there is neither place, full, nor void, time nor motion, nor any thing else: ὅτε σῶμα, ὅτε τόπος, ὅτε κενὸν, ὅτε χρόνος, Arist. lib. i. de Cœlo, cap. 9. for so they also affirm, is infinitely strange, and deserves second thoughts. But our author concludes, that as there is a space, in which this material world of ours actually is; so neither can it be denied, but that another and another, even to infinite, perpetually equivalent to what this machine employs, may likewise subsist in that vast and unlimited space.

Ver. 985. The poet insists yet farther; and in fifteen verses mentions the mischief that would unavoidably ensue, if the universe were finite, and circumscribed within bounds. For in that finite space there would be some lowest place to which matter, that by its natural heaviness has been subsiding from all eternity, would have sunk down and rested. And thus it would long ago have happened, that the universal matter, having reached the lowest place, would from that time have generated nothing: for nothing can proceed from seeds that lie quiet and at rest: But there being no lowest place, the seeds are in perpetual motion, and thus things are produced on all sides, and the infinite universe continually supplies the respective worlds with new principles of things.

Ver. 993. *Chaos.*] See the note on ver. 37. To which we add, that in this place it signifies a vast receptacle, capable to receive all things: in which sense Plutarch likewise takes it, in his Treatise of Isis and Osiris, where he calls it, χώραν τινα καὶ τόπον τῶ παντος, the place and region of universal matter, to which its name answers; chaos signifying only "Hiatus, seu vastitas quædam." But of the several acceptations of this word, according to the different notions of the poets, philosophers, and divines, see *Ricciolus on that subject, in Almagest. nov. Tom.* 2. *lib.* 9.

Ver. 1000. In these eight verses, he brings another argument, and says, That whatever is bounded by any thing that is exterior to it, has an end: thus the air bounds the mountains, and the mountains the air; the sea the earth, and the earth the sea: but who can pretend that there is any thing without, or exterior to the universe, that can be its bound, since the very thing that is exterior to it is a part of it: for the universe contains all that is. He therefore concludes, that the universe is immense, and describes that immensity by so excellent a periphrasis, that I cannot forbear giving it in Lucretius's own words:

Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,
Finibus exemptis in cunctas undique partes.

This argument, which is taken from the evidence of our own senses, the above-cited Bruno thus illustrates: Our very eyes, says he, acknowledge as much, because we still see, that one thing ever comprehends another; "et mai sentiamo ne con esterno, ne con interno senso, cosa non compresa da altra o simile:" And there is nothing which terminates itself: In short, after no less than eight arguments, he concludes, "Che non si puo negare il spacio infinito, se non con la voce, come fanno gli pertinaci," &c. That space is infinite, cannot be denied, except by the noisy tongues of some obstinate impertinents; to confute whom, he brings twenty very close and convincing arguments, but to repeat them would be too prolix in this place. In a word, thus: there is nothing which contains, or can indeed be said to embrace and bound the universe. But what is immensely profound, and in a manner infinite, so that the most rapid rivers, and most exuberant streams in the world can never arrive to the limits of it, were they to glide incessantly, and to all eternity; nor would they ever have a less way to go. Out of this vast space new and never-failing supplies are brought to every thing by a perpetual succession of a like number of atoms to a like number: "Et medesime parti di materia con le medesime sempre si convertono" as the same Bruno expresses it, which is exactly the opinion of Epicurus, and proves the universe to be infinite not only from its number of atoms, or the indefiniteness of the void; but by both together (and so too the following verses declare): Yet not as if this universe were continuous, but that there are some empty interstices distant from the body of it.

Ver. 1004. The words in Lucretius are:

Est igitur natura loci, spatiumque profundi,
Quod neque clara suo percurrere flumina cursu,
Perpetuo possint ævi labentia tractu:
Nec prorsum facere. ut restet minus ire meando.

The translator has changed the word *flumina* into *fulmina*, contrary to the authority of all the editions of our author, and to the opinion of, I think, all the annotators, except Faber, who, in his note upon this place, says that *fulmina* would be better; though he retains *flumina* in the text: And indeed the reasons he gives for *fulmina* appear weak and little persuasive; because, says he, lightning is frequently brought as an instance of swiftness, "Et fulminis ocior alis;" and because the word *clara* suits better to the nature of that than of a river. The first is certainly true; but, on the

other hand, a river is frequently used as an instance of perpetual motion :

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. *Horat.*

And the words *labentia*, *ire*, *meando*, seem to agree better with the gliding of a river, than with the impetuous swiftness of lightning. And our translator himself, in his Latin edition of this author, reads *flumina*, and gives this passage the same interpretation that I have given it in the immediately preceding note.

Ver. 1008. In these thirteen verses, he proves the universe to be infinite, by an argument which seems to be levelled against the Stoics: who, as Plutarch witnesses held indeed the void to be infinite, but bodies finite : but Lucretius, following the doctrine of Epicurus, teaches that body and void mutually bound each other; and that an immensity must of necessity proceed from that mutual termination, because neither of them, that is, neither body nor void, can be the last; but whatever has no part, that can be the last or extremest, that indeed is infinite : For, if one of the two (body for example), did not bound the other, (void) yet the void would be infinite, as he has proved it to be : but all finite bodies would be dissolved; for the finite seeds, their contexture being all at once broken, would be scattered through the immense void, nay, would never have joined : for the finite seeds being once dispersed in the infinite void, would have continually wandered up and down in it. Epicurus writes all this to Herodotus : Εἴτε γὰρ ἦν τὸ κενὸν ἄπειρον, τὰ δὲ σώματα ὡρισμένα, ὐδαμοῦ, ἂν ἔμενε τὰ σώματα, ἀλλ' ἐφέρετο καὶ τὸ ἄπειρον κενὸν διεσπαρμένα, ὰκ ἔχοντα τὰ ὑπερείδοντα, τέ ἐλλοῦντα κατὰ τὰς ἀνλικοτάς.

Ver. 1013. The obscurity of these four verses have made some of the commentators on Lucretius give them over as inexplicable ; and even our translator is a little dark in the interpretation he has given them : but the sense of them evidently is this : If there were either an infinite space, without as infinite a number of atoms or bodies, to give bounds and limits to it; or an infinity of bodies, and not an infinite space for them to act in). for " corpus terminatur inani, et inane corpore)," it would follow, that nothing could enjoy the least permanency : For it does not appear that Lucretius any where positively asserts, that the corruption of one thing is the product of another, according to the vulgar sense of the schools, and perhaps too he had considered those creatures that are nourished so long by sleep and other solitary ways; as bears, tortoises, dormice, some sorts of summer birds, flies, and other insects : and this made Nardius upon this place thus wittily exclaim : " Edaciores proinde atque infirmiores sunt Lucretiani divi gliribus abstinentibus." The gods of Lucretius are more hungry, voracious, and weak than even dormice, and such abstemious and inconsiderable animals. His opinion was, that the portion of matter, which is necessary for the daily supply of decaying compounds, would else have been lost and utterly dispersed in so vast, bottomless, and indeterminate an abyss, and that nothing could ever meet again and produce, or create, if the supplies were not equally as infinite. And to speak the truth, it is not so extremely difficult to comprehend a space in a manner indeterminate, if not infinite : since the infinite God is able to affect things infinitely exceeding our slender and bounded speculations. Heraclitus says, τῶν Θείων τὰ πολλὰ διὰ ἀπιστίαν μὴ γινώσκεσθαι, that many of the great and wonderful works of God are not known to some men, because of their incredulity. And Chrysippus adds, " Si quid est quod efficiat ea, quæ homo, licet ratione sit præditus facere non possit : id profecto est majus, et fortius, et sapientius homine," Lactant. de Ira Dei. If there be any created thing, which exceeds the utmost skill and comprehension of the wisest man upon earth, that was certainly made by one who is infinitely greater, more powerful, and more wise than man.

Ver. 1016. In this verse Lucretius seems to overthrow his own opinion concerning the nature of the Deity, and makes it subject to the same dissolution with compounded bodies.

Ver. 1021. To understand the true meaning of Lucretius in this passage, we must call to mind that the Stoics held the world to be a rational creature, and to consist of heaven and earth, as of soul and body : The heavens, according to them, being the same to the whole as reason is to man. Hence Arnobius, lib. 3. " Advers. gentes: in philosophiæ memorabiles studio, arq. adistius nominis columen, vobis laudatoribus elevati, universam istam molem mundi, cujus omnibus amplexibus ambimur, tegimur, ac sustinemur, animans esse unum, sapiens, rationale, consultum, probabili asseveratione definiunt :" with whom agrees Hilarius in Genes.

Hæc tamen æthereo que machina volvitur axe,
Non tantum pictura poli est, sed celsa voluntas,
Mens ratioque subest. ——

Upon which verses Barthius, lib. 31. Adversar. cap. 12. observes, that, " mens et ratio cœli est astrorum, ut vocant, influentia, quæ genus gubernat humanum." The mind and understanding of the heaven is the influence, as they call it, of the stars, which governs mankind. The Stoics likewise, as Plutarch, " de facie in Orbe Lunæ," tells us, held the stars to be the eyes of the world, their corporeal deity. Pythagoras, Plato, Trismegistus, and many other of the ancient philosophers, believed the world to be endued with a rational soul, being persuaded to that belief by the admirable order and connection of its parts, which they conceived could not be sustained, but by a soul intrinsically informing, ordering, disposing and connecting them. Hence Virgil, *Æn.* 6. *v.* 724.

Principio cœlum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

Which Dryden thus interprets.

Know firſt, that heav'n and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the ſtarry flame,
And both the radiant lights one common ſoul
Inſpires, and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd through all the ſpace,
Unites, and mingles with the mighty maſs.

And this ſoul of the world Thales imagined to be God himſelf. But the Platoniſts and Stoics, though they held the world to be a god, allowed it to be but a ſecondary one; for that power which they primarily called God, is by them termed Ratio and Mens, by whom they affirmed the world to be created. Thus Cicero in Timæus: "Deus ille æternus (ſcilicet mens) hunc perfectè beatum deum (ſcilicet mundum), procreavit:" the world being, in their opinion, the univerſal fuſion of the firſt Divine Mind. For ſo Chryſippus in Cicero, lib. i. de Natura Deor. deſcribes it: "Vim divinam in ratione eſſe poſitam, et univerſæ naturæ animo atque mente: ipſumque mundum deum dici et ejus animæ fuſionem univerſam;" the Divine power is ſeated in reaſon, and in the mind of univerſal nature: and this world is ſaid to be a god, and the univerſal fuſion or extenſion of that mind. But Lucretius, in theſe ſixteen verſes, pleaſantly rallies theſe philoſophers, and purſues his argument. For finite ſeeds, ſays he, diſperſed in the infinite ſpace, had never combined together, unleſs, as the Stoics held, the world were a huge animal, and evidently a god, and its ſeeds diſpoſed and ordered with the greateſt art and prudence, by a ſpirit that is infuſed through all the members and parts of it. He derides theſe prudent and thinking principles of the Stoics, and teaches, from the maxims of Epicurus, that after a length of time, all things were produced by a fortuitous concourſe of the infinite bodies, that had been ſluttering up and down in the infinite void, and that they are daily renewed and repaired by the ſeeds which the infinite abundance of the firſt bodies continually ſupplies.

Ver. 1027 This infinite magazine or chaos of atoms, being of ſo many different figures, ſhapes, and dimenſions, and indefatigably and reſtleſsly moving to and fro, and up and down, in the boundleſs ſpace and infinite inanity, "in quo," ſays Cicero, lib. i. de finibus, "nec ſummum, nec infimum, nec medium, nec ultimum, nec extremum ſit." Theſe indiviſible bodies, I ſay, juſtling, ſtriking, urging, and crowding one another by ſo inceſſant an inquietude and eſtuation upon all encounters imaginable, and perhaps for many myriads of ages, having thus eſſayed, as it were, all poſſible conſigurations, changes, poſtures, ſucceſſions, and mutual agitations, chanced at laſt to meet, conſent, and fall into this goodly fabric, this wonderous architecture of the univerſe, which we daily contemplate with ſo much ecſtaſy and amazement: and in this inſtant it was that the groſs precipitated downwards, compelling and driving upwards the more light and eaſy, which convening in the circumference of the immenſe poles, wedged each other into the form of that canopy which we call the heaven or firmament; while, from the more cloſely compacted, reſulted the maſs of earth, and thoſe of a more middle nature, upon the concourſe of the condenſed particles, ran into the humid ſubſtance, part whereof being afterwards fitly prepared, was exalted into thoſe glorious luminaries which adorn the celeſtial concave, the reſidue being reſerved for the compoſition of other bodies. Thus we have, in a few words, the belief of Epicurus concerning the firſt beginning of all things, upon which we may juſtly exclaim with Lactantius, de ira Dei and ſay, "implevit numerum perfectæ inſaniæ, ut nihil ulterius adjici poſſet," while he denies God to have had any hand in the creation of the world. For, indeed, what greater madneſs can there be than to imagine that a ſword or a book was made "propter finem," for ſome end, and that the whole univerſe, the great code of nature, our eyes, and other members, plants, and a thouſand natural and wonderful curioſities, which infinitely ſurpaſs all things of art, ſhould reſult from chance only? But yet how new ſoever and very ridiculous this ſyſtem may ſeem, the hypotheſis is methodical, and not of ſo vaſt difficulty for a rational, pious, and practical philoſopher to believe and rely on, as perhaps appears at the firſt diſcovery. It is the opinion of the learned Des Cartes, that though God had given no other form to the world than that of the chaos, and only eſtabliſhing laws to nature, had ſo far afforded his concurrence, that ſhe ſhould have been obliged to act in the manner ſhe uſually does, we might ſafely believe, without violating the miracle of the creation, that by her alone all things which are purely material, might in time have rendered themſelves ſuch as we now behold them to be. Beſides, the difficulty of reſolving how this maſs of matter on which we inhabit, and of which we are indeed a part, ſhould be compoſed of ſuch principles as are before deſcribed, will appear to be no ſuch vaſt incongruity, if we give ourſelves leave but gradually to conſider, and imagine the earth as but one ſolitary part of the univerſe, compoſed of many ſuch congeſtions; and then by conſequence, we muſt be forced to grant, that the ball may be co-augmented of many ſmaller portions or maſſes heaped one upon another. In like manner as mountains ſometimes, from an aggregation of rocks; thoſe rocks from an accumulation of ſtones; thoſe ſtones, again, from a multitude of grains of ſand; that ſand from an aſſembly of duſt; and laſtly, the duſt from a more minute, but innumerable collection of imperceptible atoms or principles. But, indeed, few of the ancients favoured the opinion of the fortuitous production of the univerſe from "fruſtis quibuſdam temere concurrentibus," and, therefore, Lactantius, in his treatiſe de Ira Dei, is in the right to break out: "Quanto melius fuerat tacere, quam in uſus tam miſerabiles, tam inanes habere linguam!" Yet what ſome of thoſe very ancients have written and confeſſed of the firſt Mover is indeed very extraordinary, con-

ſidering, that they had only natural reaſon for their guide. Thales, Mileſius, Pythagoras, Plato, and others, whom the learned Grotius, in his aſſertion of the verity of the Chriſtian religion, has mentioned altogether, aſcribed the creation of the univerſe to God alone; nay, they held that the Almighty was even himſelf in all things.

——Deum namque ire per omnes [dum:
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profun-
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum
Quemque ſibi tenues naſcentum arceſſere vitas.
Virg. Georg. iv. *ver.* 221.

To the ſame purpoſe too the great apoſtle himſelf truly and divinely philoſophiſes to the ſuperſtitious Athenians, Acts xvii. 28. Nay, even Ariſtotle, as much an Atheiſt as many take him to have been, held the ſame belief in his more mature and ſerious thoughts, as may be deduced from divers expreſſions in his book de Mundo. And, as for any other fortuitous production, ſuch as our Epicurus, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Parmenides, Leucippus, and Ariſtotle too ſeemed at firſt to favour, by which all things were conſtrained to act by certain fatal neceſſities; this ſingle objection, how thoſe curious animals, perfect, and admirable plants, &c. could, by a beginning ſo extraordinary, be built, compoſed, and excogitated in ſo exquiſite a manner, that the mere conſideration, even of a gnat, or the eye of a paltry fly, the leaſt particle of the microcoſm, man's body, has been able to open the eyes of one of the world's moſt learned Atheiſts without the Divine Providence and ſome omnipotent cauſe, is undoubtedly not to be imagined, much leſs demonſtrated. Well, therefore, might he thus exclaim: "Componо hic profecto canticum in creatoris noſtri laudem," Galen. de uſu partium, lib. iii. and who that ſeriouſly conſiders this can abſtain from joining in the canticle with him? For then we might with as much reaſon believe, that a great volume of excellent ſentences, the hiſtorical relation of ſome intricate and true affair, or an epic poem in juſt and true numbers, ſhould reſult from the fortuitous and accidental miſchance of a printer's alphabet, the letters falling out of their boxes confuſedly, and without the diſpoſition either of author or artiſt.

Ver. 1035. The Stoics were of opinion, that the worlds had been frequently deſtroyed, or rather that they decayed, and were diſſolved by time, but that ſtill, phœnix-like, they were continually reſtored, as it were, from the aſhes of the expiring world. Now, Epicurus makes this reſtoration to proceed from the changes and fortunate encounters of his atoms, which not having, ſince the moment of their accidental coition, which begot the univerſe, deviated from their originally deſigned, ſtated, and equal motions, nor ſunk any lower to hinder and diſcompoſe the reſt, are the cauſe of the preſervation of the whole frame; for without this infinite ſupply of matter, rivers themſelves would have become channals of duſt; the ſun and ſtars have waxed cold, dim, and without influence: and the very bodies of animals have ſunk to an utter deſtruction both of the ſpecies and individuals.

Ver. 1037. In theſe two verſes, he illuſtrates the argument he laſt propoſed, and teaches, that all things would ſoon be diſſolved, unleſs matter were continually ſupplied from the infinite plenty of atoms, to make good the damage that bodies daily ſuffer, in like manner, as all animals would ſoon die, if they were not daily ſupported with food,

Ver. 1039. In theſe eleven verſes, he goes on and ſays: But, leſt any ſhould perhaps object, that the atoms, officiouſly moving up and down, which even Lucretius owns they do, meet, and rudely ſhock one another, and that from that conflict it proceeds, that being thus ſtopped and hindered in their courſe, they join together, and are compacted into bodies; and, therefore, though they be finite, yet, ſince they mutually ſtrike one another, the things that are already conjoined, are ſo far from loſing any of their parts, that, on the contrary, they are more and more increaſed by the new atoms, that are always coming to them. He aſſerts, that finite atoms cannot always, and at every moment of time, mutually ſtrike one another; nay, that when they do, they muſt ſometimes rebound, and thus give time and room to the principles of the compounds, which affect to be in continual motion, to break the chain of their contexture, and to fly away from one another; nay more, that there could be no ſtrokes whatever, except the atoms were infinite, as he obſerved before, ver. 1019.

Ver. 1050. Laſtly, Leſt his Memmius ſhould have embraced a different opinion, and believe that the univerſe has a centre, to which all things tend by their natural heavineſs, and therefore that there is no need of an infinite multitude of atoms, that, continually meeting together, may, by external blows, keep this compacted frame of the world in good repair; he confutes, and, at the ſame time, derides all belief of a centre; for he ſuppoſes, with the Stoics, who were very zealous aſſerters of a centre, that there was heretofore a confuſed multitude of particles ſcattered up and down through the whole immenſe ſpace, and that all thoſe particles made their way to one point, that is to ſay, to the middle of the univerſe. That this is the reaſon that the earth is round, and ſuſpended in the midſt of the world, and that all, even the oppoſite parts of this globe, are inhabited by animals, which fall not down into thoſe parts of the heavens that are beneath them, becauſe their heavineſs makes them tend to the middle; that, for the ſame reaſon too, the ſky is vaulted and rolled round; and the ſun, who with never-ceaſing motion runs through the arch of the heavens, alternately gives day to the oppoſite parts of the earth; and that it is not to be feared that the higheſt and loweſt parts of the frame will ever be diſjoined from one another, ſince they all ſtrive to one and the ſame centre. He has compriſed this in ſixteen verſes, and will now endeavour to prove this opinion to be weak and fooliſh, and that there is no middle place whatever in the

univerſe. Beſides, he ſuppoſes it an abſurdity to believe that any ponderous thing can ſtop and ſupport itſelf, or make its way upwards into the adverſe parts of the earth; for the Epicureans adhered to that vulgar notion; and, indeed, many of the ancients, and even of the firſt Chriſtians, did not believe the Antipodes, particularly Lactantius and St. Auguſtin were very difficult of belief upon that matter. Virgilius, a German biſhop, as it is related by Aventinus, in Hiſt. Boiorum, was like to have ſuffered a very ſevere puniſhment for favouring a little of this miſtaken hereſy. Plutarch, de Placitis Philoſoph. lib. i. tells us, that Oecetes affirmed there were two earths, between which, Philolaus, a diſciple of his, interſerted another continent of fire, which opinion Sandivogius, and other hermetic philoſophers, have alſo illuſtrated; but a ſounder philoſophy, and certain experience and knowledge, have long ſince evinced the error of all thoſe opinions.

Ver. 1060. For if we look on the ſhadows of animals in the water, their feet ſeem directly upwards towards our ſky.

Ver. 1062. For one of the trifling objections which ſome of the ancients made againſt the Antipodes was, that if there were any ſuch place, all weights and heavy bodies muſt there tend upwards towards the centre, to which they tend downwards with us; nor could they comprehend how the creatures there did no more fall downwards to their ſkies, than our bodies here mount upwards, and knock their heads againſt the oppoſite hemiſphere. And this fooliſh conceit, perhaps, was what made Lucius, as Plutarch, de Mac. in Orbe Lun. reports, deride thoſe in his time who fancied that men crawl there with their backs downwards, as cats, mice, and ſpiders do upon the walls and ceilings of our houſes. We read likewiſe of the ſcoff which Demonaſtes put upon a man who was diſcourſing with him concerning the inhabitants of the regions ἀντιχθόνων, when leading him to the mouth of a well. "Numquid," ſays he, "tales eſſe Antipodas aſſeris?"

Ver. 1064. *Phœbus.*] Of whom, ſee ver. 816.

Ver. 1066. Having laid down and explained the opinion of thoſe who held a centre in the univerſe, he attacks it in theſe ſixteen verſes, and teaches, in the firſt place, that there can be no middle, becauſe the void is infinite. Plutarch too, in like manner: The univerſe is infinite; but what is infinite has neither beginning nor end, and therefore it cannot have a middle, for the middle itſelf is a ſort of extreme, and infiniteneſs is a privation of extremes; and he argues Chryſippus to be guilty of a manifeſt contradiction, in giving a middle place to infinity. De Stoic. Repugn. And Plato himſelf, in his Timæus, ſeems to queſtion any ſurſum or deorſum at all in nature; for, ſays he, the whole heaven is round, and therefore it would be abſurd to call any place higher or lower, as in relation to the middle. Beſides, ſays Lucretius, grant there be a centre, yet no reaſon can be given why heavy things ſhould ſtop and reſt in that middle part of the void, rather than in any other part of it; becauſe it is the nature of the whole void to give way to ponderous things; nor can any part of the void ſupport any thing that has but the leaſt weight, becauſe the void is of all things the leaſt firm and ſolid.

Ver. 1080. In moſt of the former editions of this tranſlation, theſe two, and moſt of the following verſes of this book are tranſpoſed, and the ſenſe of Lucretius wretchedly embroiled and confuſed, if not totally miſtaken. No doubt our tranſlator followed ſome of the old editions of Lucretius, and finding them incorrect in this paſſage, endeavoured to mend them in his interpretation, but has ſucceeded ſo ill, that we may well apply to his verſion, what Lambinus ſaid of the original text, before he had corrected and brought it into ſome tolerable order: "Totus hic locus, qui deinceps ſequitur, miſerabilem in modum perturbatus et confuſus erat: ex qua ordinis perturbatione ita obſcurus erat, ut nulla ex ea probabilis ſententia elici poſſet." I have attempted to ſet it to rights in this edition; and in the few alterations and additions I have made, where the true meaning of Lucretius was evidently miſtaken, or imperfectly rendered, as well as in the diſpoſition and placing of the verſes, I have followed the interpretation and order which Creech himſelf has given and obſerved in his Latin edition of Lucretius, and hope I have done juſtice both to our tranſlator and his author.

Ver. 1082. His ſecond argument againſt thoſe that hold a centre, is contained in theſe twenty-two verſes, which are chiefly taken up in reciting their opinion; and he that recites an abſurdity, confutes it. Now they teach, ſays he, that the particles of earth and water only tend to the centre, but that thoſe of fire and of air ſtrive upwards. That of the fires which ariſe from the centre the planets and ſtars are made, and their flames preſerved and kept alive. But Lucretius anſwers, If ſome earthy particles did not riſe upwards likewiſe, how could animals be nouriſhed? how could trees, and all manner of plants grow, become green, and flouriſh, but by help of the needful food with which the earth ſupplies them? In the next place, ſays he, they pretend, that certain ſolid heavens, which ſtop and encloſe theſe light particles that ariſe from the centre, are rolled around all things: for if theſe particles were not ſtopped and reſtrained in their motion, they would immediately fly away through the immenſe void; the heavens would fall to pieces, the earth ſlip away from our feet, and the contexture of the whole frame would be diſſolved; for whenever any part of the world begins to fail, the diſſolution of the whole will follow.

Ver. 1086. Of this opinion, ſee the note on ver. 277.

Ver. 1094. The whole circuit or circumference of the heaven, with which the world is encloſed and ſurrounded, as with walls, Lucretius calls it Mœnia Mundi; and Ennius, Virgil, Manilius, and others, uſe the ſame expreſſion.

Ver. 1106. Through this whole book he has

been making grievous complaints of the obſcurity and intricateneſs of his ſubject, and of the difficulty of his undertaking; and, leſt this ſhould have deterred his Memmius from giving ear to his argumentations, he now, in theſe eight verſes, encourages him to take heart, promiſing that his future diſputation will be plain and eaſy.

ANIMADVERSION

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

Thus I have finiſhed my notes on the firſt book: may the reader enjoy the benefit of my labours, and pardon my miſtakes. But how can I beſpeak the candour and favour of my judges, who am going to paſs a ſharp, and perhaps too ſevere a cenſure on Lucretius himſelf. For, I will examine what he has advanced amiſs, and what with good reaſon. And as I will not reject all he has ſaid, ſo neither will I approve all his aſſertions. He who denied the praiſe of wit to Lucretius, granted him art; and who will refuſe him that honour which the moſt ſpiteful envy allowed him. I affirm, therefore, that his work is diſpoſed in an excellent method. Order ſhines throughout the whole; and the arguments ſupport and ſtrengthen one another in ſuch a manner, that if, in the opinion of Epicurus, there had not been a certain deformity, which no beautifying art could varniſh over and conceal, a certain weakneſs and deficiency which no ſtrength of wit, nor force of reaſoning could ſuſtain and make good, the poet would have repreſented to us a moſt beautiful, and at the ſame time, a moſt ſtrong and ſound philoſopher.

Epicurus was of opinion, that not the leaſt part of happineſs conſiſts in living exempt from fear; and that this happineſs can be attained only by the knowledge of nature:

——Terrores Animi, tenebraſque neceſſe 'ſt,
Non Radii Solis, non lucida tela diei
Diſcutiant; ſed Naturæ Species, Ratioque.
Lucret. lib. i. v. 147.

Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to day. *Dryden.*

Epicurus writes thus to Pythocles: Μὴ ἄλλο τι τέλος ἐκ τῆς περὶ μετεώρων γνώσεως εἴτε καθ' συναφὴν λεγομένων, εἴτε αὐτοτελῶς, νομίζειν δεῖ εἶναι, ἢπερ ἀταραξίαν, καὶ πίστιν βέβαιον, καθάπερ τὶ ἐπὶ τῶν λοιπῶν. And Cicero ſays, that by the knowledge of the nature of all things, we are eaſed of ſuperſtition, we are delivered from the fear of death, we are not diſquieted by the ignorance of things, which alone is often the cauſe of our moſt horrid and amazing terrors. "Omnium natura cognita levamur ſuperſtitione, liberamur mortis metu, non conturbamur ignoratione rerum, è qua ipſa exiſtunt horribiles ſæpe formidines," lib. i. de Fin.

Epicurus aſſerts, that all the fears that diſturb the minds of men, proceed from the belief of Providence, and of puniſhments after death, which laſt is a neceſſary conſequence of the former. For who is the man, that believing that God takes care of him, does not day and night dread the Divine Majeſty? See Cicero in Lucullus. This was the opinion of that miſtaken man, who was wiſe and knowing in a mad and fooliſh philoſophy: againſt whom, whoever undertakes to diſpute, will engage himſelf in a moſt ridiculous attempt: for whoſoever favours ſo abſurd an opinion, plainly wants common ſenſe, and is fit company only for lunatics. The care and protection of a gracious prince, or of a kind parent, deliver us from fear and ſorrow, nor do we dread the good will of courteous and charitable men. Whence then this horror, to think that we are taken care of by a moſt beneficent and Almighty Deity?

Lucretius propoſes this abſurd opinion in this firſt book; and after having prepared his reader by an artful introduction, he illuſtrates and adorns the ſubject, of which he had unhappily made choice. Ver. 181. He endeavours to prove by ten arguments, that nothing is made of nothing, and that nothing returns into nothing. I confeſs he is ingenious in the invention, and copious in the explication of them, but he does by no means come up to the matter: For, let us grant, I. That every thing cannot proceed from every thing. II. That things are produced at fixed and certain ſeaſons. III. That they require time to grow: And, IV. Matter to make them grow. V. That bounds are ſet to ſtrength and life. VI. That the earth becomes more fertile by culture and by the induſtry of men. VII. That nothing dies unleſs it be diſſolved by ſome force. VIII. That animals cannot be born daily, unleſs they be renewed by certain ſeeds. IX. That one and the ſame ſtrength is not able to diſſolve all things: And, X. laſtly, That nature does not produce any thing, unleſs ſhe be aſſiſted by the death of another. Let us, I ſay, grant all this, and what will it avail Lucretius? Will he conclude that the ſeeds themſelves were not made of nothing? Or, that nothing is ordered by the will and providence of the Deity? He can rationally conclude neither; and thus his ten arguments come to nothing: not indeed for any want of wit or artfulneſs on his part, but through the weakneſs of the cauſe itſelf, which he undertook to ſupport.

Ver. 316. He admirably well defends his ſubtle and minute ſeeds againſt ſuch as believe their ſenſes only: and ver. 381, he evinces that there is a void, by four arguments, than which no man yet ever brought more convincing. I have never ſeen any thing that could be replied to the firſt and fourth of them; but indeed, the ſecond and third are not of the ſame validity.

Ver. 472. He confirms by two arguments, that nothing is beſides body and void: and whatever elſe others allow to be things, he confines to the claſs of accidents which ſubſiſt, and are diſtinguiſhed from body and void by the imagination

only. But here he cunningly ſuppoſes what he ought to prove: that body only can act and ſuffer, touch, and be touched: for the ſouls of men, and all immaterial ſubſtances, contradict this definition.

Ver. 527. He, in many arguments, aſcribes perfect ſolidity to his atoms; nor do I deny it. But there is no reaſon to believe that therefore they cannot be diſſolved: for the ſolidity of the ſeeds proceeds from the immediate contact of their parts. But in all concrete bodies the contact of the parts is allowed to be at leaſt equal to that which is between the parts of the ſeeds. And therefore concrete bodies ſhould be equally, and no more liable to diſſolution than the ſeeds themſelves. The other argument by which he aſſerts the eternity of his atoms, are built on a falſe ſuppoſition: he aſſumes what he ought to prove; and when he at length flies to what they call a mathematical leaſt, ver. 630. he indeed preſſes hard on his adverſaries, and reduces them to great difficulties, but is reduced to no leſs ſtraits himſelf.

Ver. 668. He triumphs over Heraclitus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and others. At length, ver. 960. he employs a long diſputation, to prove the univerſe, which conſiſts of body and void, to be infinite: and here he is very copious in his arguments againſt the Stoics, who held a centre in the infinite univerſe, and deſcribes the opinions of Epicurus with a great deal of eloquence; but they being all built on falſe ſuppoſitions, fall together to the ground. Then he baniſhes the Antipodes, which a truer philoſophy and experience have long ſince recalled, and ſettled in their ancient abodes. However, he ſoothes with his arguments the imagination of man, which delights to be led away into an infinite, and never yet fixed any bounds to ſpace, nor ever will dare to do ſo.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. From ver. 1. to 63, Lucretius exhorts his Memmius to the ſtudy of philoſophy, which alone can alleviate our cares and anxieties, and deliver the mind from fears. II. He diſputes concerning the properties or qualities of the ſeeds or atoms; the firſt of which is motion. That ſeeds move is demonſtrated from the generation of things; but their motion is downwards; for all ſeeds are heavy. But when ſolid ſeeds meet, they muſt of neceſſity rebound every way from one another. Thus ſome ſeeds happen to unite and join together, and thoſe whoſe union is moſt cloſe, compoſe the things that are hard and denſe; but the ſeeds whoſe connection is more looſe, make thoſe that are ſoft and rare. But ſome ſeeds never combine into one, but like the motes which we ſee in the beams of the ſun, are in perpetual motion, flying to and fro in the void, and inceſſantly ſtrike and drive up and down other atoms and themſelves. Theſe arguments end at ver. 133. III. He explains the ſwiftneſs of the ſeeds that tend downwards, to ver. 160. IV. Then to ver. 177, he ſeverely, according to his uſual method, falls upon thoſe who acknowledge a Divine and ruling Providence. V. He reſumes his argument, and to ver. 209, aſſerts that all bodies tend downwards. VI. To ver. 28c, he ſhows, that the ſeeds, as they tend downwards, decline a little from the ſtraight line; for unleſs they did ſo, nothing at all, at leaſt no free agent could ever be produced. VII. Then to ver. 318, he teaches that the ſeeds ſtill move in the ſame motion in which they have moved from all eternity: and that no man ought to diſtruſt this opinion becauſe he does not ſee the motion, ſince even the ſeeds themſelves cannot be perceived. Figure is the ſecond property or quality of the ſeeds: and he proves, VIII. to ver. 454, That all ſeeds are not of the ſame figure; but that ſome are round, ſome ſquare, ſome ſmooth, ſome rough, ſome hooked, &c. And he ſhows at large what figures compoſe bitter bodies, what ſweet, what hard, what ſoft. IX. To ver. 546, that this variety of figures is not infinite, but that the ſeeds of the ſame figure are infinite; that is to ſay, that the round are infinite, the ſquare infinite, &c. X. In the next place, to ver. 678, he proceeds to ſhow, that things are not compoſed of atoms of the ſame figure; and proves by ſeveral arguments, that compound bodies contain ſeeds of different figures. XI. Then he teaches that ſeeds have none of thoſe qualities which we call ſenſible; as colour, taſte, cold, heat, &c. XII. And that they are not endowed with ſenſe, though coloured, ſavoury, hot, cold and ſenſible things are compoſed of them, to ver. 988. XIII. Laſtly, That theſe infinite ſeeds, flying up and down through the infinite void, compoſe infinite worlds, and that theſe worlds are ſometimes increaſed in bulk by the ſeeds that drop down out of the infinite ſpace: and ſometimes diminiſhed and diſſolved, becauſe the ſeeds get looſe, and fly away from them into the infinite ſpace likewiſe; in like manner as plants and animals are born, increaſe in growth, wax old, and at length die.

'Tis pleaſant when the ſeas are rough, to ſtand
And view another's danger, ſafe at land:
Not 'cauſe he's troubled, but 'tis ſweet to ſee
Thoſe cares and fears from which ourſelves are free.

'Tis alſo pleaſant to behold from far
How troops engage, ſecure ourſelves from war.
But above all, 'tis pleaſanteſt to get
The top of high philoſophy, and ſit
On the calm, peaceful flouriſhing head of it.

Whence we may view deep, wond'rous deep below,
How poor miſtaken mortals wand'ring go,
Seeking the path to happineſs: ſome aim
At learning, wit, nobility, or fame:
Others with cares and dangers vex each hour
To reach the top of wealth and ſov'reign pow'r:
Blind wretched man! in what dark paths of ſtrife
We walk this little journey of our life!
While frugal nature ſeeks for only eaſe;
A body free from pains, free from diſeaſe;
A mind from cares and jealouſies at peace.
And little too is needful to maintain
The body found in health, and free from pain.
Not delicates but ſuch as may ſupply
Contented nature's thrifty luxury.
She aſks no more. What though no boys of gold
Adorn the walls, and ſprightly tapers hold,
Whoſe beauteous rays, ſcatt'ring the gaudy light,
Might grace the feaſts and revels of the night:
What though no gold adorns; no muſic's ſound
With doubled ſweetneſs from the roofs rebound;
Yet underneath a loving myrtle's ſhade,
Hard by a purling ſtream ſupinely laid, [ſpread,
When ſpring with fragrant flow'rs the earth has
And ſweeteſt roſes grow around our head;
Envy'd by wealth and pow'r, with ſmall expence
We may enjoy the ſweet delights of ſenſe.
Who ever heard a fever tamer grown
In clothes embroider'd o'er, and beds of down,
Than in courſe rags?
Since then ſuch toys as theſe
Contribute nothing to the bodies eaſe,
As honour, wealth, and nobleneſs of blood,
'Tis plain they likewiſe do the mind no good.
If when thy fierce embattled troops at land
Mock-fights maintain; or when the navies ſtand
In graceful ranks, or ſweep the yielding ſeas,
If then before ſuch martial ſights as theſe,
Diſperſe not all black jealouſies and cares,
Vain dread of death, and ſuperſtitious fears
Not leave thy mind; but if all this be vain,
If the ſame cares and dread and fears remain,
If traitor-like they ſeize thee on the throne,
And dance within the circle of a crown;
If noiſe of arms, nor darts can make them fly,
Nor the gay ſparklings of the purple dye.
If they on emperors will rudely ſeize,
What makes us value all ſuch things as theſe,
But folly and dark ignorance of happineſs?
For we, as boys at night, by day do fear
Shadows as vain and ſenſeleſs as thoſe are. [fouls,
Wherefore that darkneſs which o'erſpreads our
Day can't diſperſe; but thoſe eternal rules,
Which from firm premiſes true reaſon draws,
And a deep inſight into nature's laws.
But now I'll ſing, do you attend, how ſeed
Proceeds to make, and to diſſolve things made:
What drives them forward to their tedious race,
What makes them run through all the mighty ſpace.
'Tis certain now no ſeed to ſeed adheres
Unmov'd and fix'd: for every thing appears
Worn out, and waſted by devouring years;
Still waſting, ſtill it vaniſhes away,
And yet the maſs of things feels no decay:
For when thoſe bodies part, the things grow leſs
And old: but they do flouriſh and increaſe,
To which they join; thence too they fly away;
So things by turns increaſe, by turns decay:
Like racers bear the lamp of life and live,
And their race done, their lamp to others give.
And ſo the maſs renews: few years deface
One kind, and ſtraight another takes the place.
But if you think the ſeeds can reſt, and make
A change by reſt, how great is the miſtake?
For ſince they through the boundleſs vacuum rove,
By their own weight, or other's ſtroke they move,
For when they meet and ſtrike, that furious play
Makes each of them reflect a diff'rent way:
For both are perfect ſolids, and nought lies
Behind, to ſtop their motion as they riſe. [move,
But that you may conceive how thus they
Conſider that my former reaſons prove,
That ſeeds ſeek not the midſt, and that the ſpace
Is infinite, and knows no loweſt place;
And, therefore, ſeeds can never end their race,
But always move, and in a various round. [bound
Some when they meet, and rudely ſtrike, re-
To a great diſtance; others when they jar
Will part too, and rebound, but not ſo far.
Now theſe ſmall ſeeds that are more cloſely join'd,
And tremble, in a little ſpace confin'd,
Stopp'd by their mutual twinings, ſtones compoſe
Iron or ſteel, or bodies like to thoſe;
But thoſe that ſwim in a wide void alone,
And make their quick and large rebounds, or run
Through a large ſpace, compoſe the air and ſun.
Beſides theſe two, there is another kind;
Bodies from union free, and unconfin'd;
With others ne'er in friendly motion join'd.
Of theſe there's a familiar inſtance——
For look where'er the glitt'ring ſun-beams come
Through narrow chinks into a darken'd room;
A thouſand little bodies ſtraight appear
In the ſmall ſtreams of light, and wander there:
For ever fight, reject all ſhows of peace;
Now meet, now part again, and never ceaſe.
Hence we may judge how th' atoms always ſtrove
Through the vaſt empty ſpace, and how they move.
Such knowledge from mean inſtances we get,
And eaſily from ſmall things riſe to great.
But mark this inſtance well, and learn from thence
What motions vex the ſeeds, though hid from ſenſe:
For here you may behold, by ſecret blows
How bodies turn'd, their line of motion loſe:
How beaten backward, and with wanton play,
Now this, now that, and ev'ry other way.
All have their motions from their ſeeds; for thoſe
Move of themſelves, and then with ſecret blows
Strike on the ſmall moleculæ; they receive
The ſwift impreſſion, and to greater give:
Thus they begin from the firſt ſeeds; and thence
Go on by juſt degrees, and move our ſenſe.
For look, within the little beams of light
You ſee them ſtrike; but what blow makes them fight
Is undiſcern'd, and hidden from our ſight.

And yet how ſwift the atoms motions are,
This foll'wing inſtance will in ſhort declare:
For when the morning climbs the eaſtern ſkies,
And tuneful birds ſalute her early riſe;
In ev'ry grove and wood with joy appear,
And fill with rav'ſhing ſounds the yielding air.
How ſwift the beams of the bright riſing ſun
Shoot forth! Their race is finiſh'd when begun:
From heav'n to earth they take their haſty flight,
And gild the diſtant globe with gaudy light.
But this thin vapour, and this glitt'ring ray,
Through a mere void, make not their eaſy way;
But with much trouble force a paſſage through
Reſiſting air; and therefore move more ſlow:
Nor are they ſeeds, but little bodies join'd;
And adverſe motions in ſmall ſpace confin'd:
And therefore from without reſiſting force,
And inbred jars muſt ſtop their eager courſe;
But ſolid ſeeds, that move through empty ſpace,
And all whoſe parts do ſeek one common place;
Whom nothing from without reſiſts; than light
And beams more ſwift, muſt make their haſty flight;
And in that time a larger diſtance fly,
While the ſun's lazy beams creep through our ſky:
For they by counſel cannot move more ſlow;
Or ſtop to make inquiry, or to know
How they muſt work, on what deſign they go.
But ſome, dull ſouls! think matter cannot move
Into fit ſhapes, without the pow'rs above:
Nor make the various ſeaſons of the year
So fit for men; nor fruit, nor buſhes bear,
Nor other things, which pleaſure prompts, could do:
Pleaſure, that guide of life, and miſtreſs too!
That we ſhould ſeek love's generous embrace,
And thence renew frail man's decaying race:
And therefore fancy that the gods did make
And rule this all. How great is that miſtake!
For were I ignorant whence things ariſe,
Yet many reaſons from the earth and ſkies,
From ev'ry thing deduc'd, will plainly prove,
That this imperfect world———
Was never made by the wiſe pow'rs above.
This I'll explain hereafter; now go on
To finiſh what already I've begun.
And this I think a proper place to prove,
That nothing of itſelf can upward move:
Leſt when you ſee th' ambitious flame aſpire,
You think 'tis nat'ral force bears up the fire.
For ev'ry tree does rear its lofty head,
Each tender ear and ſhrub does upward ſpread,
And all draw up their nour'ſhment from below,
But yet all weights by nature downward go.
So when the ſubtle flame, and ſhining ſtreams
Of fire ariſe, and waſte the upper beams;
'Tis ſome force drives them up. So from a wound
Our blood ſhoots forth, and ſprinkles all around.
Again, who ſees not that a quiet flood
Throws back with mighty force th' immerſed wood?
For when we ſtrive, in deeper ſtreams, to drown,
And ſcarce with all our force can preſs it down,
The waves, with double vigour, throw it up,
And make it ſtrongly leap above the top:
And yet who doubts all theſe would downward tend,
When plac'd in void, and nat'rally deſcend?
So riſing flames by th' air are upwards borne,
Although their nat'ral weights preſs a return:
Beſides, we all behold, how ev'ry night
The falling meteors draw long trains of light.
Wherever nature yields a paſſage through,
We ſee ſtars fall, and ſeek them here below:
The ſun too from above his vigour yields
To us below, and cheriſhes our fields.
Therefore its fire deſcends; ſwift light'ning flies;
Now here, now there, betwixt the parted ſkies:
And fighting through the clouds, its place of birth,
The broken ſulph'rous flame deſcends to earth.
Now ſeeds in downward motion muſt decline,
Though very little, from th' exacteſt line:
For did they ſtill move ſtraight, they needs muſt fall,
Like drops of rain, diſſolv'd and ſcatter'd all;
Forever tumbling through the mighty ſpace,
And never join to make one ſingle maſs.
If any one believes, the heavier ſeed,
In downright motions, and from hind'rance freed,
May ſtrike the lighter; and fit motions make,
Whence things may riſe, how great is the miſtake!
'Tis true, when weights deſcend through yielding air,
Or ſtreams; the ſwiftneſs of the fall muſt bear
Proportion to the weights; and reaſon good;
Becauſe the fleeting air, and yielding flood
With equal ſtrength reſiſt not ev'ry courſe,
But ſooner yield unto the greater force:
But now no void can ſtop, no ſpace can ſtay
The ſeeds; for 'tis its nature to give way;
Therefore through void unequal weights muſt be
Like ſwift in motion, all of like degree.
Nor can the heavier bodies overtake
The lighter falling ſeeds; and, ſtriking, make
The motions various, fit for nature's uſe,
By which all pow'rful ſhe may things produce.
'Tis certain then and plain, that ſeeds decline,
Though very little from th' exacteſt line,
But not obliquely move: that fond pretence
Would fight all reaſon, nay, ev'n common ſenſe:
For ev'ry body ſees, a falling weight
Makes its deſcent by lines direct and ſtraight.
Beſides, did all things move in a ſtraight line,
Did ſtill one motion to another join
In certain order, and no ſeeds decline,
And make a motion fit to diſſipate [fate:
The well wrought chain of cauſes, and ſtrong
Whence comes this perfect freedom of the mind?
Whence comes the will ſo free, and unconfin'd,
Above the pow'r of fate, by which we go
Whene'er we pleaſe, and what we will we do?
In animals the will moves firſt; and thence
The motions ſpread to the circumference,
And vig'rous action through the limbs diſpenſe:
For look, and ſee, when firſt the barrier's down,
The horſe, though eager, cannot ſtart ſo ſoon
As his own mind requires; becauſe the force,
And ſubtle matter that maintains the courſe,

Muſt be ſtirr'd through the limbs, then fitly join'd,
Obey the eager motions of his mind:
Which proves theſe motions riſe within the heart,
Beginning by the will, then run through ev'ry part.
But now 'tis otherwiſe, when 'tis begun
From force; for then our limbs are hurry'd on
By violent ſtrokes, no pow'r of our own,
Until the will, by her own nat'ral ſway,
Shall check, or turn the force another way.
Wherefore 'tis plain; though force may drive us on,
And make us move our limbs, and make us run;
Yet ſomething lies within, that can oppoſe
The vi'lent ſtroke, and ſtill reſiſt the blows;
At whoſe command a ſubtle matter flies,
And bends through all our limbs, our arms, our thighs;
And check'd again, and all the vigour dies.
Therefore, we muſt confeſs, as theſe things prove,
There is another cauſe, by which ſeeds move,
Beſides dull weight and ſtroke, from whence is wrought
This pow'r: for nothing can ariſe from nought,
For weight forbids that things be only join'd
By ſtroke, and outward force; and leſt the mind
Should be by ſtrong neceſſity confin'd,
And, overcome, endure fate's rigid laws,
This little declination is the cauſe.
Nor was this maſs of matter, the whole frame,
Ever more looſe or cloſe, but ſtill the ſame:
For it can never fail, or greater grow;
Wherefore the ſeeds ſtill mov'd, ev'n juſt as now:
And the like motions ever will maintain;
What things were made, will be produc'd again
In the ſame way; look fair, grow ſtrong, and great,
And live as long as nature's laws permit.
Nor is there any force can change this all:
For there's no place from which ſtrange ſeeds may fall,
And make diſturbance: no ſpace does here lie
Beyond the whole, to which the ſeeds may fly,
And leave the mighty all to waſte and die.
Beſides, 'tis nothing ſtrange that ev'ry maſs
Seems quiet, and at reſt, and keeps its place;
Though ev'ry little part moves here and there:
For ſince the principles too ſubtle are
For ſight, their motion too muſt diſappear:
Nay, objects fit for ſenſe, which diſtant lie,
Conceal their motions too, and cheat our eye.
For often on a hill the wanton ſheep,
At diſtance plac'd, o'er flow'ry paſtures creep,
Where'er herbs, crown'd with pearly dew, invite,
And kindly call their eager appetite.
The lambs, their bellies full, with various turns,
Play o'er the field, and try their tender horns:
Yet all theſe ſeem confus'd at diſtance ſeen,
And like a ſteady white, ſpread o'er the green.
And thus, when two embattled armies rage,
And in a ſpacious plain at laſt engage,
When all run here and there; the furious horſe
Beat o'er the trembling fields with nimble force:
Straight dreadful ſparklings from their arms appear,
And fill with a ſtrange light the wond'ring air:
Earth groans beneath their feet; the hills around,
Flatt'ring the noiſe, reſtore the dreadful ſound:
Yet this would ſeem, if from a mountain ſhown,
A ſteady light, and a continu'd one.
Now learn what manner of things firſt bodies are,
What diff'rent figures, ſhapes, and forms they bear.
For though the ſhape to many is the ſame,
Yet all agree not in one common frame:
Nor is this ſtrange, or to be wonder'd at:
For ſince the numbers are ſo vaſtly great,
And know no bound, nor end, it cannot be,
That all in the ſame figures ſhould agree.
Beſides, conſider men, or beaſts, or trees,
Or ſilent fiſh, that cut the yielding ſeas;
Or birds, that either wanton o'er the floods,
Or fill with tuneful ſounds the liſt'ning woods;
Conſider each particular, you'll find
How diff'rent ſhapes appear in ev'ry kind.
Elſe how could dams their tender young, or how know;
The new-born young their diſtant mothers
Which all perform as well as men can do.
For often when an inn'cent heifer dies,
To angry gods a ſpotleſs ſacrifice;
When all around ſhe ſheds atoning blood,
And ſtains the altars with a purple flood:
Her dam beats o'er the fields in wild deſpair,
And wounds with loud complaints the tender air;
Now here, now there will run, and ſtill complain;
Now leaves her ſtall, and then returns again:
Mad for her young, ſhe ev'ry field does trace;
With paſſionate eyes ſhe viſits ev'ry place:
No ſtreams, no flow'rs, her former great delight,
Can raiſe or quicken her dead appetite,
Allay her grief, divert her pining care,
And though a thouſand heifers ſhould appear,
More fat, more fair than hers, ſhe paſſes by,
And looks on none, or with a ſlighting eye:
So plain it is, ſhe looks for ſomething known,
And view'd before; ſhe only ſeeks her own.
Beſides, the tender kids, and wanton lambs
All know the voice, and bleatings of their dams:
And all, as nat'ral inſtinct prompts them on,
When hunger calls, to their own mothers run.
Beſides, what various ſhapes in corn appear?
A diff'rent ſize to ev'ry grain, and ear.
And ſo in ſhells, where waters, waſhing o'er,
With wanton kiſſes bathe th' amorous ſhore.
And therefore ſeeds, ſince they from nature came,
Not made by art, after one common frame,
Muſt not be all alike, their ſhapes the ſame.
And hence a reaſon's ſeen why light'ning flies
With keener force, through ſtones, through parted ſkies,
Than thoſe blunt flames, which from our fires ariſe:
Becauſe its little parts, more looſely join'd,
More ſubtle far, an eaſy paſſage find
Through ſuch ſmall pores, as ſtop the blunter flame,
Which parts of heavy oil, or timber frame.

Through horn the ſun-beams paſs, and ſtrike our eye;
But water on the ſurface ſtays: and why?
Becauſe the parts of light are leſs than thoſe
That make up water, and dull ſtreams compoſe.
So through the ſtrainer wines with eaſe will flow;
But heavy oil, or ſtops, or runs more ſlow:
The reaſon's this; 'cauſe 'tis of parts combin'd,
Far greater, and more hook'd, and cloſely twin'd,
Which therefore cannot be disjoin'd as ſoon,
And through each little paſſage ſingly run.
From taſted honey pleaſing thoughts ariſe,
And in delightful airs look through our eyes:
When rue, or wormwood's touch'd, flies ev'ry grace,
And violent diſtortions ſcrew the face.
Whence you may eas'ly gueſs thoſe round, and ſmooth,
That with delightful touch affect the mouth:
But thoſe which we more rough or bitter find,
Are made of parts more hook'd, and cloſely twin'd;
Which wound the organ, as they enter in,
And force a paſſage through the injur'd ſkin.
In ſhort, what things are good for ſenſe, what bad,
Of ſeeds of diff'rent ſhape, and ſize are made:
Nor muſt you fancy bodies that compoſe
The harſher ſounds of ſaws, as ſmooth as thoſe
That form the ſweeteſt airs that viols make,
When gentle ſtrokes the ſleeping ſtrings awake.
Thoſe ſeeds have diff'rent figures, form, and ſize,
That from all rotting carcaſes ariſe,
From thoſe that new-preſs'd ſaffron yields, or rear
From incens'd altars, ſweet'ning all the air.
And ſo in colours too, that gaudy dye,
That pleaſes, and delights the curious eye,
A diff'rent form, and ſhape, and figure bears
From that which wounds the ſenſe, and forces tears;
Or mean and ugly to the ſight appears.
For ſeeds of all that pleaſe the ſenſe are ſmooth;
Of all that hurt, are rough, or hook'd, or both.
But beſides theſe, there other bodies are,
Not perfect ſmooth, nor hook'd, but angular:
With little corners butting ev'ry where,
Which tickle more than hurt the ſenſe; ſuch join
To make the acid taſte of palling wine.
Laſtly, that heat and cold, form'd diff'rent ways,
Affect the organs, ev'n our touch betrays.
For touch, that beſt, that chiefeſt ſenſe is made,
When ſtrokes, from things without, the nerves invade,
Or ſomething from within does outward flow,
And hurts, or tickles as it paſſes through:
As 'tis in venery, or when the ſeed
Remain within, and ſtrange confuſions breed,
Stirr'd up by vi'lent ſtroke: for ſtrike a blow
On any limb, and you will find 'tis ſo.
Wherefore theſe ſeeds muſt be of diff'rent ſize,
Of diff'rent ſhapes and figures; when ariſe
In ſenſe, ſo great, ſo ſtrange varieties.
Farther, what things ſeem hard and thick, are join'd twin'd;
Of parts more hook'd and firm, and cloſely

As iron, flints, braſs, ſteel, and diamonds,
Gems free from pow'r of ſtroke, ſecure from wounds.
But fluids are compoſed of ſmooth and round;
For their ſmall parts, by no ſtrong union bound,
Are very eaſily disjoin'd, and move
Or here, or there, at every little ſhove.
Laſtly, Whatever's ſoon diſſolv'd, or broke,
As morning miſts, or yielding flames, or ſmoke;
If all its little bodies be not ſmooth
And round in figure, form, or ſhape, or both,
Yet they are not all twin'd, all have not hooks,
And ſo may paſs through ſtones and hardeſt rocks.
Nor muſt you think it ſtrange the ſame ſhould be,
Fluid and bitter too, as is the ſea;
For fluids are of ſmooth and round combin'd;
To theſe are little pungent bodies join'd;
Yet there's no need they ſhould be hook'd or twin'd;
For they may globous be, though rough, and thence
Are fitted both to move, and hurt the ſenſe.
But to convince you with a clearer proof,
That acid fluids have ſmooth join'd with rough,
They may be ſep'rated with eaſe enough,
For when ſalt ſtreams through winding caverns paſs,
They riſe up ſweet, and bubble o'er the graſs:
Becauſe thoſe pungent parts they roll'd before,
Now ſtay behind, and lodge in every pore.
This being prov'd, I'll now go on to ſhow
Theſe various ſhapes are finite, and but few;
For grant them infinite, it follows thence
That ſome among the ſeeds muſt be immenſe:
And how can numerous ſorts of ſhapes appear
In ſuch ſmall bodies as the atoms are?
For think that ſome minuteſt parts compoſe
The ſeed; add two, or three, or more to thoſe;
Now, when the topmoſt parts are plac'd below,
And the right turn'd to left, you'll plainly know,
By changing ev'ry way their former place,
What figure each poſition gives the maſs.
But if you'd make it capable of more,
You muſt ſubjoin new parts to thoſe before,
And ſo go on, if you would vary thoſe;
Thus with the ſhapes the body greater grows:
Wherefore 'tis doworight folly to admit
That this variety is infinite,
Unleſs you grant ſome ſeeds immenſely great.
Beſides; embroider'd ſtuff, and purple dye,
Or gaudy peacocks plumes, that court our eye,
Excell'd by finer colours would ſeem leſs bright,
And loſe their wonted power to delight.
So things more ſweet than honey would appear,
And ſounds more ſoft than ſwans ſalute the ear;
Nay, muſic's ſweeteſt airs would ceaſe to pleaſe,
Becauſe there might be better than all theſe:
So on the contrary, we ſtill might fall
From bad to worſe, but ne'er to worſt of all;
For ſtill in nature ſomething worſe may riſe,
Still more offenſive to our ears, our eyes,
Our ſmell, our taſte But now, ſince 'tis confeſs'd
That ſome things are in nature worſt, ſome beſt,
And we can fear no high'r, 'tis likewiſe true,
Theſe various ſhapes are finite, and but few.

Laſtly, In fire and ſnow the heat and cold's intenſe,
The utmoſt qualities that ſtrike our ſenſe;
Theſe two, as bounds, the middle warmths controul,
Which riſe by juſt degrees, and make a whole:
'Tis certain then that theſe varieties
Are finite, and that two extremes compriſe,
On this ſide melting flames, on that ſide ice.
This prov'd, it follows, that thoſe ſeeds whoſe frame
Is perfectly alike, their ſhapes the ſame,
Are infinite; for, ſince theſe reaſons teach,
That thoſe varieties of ſhape ne'er reach
To infinite, there muſt be infinite of each;
Or elſe, what I before ſucceſsfully oppos'd,
The all is finite, and in bounds enclos'd.
This taught, my lab'ring muſe next ſweetly ſings,
That proper ſeeds for ev'ry kind of things
Are infinite; that theſe preſerve the maſs,
And kinds of things, by conſtant ſtrokes in ev'ry place:
For though ſome kinds of beaſts we rarely view,
As if unfruitful nature bore but few;
Yet other countries may ſupply our wants:
Thus India breeds ſuch troops of elephants,
As fight their wars, and uſually o'ercome;
So num'rous are they there, ſo few at Rome.
But grant in nature ſuch a ſingle one,
The like to which nor is, nor e'er was known:
Yet were its proper ſeeds but finite, how
Could that be made, or when 'twas made, how grow?
For think the ſeeds of any ſingle maſs
Being finite, ſcatter'd through the mighty ſpace,
Where, how, or when, what force, or what deſign,
Amid ſuch diff'rent ſeeds, could make them join?
For 'tis not reaſon prompts them to combine.
But as in wrecks, the ſeats, the maſts, the oars,
Confus'dly ſcatter'd, fill the neighb'ring ſhores:
That men might learn by ſuch ſad ſights as theſe
The force, and cruel treach'ries of the ſeas;
And ſtill diſtruſt, though with perfidious ſmile
Becalm'd, it tempts them on to farther toil.
So finite ſeeds would in the ſpace be toſt,
And in the whirls of diff'rent matter loſt;
So that they ne'er could join, or be at peace,
Nor yet preſerve their union, nor increaſe:
But now 'tis plain, and ev'n our ſenſes ſhow
That things are made; and, made, increaſe and grow.
'Tis certain then that ſeeds of ev'ry kind
Are infinite.——
Nor can deſtructive motions ſtill prevail,
And bring a univerſal death on all:
Nor motions, which compoſe or elſe increaſe,
Always preſerve things made, but ſometimes ceaſe:
So theſe two contraries do always jar
With equal force, and ſtill maintain the war.
Now theſe, now thoſe prevail; and infant's moans
Are ever mix'd with others' dying groans:
And ev'ry day and night the tender cry
Of new-born babes joins with their ſighs that die.
Now you muſt farther mark that nought's combin'd,
Compos'd, or made of ſeeds all of one kind;
But things of diff'rent pow'rs and faculties
Do equal diff'rent ſorts of ſeeds compriſe.
The earth does in itſelf ſuch parts contain,
As make up ſprings which feed the greedy main;
And ſuch ſeed too as fierceſt fire can frame;
For many parts, like Ætna, vomit flame:
And ſuch whence trees and tender ſhrubs do ſhoot; [fruit.
And graſs for beaſts, for man ſweet corn and
Hence term'd the mother of the gods: confeſs'd
The common parent too of man and beaſt.
The poets ſing, that through the heav'ns above,
She chariots, drawn by fierce yok'd lions, drove;
And riding to and fro, ſhe wanders there:
They teach by this, that in the ſpacious air
Hangs the vaſt maſs of earth, and needs no prop
Of any lower earth to keep it up.
They yoke ſuch beaſts, to ſhow that ev'ry child,
Though form'd by nature fierce, untam'd, and wild, [mild.
Soften'd by care and love, grows tame, and
Her lofty head a mural garland wears,
Becauſe ſhe towns and ſtately caſtles bears:
And thus adorn'd with gaudy pomp and ſhow,
Goes through our towns, and as ſhe paſſes through,
The vulgar fear, and all with rev'rence bow.
Concerning her fond ſuperſtition frames
A thouſand odd conceits, a thouſand names;
And gives her a large train of Phrygian dames:
Becauſe in Phrygia corn at firſt took birth,
And thence was ſcatter'd o'er the other earth.
They eunuch all her prieſts, from whence 'tis ſhown,
That they deſerve no children of their own,
Who or abuſe their ſires, or diſreſpect,
Or treat their mothers with a cold neglect;
Their mothers, whom they ſhould adore.——
Amidſt her pomp fierce drums and cymbals beat,
And the hoarſe horns with rattling notes do threat.
The pipe with Phrygian airs diſturbs their ſouls,
Till, reaſon overthrown, mad paſſion rules.
They carry arms, thoſe dreadful ſigns of war,
To raiſe in impious routs religious fear. [goes,
When carry'd thus in pomp. through towns ſhe
And health on all moſt ſilently beſtows;
With offer'd money they beſtrew the plain,
And roſes cover her, and all her train.
Here ſome in arms dance round among the crowd,
Look dreadful gay in their own ſparkling blood,
Their creſts ſtill ſhaking with a dreadful nod.
Theſe repreſent thoſe armed prieſts, who ſtrove
To drown the tender cries of infant Jove;
By dancing quick they made a greater ſound,
And beat their armour as they danc'd around;
Leſt Saturn ſhould have found and eat the boy,
And Ops for ever mourn'd her prattling joy.
For this her train is arm'd; or elſe to ſhow
They'll ſerve their country, and enlarge it too.

Whenever danger, or when honour calls.
All which, though well contriv'd, is fond, and false;
For ev'ry deity must live in peace,
In undisturb'd, and everlasting ease:
Not care for us, from fears and dangers free;
Sufficient to his own felicity.
Nought here below, nought in our pow'r he needs;
Ne'er smiles at good, ne'er frowns at wicked deeds.
The earth wants sense, and yet contains the seeds;
And therefore trees and living creatures breeds.
Now those that would their wanton fancies please,
And use the name of Neptune for the seas;
Ceres for corn, or Bacchus for the vine,
Rather than speak the plainer terms of wine,
Such men may call, and strength of fancy show,
The earth the mother of the gods below,
And those above, although she is not so.
The sheep, the warlike horse, and bull, in food
Agree; and all drink of the same cold flood:
And yet they diff'rent are; and each delights
In proper motions, manners, appetites;
Such diff'rent seeds in ev'ry herb do grow;
Such diff'rent seeds in ev'ry water flow.
Now though blood, humour, nerves, and vein, and bone,
Are parts of animal, and make up one;
Yet what varieties their forms divide?
How all unlike? Their diff'rence vastly wide!
So all combustibles, though not the same
In other things, have parts of such a frame
As make gay sparkles, ashes, light, and flame.
And so consider ev'ry thing, you'll find
Each made of diff'rent seeds in shape and kind.
Lastly, We all confess some object please
The smell and taste at once.——
Now seeds of diff'rent shapes must make up these,
For taste and smell do diff'rent organs strike,
Therefore their figures cannot be alike:
So that each mass does diff'rent shapes enclose,
And ev'ry body diff'rent seeds compose.
A pregnant proof of this my song affords,
For there are letters common to all words;
Yet some of diff'rent shapes and figures join,
To make each diff'rent word, each diff'rent line.
Not but that many are in shape the same,
But all agree not in one common frame.
And so of other things; though things are made
Of many common seeds in order laid,
Yet may the compounds widely disagree,
And we may justly guess that stone, and tree,
Or an'mal kind, as bird, and beast, and man,
From seeds of diff'rent shapes and kinds began.
Yet all join not with all, for thence would rise
Vast monsters, nature's great absurdities;
Some things half-beast, half-man, and some would grow
Tall trees above, and animals below;
Some join'd of fish and beasts, and ev'ry where,
Frightful chimeras, breathing flames, appear.
But since we see no such, and things arise
From certain seeds, of certain shape and size,
And keep their kind, as they increase and grow;
There's some fix'd reason why it should be so.

For see, our limbs receive from all their food
Agreeable parts, which, turn'd to flesh and blood,
Accept the vital motions: but for those
That disagree with her, some nature throws
Through open passages away; but more
By secret impulse fly through ev'ry pore;
For they could never join, but still at strife,
Obstruct all motions that are fit for life.
Now these are cath'lic laws; these rules do bind
Not animals alone, but ev'ry kind;
For since they all of diff'rent natures are,
The figures of their seeds can never square;
Not but that many are in shape the same,
But all agree not in one common frame.
Now since the seeds are diff'rent, thence will grow
A diff'rence in their weight and motion too,
Their stroke, connection, concuss. Now by these,
Not animals alone, but heav'n, earth, seas,
Are plac'd in their own proper species.
Now farther learn, what I with toil and pain,
With many a careful thought, and lab'ring brain,
Have sought to teach thee; lest thou shouldst mistake,
And think the seeds of black compositures, black;
Of white things, white; or other bodies wear
Those diff'rent colours that their seeds did bear.
For seeds are colourless; without a dye,
Or like, or unlike those that seem to lie
On bodies surfaces, and strike our eye.
Now if you think such seeds are things unfit
To be conceiv'd, how fond is the conceit!
For since that men born blind, whose nat'ral night
Was never scatter'd by one beam of light,
Know things by touch, he's foolish that denies,
That any notices of things can rise,
Unless from colours ent'ring at our eyes.
For in the dark we feel, and form from thence
Some images; yet then no colours strike our sense.
But this position stronger reasons show;
For seeds of things ne'er change, though colours do:
For somewhat must survive each change, and be
Essentially immutable, and free;
Lest all should sink to nought, and thence arise,
For what is chang'd from what it was, that dies.
Therefore seeds colourless, unfit for view,
Or grant: or grant annihilation true.
Though seeds are colourless, and free from dyes,
They're form'd of diff'rent figures; whence arise
The num'rous colours, gay varieties.
And since, as we discours'd before, we find
It matters much with what first seeds are join'd,
What figure, what position they maintain,
What motions give, and what receive again;
'Tis strait resolv'd why things as black as night
Can change so soon, and put on virgin white;
And scatter all around their vig'rous light.
As in the sea, when the mad ocean raves,
And white curls rise upon the foaming waves;
For thus it is: That which seem'd black before,
By losing little parts, or taking more,
Their number, motion, order, station, site,
Position chang'd, from black are turn'd to white.

But if the sea were ting'd with nat'ral sky,
What force, what art could make it change the dye?
For change its frame, and change, and change
Yet still the native tincture would remain, [again,
And never put on white; but if the seed,
Painted with diff'rent colours, all agreed
To make one white; as little parts, that bear
Quite diff'rent figures can compose one square;
Then it would follow, as in squares there lie
Such diff'rent figures, naked to our eye,
Just so, in one pure whiteness, we should view
A thousand colours mix'd, and diff'rent too.
Besides; look o'er those diff'rent shapes; for there
No hindrance in their natures does appear,
Why all may not agree to make one square.
But neither sense, nor nature's laws permit,
That diff'rent colours should compose one white.
Nay more; the only cause that all propose
For colour'd seeds, this fancy overthrows;
For here from white, white bodies do not rise,
Nor black from black, but seeds of various dyes,
Now colourless seeds will sooner make a white,
Than black, or any other opposite.
Besides; since colours are alone by day,
And owe their beings to the glitt'ring ray,
But seeds of things do not exist alone
By day: 'tis plain that they are ting'd with none;
For how can colours be in darkest night,
Since they all change, and vary with the light,
According as the ray's oblique or right.
So plumes, that go around the pigeon's head,
Sometimes look brisker, with a deeper red;
And then in different position seen
Show a gay sky, all intermix'd with green:
And so in peacock's tails, all fill'd with light,
The colour varies with the change of site.
Now since these colours rise from beams o'th' sun
Reflex, they cannot be when those are gone.
And since the eyes a diff'rent stroke receive
From white, from that which black, or others give:
And since it matters not what colour's worn
By things we touch, but what fit shapes are born,
We easily infer seeds want no dyes;
Those the variety of shapes supplies,
And thence those diff'rent sorts of touch may rise.
Besides; since certain colours not agree
To certain shapes; and any dye may be
In any shape, then tell me why we find
Such colours still belong to such a kind?
Why cannot crows their usual dye forsake,
And put on white? Why swans not mourn in black?
Again: break any thing, we find at last
The less the parts, the more the colours waste:
For instance; shave but gold, the gaudy red,
Which through the whole composure once was spread,
Is lost and gone, the parts unheeded lie,
Nor with their tempting purple court our eye.
Which shows that bodies are from colours freed,
Before they come to be as small as seed.

Farther; since some ne'er touch the ear or nose,
With sound, or smell; we nat'rally suppose
That neither sound, nor smell belong to those.
So likewise, since 'tis nonsense to deny
Some seeds too small, and subtle for our eye,
These free from colour we must all conceive,
As well as those from sound and taste believe,
Whose sound, nor taste, our ears, nor tongue perceive.
And yet the mind can comprehend as well
These void of dye, as those of sound and smell.
Besides: not only colour is not found
In seeds; but neither smell, nor taste, nor sound:
They no brisk odours in effluviums send,
Or to delight the nose, or to offend;
But void of odours all. So artists choose
An odorous liquor to compose
Their rich perfumes; lest they infect and spoil
Their odours, with the native smell of oil.
And thus as all their former reasons show,
The seeds on compound bodies ne'er bestow
Their sound, their taste or smell; for they have none,
No proper sound, or odour of their own;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor any quality;
For those are subject all to change, and die:
Ev'n such as viscous, brittle, hollow are;
All which arise from putrid, soft, and rare.
For either these can not to seeds agree,
Or seeds are not immortal all, and free
From change; and therefore things may fall to nought:
All which how fond my former reasons taught.
Now farther; those compositures that perceive,
Ennobled all with various sense, derive
Their beings from insensibles, and live.
This every common generation shows,
And rather proves this truth, than overthrows.
For look what num'rous swarms of worms and flies
From putrid and fermenting clods arise,
When sem'nal rain descends in soft'ning dew,
And makes the weary'd earth bring forth anew.
Besides, leaves, water, grass, do make up beast,
And man too seeds on blasts, and is increas'd:
Their flesh is turn'd to ours; and so again
The birds and blasts increase by eating men.
All these things prove, that any sort of food
Nature can easily turn to flesh and blood:
Whence animals, those things of sense, she frames,
As out of wood she raises fire and flames.
And hence, as we discours'd before, we find
It matters much with what first seeds are join'd;
What site, and what position they maintain,
What motions give, and what receive again.
But what confirms, what prompts thee to believe, [rive
That things, endow'd with sense, can ne'er de-
Their beings from insensibles, and live?
Perchance, as common observation shows,
Because earth, stone, wood, various things compose;
And yet there's neither life, nor sense in those.

But here you must consider, neither I,
Nor any master of philosophy
Affirm, that ev'ry being may commence
A sensible, and show the acts of sense:
But that those seeds, whence sensibles arise,
Must all have a convenient shape and size,
Position, motion, order: now not one
Of these appears in earth, or wood, or stone:
Yet these fermented by a timely rain,
Grow fruitful, and produce a num'rous train
Of worms; because the little bodies leave
Their former site and union; and receive
New motion, into new position fall,
And order, fit to make an animal.
Besides, they who contend that things commence
Sensibles, from seeds endow'd with sense,
Must grant those seeds are soft; for sense does
To tender gut alone, or nerve, or vein: [join
All which are soft and easily dissolv'd.
But grant they could eternally endure,
Suppose them all from fatal change secure:
Yet other doubts occur. For further see,
If all those seeds have sense, that sense must be
Or of one single member, or of all;
And so be like a perfect animal.
But now the parts in a divided state
Enjoy no sense: The hand, if separate
Can feel no more, nor any member live
Divided from the body, nor perceive:
Therefore each must be like an animal,
Each single seed contain the sense of all.
But if like animals; then tell me why,
As well as animals, they cannot die?
And why immortal all?
But grant them so;
Yet what could all their combinations do,
But make some animals? And what could be increas'd
But sensibles?
As man gets only man, and beast gets beast.
But if the seeds in mixture lose their own,
And take another sense, when theirs is gone,
What need of any? Why should we suppose,
They ever had that sense, which they must lose?
And since, as I have urg'd before, 'tis true,
That birds are made of eggs; since soft'ning dew
Ferments the clods to worms, we know from thence
That sensibles arise from seeds devoid of sense.
If any grants the thing, that sense can rise
From senseless seeds, if he consent to this,
But says, that it is form'd and fashion'd all
By change, that's made in th' atoms, e'er the animal,
Or any other things are born, and grow;
For his conviction I shall only show,
That nature's fix'd, and steady laws decreed,
That nothing should be chang'd, that nought should breed
Without a combination of the seed.
And thus without the limbs no sense can rise.
It cannot be, before the body is:
Because the seeds lie scatter'd ev'ry where,
In heav'n, and earth, in water, flame and air;
Not yet combin'd to make an animal,
Nor sense, that guide, and governor of all.
Besides, when strokes too strong for nature fall,
And mighty pressure crush an animal,
Its seeds and vital pow'rs are scatter'd all.
For then the little seeds do separate,
And all the vital pow'rs are stopt by fate.
At length the motion, scatter'd through the whole,
Breaking the vital ties of limbs and soul,
Expels, and drives it out at every pore;
For what can force, for what can stroke do more
Than disunite those seeds that join'd before?
But when the force is weak, more light the blows,
The small remains of life with ease compose
The violent motions of approaching fate,
And call back all things to their former state;
Expel usurping death, that seem'd t'obtain
An empire there; and settle sense again.
Else why should living creatures, that arrive
So near the gates of death, return and live,
Rather than enter in, when come so nigh,
And end their almost finish'd race and die?
Besides, since we feel pain, when outward force
Diverts th' atoms from their natural course,
And shakes them o'er the limbs, but when th' obtain
Their nat'ral motion, and their place again,
A quiet pleasure straight succeeds the pain,
It follows, that the seeds are things unfit,
Or to be touch'd with pain, or with delight;
Because they are not made of other seed,
Whose change of motion, or of site may breed
Or pain, or pleasure, or delight; and hence
It follows too, that they are void of sense.
But farther still; if we must needs believe,
That seeds have sense, because the things perceive;
What sort of seeds must form the human race?
Can violent laughter screw their little face?
Or can they drop their briny tears apace?
Can they or laugh, or weep? Can they descry
The greatest secrets of philosophy?
Discourse how things are mix'd? Or comprehend
On what firm principles themselves depend?
For all things, which enjoy the faculties,
And pow'rs of perfect animals must rise
From other seeds, and these must be begun
From others: thus we endlessly go on:
For thus I'll urge: whatever can perceive,
Discourse, laugh, reason, flatter, weep, and grieve,
Must be compounded, and must owe its frame
To proper seeds, which can perform the same,
But if this seems absurd, and dull, morose,
And heavy seeds can laughing things compose;
If wise and if discursive things can rise
From seeds, that neither reason, nor are wise:
What hinders then but that a sensible
May spring from seeds all void of sense as well?
Lastly, We all from seeds celestial rise,
Which Heav'n our common parent still supplies.
From him the earth receives enliv'ning rain,
And straight she bears bird, tree, and beast, and man,

And proper food for all by which they thrive,
Grow ſtrong, and propagate their race, and live:
Thence juſtly all the name of mother give.
And ſo each part returns, when bodies die,
What came from earth to earth, what from the ſky
Dropt down, aſcends again, and mounts on high.
For death does not deſtroy, but diſunite
The ſeeds, and change their order and their ſite:
Then makes new combinations, whence ariſe
In bodies all thoſe great varieties:
Their change in colour, ſhape, and frame; and thence
Some for a while enjoy, then loſe their ſenſe.
From whence, as we obſerv'd before, we find
It matters much with what firſt ſeeds are join'd:
What ſite, and what poſition they maintain,
What motion give, and what receive again;
And that the ſeeds of bodies ne'er contain
Such frail and tranſient things as ſeem to lie
On bodies' ſurfaces, and change and die.
It matters much, ev'n in theſe ruder lines,
How, or with what each ſingle letter joins:
For the ſame letters, or almoſt the ſame,
Make words to ſignify earth, ſun, and flame,
The moon, the heav'n, corn, animals, and trees,
And ſea: but their poſition diſagrees;
Their order's not alike; in bodies ſo;
As their ſeeds order, figure, motion do,
The things themſelves muſt change and vary
But now attend, I'll teach thee ſomething new;
'Tis ſtrange, but yet 'tis reaſon, and 'tis true:
Ev'n what we now with greateſt eaſe receive,
Seem'd ſtrange at firſt, and we could ſcarce believe;
And what we wonder at, as years increaſe,
Will ſeem more plain, and all our wonder ceaſe,
For look, the heav'n, the ſtars, the ſun, the moon,
If on a ſudden to us mortals ſhown,
Diſcover'd now, and never ſeen before,
What could have rais'd the people's wonder more?
What could be more admir'd at here below?
Ev'n you had been ſurpris'd at ſuch a ſhow.
But now, all cloy'd with theſe, ſcarce caſt an eye,
Or think it worth the pains to view the ſky.
Wherefore fly no opinion, 'cauſe 'tis new;
But ſtrictly ſearch, and after careful view,
Reject, if falſe; embrace it, if 'tis true.
Now I have prov'd before, this mighty ſpace
Is infinite, and knows no loweſt place,
Nor uppermoſt: no bounds this all controul;
For that's againſt the nature of the whole.
Through this vaſt ſpace ſince ſeeds then always move
With various turns, and from eternal ſtrove;
Who can imagine there ſhould only riſe
Our ſingle earth, our air, and but our ſkies,
Whilſt all the other matter ſcatter'd lies?
Eſpecially, ſince theſe from change aroſe,
When the unthinking ſeeds, by various blows,
Now this, now that way mov'd, at laſt were
Into the decent order of this world,
And made fit combinations; whence began
The earth, the heav'n, the ſea, and beaſt, and man.
Thus then 'tis prov'd, and certain, that elſewhere,
The buſy atoms join, as well as here:
Such earths, ſuch ſeas, ſuch men, ſuch beaſts ariſe,
All like to thoſe ſurrounded by our ſkies.
Again: when there can be no hindering cauſe,
But place and ſeed enough; by nature's laws
Things muſt be made: Now if the ſeed ſurmount
The utmoſt ſtretch of number's vaſt account;
And the ſame nature can compoſe a maſs,
As once in this, in any other place;
It plainly follows, that there muſt ariſe
Diſtinct and num'rous worlds, earths, men, and ſkies,
In places diſtant, and remote from this.
Now farther add: No ſpecies has but one,
Which is begun, increas'd, and grows alone:
But ev'ry kind does certainly contain,
Of individuals, a num'rous train;
As bird, and ſilent fiſh, as beaſt and man:
Therefore the ſpecies of the ſun and moon,
Of heav'n and earth, muſt needs have more than one.
For ev'ry one of theſe is made, and grows
By the ſame nature's cath'lic laws, with thoſe
Whoſe ſpacious kinds do num'rous trains encloſe.
If this you underſtand, you'll plainly ſee
How the vaſt maſs of matter, nature, free
From the proud care of any meddling deity,
Does work by her own private ſtrength, and move
Without the trouble of the pow'rs above.
For how, good gods! can theſe that live in peace,
In undiſturb'd and everlaſting eaſe,
Rule this vaſt all? Their lab'ring thoughts divide
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and all their motions guide?
Send heat to us, the various orbs controul,
Or be immenſe, and ſpread o'er all the whole?
Or hide the heav'n in clouds, whence thunder thrown,
Beats ev'n their own aſpiring temples down?
Or through vaſt deſerts break th' innocent wood,
Nor hurts the bad, but ſtrikes the juſt and good?
Learn next, th' infinite maſs ſends new ſupplies
Into the world already form'd, whence ſkies,
And this vaſt ball of earth, and boiſt'rous ſeas,
And ſpacious air grow bigger, and increaſe;
For all to their own proper kinds retire,
To earth the earthy, fiery parts to fire,
To water, wat'ry; till they grow as great
As nature's fix'd and ſteady laws permit.
For as in animals, when ev'ry vein
Receives no more than what flies off again,
They can increaſe no more: ſuch means ſecure
Thoſe things from farther growth, when once mature.
For that which looks ſo fair, ſo gay, and young,
Climbs to maturity, grows great and ſtrong,
That many parts receives, and ſtill retains,
And ſpends but few; becauſe through all the veins
The little nour'ſhing parts, with eaſe diffus'd,
Are there in little ſpace confin'd, and us'd
For growth; but few fly off, and break the chain,
And get their former liberty again.

For though things loſe their parts, when they are gone,
Some new ſupplies of other ſeeds come on,
And more than they have loſt: Thus things endure,
Look gay and young, until they grow mature.
Thence by degrees our ſtrength melts all away,
And treach'rous age creeps on, and things decay:
For bodies, now grown big and large, which ceaſe
From their continu'd growth, nor more increaſe,
Still waſte the more, their parts diſperſe with eaſe.
The nour'ſhing parts come ſlowly on, and few,
Too ſmall decaying nature to renew;
The ſtock is largely ſpent; no new ſupply,
Sufficient to make good thoſe parts that die:
Therefore they needs muſt fall, their nature broke
By inward waſting, or external ſtroke;
Becauſe the ſtock of nouriſhment decays,
As age creeps on; and ſtill a thouſand ways
The little enemies without oppoſe,
And ſtrive to kill them by continual blows.
And thus the world muſt fall, though new ſupply
The maſs affords to raiſe thoſe things that die:
Yet all in vain; for nature cannot give
Supplies ſufficient, nor the world receive.
Even now the world's grown old: th' earth that bore
Such mighty bulky animals before,
Now bears a puny inſect, and no more.
For who can think theſe creatures, fram'd above,
The little bus'neſs of ſome meddling Jove?
And thence, to people this inferior ball,
By Homer's golden chain let gently fall?
Nor did they riſe from the rough ſeas, but earth,
To what ſhe now ſupports, at firſt gave birth.
At firſt ſhe corn, and wine, and oil, did bear,
And tender fruit, without the tiller's care;
She brought forth herbs, which now the feeble ſoil
Can ſcarce afford to all our pain and toil:
We labour, ſweat, and yet by all this ſtrife
Can ſcarce get corn and wine enough for life:
Our men, our oxen groan, and never ceaſe,
So faſt our labours grow, our fruits decreaſe?
Nay, oft the farmers with a ſigh complain,
That they have labour'd all the year in vain,
And, looking back on former ages, bleſs,
With anxious thoughts, their parents happineſs;
Talk, loudly talk, how pious they were ſill'd,
Content with what the willing ſoil did yield,
Though each man then enjoy'd a narr'wer field.
But never think, fond fools! that age will waſte
This mighty world, and break the frame at laſt.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 1. LUCRETIUS had made choice of a ſubject naturally crabbed, and therefore he adorned it with poetical deſcriptions and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books: And thus intending in this book to treat of the motions and figures of his atoms, and of their other properties, which we call qualities, he introduces his ſubject by the praiſe of that philoſophy which Epicurus taught, as well to give ſome reſpite and relaxation to the wearied mind of his Memmius, as by laying before his eyes, and forewarning him of the dangers and calamities of others, to allure him to the ſtudy of that philoſophy which he calls the doctrine of the wiſe. Thus, the firſt twenty verſes contain two compariſons and a metaphor, in which he aſſerts, that the life of a wiſe man conſiſts in a perfect tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body; and, at the ſame time, he derides and bemoans the anxieties and reſtleſs deſires of other men. But there are ſome who accuſe Lucretius of ill nature and cruelty of temper, on account of the firſt verſes of this book, where he ſays,

'Tis pleaſant ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war;
But much more ſweet thy lab'ring ſteps to guide
To virtues heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

Dryd.

But their cenſure ſeems too ſevere and unjuſt. The poet aſſerts only the ſentiment of all mankind; for who beholds another in any great affliction, or groaning under the violence of torments, and does not preſently think within himſelf, how happy am I not to be in that condition! Iſidorus Peluſ. lib. ii. Epiſt. 240. ſays, that nothing is more pleaſant than ἐν λιμένι καθῆσθαι, καὶ τὰ τῶν ἄλλων σκοπεῖν ναυάγια, to ſit in the harbour, and behold the ſhipwreck of others. Cicero too is of the ſame mind, in the ſecond epiſtle to Atticus. And our excellent Dryden, deſcribing the life of a happy man, ſays to the ſame purpoſe with Lucretius:

No happineſs can be where is no reſt;
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man, is only bleſs'd:
He, as in ſome ſafe cliff, his cell does keep;
From thence he views the labours of the deep:
The gold-fraught veſſel which mad tempeſts beat,
He ſees now vainly make to his retreat;
And, when from far the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in ſilent joy that he's not there.

Tyran. Love.

'Ver. 7. In this excellent metaphor, the poet teaches, that the life of a wise man is placed in tranquillity of mind and indolence of body. And this was the doctrine of Epicurus, who, in Cicero, Tuscul. 3. says: 'Ergo is, quisquis est, qui moderatione et constantia quietus est animo, sibique ipse placatus, ut neque tabescat moleſtiis, neque fragrantur timore, neque sitientur quid appetens ardeat desiderio, nec alacritate futili gestiens deliquescat, is est sapiens quem quærimus.' He, therefore, whoever he be, who by moderation and constancy is sedate in his mind, who is at peace within himself, so as not to pine and languish with sorrow, so as not to be disquieted with fear, nor to burn with a thirsty desire for any thing, nor to be foolishly transported with unseemly mirth, he, I say, is the wise man whom we are seeking. And what Lucretius here proposes to his Memmius, Epicurus had written long before to Menœceus: Μήτε νέος τὶς ὢν μελλέτω φιλοσοφεῖν μήτε γέρων ὑπάρχων κατίατω φιλοσοφῶν· ὅτε γὰρ ἄωρος ὐδεὶς ἐστὶν, ὅτε πάρωρος πρὸς τὸ καλὰ ψυχὴν ὑγιαίνειν· ὁ δὲ λέγων, ἢ μήτω τῶ φιλοσοφεῖν ὑπάρχειν ὥραν, ὁμοίος ἔστι τῶ λεγοντι, πρὸς ἐυδαιμονίαν ὐ μὴ παρεῖναι τὴν ὥραν, ἢ μηκέτι εἶναι.

Ver. 15. To be the chief in a government; than which state of life nothing can be more unhappy to an Epicurean, and to a man who delights to live by the rules of nature: For to what end dost thou burden thyself with the care of an untractable multitude? Live for thyself: Do good to thyself: τὰ πολλὰ ὐδὶν πρὸς τὸ εῦ· No man is the happier for being at the helm: If thou governest well, thy body will suffer for it; because a thousand cares and businesses will be always disturbing thy brain and quiet: if ill, thou wilt live in continual dread; in a word, thou wilt be a wretched slave; If thou convert any thing to thy private use, thou wilt one day perhaps be forced to restore it with interest; therefore fly from greatness, καὶ λάθε βιώσα. Thus says Faber, who himself led a retired life. To which we may add what Epicurus says in Laertius, lib. x. "Ἐνδοξοι καὶ περιβλεπτοὶ τίνες εὐνλήθησαν γενέσθαι, τὴν ἐξ ἀνθρώπων ἀσφαλείαν ὥστω νομίζοντες περιποιήσεσθαι ὥσε εἰ μὲν ἀσφαλὴς ὁ τῶν τοιούτων βίος, ἀπέλαβον τὸ τῆς φύσεως ἀγαθὸν· εἰ δὲ μὴ ἀσφαλὴς, ὐκ ἴσχυσαν ὃ ἕνεκα ἐξ ἀρχῆς παρὰ τὸ τῆς φύσεως ἀκεῖον ὡρέχθησαν.

Ver. 18. For the Epicureans did not chiefly follow those pleasures that affect the senses with delight; but held the greatest of all pleasures to consist in an exemption from grief and pain. They did not, says Cicero, lib. i. de Fin. think the chief happiness to consist in that pleasure, "quæ suavitate aliqua naturam ipsam movet, et cum jucunditate quadam percipitur sensibus, sed quæ percipitur omni dolore detracto." And when Epicurus writes to Menœceus, that πᾶν ἀγαθὸν καὶ κακὸν ἐν αἴσθησει, the word αἴσθησις must be taken in a larger sense, and as opposed to death, which is στέρησις τῆς αἰσθήσεως. For that philosopher differed in opinion from the Cyrenaics, who held pleasure to be the "summum bonum;" οἱ μὲν γὰρ τὴν καταστηματικὴν ἐκ ἐγκρίνουσιν, μόνην δὲ τὴν ἐν κἰνησει, ὁ δὲ ἀμφοτέρων, ψυχῆς καὶ σώματος, says Laertius in the life of Epicurus: who says himself in the book περὶ αἱρέσιος· Ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἀπραξία τὲ ἀπονία καταστηματικαὶ εἶσιν ἡδοναὶ, ἡ δὲ χαρὰ τὲ ἐυφροσύνη κατὰ κίνησιν ἐνεργεῖσαι βλέποντα.

Ver. 21. In these nineteen verses he asserts, that but few things are requisite for the ease and delight of the body, and that neither great riches, nor delicious eating and drinking, nor costly apparel, or furniture, are of any considerable advantage, since without any of them, our natural wants may be supplied, and that too with pleasure enough: and even though we enjoyed all those delights, our bodies would nevertheless be liable to diseases and pain. How vain is it then to contend ambitiously for wit, for wealth, and for power; to bend our lost endeavours to outshine each other; and to waste our time and our health in search of honour and in pursuit of riches! Lucretius was aware of this, and therefore had reason to exclaim:

O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Enclos'd with dangers, and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs:
For nature wisely stints our appetites,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delights;
Which minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain:
A soul serene, a body void of pain;
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.

Dryd.

Ver. 25. He means the golden statues, which were formerly used in the houses of the rich, instead of sconces and candlesticks, in their entertainments by night; and he seems to blame the expensiveness and prodigality of the suppers of the Romans in his age. This passage, which Virgil has imitated in Culice, ver. 60. and in Georg. ii. ver. 461. Lucretius himself took from Homer, Odyss. vii. ver 100.

Ver. 37. Thus Horace, in Epist. ii. B. 1.

Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et aur
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas.

Which Dryden's translation of this passage of Lucretius shall serve to interpret:

Nor will the raging fevers fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress, or the mother-ground.

Ver. 39. In these twenty-five verses, the poet declares, that since even kings and princes, the most potent and wealthy of men, are disquieted with fears and cares, and lead not happier lives than others, the greedy thirst of honour, power, riches, &c. must proceed from the ignorance of true happiness; and no wonder that this ignorance is so gross, since we walk as it were in the dark, and lead a life not yet enlightened with the rays of Epicurean philosophy. And he insists from the vain and groundless fears and terrors of

men, that we all live in darkneſs. For as children in the dark dread every thing, and imagine ridiculous dangers, ſo all men are terrified with the belief of Providence, and puniſhments after death, which, according to Epicurus, are but the day-dreams of a crazy mind. Now Lucretius, to diſpel this darkneſs, and deliver his Memmius from all fears and diſquiet of mind, purſues his ſubject, and fully and elegantly explains the nature of things.

Ver. 46. Faber, in his note upon this paſſage of Lucretius, ſays, that Horace had it in his mind when he writ,

Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.
Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor euro.

Which Otway thus interprets:

Neither can wealth, nor power, nor ſtate,
Of courtiers, nor of guards the rout,
Nor gilded roof, nor brazen gate,
The troubles of the mind keep out.
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail.
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Outrun the doe, outfly the wind.

To which I will add theſe excellent verſes of Varro the Epicurean:

Non ſit theſauris, non auro pectu ſolutum:
Non demunt animis curas, nec religiones
Perſarum montes, non divitis æria crœſi.

Ver. 57. Seneca, in Epiſt. cx. ſays: Such is the nature of the mind, as it ſeemed to be to Lucretius, when he ſaid:

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt; ſic nos in luce timemus,
Interdum nihilo quæ ſunt metuenda magis, quam
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.

——As children are ſurpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
Even in broad day-light are ſurpris'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows, fanciful and vain,
As thoſe that in the breaſts of children reign.
Dryd.

And are we then, who tremble in the light, more fooliſh than children? 'Tis falſe, Lucretius! We are not afraid in the light, but have made all things darkneſs to ourſelves: We ſee nothing neither what is hurtful, nor what expedient: We blunder on all our life long, and ſtumble at every ſtep; yet we ſtill continue to ſtagger forwards in the ſame method, and take no care to place our ſteps with greater circumſpection: we ſee how dangerous it is to make haſte in the dark, and nevertheleſs we perſevere in driving full ſpeed to our journey's end: but if we would, we might have light upon the road; though there be but one way to get it, which is, by acquiring a thorough, not a ſuperficial knowledge of human and divine things; if we would continually contemplate and ſtudy the ſame things over and over again, even though we know them; and if we would apply them often to ourſelves; if we would inquire diligently into what is good, and what evil; if we would examine with care and ſubmiſſion into the wonderful works of Providence; and laſtly, if we would learn truly to diſtinguiſh between what is honourable, and what baſe.

Ver. 64. The argument of this ſecond book is briefly contained in theſe four verſes. He promiſes firſt to explain the motions of the ſeeds, by which motions things are generated and diſſolved. Secondly, the cauſe of thoſe motions; and, thirdly, the ſwiftneſs of them. When he has performed this, every thing will be prepared and ready for him to enter upon the explication of the generation and diſſolution of things.

Ver. 68. Being about to diſpute of the different motions of the atoms, and of the cauſes of thoſe motions, he fortifies his way beforehand, and in oppoſition to ſome weak and fooliſh philoſophers, demonſtrates in theſe thirteen verſes, from the growth and decreaſe of things, that there is motion: for the reaſon why things grow is, becauſe ſome particles of matter fly and adhere to them; and the reaſon why they diminiſh, is, becauſe ſome minute particles having loſt their hold, retire and fly away from them. And it would be abſurd to ſay that thoſe particles either come or go without motion.

Ver. 77. He alludes to the λαμπαδηδρόμια, the race of torches, which were certain games celebrated at Athens in honour of Vulcan, and in which the racers carried torches in their hands, and ſtrove who ſhould get firſt to the goal with his torch not extinguiſhed: Thus the Scholiaſt on Ariſtophanes in Ranis. Theſe Athenian games were called λαμπάδεσσαι, and the victor, λαμπαδήφορος, a bearer of torches; becauſe all the torches of thoſe that run were delivered to him as the prize of his victory: from whence the word λαμπαδεύεσθαι is uſed to ſignify, to deliver ſucceſsfully and in order. Caſaubon. in Perſ. Sat. 6. Thus Plato, in 6. de Legibus: Γιγνῶντες καὶ ἐκτρέφοντες παῖδας, καθάπερ λάμπαδα τὴν βίου παραδίδοντες ἄλλοις ἐξ ἄλλων, begetting and breeding children, as it were delivering the lamp of life. But Pauſanias makes this more plain. In the academy of Prometheus, ſays he, there was an area, where men were wont to run in a circle, carrying lighted torches in their hands, and the main of the ſtriſe conſiſted in keeping their torches alight during the ſwiftneſs of their running: For he whoſe torch was extinguiſhed, yielded the victory to him who came next after him, and he in like manner to the third. Thus Pauſanias. Now this cuſtom Lucretius thus applies: As the runner whoſe torch went out yielded the victory to the follower; ſo a living thing when its light of life is extinguiſhed, yields and gives up to another living thing, as it were, the lamp of life. Thus the remains of the vegetable life in graſs, yields itſelf

up to the ſenſible life of an ox: thus the remains of the animal life in an ox, yields itſelf up into the life of man: thus the life of man yields itſelf up to worms. And thus the viciſſitude is continued, and a new ſtructure ever ariſes from the ruins of the other; the forms only periſh, the matter is eternal, and ſuffers no decay.

Ver. 79. Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 252.

——Rerumque novatrix
Ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
Nec perit in tanto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo:
Sed variat, faciemque novat.—

——For nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation, but or ebbs or flows:
Ever in motion, ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.

Dryd.

Ver. 81. He eſteems all who believe the new motions of things, that is to ſay, that their increaſe or decreaſe can proceed from atoms lying ſtill and at reſt, to be ſo void of ſenſe, as not to deſerve to be confuted. Then he teaches, in theſe eight verſes, that the ſeeds, which he has proved are always wandering up and down in the void, owe their motion either to their own weight, or to the blows of others. For whatever is ſolid (and ſolidity is the chief property of the ſeeds) is heavy: but heavy things tend downwards, therefore, the ſeeds muſt have a downward motion. But when theſe ſolid ſeeds, in their deſcending motion, light upon bodies that are lying ſtill, and without motion, or that move more ſlowly than themſelves, they muſt of neceſſity rebound; for a ſolid body that ſtrikes againſt another ſolid body, does not impart all its motion to that other, and therefore will be borne another way by the degrees of motion which it ſtill retains; and this proves the upward or aſcending motion. One of theſe motions is natural, the other violent; and both of them are neceſſary to the generation and diſſolution of things. Epicurus taught, κινεῖσθαι τὰ ἄτομα κάτω, τότε μὲν κατὰ στάθμην, τὰ δὲ ἄνω κινούμενα κατὰ πληγὴν καὶ παλμὴν. *Laert.*

Ver. 89. That Memmius may the more fully comprehend this agitation and motion of the ſeeds, he reminds him, in theſe ſix verſes, of what he taught him, in the firſt book, viz. that in the infinite ſpace there is no middle or centre, nor any loweſt place to which the ſeeds are tending, and where, when they have once reached it, they may reſt from motion. Since, therefore, they are borne downwards by their own weight, and ſometimes daſhing againſt one another rebound, who can deny that they are toſt and agitated to and fro in a perpetual motion.

Ver. 95. Since, therefore, the ſeeds are continually in motion, and ſince they ſtrike and rebound, he teaches, in theſe ten verſes, that the reſilition of thoſe rebounding ſeeds is made to unequal diſtances, and that the difference of the blows produces the difference of the reſilitions. Now, of thoſe ſeeds that rebound to the leſs diſtances, and that are toſſed to and fro in a narrower ſpace than others, iron, ſtone, and the other hard and ſolid bodies are compoſed: but thoſe that rebound to a greater diſtance, and wander in a wider ſpace, produce the air, fire, and the other ſoft and rare bodies of the like nature.

Ver. 105. Beſides the ſeeds whoſe motion is confined to a narrow ſpace, and that are compacted into hard and ſolid bodies, and beſides thoſe that reſult to a greater diſtance, and wandering in a wider ſpace, compoſe the bodies that are ſoft and rare, there are other ſeeds that are always in motion, and being exempt from all contexture and coalition, are continually daſhing againſt the others, and diſturbing them. Now to repreſent, as it were by a ſimilitude, that careleſs and random agitation, with which the atoms that never unite with others, are, as I may ſay, exerciſed in the void, he, in theſe fourteen verſes, borrows a compariſon from Democritus and Alcippus; who, as Ariſtotle ſays, compared the atoms to thoſe minute corpuſcles that are called motes, which fly in the air, and ἀφαίνεται ἐν ταῖς διὰ τῶν θυρίδων ἄκτισιν, are very viſible in the beams of the ſun, when they ſtrike through the chinks of windows or doors into a darkened room.

Ver. 119 In theſe fifteen verſes, he turns into an argument the ſimilitude with which he has illuſtrated the motions of his atoms. We ſee that thoſe motes that are dancing up and down in the beams of the ſun, are driven about in various and different manners. Now they ſeem to be ſtriving to get into a line; now they are moved to the right, now to the left, in ſhort, every way. But ſince all bodies ever keep the ſame line, unleſs they are turned out of their courſe by ſome exterior violence, or by the preſſure of their own interior weight; it muſt be granted, that ſome motions of the ſeeds, though inviſible to the eye, agitate thoſe motes or little bodies, and drive them to and fro in that manner; for the primary cauſe of all motion and agitation whatſoever, that is obſerved in things, is in the ſeeds themſelves. Thus we ſee that the Epicureans held, that the atoms were not only the firſt principles of things, but alſo the firſt cauſe of all motion. An impious belief, and condemned by the Chriſtian faith, which teaches us that God alone is the Crearor and firſt mover of all things.

Ver. 125 When Democritus, as Plutarch tells us, lib i. de Placit. Philoſoph. had given only two properties to atoms, bulk and figure; Epicurus beſtowed a third, weight: ἀνάγκη γὰρ (φησὶ) τὰ σώματα κινεῖσθαι τῇ τοῦ βάρους πληγῇ ἐπεὶ οὐ κινηθήσεται. It is neceſſary that bodies ſhould be moved by their weight, otherwiſe they would not be moved at all; and beſides this, he endowed his atoms with other motions, κατὰ παρέγκλισιν, καὶ κατὰ πληγήν· of inclination and of ſtroke, which two laſt, though preſt with a thouſand peculiar difficulties, yet becauſe they depend on the other motion κατὰ στάθμην, downwards, which proceeds from the weight, are likewiſe liable to all thoſe exceptions that may be made againſt that. Firſt, then, that weight is not a property of atoms is evidently proved from the difference of weight in bodies: for take a cube of gold, and hallow it half through, and weigh it

against a solid cube of wood of the same dimension; that gold, though it has lost half its matter, and consequently half its weight by the hollow, is twenty times heavier than the wood; from whence the consequence is natural and easy. For if weight were a property of matter, it would be impossible that a hollow piece of gold should outweigh the wood, because the wood cannot contain a ten times greater vacuity than that hollow. And this argument, if applied to the air, more strongly concludes, because that is lighter, especially if we consider that the air is a continuum, and not a congeries of particles, whirled about without any union and connection; for innumerable experiments almost in all fluids evince the contrary. I shall pass by those Dr. Glisson hath proposed, and content myself with one concerning the air, which may be deduced from the faithful trials of the honourable Boyle. The 38th of his continuation of his Physico-Mechanical Experiments sufficiently evinces, that the exhausted receiver is quite void of all particles of air, which evidently proves (as little attention to the experiment will discover) that there is motus nexus, as Bacon calls it, in the air, which cannot be but in a continuum. The same may be proved in water from refraction; for why are not the rays disturbed, if the parts are in motion? When experience tells us, that a little stirring with the finger troubles them. Not to mention, that this notion of fluidity, though embraced by the Plenists, is inconsistent with their hypothesis, an ambient attending circle being not to be found in nature for each moving particle; and to pass by the difficulties that press their opinion, who fancy rest to be the cause of continuity, since two smooth bodies, whose surface touch, and eternally rest, will never make one continuum; my next argument against the Epicureans is drawn from their own principles. For suppose weight a property of atoms, it is impossible the world should be framed according to their hypothesis; for how could the higher atom descend, and touch the lower, when the motions of both were equal? Nor can that little declination, that κίνησις μετὰ παρέγκλισιν (which the Epicureans are so bold to assume, contrary to all sense and reason, and which Plutarch, "de Animæ Procratione, ex Timeo," declares as the great charge against Epicurus ὡς ἀναίτων ἐπεισάγοντι κίνησιν ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος, as asserting a new motion without a cause) lessen the difficulty; for, as Tully argues, if all atoms decline, then none of them will ever stick together; if only some, "hoc esset quasi provincias atomis dare, quæ rectè, quæ obliquè ferantur," that would be to prescribe to atoms their particular offices, which of them should not decline, and which move obliquely. But grant there could be a combination, and grant that combination (which is impossible) should stop in some parts of the space, yet from the very nature of weight, and motion, it follows that the world, according to their hypothesis, could not be made in that order we now perceive it. For suppose this quiet frame; the atoms that fall on it, as the laws of motion in solid bodies require, must leap backward; but meeting with other descending atoms, their resilition is soon stopt, and so they must descend again, and then striking, return, but not to so great a distance as before, because the velocity of the descent was less; and so the distance still decreasing, the atoms in a little time must rest, and only a vast heap of matter, close, and moveless, must lie on that supposed quiet frame as its basis.

Ver. 127. *Moleculæ.*] This Latin word is a diminutive of *moles*, and signifies small heaps or lumps of any matter whatever. Our translator uses it to express no less than two verses of his author; who says that the atoms first move of themselves; and

Inde ea, quæ parvo sunt corpora conciliatu,
Et quasi proxima sunt ad vireis principiorum,

then the concrete bodies, that are of the least bulk or size, and that approach nearest as it were to the exility of the principles (all which our interpreter has expressed no otherwise than by the word *Moleculæ*).

Ictibus illorum cæcis impulsu cientur.

are moved by the invisible blows they receive from them.

Ver. 128. The smallest bodies are moved first, and they move the greater; for the nearer any compound bodies approach to the unmixed simplicity of their principles, the more easy they are to be put in motion.

Ver. 134. To express the celerity of his atoms, he brings an instance of the swiftness of the beams of the sun, and employs it in these twenty-seven verses, as an argument *à minore*. The Epicureans believed that light consists of small particles that flow out of the sun, who is the fountain of all light. Moreover, that these minute particles consist of seeds agitated by various motions, whence the motion of those minute particles must be retarded, and become more slow: and, lastly, that they do not find an open passage through the air, but make one, and are hindered in their flight by meeting with particles of the air. But that atoms are simple bodies, not obstructed by the motions of their own parts; and are moved through the free and unmolested void. And hence they conclude, that the rays of the sun being composed of a most subtle contexture of atoms, which do not at all agree in the same motion, nor pass through a space entirely free and empty, ought to yield in swiftness to the atoms, which are wholly disentangled from one another, and move through a space altogether empty and unobstructed by any matter whatever: καὶ μὲν καὶ ἡ διὰ τοῦ κενοῦ φορὰ κατὰ μηδημίαν ἀπάντησιν τῶν ἀντικοψάντων γενομένη, πᾶν μῆκος περίληπτον ἐν ἀπερινόητο χρόνῳ, συντελεῖ, &c. Epicurus to Herodotus.

Ver. 141. The very words of Cowley, in his hymn to the Light, Stanza 6.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd, when begun.

Nor was he obliged to Lucretius for the thought, which our translator has taken wholly from him, not from his author.

Ver. 145. That is to say, they pass not through a void that is altogether free and empty of all bodies: for the heat of the sun passes through the air, which is full of atoms and other bodies: as winds, exhalations, &c. which resist and retard the course of his rays; and this is what he means by the resisting force from without, ver. 150.

Ver. 151. He means that the corpuscles of the light and heat of the sun pass not through the whole air in an instant of time: nor singly one by one, but conglobed and entangled in one another, which must, of necessity, hinder the swiftness of their course.

Ver. 158. No man will be so foolish as to pretend, that the atoms stop in the air to consult and deliberate among themselves which shall go first, which second, &c. This and the two following verses, some of the editors of Lucretius have rejected: others retain them, and interpret them as above. Whoever think fit to reject them, may give them what explication they please.

Ver. 161. In these seventeen verses, Lucretius, who is always arguing, though but very weakly against Providence, takes occasion to deride the Stoics, who held matter of itself to be unactive, and incapable to produce any thing: but that it is moved and disposed to act, not by its own strength and power, but by the Divine Mind. Then he audaciously and impiously affirms, that matter, rude as it was, did make this world without any art or counsel, or design, and accomplish all those works which the ignorant and superstitious vulgar ascribe to wisdom and providence. That pleasure is the guide of the life of man; that all things are ruled and governed by her direction, and that God neither made this world, nor any thing else for the sake of man. And, lastly, he promises to show in another place, that the frame of the world is so artless, confused, and ill put together, as to evince itself to be a work altogether unworthy of the Divine Wisdom. In the fifth book we shall see how he will keep his word with us:

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu.

Meanwhile, how much wiser he, who said, "Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei, et opera manuum ejus enunciat firmamentum," Psal. xix. 1. When we see any thing move, says Cicero, in fixed and regular motions, as the spheres, the seasons, and many other things, do we doubt those works are made without counsel and reason? When we consider with how wonderful a celerity the heavens are whirled around in so constant and never-failing a manner, making and maintaining the universal vicissitudes, to the preservation and utmost benefit of all things, can we doubt that they are made and done without reason, nay, and without an excellent and Divine reason and wisdom too? "de Natura Deor." lib. 2.

Ver. 178. He has already affirmed, that all the seeds tend downwards, and that all upward motion is violent. He, now, in thirty-two verses, urges the same again, and teaches, that no body, not even fire excepted, naturally aspires, but is driven upwards by the force of other bodies, in like manner as the sap rises in trees, as blood gushes out of a wound, and as a piece of timber mounts when it is plunged into water. For, who doubts but that the same sap, the same blood, and the same piece of timber would tend downwards in the void, though the sap rises up in the trees, the blood spouts out of the veins, and the timber emerges and leaps, at least half of its thickness, out of the water. Lastly, he observes, that the rays of the sun tend downwards, that stars, fiery meteors, and lightning, fall to the grounnd; and concludes, that fire is carried upwards, not by its own force, but by the impulse of protruding bodies. And, upon this he lays the foundation of the double, that is to say, natural and violent motion of his atoms. Plutarch, 1. Plac. Phil. cap. 12. καὶ τὰ πρῶτα μὲν ἄτομα τὰ ἐξ ἐκείνων συγκρίματα βάρος ἴσχει. And Simplicius teaches that Epicurus was of opinion, ἅπαν σῶμα βάρος ἔχειν, τῶν δὲ τὰ βαρύτερα ὑπερίζάνειν, τὰ βάρεα ὑπ' ἐκείνου ἐκθλίβεσθαι ἐπὶ τὸ ἄνω.

Ver. 180. Here we may observe a silent anthypophora: for the poet answers beforehand the objections that his adversaries might urge against him. But it will be said that fire moves upwards: to which he answers: And plants and trees rise upward likewise, by reason of the driving force from beneath, which breaking out of the earth, compels them to grow by ascent: and yet all ponderous things naturally, and as much as in them lies, sink downwards.

Ver. 199. Though the weight of the flame naturally strives to depress and bring down the flame; yet the force and strength of the ambient air compels and drives it upwards. Thus it yields to an element heavier and more dense than itself, but is not borne upwards of its own accord.

Ver. 203. Here some may be apt to think, that Epicurus, and Lucretius, who follows his opinion, are mistaken; for the stars never fall. But by the word stars in this place, we are to understand a fatty, oleaginous and sulphureous exhalation, which kindles in the air, and falls to the ground in a purple-coloured jelly. Virgil has imitated this passage of Lucretius, and describes the fall of these exhalations, Georg. i. v. 365.

Sæpe etiam Stellas, vento impendente videbis
Præcipites cœlo labi; noctisque per umbram
Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus.

The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies:
And shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light.

Aristotle says, they are exhalations of the earth, that are apt to take fire; and that being carried up into the middle regions of the air, they kindle, by means of their being compressed by the cold of the circumfused air: and he calls this kind of exhalation Ἐπιδρομὴ, and Ἀστρὸς φύσις, "discursus et fluxus Stellæ." Anaxagoras held these meteors to be sparkles that fall from the fiery region. Eunapius in Ædes, calls them, ἀποῤῥοαὶ τίνες ἄστρων, "Ef-

fluentiæ quædam Stellarum." And the Arabs Sbibab, which the Commentator upon Ulugh Beigh's Fables, explains, " Stella quæ nocte incedit ſicut ignis;" and Stella " Demones pellens;" for the ancient Arabs and eaſtern people fancied falling ſtars to be fiery darts lanced from heaven, againſt the devils, or evil ſpirits of the air; as the learned Golias has likewiſe obſerved in his notes upon Altergau, p. 65. But Fromondus Meteor. lib. 2. cap. 3. deſcribes them, according to the doctrine of Ariſtotle, to be a fiery exhalation forced out of a cloud, and having the reſemblance of a true falling ſtar. They are thought to come from the ſame cauſe and origin as lightning, though they are not attended by thunder, at leaſt not perceivable by us: but they bear the ſame proportion to lightning, as the fire of a muſquet does to that of a cannon; for, as at a great diſtance we may ſee the fire of a muſquet, but ſcarce here its noiſe, though the fire of a cannon at the ſame diſtance is ſeen, and its noiſe plainly heard: ſo by the reaſon of the exility of the exhalation, we hear not the noiſe when theſe fallen ſtars break from a cloud, as we do that of thunder that follows lightning. Fromondus compares theſe meteors to our kind of fireworks called rockets (though their motions be different, that of the one being forced upwards, the other downwards); which run in a train and fall in the manner of the ſtars. And, therefore, Pliny calls them " Scintillas & Diſcurſus Stellarem," and Ptolemy, " Trajectiones:" both which are expreſſed by Manilius in theſe verſes:

Præcipites ſtellæ paſſimque volare videntur,
Quum vaga per nitidum ſcintillant lumina mundum;
Et tenuis longis jaculantur crinibus ignes,
Exurguntque procul volucres imitata ſagittas,
Arida quum gracili tenuatur ſemita ſitu.
Lib. i. *v.* 845

Which Creech renders thus:

And ſtill, when wand'ring ſtars adorn the night,
The falling meteors draw long trains of light:
Like arrows ſhot from the celeſtial bow,
They cut the air, and ſtrike our eyes below.

Ver. 210. To do juſtice in this place to Lucretius, I muſt give the original text of this paſſage, which our interpreter has not faithfully rendered:

Illud in his quoque te rebus cognoſcere avemus:
Corpora cum deorſum rectum per inane feruntur
Ponderibus propriis, incerto tempore ferme,
Incertiſque locis ſpacio decedere paulum,
Tantum quod Momen mutatum dicere poſſis.

To explain theſe five verſes, Creech beſtows but two:

Now ſeeds in downward motion muſt decline,
Though very little from th' exacteſt line.

He has totally omitted, " incerto tempore ferme, Incertiſque locis;" which words, nevertheleſs, have a ſignification, and that too of great importance in this place: for what Lucretius ſays is this, that the atoms, when by their own weight, they are borne downwards through the void in a direct line, do at ſome time or other, but " incerto tempore," at no one fixed and determinate time, and in ſome parts of the void likewiſe, but " incertis locis," not in any one certain and determinate place of it, decline a little from the direct line by their own ſtrength and power; but ſo, nevertheleſs, that the direct motion can be ſaid to be changed the leaſt that can be imagined. Inſomuch that he inſinuates, that his atoms are moved as animals; which appears more evidently, ver. 259. where ſpeaking of the voluntary motion of men, he uſes almoſt the very ſame words.

Declinamus item motus, nec tempore certo,
Nec regione loci certa, ſed ubi ipſa tulit Mens.

Thus this inveterate enemy of Providence, beſtows only not a mind, only not a will on his ſtupid and ſenſeleſs atoms. But, to proceed to the explication of this declining motion.

The poet has diſputed at large of the ſeeds natural motion downwards, and violent upwards. Now, from whence can that violent motion proceed but from ſtroke? but the ſeeds being heavy, and therefore deſcending through the void in a direct line, and with equal ſwiftneſs, could never meet, never overtake one another, ſo that nothing could be generated whatever; and nothing would exiſt but empty ſpace, and inviſible principles.

Deſertum præter Spatium, et Primordia cæca.
Lucretius.

The opinion of Democritus laboured under this defect: for, as Plutarch ſays, " de Placit. Philoſoph." lib. i. c. 23. he acknowledged only one ſort of motion; κατὰ πλαγήν, for ſo it ought to be read, not κατὰ πλαγίον, as is manifeſt from Cicero, who, in his Book of Fate, ſays, " Quandam vim motus habebant, impulſionis, quam Plagam ille appellat, à te Epicure, gravitatus et ponderis." Formerly, they [the atoms] had a motion of impulſe, which he (Democritus) calls ſtroke: but you, Epicurus, gave them a motion of heavineſs and weight. Epicurus, therefore, held two ſorts of natural motion: one perpendicular, the other declining: δύο εἶδη τῆς κινήσεως, τὸ κατὰ στάθμην, τε τὸ κατὰ παρέγκλισιν. " Plutarch. de Placit. Philoſ. lib. 1. cap. 23. Now, this motion of declination was thought neceſſary, becauſe, otherwiſe the atoms could never have met together; and, conſequently, there could have been no generation of any thing whatever. Cicero, in 1. lib. de Fin. Cenſet [Epicurus] " illa ſolida ac individua Corpora Materiæ ferri ſuo deorſum pondere ad lineam: hunc naturalem eſſe omnium Corporum Motum. Deinde ibidem homo acutus cum illud occurreret, ſi omnium deorſum è regione ferrentur, et ut dixi, ad lineam, nunquam fore ut Atomus altera alteram poſſet attingere: itaque attulit rem commentitiam: declinare dixit Atomum perpaulum, quo nihil poſſet fieri minus. Ita effici Copulationis, et Complexiones et Adhæſiones Atomorum inter ſe, ex quo efficeretur mundus, omneſque partes mundi, quæque in eo ſunt." Epicurus was of opinion, that thoſe indiviſible and ſolid bodies are carried

downwards in a direct line by their own weight; that this is the natural motion of all bodies: but at the same time, he sagaciously reflected, that if all the atoms descended by their own weight in a straight line, they would never reach or touch one another. He, therefore, being put to his shifts for another invention, asserted that they decline some small matter in their descent; but so very little, that nothing can be less: and that from this declination proceed the conjunctions, unions and adhesions of the atoms to one another, and among themselves: by which means was made the world and all its several parts, and whatever things are contained in it. This opinion Lucretius explains, in 30 verses; and first, in these six verses, teaches, that this declining motion must be granted, otherwise the seeds would be moved like drops of rain, always apart and disjoined from one another. There would be no blows, and the atoms would never combine and join together: the consequence of which would be, that there could be no compound bodies.

Ver. 216. Lucretius adheres so obstinately to this κίνησιν καὶὰ παρέγκλισιν, motion by declination, that he will by no means suffer it to be extorted from him; and, therefore, he sharply inveighs against those who believe that the heavier seeds, as they descend through the void, can overtake and strike the lighter; insomuch that there is no need of his pretended declination in their descent; he asserts, that all seeds are alike swift, and that they are hurried through the void with an equal velocity: and, therefore, those that follow, can never overtake those that are before them. But he grants that the medium through which they pass, may contribute to the hastening or retarding of their motion; and that bodies of the same matter, but different in weight, when they fall from above downwards through water, or through the air, are not alike swift, which is false; but he will have the motion to be the swifter, the more free and empty the place is, through which the bodies move; so that where the space is most void and empty, there the motion must consequently be most swift; and be there ever so many motions, or things moving in that space, they are all of a like swiftness.

Ver. 234. Having confuted the opinion he last proposed, he concludes in these six verses, that the atoms decline in their motion; but so little, that nothing can be less: nay, not so much as that they can be said to be moved obliquely: for the senses themselves teach us, that heavy things when they tend downwards, make not their descent in an oblique motion; but the same senses cannot persuade, that heavy things do not decline in the least; since the declination is so small that it cannot be perceived. And, therefore, since the senses are not repugnant to it, and that the generating of things, which could never be done at all without that motion, indispensibly requires it, we must, of necessity, admit a declination of the seeds in their descent. Here, too, our translator has omitted these two verses of his author,

Sed nihil omnio recta regione viai
Declinare, quis est, qui possit cernere, sese?

And yet they contain a part of the argument, as the reader may observe by the explication I have given of them.

Ver. 236 It is modest in the poet to ask of us to believe only this; and yet he might with equal reason have insisted on the most oblique motion that can be imagined. If he apprehends the judgment of the senses, away with these importunate judges, and for once let them suffer themselves to be imposed upon. This request would be no less reasonable than the other. Besides, even this declination is invented at pleasure: for as Cicero tells us in the first book de Finib. "Ait declinare Atomos sine causa, quo nihil turpius est Physico: Et illum motum naturalem omnium ponderum é regione inferiorem locum petentium sine causa eripuit Atomis. Nec tamen id cujus causa hæc fecerat assecutus est: Nam, sive omnes Atomi declinabunt, sive aliæ declinabunt, aliæ suo motu recte ferentur: primum erit hoc quasi provincias Atomis dare, quæ recte, quæ oblique ferantur: deinde eadem illa Atomorum, in qua etiam Democritus hæret, turbulenta Concursio hunc Mundi ornatum efficere non poterit." Epicurus says, the atoms decline without cause, than which nothing is more unbecoming, more unworthy of a natural philosopher; and has, without any reason likewise, taken from them that motion which is natural to all heavy bodies, that descend in a straight line from a higher to a lower place: but neither has he gained the point for the sake of which he invented all this. For either all the atoms will decline, and none will ever cleave and stick together, or some only will decline, while the others descend perpendicularly, as they naturally ought to do. And this is, in the first place, to prescribe to atoms their several duties and offices; which of them shall descend in a straight line, which obliquely: and in the next place, such a turbulent and confused concourse of atoms, the shelf on which Democritus likewise run aground, could never make this beautiful and regular frame of the world.

Ver. 240. In the following 41 verses, Lucretius contends yet farther for the declining motion of his atoms. All men feel within themselves, that some of their motions are voluntary. Every one perceives a liberty in himself, and does not, without good reason, conjecture the like freedom to be in other animals; for he sees that they do not perform their motions at a certain time, nor in a certain order; but vary them as they list, and live as they please themselves. Nay, when the barriers of the lists are thrown open on a sudden, we only not see the will of the courser starting to the race, and running even before his limbs are in motion. Upon hearing the first shout he pricks up his ears, and the inward motion of his mind is hurried forward, while the spirits that are to be conveyed through the nerves into the several joints and members of his body assemble more slowly; and with greater difficulty obey the eager mo-

tions of his mind. Beſides, when we are compelled to act by any exterior or foreign force, ſomething, I know not what, lies hid within us, that reſiſts and oppoſes that compulſion. And we plainly perceive a difference within ourſelves, and ſeem to do another thing when we act of our own accord, than when we are compelled and moved to action by any exterior and foreign force. But from whence proceeds this liberty? Search the ſeeds themſelves; nothing like it is concealed in them. The chain of neceſſity and fate is faſt linked together by the ſtraight and direct motion of the principles, from their ſtriking one another, if they can ſtrike, unleſs they decline, the ſame neceſſity follows. The declination therefore of the atoms only remains to which our liberty can be due.

Plutarch, in the Treatiſe de At. Solert. teaches us, that this doctrine of the declining motion of atoms was firſt broached by Epicurus, ὅπως εἰς τὴν ζωὴν ἡ τύχη παρεισέλθῃ, καὶ τὸ ἐφ' ἡμῖν μὴ ἀπορῆται. And that the reaſon why he ſet up this opinion, was, becauſe he feared that if no other motion were allowed to atoms but that which they naturally, and of neceſſity have, by their own weight, we ſhould not be free agents in any thing, ſince our mind would be moved in ſuch a manner as it would be compelled to move in by the motion of the atoms. But Cicero in his Treatiſe of Fate, blames Epicurus for this fooliſh opinion, in theſe words: "Epicurus ab Atomis petit præſidium, eaſque de via deducit, et uno tempore ſuſcipit duas res inenodabiles: unum, ut ſine cauſa fiat aliquid, ex quo exiſtet ut de nihilo quippiam fiat; quod nec ipſi, nec cuiquam Phyſico placet: alterum, ut cum duo individua per inanitatem ferantur, alterum, è regione moveatur, alterum declinet." Epicurus fled for refuge to the atoms, and leads them out of their way: and by ſo doing, ſubjects himſelf to two difficulties that can never be ſolved. One, that any thing can be done without a cauſe: from whence it follows, that every thing may proceed from nothing: which neither himſelf, nor any natural philoſopher will allow: the other, that when two indiviſible bodies are moved through the void, one of them ſhould move in a direct line; the other by declination. And the ſame author farther evinces the vainneſs of his opinion, by ſhowing it to be wholly needleſs; and that the freedom of will in animals proceeds from another cauſe. "Ad Animorum motus voluntarios non eſt requirenda cauſa externa; Motus enim voluntarius eam naturam in ſe continet, ut ſit in noſtra poteſtate, nobiſque pareat: nec id ſine cauſa: ejus enim cauſa ipſa eſt Natura." We need not ſeek an external cauſe for the voluntary motions of the mind: for voluntary motion contains within itſelf ſuch a nature, that it is in our power, and is obedient to us; and this too not without a cauſe, for nature herſelf is the cauſe of it. Lib. de Fato. Thus, even in Cicero's opinion, any antecedent external cauſe takes away liberty. But freedom of will does not require an antecedent external cauſe to make it move; ſince that has the cauſe of its motion within itſelf. Therefore, Lucretius has no reaſon to aſcribe the voluntary motions of men, or of irrational animals, to the exterior motion of atoms, ſince they proceed from the very nature of the free mind. It is well, however, that Lucretius owns that all our actions are not the effects of neceſſity or fate; but he was in the wrong to impute this freedom to the declining motion of his atoms.

But ſince the Epicureans acknowledge the liberty of the will, we may take it as a ſuppoſition already granted, and without any farther proof, make uſe of it in our diſputes againſt them: but, becauſe it is of great conſequence, and is the foundation of Seneca's and Plutarch's diſcourſes, "Cur Bonis malè, et Malis benè," why good men are afflicted and why villains proſper, it deſerves ſome confirmation. The liberty of the will is a power to chooſe, or refuſe any thing after that the underſtanding hath conſidered it, and propoſed it as good or bad. This is that τὸ ἐφ' ἡμῖν of Epictetus; and, as he calls it, ἐλεύθερον, ἐκώλυτον, ἀπερίσπαστον· free, not ſubject to hindrance or impediment. And Adrian delivers it as his doctrine, τὴν παρουσίαν οὐδ' ὁ Ζεὺς νικῆσαι δύναται· Our will not Jupiter himſelf can fetter. Epicurus calls it τὸ παρ' ἡμᾶς· and that ſuch a power belongs to every man, is evident from the general conſent of mankind; for every man finds ſuch a power in himſelf, and thence proceeds this agreement; it is the foundation of all laws, of all rewards and puniſhments. For it would be very ridiculous for a prince to command a ſtone not to fall, or break it for doing ſo. Origen declares, ἀρετῆς ἐὰν μὲν ἀνέλῃς τὸ ἑκούσιον, ἀνέλῃς αὐτῆς καὶ τὴν οὐσίαν· and Lucian ingeniouſly makes Soſtratus baſile Minos, after he had granted that all men act according to the determination of fate, ἢ ἑκάστῳ ἐπέταξε γενέσθαι τὰ πραττόμενα, which ordains every man's actions as ſoon as he is born; and the compaſſionate philoſopher, who would have all offences forgiven, produceth this argument: οὐ γὰρ ἑκόντας ἁμαρτάνειν ἀλλά τινι πάθει καταναγκασθέντας, for none ſin willingly, but are forced. But more, this may receive a particular confirmation from every man's experience; for let him deſcend into himſelf, he will find as great evidence for the liberty of his will, as for his being, as Cartes delivers; though he is extremely miſtaken, when he tells us in a metaphyſical ecſtaſy, "A quocunque ſimus, et quamtumvis ille ſit potens, quantumvis fallax, hanc nihilominus in nobis libertatem eſſe experimur, ut ſemper ab iis credendis quæ non planè certa ſunt et explorata, peſſimus abſtinere, atque ita cavere, ne unquam erremus:" From whomſoever we have our being, and how potent or deceitful ſoever he be, yet we find within ourſelves this liberty, that we can abſtain from believing thoſe things that are not evidently certain, and experimentally tried and proved to be ſo: and be ſo aware of ourſelves as never to be miſtaken: for what does he in this but determine the extent of that power, of whoſe bounds he is altogether ignorant? and place this cogitation beyond his reach, whoſe power to deceive is infinite, and his will equal to his ability. But let us all conſider our uſual actions, and we ſhall find every one

a demonſtration. For let a thouſand men think on any thing, and propoſe it to my choice, I will embrace or reject it according to their deſire, which neceſſarily proves my liberty; unleſs theſe thouſand, or perhaps the whole world, were determined to think on the ſame thing I was to act. For my part, if any one would take the bit and bridle of fate, I ſhall not envy him the honour, nor be very willing to blind myſelf, to have the convenience of a guide. Let Velleius think it a commendation for Cato to be good, "quia aliter eſſe non potuit," becauſe he could not be otherwiſe; and Lucan agree with him in his ſentence: I ſhould rather be freely ſo.

This is oppoſed by thoſe who imagine the ſoul material, and therefore all her actions neceſſary; becauſe matter once moved will ſtill keep the ſame motion, and the ſame determination which it received, which muſt needs deſtroy all liberty, and evidently proves the Epicurean hypotheſis to be inconſiſtent with it. Others urge preſcience, and think themſelves ſecure of victory, whilſt the Deity is on their ſide. The weakneſs of the former opinion will, hereafter, be diſcovered; and Cartes has ſaid enough to ſilence the latter objection. "His difficultatibus nos expediemus, ſi recordemur mentem noſtram eſſe finitam, Dei autem potentiam, per quam non tantum omnia, quæ ſunt, aut eſſe poſſunt, ab æterno præſcivit, ſed etiam, voluit, ac præordinavit, eſſe infinitam, ideoque hanc quidem à nobis ſatis attingi, ut clarè et diſtinctè percipiamus ipſam in Deo eſſe, non autem ſatis comprehendi, ut videamus quo pacto liberas hominum actiones indeterminatas relinquat. Libertatis autem, & indifferentiæ quæ in nobis eſt, nos ita conſcios eſſe ut nihil ſit quod evidentiùs & perfectiùs comprehendamus. Abſurdum enim eſſet, propterea quòd non comprehendimus unam rem, quam ſcimus ex natura ſua nobis debere eſſe incomprehenſibilem, de alia dubitare quam intimè comprehendimus, atque apud noſmet ipſos experimur." We may extricate ourſelves from theſe difficulties, if we reflect that our mind is finite; but that the power of God, by which he not only foreknew from all eternity all things that are, or that can be, but likewiſe willed and preordained them, is infinite; and therefore, that it is enough for us plainly and diſtinctly to perceive and know that ſuch a power is in God: and though we cannot ſo fully comprehend the extent of it, as to ſee how and by what means he leaves the free actions of men undetermined, yet we are ſo conſcious of the liberty and indifference that is within us, that we comprehend nothing more perfectly, nor with greater evidence. For it would be abſurd, becauſe we do not comprehend one thing, which we know ought in its nature to be incomprehenſible to us, to doubt concerning another, which we entirely comprehend, and experience within ourſelves.

Ver. 244. For as Cicero, de Fato, ſays, fate is only εἱμαρμένη, or συμπλόκη αἰτίων τεταγμένη, and they who introduce a fixed and eternal ſucceſſion of cauſes, deprive the mind of man of all its freedom and liberty, and ſubject it to the inevitable neceſſity of fate.

Ver. 249. Here the poet takes occaſion to explain the voluntary motion of animals. Firſt, the mind is willing, then it collects the ſpirits which are always obedient to its will, and conveys them through the nerves into the members, cheriſhes the languid and weak ſpirits, and ſupplies new and vigorous. Thus the animal is moved, and its motion continued.

Ver. 260. In theſe twelve verſes the poet illuſtrates the voluntary motion of animals, which he has explained, and makes a compariſon between that and a violent or conſtrained motion. For when we are moved by a violent motion, we feel an exterior force: but when we move of our own accord, we perceive no ſuch thing. Beſides, our will reſiſts and oppoſes an outward force, and ſometimes even overcomes it: whence it appears, that there is ſome inward principle of motion entirely free, and not bound or compelled by any neceſſity.

Ver. 262. So far are we from giving conſent to this violent exterior force, that on the contrary, the mind reſiſts it, and yields with reluctancy. Ariſtotle in the third of his Ethics gives this definition of a violent and compulſive motion: "Eſt Motus violentus, cujus Principium extrinſecus eſt, nihil ad juvante eo, quod agit." That is a violent motion, whoſe principle and cauſe proceed from without, the movent, or thing moved contributing nothing to it.

Ver. 267. *Something.*] He means the will that is ſeated in the heart.

Ver. 270. At the command of the will a ſubtle matter, that is to ſay, the ſpirits fly, &c.

Ver. 272. In theſe nine verſes he at length concludes for the motion by declination from the freedom of will, which cannot proceed from ſtroke; for motion by ſtroke is an outward force, which is wholly contrary to all liberty, and even deſtructive of it. Weight, though it be an inward principle of motion, yet ſince it always tends downward, and in the ſame manner, is no leſs an enemy to liberty, than ſtroke itſelf. Therefore declination only remains, which being made neither at any certain time, nor any certain place, avoids that neceſſity of which both weight and ſtroke are the cauſe, and unlinks the chain of deſtiny.

Ver. 274. Whence proceeds the freedom of will; i. e. the declining motion of the atoms is the cauſe of it. Cicero, in the firſt book of the Nature of the Gods: "Epicurus cum videret, ſi "atomi in inferiorem locum ferrentur ſuopte pon-"dere, nihil fore in noſtro poteſtate, quod illarum "motus eſſet certus et neceſſarius, invenit declina-"tionem, ut hanc neceſſitatem effugerit." When Epicurus ſaw, that if the atoms were moved downward by their own weight only, and had no other motion whatever, nothing would be in our power; becauſe their motion would then be certain and neceſſary, he invented declination to avoid this neceſſity.

Ver. 277. I take this paſſage, of which by the way, the interpreters ſay nothing to be very difficult, and this to be the meaning; nothing is made of nothing; therefore freedom of will proceeds

from something; but what that something is, we must now inquire. There is a twofold motion of the seeds: one natural, which is downwards, and proceeds from weight; the other violent, which is upwards, and occasioned by stroke. Now it is manifest that all things are not made by stroke, because some motion proceeds from weight. But since the motion that proceeds from weight is natural, and keeps due on always in the same tenor, it is no more favourable or conducive to liberty, than the motion caused by stroke. Nothing, therefore, can prevent the mind, which consists of seeds, from being determined by a certain inward necessity, that is to say, by the motion that proceeds from weight, but the declination of the seeds, which motion of theirs being made in no certain nor determinate place, nor at any certain or determinate time, can alone be the cause of liberty, or freedom of will.

Ver. 280. Lucretius says,

Id facit exiguum clinamen principiorum
Nec regione loci certa, nec tempore certo.

In this disputation for the declination of his atoms, this is the third time that our poet has repeated these words, "nec regione loci certa, nec tempore certo," and as often too has our translator omitted them; even though they are an essential part of the argument, and the main support of it. For if the declination were made at a certain time, and in a certain place, the necessity would be equally inevitable. And of this he himself was afterwards aware, as may be seen in his explication of these passages in his Latin edition of this author; where he has given them the same interpretation that I have done in these annotations.

Ver. 281. Lucretius has already taught that seeds are not liable to change; and now in these thirteen verses he asserts, that the universal mass of matter can never increase or diminish; for not one seed dies, whereby a gap might be made in it, and no new seed is introduced, whereby it may become more close; but it remains always the same. Then he affirms that the motions of the seeds are immutable; that they have always moved in the same manner they now do, and will always continue in the same motion to all futurity. And therefore, that whatever things have been produced heretofore, the like things may also be produced now. For where the same seeds, and the same weight, always remain, and where no external force can be introduced, there too the same motion that proceeds from that weight, must of necessity be also.

Ver. 294. Lest any one should object against Lucretius, that the senses themselves overthrow this opinion of the perpetual motion of the atoms; for if the universal matter be agitated, how comes it to pass that the all, the τὸ πὰν, seems buried in so profound a tranquillity. The poet answers in these twenty-five verses, that this objection is very weak; for the motion of the seeds must of necessity be imperceptible, since the seeds themselves are invisible to the sharpest sight. Then he adds, that the motions even of sensible things often cannot be perceived by the eyes of such as behold them from afar; which he illustrates by the example of sheep frisking up and down on the side of a hill, and of an army moving to and fro in a plain. He means the whole mass of all things; the universe.

Ver. 296. The atoms of which all things are composed.

Ver. 313. We have an excellent description of this in Sir R. Blackmore's K. Arthur:

The various glories of their arms combine,
And in one fearful dazzling medley join.
The air above, and all the fields beneath
Shine with a bright variety of death.
The sun starts back to see the plains display
Their rival lustre, and terrestrial day.

Ver. 319. He has disputed at large of the solidity of the atoms, and of their properties, weight and motion, that proceed from it. He is now going to treat of another of their properties, which is figure, and this relates to their size or magnitude; for figure is the bound and manner of magnitude. And first, he asserts in eight verses, that atoms are of different figures; not that their shape is discernible to the eye any more than their magnitude, which is imperceptible, as has been said already: but because their different figuration may be made evident by several arguments. Epicurus in Plutarch teaches that atoms, ἴδια ἔχειν σχήματα λόγῳ θεάροτα, have proper figures that are discernible to the eye of reason. And in the epistle to Herodotus: τὰ ἄτομα τῶν σωμάτων καὶ μεστὰ, ἐξ ὧν τὲ αἱ συγκρίσεις γίνονται τὲ εἰς ὡ διαλύονται. ἀπερίληπτα ἔστι τὴν διαφόραις τῶν σχηματων ὐ γὰρ δύνατον γένεσθαι τὰς τοσαύτας διαφόρας ἐκ τῶν αὐτῶν (perhaps ἀτόμων) σχημάτων περιειλημμένων.

Ver. 323. In the first place, he teaches that seeds are of different figures; because it is not likely that those corpuscles, being infinite as they are, should be all of the same figure. Consider any things whatever, the greater their number is, the greater too, for the most part, is the variety of their figures; and therefore, what we ought to believe likewise of the atoms.

Ver. 327. Secondly, in these six verses he argues for the different figures of his atoms, from the various shapes and figures of all natural things that are composed of them; as men, beasts, birds, fish, &c.

Ver. 328. This is certainly a very proper epithet for fish; though Aristotle, and some others, will not allow all fish to be mute.

Ver. 333. Thirdly, he shows in twenty-five verses, that this different figuration is very manifest and visible, not only in all kinds of things taken collectively, but even in the individuals of the same kind; for among brute beasts the dams know their young, and the young their dams, only by their different figuration. Then he illustrates this argument with an elegant and lively description of a cow passionately bemoaning the loss of her sacrificed calf; to which he lastly adds a hint of the agnition that lambs have of their mothers.

Ver. 340. Of the maternal affection of beaſts to their young, ſee Oppian Ἁλιευτ. α. ver. 724. and Ovid, Faſt. 4.

Ver. 358. In the four firſt of theſe ſeven verſes he teaches, that the ſame ſpecial, or, as they call it, individual difference may be diſcerned by any who attentively conſider them, not only in the ſtalks and ears, but in the very grains of corn, in ſhells and the like; and in the three laſt verſes he concludes, that the ſeeds themſelves, ſince they are not made by any artiſt, after one and the ſame ſhape and form, ought no leſs than the reſt of things to be adorned with various and different figures.

Ver. 365. He proves that this contention for the variety of figures is not vain and uſeleſs, but ever neceſſary for the explication of ſeveral phenomenons of nature; and from thoſe very phenomenons he fully proves the variety of the figures of his atoms. And firſt, in ſeven verſes he teaches why the fire of lightning penetrates things more eaſily, and with greater force than the fire that proceeds from oil, pitch, wood, &c. which is becauſe the fire of lightning conſiſts of ſmall and ſubtle ſeeds; but thoſe of the fire that comes from oil, &c. are thicker and more blunt. Thus ſome ſeeds are leſs than others, according to the doctrine of Lucretius.

Ver. 366. He means that penetrates more eaſily, for lightning lets out the wine, and leaves the veſſel unhurt; ſpares the ſcabbard, and melts the ſword within it; and does ſeveral other wonderful things of like nature, which our fires will not do.

Ver. 372. In theſe four verſes he teaches that this diverſity of figures is the cauſe that light pierces through horn, and that water ſtops on its ſurface.

Ver. 374. Here Lucretius acknowledges, that ſome ſeeds are leſs than others, though he aſſerted before that all ſeeds are leaſts: yet he contradicts not himſelf, for by leaſts, the Epicureans mean only bodies that are ſimple and ſolid, and therefore indiviſible.

Ver. 376. In theſe ſix verſes he demonſtrates, that ſome ſeeds are not only bigger than others, but that ſome are hooked and branchy, while others are ſmooth and round. For the reaſon why wine paſſes through a ſtrainer ſooner than oil, is, becauſe the ſeeds of oil are full of hooks, and therefore the texture of the principles being more intricate and perplexed, they are not ſo eaſily looſened and disjoined, to paſs through the holes of the ſtrainer.

Ver. 382. In theſe ten verſes he urges the ſame thing in an argument taken from the different taſte of things. For milk and honey are ſweet, becauſe they conſiſt of little bodies formed in ſuch a manner, that when they are poured upon the organ of the taſte, and are entering into the little pores of it, they are exactly fit for thoſe ſmall paſſages, and thus they gently and ſmoothly touch the organ, and pleaſingly affect the taſte. But wormwood and centaury are bitter and ſharp, becauſe the little bodies of which they are made, are formed in ſuch a manner, that when they come to enter into the little pores of the organ, they bear no proportion with them, and thus prick and hurt the particles of it, and tear and wound the organ itſelf. And hence it is reaſonable to conjecture, that ſweet things are compoſed of ſmooth and round principles; and bitter things of ſeeds that are rough and full of hooks.

Ver. 384. *Rue.*] Lucretius mentions not rue, but centaury, which is indeed a very bitter herb: the French call it *fiel de terre*, gall of the earth; it had its name from Chiron the Centaur, who firſt diſcovered the virtues and uſe of it: for as he was handling the arms of Hercules, he chanced to wound himſelf in the foot with an arrow, and cured the wound by the application of this herb; of which ſee more in Pliny, lib. xxv. c. 6

Ver. 385. In like manner, whoever eats of the herb ſardon is ſaid to die of a diſtorted mouth; for that herb contracts the nerves of the mouth, and cauſes a violent grinning and laughing, followed by death. Hence the proverb, "Riſus Sardonius," is ſaid of thoſe who laugh without cauſe, and when they have more reaſon for ſorrow than for joy.

Ver. 392. He has hitherto been ſpeaking of ſweet and bitter taſtes, and now he teaches, in ſeventeen verſes, that things are pleaſant or unpleaſant to the other ſenſes likewiſe, for the ſame reaſon, that is, becauſe the ſeeds of which they are compoſed are ſmooth and round, or rough and hooky. Thus in grateful and pleaſing ſounds, ſmells, and colours, we muſt acknowledge the ſeeds to be ſmooth and round, but in ungrateful and offenſive, hooky and rough.

Ver. 400. He alludes to the cuſtom of the ancients in ſtrewing the ſtage with ſaffron and other flowers, when plays were to be acted. Horace in the epiſtle to Auguſtus:

Recte necne crocum floreſque perambulet attæ
Fabulam ſi dubitem, &c.

And this they did to delight the audience with the fragrancy of odours.

Ver. 409. Becauſe there are ſome objects that are not altogether ſo offenſive as to wound the organs of the ſenſe, as bitter things do; nor ſo grateful as to delight and pleaſe them, as do the things that are ſweet, but rather tickle and affect them, with a ſort of inoffenſive pain, if I may ſo call it, we are to believe that the ſeeds of ſuch things are not entirely ſmooth and round, nor hooky and rough, but that they are ſhaped with angles jutting out, ſo that they may ſometimes gently prick and tickle; but cannot wound and tear. This opinion the poet has included in five verſes.

Ver. 413. Here our tranſlator has not fully expreſſed his author, whoſe words are,

Fœcula jam quo de genere 'ſt, inulæque Sapores.

The fœcula and the inula were two ſauces of the Romans: The firſt of them, the fœcula, was an acid ſauce, whoſe chief ingredient was indeed the lees of wine, (and the word properly ſignifies the

lees or dregs of any liquid), as Turnebus says on this passage of Horace:

——acria circum
Rapula, lactucæ, radices: qualia lassum
Pervellunt stomachum, ciser, halec fœcula coa.
Lib. ii. *Sat.* 8.

The other, the inula, was a sweet sauce, made of the sweetish bitter root of the herb inula, elecampane; of which see Columella, lib. xii. cap. 46. Horace too makes mention of it in the place above-cited:

Erucas virides inulis ego primus amaris
Monstravi incoquere.——

Now Lucretius says, that the reason why the fœcula has an acid taste, and the inula as it were a sweetish bitter, is, because they do not consist of atoms that are wholly rough, or wholly smooth, but of such as are of a nature between both, and have minute angles whose points are blunted, and therefore rather tickle the organ of the taste, than hurt or wound it.

Ver. 414. In the last place he comes to the sense of touch; and in thirteen verses teaches, that the objects of that sense are differently figured; because heat and cold affect the organs in different manners. For Epicurus held, that since the seeds of fire are pungent, and prick the sense, they must of necessity have some prominent angles; and that the seeds of cold have a trigonical or pyramidal figure; that is to say, their figure consists of four triangular faces. This we find in the epistle to Pythocles, where giving the reason of ice, he says it is made κατ' ἐκθλίψιν μὲν τῶ περιεχόντος σχημάτισμα ἐκ τοῦ ὕδατος, σύνεσιν δὲ τῶν σκαληνῶν, τὸ ἐξυγονίων τῶν ἐν τῷ ὕδατι ὑπαρχόντων, ἢ καὶ δὲ τὴν πῆξιν τῶν τοιούτων προσκρισιν, when the orbicular corpuscles (that are the efficient causes of heat) are driven out of the water, and when those of a trigonical and acutangular figure, that are in the same water are compressed together, or when such corpuscles come from without, and join themselves to the water. Plutarch too is of the same opinion in the treatise, "De primo Frigido." Then he describes the touch; the darling sense of the Epicureans, and the several kinds of it, not without some transport and exultation of mind.

Ver. 421. The seeds being tumultuously mixed together, confound the sense, because they are in a sort of commotion and uproar.

Ver. 427. He has hitherto been proving the diversity of the figures of his atoms from the different motions which the objects excite and cause in the organs of the senses: he now brings other arguments to the same purpose, taken from the firmness, as well as from the fluidity of things. For some seeds have little hooks and clasps, by which they catch and hold fast one another; and the little empty spaces being filled up as much as possible, they have not the liberty of mutually disentangling themselves, and getting free from one another; and thus they compose the firm and hard bodies of brass, iron, stones, and the like. Other particles are smooth, and approaching to an orbicular figure, and of these are composed all fluid bodies; for the smooth and round particles will not join to others, yield to the least thrust, are always in motion, and rolling up and down from place to place.

Ver. 430. A diamond is esteemed the hardest of all stones, and scarce any blows can break it. Pliny, lib. xxxvii. c. 4. says of it, "Incudibus deprehenditur ita respuens ictum, ut ferrum utrimque dissiliat." It is so proof to blows, that beat it on an anvil, and the iron on both sides will give way to its hardness.

Ver. 435. In these six verses, he says, there are some bodies we may reckon in the number of fluids, as smoke, mist, flame, &c. which may be dissipated and dissolved with the slightest stroke, and therefore do not consist of hooky seeds entangled with one another. Yet these very bodies hurt and prick the senses; for mist and smoke offend the eyes; and flame penetrates hard things, and passes even through stones and rocks, therefore they are not composed of principles entirely smooth and round. He, for this reason asserts, that they are made partly of acute principles.

Our translator has omitted the three last verses of this argument, which are as follows:

Non tamen hærere inter se, quod quisque videmus
Sentibus esse datum: facile ut cognoscere possis
Non è perplexis, sed acutis esse elementis.

Lambinus rejects them likewise, and asserts them to be needless, for which Faber commends him, and adds, that they cannot be of Lucretius. The other editors, Nardius, Fayus, &c. retain them; and so too does even Creech himself in his Latin edition, but only wishes for another word in lieu of *fontibus*, in which he seems too critical and hard to please. I take the verses to be not only not useless, but even necessary; and am of opinion, that Lucretius was in the right, and ought to affirm, as he does, that since those fluid bodies affect and penetrate into hard, they are composed of pungent, and penetrating, and acute principles, no less than of smooth and round: for the atoms that are either smooth or round cannot prick, offend, nor easily penetrate into bodies; "nec tamen hærere inter se," &c. nor do their particles nevertheless adhere and mutually stick to one another, as the particles of thorns do; insomuch, that from thence you may rightly conjecture, that all those things that are so soon and easily dissipated, are not composed of principles that are hooked, entangled, and perplexed among themselves: but of acute,

Non è perplexis, sed acutis esse elementis:

And this is the meaning of this passage, which has so much employed the interpreters.

Ver. 441. There are other fluids that are both bitter and sharp: for instance, the water of the sea. And the poet asserts, in these fourteen verses, that all such things are composed partly of smooth and round principles, from whence they have their fluidity; partly of sharp and rough, from which they derive their tartness and bitterness.

Laſtly, he demonſtrates, that bodies of that nature are made of particles different in figure, becauſe they may be ſeparated. For, ſtrain ſea-water through ſand, it loſes its ſharp particles, and becomes ſweet, ſo that it retains only its ſmooth and round principles.

Ver. 455. What he here undertakes to prove, is this: The atoms vary in their figure, and in their bigneſs too, as is proved already. But yet that variety is not infinite, though it be indefinite or incomprehenſible. This he proves, firſt in nineteen verſes, from the minuteneſs of the ſeeds, which he has before demonſtrated: for to make an infinite variety of figures, the maſs of ſome of the ſeeds muſt of neceſſity be immenſely great, ſince an immenſe magnitude only is capable of an immenſe variety of figures. If you would change the figure of a body, tranſpoſe its parts, and as many different poſitions as it can receive, ſo many different figures there will be. Attempt to do the like with an atom, turn and tranſpoſe every way the parts that can be conceived in it, and you will find only a finite variety of figures in ſo ſmall a body. Epicurus taught, that the figures of the atoms are incomprehenſible, but not infinite, εἶναι τὰ σχήμαθ᾽α τῶν ἀϊδίων ἀπεριλήπθ᾽α, οὐκ ἄπειρα, ſays Plutarch, de Placitis Philoſoph. lib. i. c. 3. And Epicurus himſelf writes thus to Herodotus: Ἀτόμοι ταῖς διαφοραῖς οὐκ ἀπλῶς ἄπειροί ἔϛιν, ἀλλὰ μόνον ἀπεριλήπ᾽τοι, ἐὰ μὴ μέλλει τις τὸ τοῖς μεγέθεσιν ἀπλῶς ἐϛ ἄπειρον αὐ᾽ξὰς ἐκβάλλειν, ἅτε ἓν τῷ ὠϱισμένῳ μεγέθει ἀπείρους ἐνηεῖν διαφορὰς ἀδύνα᾽τον.

Ver. 462. He does not mean that you ſhould add two, three, or more parts; but ſuppoſe it to conſiſt of three or more, that is to ſay, of a definite number of parts, each figuration requires a peculiar poſition of the parts. Now the parts of any finite magnitude may be tranſpoſed ſo many ways, that no new way ſhall remain to change the poſition from what it had been in before, for otherwiſe there would be ſtill new and new parts even to an infinity; from whence the magnitude might at length be conceived to be infinite; but nothing of this can be in an atom, which is too little even to be ſeen.

Ver. 474. He brings another reaſon, in theſe ſixteen verſes. If we grant ſtill other and other figures, even to an infinity, no external qualities of natural things would be certain and determined, ſince they might be ſo diverſified by a new figuration, that at length there might ariſe a better than every beſt, and a worſe than every worſt. Garments of the moſt precious colours, the ſweeteſt odours, ſounds, and taſtes, might be ſurpaſſed by others, and would be no longer in eſteem, while the things that ſeem now moſt offenſive and diſpleaſing, and to which we are moſt averſe, would be valued above worſe than might ariſe daily.

Ver. 479. For ſwans, when they are near their death, are ſaid to ſing very ſweetly. Thus Martial, lib. xiii. Epig. 77.

Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cycnus funeris ipſe ſui.

The mournful ſwan, thus when his death is nigh,
In tuneful ſtrains ſings his own elegy.

But Pliny denies it, "Olerum morte narratur flebilis cantus falſo, ut arbitrer, aliquot experimentis," lib. x. cap. 20. See the note on Book iii. ver. 5.

Ver. 486. Though our interpreter here mentions the ſenſe of ſmelling, yet he, at the beginning of his argument, ſays, "Has et contemptus odor myrrhæ," the odour of myrrh would be contemned, which Lucretius there alleges as an inſtance of an object of that ſenſe.

Ver. 488. *No higher.*] That is, from either extreme, either of worſt or beſt. Nor can there be an infinite number of things between either extreme, becauſe every thing is incloſed within certain bounds, and can neither enlarge itſelf into an infinite magnitude, nor contract itſelf into an infinite littleneſs; ſo neither can the goodneſs of things be improved to an infinite, nor the badneſs of things be impaired to an infinite.

Ver. 490. In theſe ſeven verſes, he confirms his foregoing arguments, becauſe, ſays he, things are generally determined and bounded by their contrary qualities, which are ſo extreme that though they may indeed have middle degrees, yet they can have no degree whatever without or beyond themſelves. Lambine interprets this of the zones; but I rather think our tranſlator in the right, and that Lucretius meant to ſpeak of the moſt intenſe power and force of fire and froſt, which are the extremes that bound the middle degrees of heat and cold. For fire is the moſt hot, and froſt or ice the moſt cold of all things.

Ver. 497. Having proved the different figures to be finite, he now adds, in ſeven verſes, another of Epicurus's opinions, which is, that the ſeeds of a like figure are infinite in number; that the globous are infinite, the oval infinite, the pyramidal infinite, and in like manner of all the other figures. Then he adds a reaſon for this opinion, from the infiniteneſs of the atoms which he has proved before. For, ſince the different ſorts of the figures are finite, it is evident, that if the atoms contained under each ſort were finite in number, there could be no infinity of atoms in the univerſe. Epicurus writes to the ſame purpoſe in the epiſtle to Herodotus: Καθ᾽ ἑκάϛην δὲ σχημάτισιν ἁπλῶς ἄπειροί ἔϛιν ἄϊδιμοι, ὑ γὰϱ τὸ πᾶν ἐϛὶ τῷ πλήθει τῶν ἀϊδίμων ἄπειϱον, ἐὰ μὴ ἁπλῶς ἂν ἦϛιν αἱ καθ᾽ ἑκάϛην τὰ σχημάτισιν ὁμοῖαι.

Ver. 504. Gaſſendus has omitted the four firſt of theſe verſes, as being improper to the explication of the argument: and indeed we may diſpenſe with the want of them, if we take Lucretius to be diſputing ſtill concerning the figures of his atoms; but if we conſider the particular argument that follows, they ſeem even neceſſary. For he has juſt proved the infinity of the atoms under each figure: but foreſeeing an objection hanging over his head, and that it might be the better underſtood together with the anſwer, he, in theſe four verſes, gives notice to the reader what he is to expect: and certainly our tranſla-

tor was in the right to retain them. But to return to the explication of Lucretius, who, in theſe thirty-three verſes, firſt objects againſt what he has been already arguing, that the atoms under certain figures may ſeem to be finite, becauſe we ſee that ſome animals are more ſcarce and fewer in number than others: to which he anſwers, that the animals that are ſcarce in one country abound in another. For inſtance, that there are many elephants in India, though he ſcarce ever ſaw one at Rome. In the next place, that granting there were but one only thing of one certain kind in the world, yet unleſs the atoms of the ſame figure were infinite, that only thing could not be born, nor grow. And, laſtly, he brings a compariſon to illuſtrate this aſſertion; and as it is difficult to find a ſimile more elegantly expreſſed, ſo we can never meet with one more properly applied. For what can better repreſent the perpetual motion of his atoms, than the diſturbed and reſtleſs agitation of the ſea.

Ver. 511. A region of Aſia, where there is great plenty of elephants, as there is likewiſe in Africa, though none are bred in Europe. Pliny, Nat Hiſt. lib. viii. cap. 10 and Polybius, lib. v. ſays, that in India the houſes, and even the ſtalls of their beaſts were encloſed with the trunks of elephants. And who knows not that the chief ſtrength of the Indians conſiſted in their elephants, by the help of which they defended both themſelves and their country.

Ver. 525. Cowley in his Davideis ſeems to have imitated this paſſage of Lucretius:

The ſea itſelf ſmooths her rough looks awhile,
Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a ſmile:
But he whoſe ſhip-wreck'd bark ſhe drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows ſhe would have more.

Ver. 536. Lucretius ſtruggles hard for the infiniteneſs of his atoms, the figures of which he will have to be very various, and thoſe of each ſhape to be infinite, which laſt aſſertion is the greateſt abſurdity imaginable. For infinite atoms muſt fill all the ſpace that is, becauſe if there be any place that can receive another, there may be conceived an addition to the former number; and therefore to ſay it was infinite is abſurd. And this proves that the infinite atoms of Epicurus can be nothing elſe but a vaſt heap of dull moveleſs matter, coextended, with the infinite ſpace. And how then could the world be made, how theſe various alterations of bodies, all which proceed from motion, is difficult to be conceived. And this likewiſe preſſes the hypotheſis of Cartes and his indefinite matter, as a little application will diſcover.

Ver. 537. Theſe ten verſes contain an argument that is a neceſſary conſequent of the former. If we grant the ſeeds of one ſort of figure to be finite, then the things that are compoſed of thoſe finite ſeeds, when they once come to be diſſolved ſhould never be reſtored. If the ſeeds were finite, we ſhould in vain expect the growth and generation of things And what is more certain then that ſome things are born, and grow; and that others decreaſe and die? from whence it muſt be concluded that the ſeeds of a like figure are infinite in number.

Ver. 549. He has hitherto been proving the infinity of atoms, under all the ſeveral ſorts of figures; and now, in four verſes, he teaches, that things cannot be compoſed of ſeeds of one and the ſame figure; and that the various qualities of things proceed from the variety of the ſeeds, which muſt neceſſarily produce a variety likewiſe of contexture. And this, indeed, he ſufficiently proves in ſeveral places.

Ver. 551. In theſe ſix verſes, he brings his firſt argument from the earth, which none will deny, conſiſts of ſeveral ſorts of ſeeds, if they conſider the ſprings that bubble, and the flames that burſt out of its bowels, together with what variety of trees and plants it produces, and that it ſupplies nouriſhment to man and beaſt. For all thoſe things cannot proceed from ſeeds of the ſame magnitude, weight, and figure. Then in ſixty four verſes he ſubjoins many things concerning the earth: how the ancient poets feigned her to be the mother of the gods, and called her Cybele; he deſcribes the ornaments of the goddeſs, explains the myſteries of the whole fable, derides the ſuperſtition of it, and at length falls foul upon Providence itſelf.

Ver. 554. As Hecla, Veſuvius, and other mountains, which, as well as Ætna, eject flames, a convincing proof that there are ſubterranean fires, and thoſe too great and many, as appears likewiſe by the Vulcanian iſlands, and by the hot baths and fountains that break out of the earth in many places; and which, as Vitruvius, lib. ii. rightly obſerves, could not be, "ſi non in imo haberent aut de ſulphure, aut de alumine, aut bitumine ardentes maximos ignes:" in which words he briefly declares the cauſes of them. To which, as a farther proof, not to mention divers others, may be added earthquakes, ſome of which moſt certainly derive their original from theſe ſubterranean fires. Whoever deſires to be farther ſatisfied touching this matter, may conſult Pliny, l. ii. c. 106. The Epicurean animadverſions of Gaſſendus, and particularly Kircher in his Mund. Subterran. lib. iv. See likewiſe Ittigius expreſsly upon this ſubject, in his treatiſe de Montium Incend. and the accurate diſquiſition of Alphonſus Borellus, in Hiſtoria et Meteorologia Incendi. Ætnæi. Anno 1669. Of Ætna, ſee Book I. ver. 744. and Book VI. ver. 646.

Ver. 557. The earth, which produces all things, is ſaid to be the mother of the gods, of men, and of beaſts. Holy rites are inſtituted to her, which Lucretius applies partly to natural, partly to moral philoſophy. Thoſe which relate to Jupiter he propoſes as a ſubject worthy of deriſion; but ſhe is deſervedly owned as a goddeſs, for the reaſons he enumerates in theſe forty-nine verſes, in which he tells us why men gave the earth the name of Magna Parens, great mother, and why ſhe was worſhipped as a goddeſs: and he takes occaſion to explain the ceremonies that were obſerved in the myſteries of that great mother, and

gives the reaſons of thoſe rites. The ſame ceremonies are likewiſe mentioned by St. Auſtin, de Civit. Dei, lib. vii. c. 24. and Arnobius, lib. iii. adv. Gent ſays, "Quidam è vobis terram, quod cunctis ſufficiat animantibus victum, magnum matrem eſſe dixerunt." Some among you called the earth the great Mother, becauſe it ſupplies all animals with food and nouriſhment.

So Virgil, Æn. vi. ver. 784.

——Qualis Berecynthia mater,
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes ſupera alta tenentes.

——In pomp ſhe makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrents on her temples crown'd:
A hundred gods her ſweeping train ſupply;
Her offspring all, and all command the ſky.
Dryd.

In a palace at Rome, belonging to the family of Colonna, there is to be ſeen to this day the following inſcription:

DOMUS ÆTERNA FLAVIÆ CHRYSYDIS LABERIA FELICIA SACERDOS MAXIMA MATRIS DEUM, M. L.

Ver. 560. Virgil ſpeaking of this great mother, ſays,

——Hinc fida ſilentia ſacris,
Et juncti currum dominæ ſubiere leones.
Æn. iii. *v.* 112.

She ſecret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the ſavage lions brought.
Dryden.

Ver. 562. Macrobius Saturnal, lib. i. cap. 21. "Hæc Dea leonibus vehitur, validis impetu atque fervore animalibus; quæ natura cœli eſt, cujus ambitu aer continetur, qui vehit terram." This goddeſs is carried by lions, impetuous and fiery animals; of which nature is the heaven, within whoſe circumference is contained the air that carries the earth.

Thus too Claudian:

Et qui perpetuo terras ambitque vehitque,
Nec premat incumbens oneri, nec ceſſerit aer.

And Lucan:

——Dum terra fretum, terramque levabit
Aer.——

To which Ariſtophanes, in Nubib. likewiſe alludes:

Ὦ δέσποθ' ἀναξ ἀμέτερθ' ἀὴρ, ὃς ἔχεις τὴν γην μετέωρον.

And, indeed, if this opinion were to be examined into, according to the decrees of nature, rather than to the doctrines of the poets, it would appear ridiculous to philoſophers. Yet Pliny, who was admitted into the ſecrets of nature, as far as any of the Latins, viſibly favours this belief: "Hujus aeris vi ſuſpenſam cum quarto aquarum Elemento librari medio ſpatio tellurem," ſays he, lib. i. Nat. Hiſt. cap. 5. And Achilles Tatius, in Arat. Phænomen. illuſtrates the liberation or ſuſpenſion of the earth in the following manner: "Put," ſays he, "one ſingle ſheet of miller, or any other ſmall grain whatſoever into a bladder, and by blowing the bladder full of air, the ſeed or grain will be carried up and remain in the middle of it. After the ſame manner, the earth being on all ſides forced by the air, ſuſpends poiſed in the midſt of it." See Turbenus, I. Adverſar. 4, c. 17. where he explains theſe verſes of Ovid.

Et circumfuſo pendebat in aere Tellus
Ponderibus librata ſuis.——— *Metam. l.* 1.

Ver. 565. Thus too Ovid, 4 Faſt.

——Cur huic genus acre leonum
Præbeat inſolitas ad juga curva comas?
Deſieram: cœpit: feritas molita per illam
Creditur: id curru teſtificata ſuo eſt.

Ver. 578. The Romans had ſeveral ſorts of crowns or garlands, which it was the cuſtom to give as tokens or badges of honour, to ſuch as had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in any action, or done any ſignal ſervice to the republic. Among the reſt there was the "Corona Muralis," the Mural Crown, which was given by the emperor, or general of an army, to him who firſt ſcaled the walls of a town that was beſieged. It was made of gold, and had ſpikes that imitated the battlements or pinnacles of walls and towers. Ovid, in the place above cited, gives the ſame reaſon why the ancients crowned the image of the earth with a Mural Crown:

——Turrifera caput eſt onerata figura:
An primis turres urbibus illa dedit?

Ver. 574. Cybele, the mother of the gods, was daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Saturn. The ancients called her by ſeveral names. I. Cybele, either from Cybelus, a hill in Phrygia, where, in her infancy, ſhe was expoſed to wild beaſts; or from κυβήβειν, which ſignifies to throw and ſet upon the head, becauſe of the frequent turning and fantaſtic motions of their heads which her prieſts were obliged to obſerve and practiſe in her rites and ceremonies; and it is probable ſhe had this name from both; for the Greeks called her Κυβέλη, and Κυβήβη. II. "Ops: quod ipſius auxilio vita conſtet." ſays Macrobius, becauſe the life of all things is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of the earth. III. Rhea, from ῥέω, to flow, becauſe the earth abounds with all good things. IV. Berecynthia, from Berecynthus, a caſtle of Phrygia, on the banks of the river Sagaris, or a hill of Phrygia, of the ſame name, near the river Marſyas. V. "Veſta, à vehendo," becauſe the poets feigned her to be carried in a chariot. VI. Peſſinuntia, from Peſſinus, a city of Phrygia where ſhe was honoured. VII. "Fauna à fevendo," becauſe the earth is beneficial to all animals. VIII. "Fatua à fando," becauſe, as the ſame Macrobius ſays, infants never ſpeak till they can ſet their feet to the earth. XI. Pales, becauſe ſhe was the goddeſs Paſtorum and Pabulorum, of ſhepherds and paſturage. X. Dindymè

& Dindymene," from Dindymus, a mountain of Phrygia. *Virgil.*

Alma Parens Idæa Deum, cui Dindyma cordi,
Turrigeræque urbes, bijugique ad fræna leones.
Æn. 10. *v.* 252.

XI. "Idæa Mater, from Ida, a hill and town of the same name in Phrygia, where her rites were first instituted. XII. "Phrygia Mater;" because she was generally worshipped throughout that country. But Faber on this passage of Lucretius, gives another etymology to these two last names of the Great Mother, and dissents from all others, and even from Lucretius himself. These are his words: Ἴδαι signifies mountainous and woody places, as we find in Hesychius, Eustathius, and Herodotus in Melpomene, Sect. 259. whence Ἴδη, is used to signify wood or timber for building. Now, men first fed upon acorns; the oak was their storehouse, and supplied them with provisions: from hence, therefore, the mother of the gods was called Idæa. But after the use of wheat was invented, she was called Φρύγια, Phrygia; for they were wont, φρύγειν, to parch their wheat. We may observe that Lucretius says, these appellations were given her from the ancient ceremonies of her mysteries: to which I add out of Virgil and others, that those ceremonies were first brought from Crete to the shores of the Hellespont: but the Cretans had all these customs and rites from the Syrians. Thus Faber, to whose opinion many things might be objected, if it were worth the while; but what should we be the worse, if we were ignorant of all the etymologies of the heathen gods? I will only add, that the image of this Idæan mother was brought out of Phrygia to Rome, at the time when Hannibal infested Italy. For the Romans had found in the books of the Sibyls, that they should be able to drive away their foreign enemy, if the Idæan mother were brought to Rome: upon which M. Valerius Levinus, Cæcilius Galba, Cn. Tremellus Flaccus, and M. Valerius Falco, were sent into Phrygia, and to them king Attalus gave the image of the Idæan mother, which they brought into the city: and this was only a rough unpolished stone which the Phrygians worshipped for the Idæan mother. *T. Liv. Lib.* 2. *Ovid. Fast.* 4.

Consulitar Pæan: Divumque accersite Matrem,
Inquit; in Idæa est inovenienda jugo:
Mittuntur Proceres: Phrygiæ tunc Sceptra tenebat
Attalus, &c.

Ver. 575. "Phrygiasque catervas—Dant Comites," says Lucretius; and with our translator's leave, he should not have made them all women; for, no doubt but both sexes assisted at the procession. Fayus is as much mistaken the other way; for he calls them legions, as if they were regular and armed troops.

Ver. 576. *Phrygia.*] i. e. Dry or burning; from φρύγειν, torrere, or from Phrygius, a river that divides it from Caria; or from Phrygia, the daughter of Cycrops. A country in Asia, bounded with Caria, Mysia, Lydia, and Bithynia: it is divided into the Greater and the Lesser, which last called Troas, was of old the kingdom of the Trojans.

Ver. 578. The priests of Cybele were called Galli, from Gallus, a river of Phrygia; of whose waters they had no sooner tasted, than they were seized with madness, and made eunuchs of themselves. This story, how strange and ridiculous soever it may seem, is related by St Jerome. And Tertullian in Apologetico, Sect. 25. calls the venerable and reverend high-priest of this goddess, Archigallus, Archeunuch. See more of them in Ovid, Fast. 4. where he calls them Semi-mares, half men.

Ver. 582. He bestows divinity on the mothers, of whom we puny creatures are born; and asserts, that the children who are guilty of undutifulness or impiety towards their parents, are unworthy to be parents themselves.

Ver. 582. The Phrygian muse was a sort of enthusiastic harmony, and very proper to excite the passions of the mind, and to swell the soul to rage and fury. Macrobius in his second book on the dream of Scipio, chap. 3. speaking of the power and force of music, says, "Ita ominis habitus animæ cantibus gubernatur, ut & ad bellum progressi & item receptui canatur; cantu & excitante & rursus sedante virtutem: dans somnis adimitque; nec non curas & immittit & retrahit: iram suggerit, clementiam suadet, corporum quoque morbis medetur." And all who are conversant among authors, meet with so many instances of the amazing effects of harmony, that there is no room to doubt of the truth of them. Timotheus, by music, inflamed Alexander to what degree he pleased, and cooled him again as easily; which Dryden describing, says, admirably;

Pleas'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

A musician in Denmark, by the same art, enraged king Ericius even to the striking of all his friends about him. Pythagoras taught a woman to stop by the same means the fury of a young man, who came to set her house on fire; and his scholar Empedocles hindered another from murdering his father, when the sword was drawn for that purpose. The fierceness even of the nature of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp; for which reason Homer gives him nothing else out of the spoils of Eëtion. Damon, by music, reclaimed wild and drunken youths to sobriety and temperance; and Asclepiades reduced even seditious multitudes to temper and reason. And thus, too, these effeminate priests of Cybele were animated by their Phrygian arts to cut and hack their own flesh, as our poet observes of them, v. 594. Many more examples of this nature may be seen in Gronovius, Lib. II. Observation. cap. 1. Nor is it wonderful, that sudden passions should be raised and suppres-

fed by muſic; (for which reaſon, Pindar ſays to his harp, τὸν αἴχματον κεραυνὸν σβέννυεις, thou quencheſt the raging thunder); but that it ſhould cure ſettled diſeaſes in the body, is what we ſhould hardly believe, if we had not both human and divine teſtimony for it. Plin. lib. 28 cap. 1. "Dixit Homerus profluvium ſanguinis vulnerato femore Ulyſſem inhibuiſſe Carmine: Theophraſtus Iſchiadicos ſanari: Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari, Mar. Varro podagris." Where the word *carmen* muſt be underſtood as joined with muſical notes. For the cure of the ſciatica, Theophraſtus commends the Phrygian muſic upon the pipe; and A. Gellius for giving eaſe to it, "ut memoriæ proditum eſt," ſays he, as it is reported. Apollonius in his book de Miris, ſpeaks to this purpoſe: it deſerves admiration, what Theophraſtus writes in his treatiſe of Enthuſiaſm, that muſic cures many paſſions and diſeaſes both of the mind and body. Καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβους, καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν γίγνομένας τῆς διανοίας ἐκστάσεις, ἰάσασι γάρ φησίν ἡ καλαύλησις καὶ ἰσχιάδα καὶ ἐπιλήψιαν. And the ſame author witneſſes that many in his time, eſpecially the Thebans, uſed the pipe for the cure of ſeveral diſeaſes: and this Galen calls καλαυλεῖν τῷ τόπῳ, "ſuper loco affecto tibia canere." or "loca dolentia decantare." So Zenocrates is ſaid to have cured madmen, Terpander and Arion divers other maladies. But were it not for the example of David, (which we find in 1 Sam. xvi).

———Whoſe lyre did Saul's wild rage controul,
And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his ſoul.

we ſhould hardly be convinced of this phyſic, unleſs in the particular cure of the tarantiſm; the experiments of which are too notorious to be denied or eluded; and therefore afford a probable argument, that other diſeaſes might naturally be expelled ſo too; but that we have either loſt, or not yet found out the art. For the explication of the reaſon of theſe ſurpriſing effects of muſic, the magicians fly to their Calcodea; the Platoniſts to their Anima Mundi; the rabbies to fables and prodigies too trivial to deſerve repeating. Baptiſta Porta, in his Natural Magic, ſeems to aſcribe it to the magical power of the inſtrument, rather than of the muſic: for he ſays, that madneſs is to be cured by the harmony of a pipe made of hellebore; becauſe the juice of that plant is held good for the ſame purpoſe: and the ſciatica, by a muſical inſtrument made of poplar, becauſe of the virtue of the oil that is extracted from that tree, in mitigating thoſe kinds of pains. But theſe, and many ſympathetical experiments are ſo falſe, that we have reaſon to wonder at the negligence, or rather impudence of thoſe that report them. Picus Mirand. ſays, that muſic moves the ſpirits to act upon the ſoul, as medicines do to operate upon the body; and that it cures the body by the ſoul, as phyſic does the ſoul by the body. But the true natural reaſon may be, that in the ſame manner as muſical ſounds move the outward air, ſo that does the inward, and that moves the ſpirits, and they the humours, which are the ſeats of diſeaſes, by condenſation, rarefaction, diſſipation, or expulſion of vapours, and by virtue of the ſympathy of proportion, which allies them to man.

Thus they our ſouls, thus they our bodies win,
Not by their force, but party that's within:
Thus the ſtrange cure on our ſpilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant wound does guide:
Thus when two brethren ſtrings are ſet alike,
To move them both, but one of them we ſtrike.
Cowley.

But for the producing of the deſired effect, Kircherus requires four conditions. I. Harmony. II. Number and proportion. III Efficacious and pathetical words joined with the harmony, which, by the way, were fully and diſtinctly underſtood in the muſic of the ancients. And, IV An adapting of all theſe to the conſtitution, diſpoſition, and inclination of the patient. Of which, and all things on this ſubject, his book "De Arte magna Conſoni & Diſſoni," is well worth the diligent reading. I will conclude this remark with theſe excellent verſes of an anonymous poet, touching the power of muſic on the mind of man.

For man may juſtly tuneful ſtrains admire;
His ſoul is muſic, and his breaſt a lyre:
A lyre, which whilſt its various notes agree,
Enjoys the ſweets of its own harmony.
In us rough hatred with ſoft love is join'd,
And ſprightly hope with grov'ling fear combin'd,
To form the parts of our harmonious mind.
What raviſhes the ſoul, what charms the ear,
Is muſic, though a various dreſs it wear.
Ev'n beauty muſic is, though in diſguiſe,
Too fine to touch the ear, it ſtrikes the eyes,
And through them to the ſoul the ſilent ſtroke conveys.
'Tis muſic heav'nly, ſuch as in a ſphere
We only can admire, but cannot hear.
Nor is the power of numbers leſs below;
By them all humours yield, all paſſions bow,
And ſtubborn clouds are chang'd, yet know not how.
Let other arts in ſenſeleſs matter reign,
Mimic in braſs, or with mix'd juices ſtain:
Muſic the mighty artiſt man can rule,
As long as that has numbers, he a ſoul,
As much as man can thoſe mean arts controul.

Ver. 587. With theſe arms they did not only terrify and ſtrike a dread into the common people, but ſometimes ſlightly wounded themſelves: hence the poet ſays, v. 594. that they

Look dreadful gay in their own ſparkling blood.

Ver. 590. This verſe contains a moſt ſharp invective and deriſion. This great mother; a rough ſtone, unpoliſhed by art, and not much given to tattle, did, no doubt, a world of good; but even ſhe herſelf kept ſilent the benefits ſhe beſtowed. Lucretius ſays:

Munificat tacita mortales mutua ſalute.

Meanwhile theſe, abuſed wretches ſtrewed the way with flowers, and gave money to her beg-

ging train; unmindful of Antisthenes, who answered one that asked him money for the goddess: ἵ' τρέφω τὴν μητέρα τῶν θεῶν, ἵνα οἱ θεοὶ τρέφωσιν.

Ver. 596. Saturn, the husband of this great mother Cybele, used to devour his male children, either by agreement with his brother Titan, as some say, or as others, because he knew that the fates had decreed that he should be dethroned and expelled his kingdom by his son. But Cybele hid Jupiter, of whom she was delivered in Crete, in a cave in the mountain Dicte, and gave command to her priests, who were called, Curetes Corybantes, and Dactyli, to take care of him: and if Saturn should come to look for him, to make a noise near the place where he was hid with their cymbals and brazen bucklers, that the crying of the infant might not betray him to his father. And this is what Lucretius hints at in this passage.

Ver. 597. *Jove*] Jupiter, so called, "quasi juvans pater." The chief of the fabulous gods of the heathens. He was son of Saturn and Ops, and born at the same time with Juno, whom he married. See the preceding note.

Ver. 600. *Saturn*] The son of Cœlus and Terra. He was cast into prison by his brother Titan: there arising a difference between them which of them should govern; but was set at liberty by his own son Jupiter: by whom, nevertheless, he was afterwards dethroned, having attempted to take away his life. Being expelled the kingdom, he fled into Italy to king Janus, whence the country in which he lay concealed was called Latium. Vossius, l. de Philosoph. cap. 6. not improbably supposes, that by him is meant Adam; for who besides him was the son of Heaven and Earth? Besides, the name Saturn seems to be derived from the Hebrew word Sotar, which signifies to lie hid; and may well be applied to Adam for his flight, and absconding himself after his fall. But Cicero is of another opinion concerning his name, and says, "Saturnus appellatus est, quod saturetur annis: Ex se enim natos commesse fingitur solitus, quia consumit ætas temporum spatia, annisque præteritis insaturabiliter expletur." De natura Deorum, lib. 2.

Ver. 601. *Ops*] The daughter of Cœlus and Vesta, or Tellus, and wife of Saturn. Why she was called Ops, see in the note on v. 574.

Ver. 602. Here the poet gives the reasons why the priests and attendants of this great goddess are armed. I. Says he, in remembrance of the Curetes, those armed priests, by whose means Jupiter was preserved from being devoured by his father. II. To signify that all men ought to be ready at all times to defend their country, with their lives and fortunes. And, III. To assist and protect their parents, "decorique parentibus esse;" of which last reason our translator takes no notice.

Ver. 605. In these sixteen verses he praises the witty invention of the poets, but rejects the thing itself: for why should the gods, who are blessed with eternal ease, take care of the earth or those who cultivate it; of the fields, or the corn that grows in them. The gods lie supinely indulging themselves in indolence, and lulled in undisturbed repose. They take no care of the affairs of the earth, and are wholly unconcerned at the good or ill actions of men. The word Ceres, Neptune, Bacchus, may be used for corn, for the sea, and for wine; but do not therefore fondly fancy them to be gods.

Ver. 606. Behold the true image of the Epicurean god! How thoughtless and supine he lies, indulging himself in ease and idleness! Epicurus writing to Menæceus, describes him exactly in the same manner: τὸ μακάριον, τὶ ἀφθάρτον ἅμα καὶ αὐτὸ πράγμα ἔχει, οὔτε ἄλλῳ παρέχει, ὥστε οὔτε ὀργαῖς, οὔτε χάρισι, συνέχεται· ἐν ἀσθενεῖ γὰρ πᾶν τὸ τοιοῦτον. Who despises not so lazy a prince, or but such a private man. These six verses are repeated in this place from book i. ver. 78. See there the note upon them.

Ver. 615. *Neptune*] He was the son of Saturn and Ops, brother of Jupiter and Pluto. In the division of the world, the godship of the sea fell to his lot; and therefore, the poets used the word Neptune for the sea. He married Amphitrite, the daughter of Nereus, or Oceanus, by whom he had many nymphs. His name, according to Cicero, comes from nando, swimming; according to Varro, "à nubendo, quia terras aquis obnubit & cooperit;" because he hides the earth, and covers it over with waters. He bore a trident as the token of his power, because of the three parts of the ancient world, that are surrounded by the sea. Let us hear Virgil describe him in all his pomp; and allaying the boisterous fury of the winds and waves.

Jungit equos curru Genitor, spumantiaque addit
Fræna feris, manibusque omnes effundit habenas:
Cæruleo per summa levis volat æquora curru:
Subsidunt undæ, tumidumque sub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi:
Tum variæ comitum facies; immania cete,
Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousq. Palæmon,
Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis,
Læva tenent Thetis, & Melite, &c.

Æn. 5. v. 817.

And Æneid. I. 158.

Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor; æquora postquam
Prospiciens Genitor, cœloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

His finny train Saturnian Neptune joins:
Then adds the foaming bridles to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides,
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides,
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face,
Trains of inferior gods his triumphs grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And quires of tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
The marshall'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left, the gods his better side
Enclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids ride. *Dryden.*

When thus the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the ſeas his ſov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he ſkims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot: and with looſen'd reins
Majeſtic moves along, and awful peace maintains. *Dryden.*

Ver. 616. *Ceres.*] So called, "quaſi Geres, à gerendis frugibus;" as Cicero ſays, or rather as Voſſius conceives, from the Hebrew word Geros, which ſignifies a green ſpike of corn. She was daughter of Saturn and Ops and mother of Proſerpina. She invented tillage and the uſe of corn; which ſhe taught to many people, as ſhe went ſearching up and down the earth for her daughter, whom Pluto had raviſhed. Whence the ancient poets made her the goddeſs of corn, and uſed her name to expreſs it, in which the modern too have followed their example.

——————As when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harveſt, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them, &c. *Milton.*

Bacchus, the ſon of Jupiter and Semele; called by the Greek Διμητης, having two mothers: becauſe he was taken out of his mother's womb, who was killed with lightning, and put into Jupiter's thigh; from whence, when he was grown ripe for birth, he again came into the world.

Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener, ſi credere dignum,
Inſuitur femori; maternaque tempora complet.

ſays Ovid, Metamorph. iii. 310. where the whole fable may be ſeen at large. He travelled over all the earth, conquered the Indies, and was the firſt who triumphed, which he did riding on an elephant, and ſurrounded by a throng of wild and bawling women, who from him were called Bacchæ; and he himſelf had his name Bacchus, ἀπὸ τῆ βαχὰν, "à vociferando vel ululando." He is likewiſe called by ſeveral other names, as Liber, Dionyſius, Lenæus, Bromius, &c. He is ſaid by the poets to have invented wine; for which reaſon they made him the god of wine, and expreſſed it by his name.

Ver. 621. Having deſcribed the pompous ceremonies of the great mother of all things, he returns to his ſubject, and in theſe ſix verſes brings his ſecond argument, to prove that ſeveral ſorts of ſeeds are employed in the compoſition of every thing: for example; in the ſame herbs, and in the ſame water; for ſince they ſerve for food to ſo many ſorts of animals, as horſes, ſheep, oxen, &c. they muſt, of neceſſity, contain ſeveral ſorts of principles that may make them proper nouriſhment for each ſort.

Ver. 627. In theſe four verſes he adds another argument, and urges, that even the atoms that compoſe but one animal, muſt, of neceſſity, be of many very different figures; that by their variety they may be proper and fit to make the ſeveral parts of the animal; the veins, the bowels, the bones, &c.

Ver. 631. In theſe five verſes he brings his fourth argument, and inſtances in wood and all combuſtible matter: for they are reſolved into fire, light, ſmoke, and aſhes; and we ought to believe that the diſſolution is not made into any thing but what was actually contained in the thing diſſolved: and that nothing periſhes out of the wood but the connection and poſition of its parts, or the peculiar manner of exiſting, the form, the quality, the ſpecies, the accident, the event, by whoſe means it was, and was called wood. It muſt therefore be granted, that in wood and other combuſtible things, there lies hid thoſe different kinds of ſeeds, of which fire, light, ſmoke, and aſhes conſiſt.

Ver. 636. His fifth argument is contained in theſe ſeven verſes. We find ſeveral qualities to be in the ſame body; that is to ſay, ſmell and taſte. But it is evident, that ſmell and taſte conſiſt of ſeeds of different figures; for they affect different ſenſes: and while one of them enters through the noſtrils, the other affects the tongue and the palate.

Ver. 643. In theſe twelve verſes he illuſtrates his opinion with the ſimile he often uſes, then he propoſes an objection, and ſolves it. And, firſt, if any one ſhould aſk, ſince the ſame ſeeds are common to many things, how come the things themſelves to be different? Like ſeeds ought to make like things. Lucretius bids this caviller look upon his verſes, and he will find the ſame letters common to many words; yet it cannot be denied but that thoſe words are different from one another, nor that different verſes are compoſed of them. For the like reaſon, though the ſame ſeeds are common to many things, yet the things themſelves that are compoſed of thoſe like ſeeds, may be wholly different from one another. See the note on ver. 833. book i. To which I add that if any one be deſirous to know how many different words can be contained in any one language, that acknowledges but four and twenty letters, he may take the trouble of computing the total of theſe nine and thirty figures, 2002327900396041408476186096435200000000; for the number cannot be expreſſed otherwiſe.

Ver. 647. This muſt be referred to what he ſaid above, ver. 501, of the infinity of the ſeeds of a like figure; and likewiſe to what he ſaid on the contrary, ver. 456, of the finite number of the unlike figures. Theſe two verſes the poet repeats again, a few verſes forwarder, viz. at ver. 677.

Ver. 655. Though many ſeeds are common to many things, yet each thing requires a certain order and diſpoſition of the atoms that compoſe it; and to have them join, and, as it were, aſſociate themſelves with ſuch as are congruous, and will agree with them, and paſs by and avoid to unite themſelves with others: from whence it farther comes to paſs, that when the thing is diſſolved, the congruous atoms mutually withdraw themſelves, and get away from the incongruous. This Lucretius propoſes in theſe ten verſes, and gives this reaſon why it muſt be ſo; becauſe o-

therwise monſters would be born every day; and we ſhould ſee chimæras, centaurs, and all the fabulous animals of the poets. But that none of theſe portentous monſters are ſeen, becauſe all things procced from certain, not from omnigenous ſeeds; and are nouriſhed by certain ſeeds likewiſe.

Ver 658. It would indeed be a miracle that boughs ſhould grow out of the body of a living man; and perhaps what Gaſſendus, in the fifth book of the life of Pireiſkius, relates of a plum-tree that ſprouted out at the ſternum (the part of the body where the ribs join upon the breaſt) of a ſhepherd who lived near Tarragona in the kingdom of Arragon, will meet with little credit. This ſhepherd, ſays he, happened to fall down upon a dwarf plum-tree, and a ſplinter chanced to run into that part of his body; where it took root for the ſpace of two years, to ſuch a degree, that after ſeveral ſhoots had been cut off, ſome at length ſprung out upon which bloſſoms and fruit were ſeen. Pireiſkius inſiſted on the truth of this ſo long, that at length Cardinal Barberini ſent to inquire concerning it of the Archbiſhop of Tarragona, who certified to him that the thing was true; and Puteanus not only received letters atteſting the truth of it likewiſe, but even ſome of the ſhoots were ſent him; and he held a correſpondence with the man upon whoſe body they grew. Nor was the Cardinal ſo hard of belief afterwards, having heard that ſomething like this had happened in Tuſcany, about the neck of a hen; and at Frontignan in Languedoc, about the finger of a fiſherman, into which there had run a bone of a ſea-fiſh, called a ſcorpion; which wound came to that paſs, that a chirurgeon took out of it three ſmall fiſh of the ſcorpion kind. Yet after all, none but they who have been eye witneſſes of theſe things, will readily give credit to them.

Ver. 660. A ſort of monſter that vomits flame, And that has a head and breaſt like a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a ſerpent. Ovid. Met. ix. ver. 646.

Quoque chimæra jugo mediis in partibus Hircum,
Pectus et ora leæ, caudam ſerpentis habebat.

For this fable of the poets took riſe from the mountain in Lycia called Chimera, that ſometimes belches out flames; lions haunt upon the top of it; about the middle, which produces a great quantity of graſs, are abundance of goats; and a world of ſerpents are lurking at the foot of it. Thus Plin. lib. xii. c. 106.

Ver. 665. Theſe eight verſes do not ſo much advance any new argument, as they explain the latter part of the former. For things that proceed from certain and fixed ſeeds, therefore preſerve their kind, as they grow and increaſe, and do not degenerate into another; becauſe nature chooſes out of the nouriſhment only thoſe particles that are proper and fit for her; for which reaſon boughs never grow out of a living body; becauſe a human body throws out all the particles of the matter that is fit to nouriſh trees, and never converts it into aliment.

Ver. 666. Specific parts; for example, a man by concoction extracts from bread what is proper for human kind; a dog, on the contrary, what is agreeable to the ſpecies of dogs.

Ver. 669. Many things that we do not ſee, are evacuated out of the bodies of animals by a certain imperceptible force, διὰ τὸ μὴ δύνασθαι σαυῆφθαι τοῖς ὐκ ὁμοιογένεσι, which ſtatic experiments fully confirm.

Ver. 673. In theſe eleven verſes he teaches, that what he has been ſaying of animals, holds good in all other things, which conſiſt likewiſe of certain kinds of atoms, diſpoſed in a proper manner; and though in all things are contained ſome ſeeds that are common to all things, yet certain other ſeeds are mixed with them that are proper to each thing in particular, and theſe are the cauſe of the different intervals, motions, ſites, connections, &c. from whence proceeds the difference and variety of things. He concludes excellently well; that notwithſtanding the difference of the ſeeds, yet if the intervals, motions, &c. were not different likewiſe, the heavens, the ſeas, the earth, in a word, all things would be confuſedly mingled with one another.

Ver. 684. Cicero is miſtaken to ſay, that the Epicureans aſcribed no quality whatever to their atoms. "Iſti autem," ſays he, "ex corpuſculis "non colore, non qualitate aliqua, quam ποιότητα "Græci vocant, non cenſu præditis, ſed concur-"rentibus temere atque caſu mundum eſſe per-"fectum," &c. lib. ii. de Natura Deorum. Epicurus himſelf writes the contrary in the epiſtle to Herodotus: Καὶ μὴν καὶ τὰς ἀτόμους νομιτέω μηδεμίαν ποιότητα τῶν φαινομένων προσφέρισθαι, πλὴν χήματός καὶ βάρους τὰ μέγεθος, καὶ ὅσα ἐξ ἀνάγκης χήματός συμφωὴ ἐστι. Ποιότητες γὰρ ἄλλαι οἷον χρῶμα τὰ, τὰ θερμότης, παρὰ τον θέσιν τῶν ἀτόμων μεταβάλλουσιν, διὰ καὶ ταῖς ἀτόμοις ὐκ ἐνυπάρχουσι. Lucretius aſſerts the ſame opinion, and firſt in theſe nine verſes teaches that they have no colours; and that there is no need of white ſeeds to make a white compound body, nor of black to make a black, &c.

Ver. 691. He means that the atoms have no colours whatever, either any like, or any unlike thoſe that we diſcover on the ſurfaces of all concrete bodies.

Ver. 693. Lucretius was aware that he ſhould find it very difficult to perſuade many to believe, that there are no colours in the ſeeds, and conſequently not in the compounds. For moſt men are ſo carried away by prejudice, that they will not believe that they can perceive any corporeal thing, that is not coloured; and therefore they cannot ſuffer that the ſeeds, which cannot be conceived by the mind as colourleſs, ſhould be obtruded upon them as ſuch. He therefore briefly, in theſe nine verſes, obviates theſe prepoſſeſſions; and ſays, even men who are born blind perceive and know things by touching them, though they never ſaw their colours. Nor does all the perception of things ſet and go away with the ſun. Even in the thickeſt darkneſs we perceive no leſs the things we touch, than thoſe we handle at noon-day, and in the cleareſt light.

Ver. 702. In these eight verses Lucretius proves, in the first place, that the seeds of things are not coloured, because all colour is liable to change; but the seeds of things are immutable; otherwise all things would fall into nothing. Epicurus in the epistle to Herodotus. Ποιότης πᾶσιν ἀΐδιοις ὑπυπάρχουσα καὶ ἴδια μὴ μεταβάλλει, ὡς αἱ ἄλλοι μηδὲν μεταβάλλουσι· ἐπεὶδηλαι δεῖ τὸ ὑπομένειν ἐν τῶν διαλύσεσι τῶν συγκρίσεων στερεόν τε ἀδιάλυτον, ὅ τας μεταβολὰς ἐκ εἰς τὸ μὴ ὂν ποιήσαν[το]· αἱ δὲ ποιότητες ἔκ ὑπυπάρχουσαι τὲ μὴ ἴδιαι, οἷον χρῶμαλὰ, τε θερμότης, ἐν τῷ μεταβάλλοντι ἐκ ὥσπερ ἐκεῖναι καταλέιπονται, ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅλε τῷ σώματος ἀπόλλονται· From whence Lucretius asserts, that if colour were intrinsically in the seeds, the seeds would be mutable: for all colour is mutable.

Ver. 710. Secondly, He teaches in these sixteen verses, that the atoms are not imbued with any colours, and that it would be to no purpose for any man to pretend they are, since there is no necessity they should be so; for allow them a variety of figures, and from the different order, site and disposition of them, colours will proceed; for example, the sea is of a cerulean colour, but grows white by the agitation of the waves. Thus too the seeds, which disposed in one manner, look blue when they are placed in another order, may put on and exhibit a white. But if a blue colour were innate, and naturally in the seeds, no position or agitation whatever could make those principles white.

Ver. 720. Ovid. Metam. xi. ver. 499. speaking of a tempestuous sea:

——————cum fulvas ex imo vertit arenas,
Concolor est illis; Stygia modo nigrior unda:
Sternitur interdum, spumisque sonantibus albet.

When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Dryd.

Ver. 726. But some perhaps will allege that the water of the sea is composed of various coloured atoms, from whence proceeds that change of colours in the waves, now cerulean, now white, in like manner as a square is composed of two or four triangles included in it; which triangles within themselves have other figures. But the poet, in these twelve verses, tells us this is not the case; for in the square you may see the dissimilar figures, without or exterior to which it is a square, that is to say, you may see the figures, which the square has and contains within it; but you can see nothing like this in the water of the sea, that is, you can see no mixed and different colours. And, therefore, the objection that some perhaps might make, that white things do not proceed from white seeds, nor black from black; but white from black, and on the contrary, black from white, &c. is of no weight whatever. This is the interpretation which Faber gives to this passage.

Ver. 738. In these five verses, he proves the former objection to be of no weight whatever. For bodies of a different figure may conspire into another different figure, as triangles into a square: but there is no reason therefore to conclude the like of colours; for different colours can never compose one simple colour.

Ver. 743. He urges this yet farther, in these six verses, and asserts, that they who pretend that one simple colour may be made of seeds of several colours, forsake the former opinion, and overthrow the only reason of their own. For they insist upon coloured seeds, that white bodies may proceed from white seeds, and black from black: but if either a black or a white colour should proceed from various coloured principles, the whole reason of the argument they before insisted on is lost. Then he adds, that a white colour (and the same may be said of any other colour) will sooner proceed from seeds that have no colour at all, than from seeds imbued with a black or any other colour. Thus I explain this passage, which none of the interpreters hitherto have rightly understood: and it may be observed, that the whole series of the disputation confirms this interpretation.

Ver. 749. In these fifteen verses, Lucretius concludes, that the atoms are colourless, because colour is nothing but light refracted in a body, or reflected from the surface of an opacous body. The poet says nothing of refracted light; but if you put to your eyes a prism, or common three-cornered piece of glass, you will find that the rays of light, that suffer a double refraction, present several colours to the sight. But he observes, that the feathers about a pigeon's neck, or in peacocks tails, as the rays of light strike directly or obliquely upon them, put on and diffuse now a yellow, now a green, now a flame, and several other colours. And hence he argues, that in dark places, where no rays of light enter, and out of which none are reflected, there is no such thing as colours; and therefore that colours, which appear in things when the light returns, are produced from the light itself, according to the dispositions the things have to receive, reflect, refract, and convey it to the eyes. Therefore since seeds never come into the light, or reflect any rays, they are altogether colourless, as much as, if they were concealed and buried in utter darkness. Epicurus, in the second book against Theophrastus says: ἐκ εἶναι τὰ χρώματα συμφῶ τοῖς σώμασιν, ἀλλὰ γίνεσθαι κατὰ τοιάς τίνας τάξεις, καὶ θέσεις πρὸς τὴν ὄψιν. And again: ἐκ οἶδ ὅπως δεῖ τὰ ἐν σκοτεῖ ὄντα φῆσαι χρώματα ἔχειν. *Plutarchus adverf. Colorem.*

The dispute about colours is altogether difficult: and various are the opinions concerning the cause and reason of colour. Epicurus and Democritus, as Diogen. Laert. lib. x. says, were of opinion, that colour is not actually in any thing; but the other philosophers asserted it to be really in things, yet with this difference, the

the Pythagoreans did not distinguish colour from the surface of bodies, nor the Stoics from the first figurations of matter, nor the Peripatetics from the perspicuous bound of matter. Empedocles alone held colour to be a certain effluence from bodies, and Plato would have it to be a certain flame. This will help us to explain more clearly the opinion of Epicurus, who, as Plutarch says, taught that colours are not inherent in bodies, and a part of them, but are produced according to certain orders and positions of the sight. Moreover, that by the word bodies, he did not mean the atoms, but the things and bodies of the things composed of them, as the same Plutarch witnesses. Therefore I interpret his colours not inhering to be colours not engendered with, or innate in things. For Epicurus held, that in the outmost parts of things, or the surfaces of bodies, there is such a disposition and order of the atoms, of which the things are composed, as makes them exhibit and show forth certain colours, when the light comes to them; and that they emit out of themselves certain atoms, which constituting the image of the thing seen, strike the ball of the eye in such a manner, order, and disposition, that by certain strokes of the light, they are the cause that the things are seen in the eye itself. Nor would he allow any colour to be in his atoms, but taught that colours proceed from the various orders and positions of the atoms, when the light comes to them. Thus too Lucretius says, ver. 753. that there can be no colour in the dark; and, according to this doctrine, Virgil sings, Æneid vi. ver. 271.

———ubi cœlum condidit umbra
Jupiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.

This was the opinion of that philosopher. But the most probable opinion is, that colour is a certain power in bodies of affecting our organs after such or such a manner, whereby such or such a perception is excited and produced in the mind. This power is put into action by the intermediation of the rays of light, and consequently colour is but light reflected and modified; for when the rays of light are withdrawn, no colours are perceptible. Colour so far depends on the object seen, that, according to the different disposition, connection, and situation of the parts of bodies, the different reflections of the rays of light are produced; therefore, if the disposition of the object be altered, the colour likewise will vary, because the rays will not then be reflected in the same manner as they were before. Thus crystal, when broken into small pieces, loses its perspicuous transparency, and becomes bright; and wood, though before white, grows black with burning. Besides, what reasons could be given for the various colours in clouds, which are sometimes red, sometimes white; and to what can we attribute the gaudy diversity of colours in the rainbow, but to the different modifications of the rays of light, according to the variations of the figures and motions of the particles of such bodies? Neither can any one justly deny these to be colours, since colour is only such a power as is described above; nor ought it to be alleged, that because some colours are transitory and not permanent, they ought not really to be called colours, or at least, not without the addition of spurious. for it might with equal reason be asserted, that the short duration of the cause destroys the effect. Thus, a child that dies as soon as born, would not deserve the name; and the greenness of leaves might be said to be no colour, because they so soon fade and wither. If this were allowed, there would be no colours in the world; for there are not any that are everlasting. The opinion of Aristotle and his followers concerning colour is unsatisfactory, for they define it thus: A second quality, sensible to the sight, and produced from the tempering of the first qualities: But this definition leaves us still in the dark; for the question still remains, What this quality is? How it is produced? From what? When? Others define colour thus: "Perspicui extremitas in corpore determinatio, seu extremitas perspicui determinati." And the opinion of Plato, which I mentioned above, deserves to be transcribed at large. The passage is in his Timæus, p. 342. Edit Lamartianæ, and contained in these words: Τέταρτον δὴ λοιπὸν ἔτι γένος ἡμῖν αἰσθητικὸν, ὃ διεγείσθαι χρὴ, συχνὰ ἐν ἑαύτῳ ποικίλματα κεχῃμένον ἃ ξυμπάντα μὲν χρωὰς ἐκαλέσαμεν φλόγα τῶν σωμάτων ἑκάστων ἀπορρέουσαν, ὄψει σύμμετρα μόρια ἔχουσα πρὸς αἴσθησιν· where, in express words, he calls colours flames, that is, light continually flowing from bodies. Moreover, if it be inquired how one object comes to be yellow, another green, a third red, &c. the answer is, That colours being only the mixture of light with darkness in the surface of opacous bodies, yellow, for example, is the mixture of light with a little darkness, blue with a little more, red with more yet; so that, as we said before, colours are nothing but light variously reflected and shadowed. Pindar, Ode vi. elegantly attributes to flowers, παμποικίλους ἀκτῖνας, purple beams: And Cowley had something like this in his mind, when he said:

It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers,
And with full beams their mingled light devours.
David. 2.

And in his Hymn to the Light he is entirely of this opinion:

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries:
Thou the rich die on them bestow'st;
Thy pencil paints this landskip as thou go'st.
A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st:
The virgin lilies in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.
The violet, spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;
Thou cloth'st it with a gay and particolour'd coat.

Having given this short account of the several opinions concerning the cause of colour, I will

only add, that colours are generally divided into two ſorts, ſimple and compound. The ſimple are only the extremes, white and black, to which ſome add yellow, blue, and red, which they call middle colours, as being of a middle conſtitution between white and black. The compound colours are thoſe that are formed by the mixture of ſome of the ſimples; for example, the cinericean or aſh-colour is a compoſure of white and black; the gold colour, of yellow and red; the purple, of red and blue; the green, of yellow and blue; the livid, of red, yellow, and blue, &c. All which colours vary, according to the different mixture of ſalts with ſulphurs, earth, &c. and where, the "caput mortum" more or leſs abounds, there the mixture turns to a colour more or leſs dark, &c.

But to return to our author: Epicurus farther taught, that all things are not diſpoſed and ordered in a like manner, ſo as to exhibit the like colours, when the light comes to them; but that one thing has a different diſpoſition from another, which is the reaſon that it exhibits a different colour; as pipes utter ſeveral and different ſounds, when they receive the breath of him that plays upon them; or as different plants that have no flowers, yet put forth different flowers, according as they have different heat or moiſture; moreover, ſince it is manifeſt that the ſame thing changes and varies its colours according to the different degrees of light or ſhade, as it happens in the feathers of pigeons. Epicurus, therefore, for this reaſon, believed, that none of thoſe different colours can be aſſumed or put on, ſo as to be ſaid to be in the things themſelves; and therefore that no colour is inherent in bodies.

Ver. 764. Another argument is contained in theſe ſeven verſes. In the perception of every colour, the pupil or light of the eye is ſtruck. But it receives one ſort of ſtroke when a white, another when a black, or any other colour offers itſelf to it. But what need have ſeeds of colours, that they may in various manners affect and ſtrike the eye? Allow only that theſe principles are of different figures, and diſpoſed beſides in different manners, and from thence will ariſe various images, by which they will variouſly ſtrike the eyes, and ſtir up different motions in the organs. For ſight, according to Epicurus, is made διὰ τῆς τῶν εἰδώλων εἰς τὴν ὄψιν ἐμπτώσεως. And from this doctrine of his, we may gather, that he held each of the ſenſes to be a certain touch, and that all ſenſation is made by the incurſion of the image out of the object into the organ of the ſenſe, which is ſtruck by it; but this image is nothing elſe but the atoms themſelves, which come upon the ſenſe in a different manner, according to their different poſition, order, figure, &c. Thus ſight is made, when the atoms come from the object ſeen into the pupil of the eye, and move, and affect it according to their different poſition, order, figure, &c. But ſince the perception of that image is different, according to the different motions or qualities of the atoms; hence it is that the ſtrokes which the apple of the eye receives, come to be different; and this is the reaſon it perceives different colours. But Ariſtotle taught, that the cauſe of ſight proceeds from the quality of the things ſeen, which quality diſcovers and makes manifeſt its power, and lays it open to the ſenſe of ſight. Plato and the Stoics are of another opinion, nor do they agree among themſelves. See A. Gell. lib. v. c. 15.

Ver. 771. In theſe ſix verſes, he adds another argument, taken partly from the confeſſion of thoſe againſt whom he diſputes, and partly from the conſtancy of the colours that appear in the different kinds of things. They, ſays he, who imagine that ſeeds have colours, do not aſcribe any certain colours to any certain figures, nor affirm that ſeeds of ſuch a figure are of ſuch a colour: for inſtance, they do not pretend that all quadrangular ſeeds are black, nor that the round are white, the triangular blue, &c. Whence then proceeds this conſtancy of colour in ſome kinds of things? Why are all crows black? Why all ſwans white? We ſhould certainly ſee both ſwans and crows of various colours, if the ſeeds of which they are compoſed were ſtained with various dyes.

Ver. 777. In theſe eight verſes, he argues yet farther, and ſays: Divide any coloured body, and the ſmaller the particles are made, the weaker grow the colours; nay, they will at length be quite loſt, and vaniſh away even while the particles ſtill remain viſible to the eye. We are therefore much in the wrong to expect colour in the principles of things, which we cannot find in the minuteſt parts of bodies.

Ver. 785. In theſe ten verſes, he preſſes hard on his adverſaries. All men grant, ſays he, that the bodies which the noſtrils cannot ſmell, are inodorous, and that they which the ear cannot hear have no ſound. Then why muſt it not be granted, in like manner, that the bodies which the eyes cannot perceive, are void of colours? For the ſenſes are the ſole judges of the qualities of things, nor ought we to believe that any quality can belong to a body which the ſenſes do not aſcribe to it. And ſince there are bodies that want ſome certain qualities, why may not the atoms in like manner want colour, ſenſibility, cold, dryneſs, &c.

Ver. 795. Enough of colours. He now demonſtrates, in theſe twenty verſes, that the atoms are deſtitute of all other qualities likewiſe, as ſmell, cold, heat, ſound, humidity, taſte, ſoftneſs, flexibility, rareneſs, &c. To prove which he brings three arguments: Firſt, If you allow ſmell to the atoms, you will confound all things: the moſt delightful fragrancy of the ſeeds muſt be loſt by the intervening of the unſavoury ſtenches of other ſeeds; and as when artiſts compoſe eſſences of rich perfumes, unleſs they make uſe of inodorous oil, that has no ſcent at all, the oil will corrupt their ſweeteſt odours; we may conclude the ſame likewiſe of taſte, ſound, heat, cold, &c. The ſeeds cannot be divided, and therefore cannot exhale either odours, or ſound, or heat, or taſte, or cold, which conſiſt of particles that are

emitted and flow from bodies. Third, If you aſcribe to atoms, ſoftneſs, flexibility, rareneſs, brittleneſs, &c. you will at the ſame time make them mutable, therefore obnoxious to diſſolution, and conſequently all things muſt fall into nothing.

Thus we allow that Lucretius has convincingly performed his deſign of freeing his atoms from all ſenſible qualities: and indeed he is of late ſeconded by ſo many experiments of the late philoſopher Boyle, that it is now paſt all doubt. And if we can believe our ſenſes, we muſt forſake forms and qualities, and allow what we formerly called ſuch to be only phantaſms ariſing from the ſtroke of external bodies on our organs.

Ver. 815. Having proved that the ſeeds of things are void of heat, cold, ſmell, taſte, colour, and all other ſenſible qualities, and having aſſerted, that hot, cold, ſavoury, odorous, &c. things are nevertheleſs made of them, he now undertakes a greater taſk, and teaches, that things of ſenſe can ſpring from ſenſeleſs ſeeds, and that there is no need of any ſuperior principle to matter, but a fit combination of atoms can think, will, and remember. To prove this, he appeals firſt to experience: Worms, ſays he, are bred from a rotten dunghill, in which it would be in vain to ſearch for any life or ſenſe. This argument is contained in nine verſes.

Ver. 820. Thus bees too are produced from the bowels of a ſuffocated and putrified heifer, as Virgil ſays, Georg. iv. and Ovid. xv. Metam. & Faſt. i.

——— fervent examina putri
De bove; mille animas una necata dedit.

And Diodorus Siculus, in the beginning of his firſt books, ſays, That in the country about Thebes, at certain ſeaſons of the year, large mice, that devoured every thing, were bred out of the clods of the earth. Athenæus, in his eighth book, chap. 2. reports, that in Pœonia and Dardanium (now called Bulgaria), there rained down ſo many frogs from heaven (that is, perhaps they were ſuddenly produced after great ſhowers), that they filled all the public ways, and ſwarmed even in the private houſes, inſomuch that their domeſtic furniture was covered with them; that they found them even in the very pots where they boiled their meat, and that, what with the trouble of the living, and ſtench of the dead ones, the inhabitants were forced at length to forſake their country. And Pliny, in his eighth book, ch 29 reports, that a whole city in Gallia, and another in Africa, were driven away, the firſt by frogs, the other by locuſts, which had been bred in like manner. And many examples of this kind might be collected in profane hiſtories, not to mention thoſe we find in the ſacred writers. Ovid deſcribes this production of animals from the putrid and fermenting ſlime of the river Nile

Sic ubi deſeruit madidos ſeptemfluus agros
Nilus, et antiquo ſua flumina reddidit alveo,
Æthereoque recens exarſit ſydere limus;
Plurima cultores verſis animalia glebis [ipſum
Inveniunt; et in his quædam modo cæpta ſub
Naſcendi ſpatium: quædam imperfecta, fuiſque
Trunca vident numeris: et eodem in corpore
ſæpe
Altera pars vivit, rudis eſt pars altera tellus.
Metam. lib. i. *v.* 422.

Which Dryden thus interprets:

Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And ſeeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed:
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is warm'd,
And cruſted creatures as in wombs are form'd:
Theſe, when they turn the glebe the peaſants find,
Some rude and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth,
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs earth.

Ver. 824. Neither does he, to confirm this aſſertion, propoſe an example only in the generation of worms and animals, but in thoſe already generated. Thus, in theſe twelve verſes he tells us, that the food that is taken into the body of animals, from inanimate, as it was before, becomes animated. Beaſts and birds, which are things of ſenſe, are nouriſhed with inſenſible food, as graſs, leaves, &c. Mankind feeds upon birds and beaſts; and thus men are at length compoſed of the inſenſible particles of graſs, leaves, &c. He then illuſtrates this opinion with a very proper ſimilitude. Dry wood is reſolved into fire and flame; but inſenſible nouriſhment is not more different from living and ſenſible fleſh, than dull wood from clear and ſhining fire and flame. And as from the wood muſt be extricated ſome particles, which by ſtirring up, and diſentangling themſelves from their former poſition, and then diſpoſing themſelves in a new order, may be endowed with that new power of ſhining and warming: ſo from the meat muſt be ſeparated the ſpirituous particles, which, by being extracted in a certain manner, and diſpoſed in a new, may obtain this energy of ſenſibility. For the procreation of ſenſe, or of a ſenſible thing from inſenſible principles, is owing to the certain and peculiar magnitude, figure, poſition, order and motion of thoſe principles.

Ver. 836. But leſt experience itſelf ſhould be thought to contradict the arguments he has brought from experience, he owns in theſe twenty verſes, that he cannot deny that wood, ſtone, and earth mixed together, do ſometimes remain inſenſible; otherwiſe we ſhould ſee living houſes, and ſenſible towers. He therefore confeſſes, that inſenſible things, unleſs they have a certain figure and magnitude, unleſs they be agitated in a due motion, and diſpoſed in a certain order, never compoſe ſenſible things. But let all things neceſſary and requiſite be allowed them, and then an animal will be produced from the moſt inſenſible of all things. For let wood putrify, or earth grow rotten with conſtant ſhowers, and you will ſoon behold a numerous train of animals ſpring from that putrified wood and rotten earth.

Ver. 856. Theſe five verſes contain another argument to this effect. If the principles of which,

ſenſe conſiſts be ſenſible, they muſt conſequently be ſoft; becauſe no hard or ſolid body is capable of ſenſe; and if they are ſoft, they muſt be corruptible likewiſe; for unleſs they are ſolids, they may be divided, and therefore loſe their nature. But the principles of things, as is before declared, ought to perſevere and remain uncorrupted. Thus the philoſopher Gaſſendus rightly explains this paſſage; but the grammarian Lambinus gives it a different interpretation; more agreeable to the rules of grammar, than to the doctrine of Lucretius. Moreover, this argument is chiefly deſigned againſt Plato and Anaxagoras: the firſt of whom held that all things are animated and ſenſible: the latter, that all things are in all things in ſuch a manner that the inſenſible parts of things are mixed with the ſenſible. Thus both they and their followers held, that ſenſibles proceed from ſenſibles.

Ver. 861. In theſe fifteen verſes, he propoſes another argument. Let us ſuppoſe, ſays he, with Plato and Anaxagoras, that theſe ſenſible, as they will have them to be, and conſequently ſoft principles of things, can be eternal, and not ſubject to diſſolution; yet they cannot be ſaid to be ſenſible; neither as parts, becauſe ſeparated parts have no ſenſe; for each part requires a union with the other parts to make it capable of ſenſe: and without a vital conſent and accord of the parts, there is no ſenſe whatever; nor as wholes, becauſe they then would be a certain kind of animals, and therefore mortal and corruptible, which contradicts the ſuppoſition.

Ver. 875. He goes on, in theſe five verſes; becauſe, ſays he, though they be admitted both as animals, and as immortal too, yet not an animal, at leaſt like any of thoſe we now ſee, would, or could be generated, that is to ſay, of its own, or combined into one ſpecies; but only a heap or crowd of various animalcules. Thus Gaſſendus: but Faber gives it another interpretation. Let it be granted, ſays he, that the principles are ſenſible; and ſince you will have ſo, not corruptible neither. What after all could be produced of them? Certainly nothing but animals: no tree, no metal, &c.

Ver. 880. In theſe eight verſes, he derides thoſe who aſſert, that atoms are indeed endowed with ſenſe, but not with that which appears afterwards in the animals that are made of thoſe atoms: to which he ſubjoins another argument, like that which he alleged above, at v. 820. Birds, ſays he, are made of eggs, and worms of rotten earth; but, who ever yet pretended that the eggs were ſenſible, or the putrid clods alive?

Ver. 888. But ſome perhaps will ſay, that the principles of things are indeed inſenſible, but that by the power and virtue of the thing that generates, thoſe principles are changed into ſenſibles, and enjoy ſenſe before they combine into an animal. To this Lucretius anſwers, in theſe fifteen verſes, that the principles, ſeparately taken, are altogether incapable of change; and that the ſenſe of no animal can be produced before the animal itſelf be perfect; while ſenſe requires ſuch a conſent and agreement of vital motions, as we ſhould in vain expect in the principles of things, which fly confuſedly ſcattered up and down in the air, the earth, the water, and fire. Here the poet ſeems to hint at thoſe philoſophers, who taught that all things are made of the four elements.

Ver. 903. The poet purſues his ſubject; and, in theſe ten verſes, appeals once more to the truth of experience. For, ſays he, a violent ſtroke which only diſſolves the texture and connection of the little bodies of which the animal conſiſts, takes away all manner of ſenſe; the animal is ſtunned, the ſoul is diſſipated; and its particles being diſpelled through the pores and iſſues of the body, death inevitably enſues.

Ver. 913. In theſe ten verſes, he declares, that if the ſtroke be ſomething weaker, all things may be reſtored to their former ſtate, after ſome ſmall diſcompoſure of the little bodies; the diſpoſition to vital motion ſtill having the upper hand; and not being quite broken and diſſolved. Thus the ſtunned ſenſes revive afreſh, the animal returns from the very gates of death, and recovers its former convaleſcency.

Ver. 923. In the next place, he proves, in theſe ten verſes, that the ſeeds of pleaſure and pain are therefore void of all ſenſe; becauſe, as pain proceeds from the violent expulſion of the ſeeds out of the ſtate in which they are; ſo pleaſure ariſes from the reſtoring of them into the ſame ſtate again. But the principles of things are ſimple; nor can their parts be driven from the ſtate in which they are, nor reſtored into the ſame ſtate again. And, thus ſince the atoms are incapable of being affected with pleaſure or with pain, they muſt be deſtitute of all ſenſe.

Ver. 934. In theſe twenty-three verſes, he compels his adverſaries to mere abſurdities. For, if things, becauſe they are ſenſible, muſt be made of ſenſibles likewiſe, that is to ſay, like things of like; men, for example, muſt, of neceſſity, conſiſt of principles, which even themſelves laugh, weep, diſcourſe, and reaſon concerning the mixture and compoſition of things, and even of their own ſelves, and inquire into what principles they are made of; for men laugh, weep, diſcourſe, and reaſon. But if laughing, weeping, and wiſe things can be compoſed of principles that neither laugh, weep, nor are wiſe, why ſhould not ſenſible things proceed from principles that are wholly inſenſible? He alſo urges another abſurdity: for if you aſſent that laughing, weeping, &c. things proceed from laughing, weeping, &c. principles, even thoſe ſeeds muſt be compoſed of others that are like them, and they again of others: and thus the progreſſion would be infinite, and never at an end.

Ver. 937. I have already obſerved, book i. ver. 925, that theſe two verſes are in the third book of Cowley's Davideis.

Ver. 955. He concludes, in theſe thirty-two verſes, this long diſputation concerning the production of ſenſible things: he recapitulates his former arguments, urges them yet more home,

and explains at large his opinion of the origin of ſenſe. When the earth, ſays he, receives the ſhowers that fall from heaven, ſhe becomes fruitful, and produces corn, graſs, and fruits, with which men and beaſts, ſenſible things, are nouriſhed. But Heaven, the father of all, is inſenſible; the deſcending ſhowers are inſenſible, and earth, the mother of all, no more ſenſible than they. Laſtly, When animals are diſſolved, part of them flies back to heaven, part returns to earth; inſenſible things both of them. Thus the particles that at one time are wholly deſtitute of ſenſe, being diſpoſed in a new order and poſition, become ſenſible at another time. Thus, too, ſenſible things, when that order and poſition of the ſeed is changed, grow ſtupid, and loſe their whole power of ſenſe and perception.

Seed celeſtial. aërial. ethereal. Thus, too, in the firſt book, ver. 298.

——When father ether kindly pours
On fertile mother earth his ſem'nal ſhow'rs.

For the rain that impregnates the earth, and makes her produce all things, comes not out of heaven, but falls down from the air. Some by the word celeſtial underſtand divine: an interpretation that agrees but ill with the opinion of Epicurus, who would not allow the gods to be the authors of things. Yet the other poets uſe the words *Aer*, *Æther*, *Cælum* & *Deus*, to ſignify the ſame thing. Hence Clemens. Alexand. out of Æſchylus, Strom. 5. Ζεὺς ἐστὶν αἰθὴρ, Ζεὺς τε γῆ, Ζεὺς δὲ οὐρανὸς, Ζεὺς τοὶ πάντα. Jupiter is the air, Jupiter is the earth, Jupiter is heaven, Jupiter is all things. Thus Ariſtotle, in the firſt book, de Generat. ſays, that ſome aſcribe to the earth, as it were, a female nature, and make her a mother, but call the heavens the ſun, and other things of like nature, a father. And this opinion Virgil follows, Georgic ii. ver. 325.

Tum Pater Omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.

For then Almighty Jove deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful ſhow'rs:
And mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with timely juice, and foſters teeming ſeeds. *Dryden.*

Ver. 964. Lucretius ſeems to have taken this from Epicharmus, who, ſpeaking of the death of I know not whom, ſays, Συντριβὴ καὶ διικρίθη, καὶ ἀπῆλθεν ὅθεν ἦνθε, πάλιν· γᾶ μὲν ἰς γᾶν, πνεῦμα δὲ ἄνω· τὶ τῶνδε χαλεπὸν, οὐδὲ ἐν· That is, he had been compounded and was diſſolved, and returned to the place from whence he came: the earth to earth, the ſpirit upwards. What mighty harm is there in all this? None at all. Euripides too had been drawing out of the ſame fountain; witneſs theſe verſes:

Ὅθεν δὲ ἕκαστος ἰς τὸ σῶμ' ἀφίκετο,
Ἐνταῦθ' ἀπῆλθε. πνεῦμα μὲν πρὸς αἰθέρα
Τὸ σῶμα δὲ ἰς γῆν·

And the following verſes are aſcribed to Ovid:

Bis duo ſunt homini: manes, caro, ſpiritus, umbra:
Quatuor iſta, loci bis duo ſuſcipiunt.
Terra tegit carnem, tumulum circumvolat umbra,
Orcus habet Manes, ſpiritus aſtra petit.

But how much they are in the right, who, contrary to the doctrine of Lucretius, interpret this paſſage as a conceſſion of the immortality of the ſoul, let themſelves judge. For, let it be granted that our ſouls conſiſt of the matter of ether, allow them made of fire, it will certainly follow that they are of a corporeal nature; and conſequently thoſe expoſitors are of the ſame opinion with Lucretius.

Ver. 980. The poet has ſeveral times already uſed this compariſon. See it explained, book i. v. 733, and v. 835, as likewiſe v. 643 of this book.

Ver. 986. To do juſtice to Lucretius, whom his interpreter in this place imperfectly renders, it is neceſſary to give his own words:

Sic ipſis in rebus item jam materiai
Intervalla, viæ, connexus, pondera, plagæ,
Concurſus, motus, ordo, poſitura, figuræ
Cum permutantur, mutari res quoque debent.

In theſe two verſes "intervalla, viæ," &c. upon which our tranſlator beſtows but theſe three words, order, figure, motion, are nevertheleſs contained all the conjuncts and events, or properties and accidents of the Epicurean atoms The poet mentions them in general, book i. ver. 493, where we have explained in general, likewiſe what is meant by them: He alſo, as may have been obſerved, has frequently made mention of ſome of them in many places of his arguments: but this being the ſole place where he has put them altogether, I have reſerved it to give a particular explication of them one by one. Firſt, *Intervala*, The intervals, that is to ſay, the diſtance and ſpace that intervenes between the atoms, when they aſſemble or come together to produce concrete bodies. Second, *Viæ*, The ways, are the regions and places, out of which, into which, through which, and in which the atoms are moved and continue. Third, *Connexus*, The connections are the proximities by which the atoms are more or leſs cloſely joined together. Fourth, *Pondera*, Weight, is the natural motion, by which they are carried downwards by their own heavineſs, in a direct line, or decline a little from it. Fifth, *Plagæ*, The ſtrokes or blows, which make them rebound when they ſtrike one another. Sixth, *Concurſus*, The concourſe or meeting of the atoms, by which they aſſemble and grow together. Seventh, *Motus*, Motion, is the lation, by which they are borne upwards, downwards, or any other way. Eighth, *Ordo*, The order, is the ordination, and diſpoſition, which they keep among themſelves in the procreation of things. Ninth, *Poſitura*, The ſite, and poſition in which they are placed. Tenth, *Figuræ*, The figures, are the exterior forms which they exhibit in things. Now, ſome of theſe are called conjuncts or properties; others, events, or accidents. Of the conjuncts three are ſaid to be primary: of the events, two. The three conjuncts of the atoms are magnitude, figure, and

weight, on which the other conjuncts depend. For motion, concourse, and stroke, are a consequence of weight. The two events are their site, and order, on which the other events likewise depend: for the intervals and connections depend on the site and position of the atoms; and the ways, places, or regions, on their order. Moreover, Lucretius will have all the qualities of concrete things to proceed from all the conjuncts and events of the atoms; though Epicurus seems to acknowledge but three of them to be necessary: Figure, site, and order; as may be seen in Laertius, lib. x. Empiricus adv Phys. lib. ii. and Lactantius, lib. iii. cap. 17. And as to the manner how all the qualities of concrete bodies proceed from these three last conjuncts and events of the atoms, you may consule P. Gassendus, l. 10. in Laert. pag. 218. & 317. where all those matters are at large explained.

Ver. 989. The seeds being now rightly prepared, and instructed with motion, he requires a work of them, than which nothing is greater, nothing more prudent, nothing more noble.

He builds with them other earths, other suns, other stars, and in a word, innumerable worlds in the infinite void. He owns this opinion to be new and incredible, but will not have it therefore rejected: And would his Memmius be attentive to his arguments, and weigh the matter seriously, it would daily appear less and less strange and wonderful: for many things seem indeed astonishing for a while, to which when men are once accustomed, they no longer suspect the truth of them ἀλλὰ μὴν τε Κόσμοι ἄπειροι εἰσὶ οἵ' ὁμοιοι τούτῳ, οἵτ' ἀνόμοιοι; says Epicurus to Herodotus.

Here the translator has totally omitted the four following verses of his author:

Quærit enim ratione animus, cum summa loci sit
Infinita foris hæc extra mœnia mundi;
Quid sit ibi porro, quò prospicere usque velit mens,
Atque animi jactus liber quo per volet ipse.

And indeed the interpreters vary in opinion concerning them; some retain them absolutely, others as positively reject them. In my opinion, they are neither absurd nor useless: for they explain the argument of the subsequent disputation; and the meaning of them is this: For I ask, says Lucretius, since without the walls of this world, these visible heavens, there is an infinite space, what is contained in that space, into which the mind is desirous to look, and by its own strength can freely consider without any hindrance or obstruction. This is the interpretation our translator himself gives this passage in the Latin edition of Lucretius.

Ver. 1006. If you will give credit to Epicurus, it is certain, that there is an infinite void; and that an infinity of seeds are flying up and down in it; but all those seeds did not combine into one body to compose this world of ours: Why then should we not believe, that in other parts of the infinite space, some atoms compose other frames, very like, or unlike this world which we inhabit and behold: especially since the same nature reigns every where, and exercises the same power in all the parts of the infinite void. This argument is contained in nineteen verses. Epicurus himself writes thus to Herodotus: αἱ τὲ γὰρ ἀτόμοι ὅσαι φέρονται τὴ πόῤῥω ταύτε, τὲ ἀλλόδε ἄλλαι ἐὶς ἀπερῤῥισίαν κόσμων ἀπείρων σαυερχονται· ὲ γὰρ κατηνάλονται αι τοιῦται ἀτόμοι (ἐξ ὧν ἄν γένοιτο ὁ κόσμος οὗτος, ἢ ἐξ ὧν ἄν ποιηθείη ἄλλος) ἤτ' ἐὶς ἕνα, (so Melbomius reads it) ἤτ' ἐὶς πεπερασμένες, ἤτ' ὅσοι τοιῦτω. ἀθ' ὅσοι διάφοροι τύτω, ὥσε ᾠδεν τὸ ἐμποδίζον εἰὶ πρὸὶ τὴν ἀπειρίαν τῶν κόσμων.

Ver. 1025. In these nine verses, he argues farther to this purpose. When all things that are requisite for the production of any thing are ready and at hand, why should not that thing be produced? But there is a sufficient store of matter, a place besides very proper; nor is there wanting that strength and power of nature, which composed this world of ours, of atoms that met fortuitously, and combined and joined together: Why then should not the same nature join together other matter likewise, which is prepared for her, and obedient to her; and produce other heavens, other earths, other seas, men, animals, &c. in other places of the infinite void? Metrodorus, an intimate friend of Epicurus, has comprised this and the preceding argument in these words: ἄτοπον εἶναι ἐν μεγάλῳ πεδίῳ ἕνα στάχυν γινεσθῆναι, καὶ ἕνα κόσμον ἐν τῷ ἀπείρῳ· ὅτι δὲ ἄπειροι καλὸ τὸ πλῆθος ὅπλον ἐκ τ ἀπείρε τὰ αἴτια εἶναι ἐὶ γὰρ ὁ μὲν κόσμος πεπερασμένος, τὰ δὲ αἴτια πάντα ἄπειρα ἐξ ὧν ὕδε ὁ κόσμος γέγονεν, ἀνάγκη ἀπειρυς εἶναι, ὅπε γὰρ τὰ πάντα γέγονεν αἴτια, ἐκεῖ καὶ τὰ ἀπο]ελέσματα. Plutarchus de Placit. Philosoph. lib. 1. cap 5.

Ver. 1034. Lastly. He proposes his third argument in these ten verses. Consider all created things, you will find in each kind a numerous train of like animals, which are called individuals: as in the human kind, men; in the brute, beasts, &c. Will you then pretend that there is only one sun and one earth: since the sun, the earth, the heavens, &c. are alike subject to perish, as are the other compound bodies. For according to the doctrine of those philosophers, against whom Lucretius here disputes, the reason why the several kinds of animals contain many of each kind is, because the individuals die.

Thus our poet ends his arguments to prove the plurality of worlds. But Epicurus and Lucretius were not the only men who held an infinite number of worlds. For, to say nothing of Plutarch, who, in the first de Placit. Philosoph. says expressly, there are many worlds: nor of Heraclitus, who, together with the Stoics, held an innumerability of worlds successively, as they call it, that is to say, that the worlds were renewed and made out of one another: nor of Heraclides, who, as well as the Pythagoreans, believed all the stars that glitter in the heavens, and light this globe of ours, to be so many other worlds: not to mention, I say, any of these, it is certain, from the testimony of Stobæus, Eclog. Phys. lib. ix. that Anaximander, Anaximenes, Archelaus, Xenophanes, Diogenes, Leucippus, admitted an in-

finite number of worlds. To these we may likewise add Anaxarchus, who, as Plutarch says, drew tears from Alexander the Great, by telling him, that the number of worlds was infinite. Democritus and Epicurus spoke aloud, that there were infinite worlds: And their disciple Metrodorus too was of the same opinion, and said, that it is no less absurd to imagine that there is but one world in the infinite universe, than it would be to affirm, that but one blade of corn is growing in a vast, spacious, and fruitful plain: as Plutarch witnesses in the place above cited. Thales indeed affirmed there is but one world, and that it was created by God. Empedocles too taught the same doctrine; but then he held it to consist of a very small particle of the universe. Yet why may there not be an actual multiplicity, though not an infinity of worlds: let us content ourselves with the belief of a possibility that there may be more than we know, or are aware of: For indefinite is not infinite; man may not find the term, and yet a term there may be. Let us only modestly remember to reserve the infinite, which the divines term *essentiæ*, that the speculation may be the safer. The rational and acute Bruno has travelled far on this argument, and strives to evince that there is a plurality of worlds: and for my part, so long as the considerations of these things rather adds to, and heightens the adoration of that infinite power of the great God, who, even by the author of the epistle to the Hebrews, is more than once only said to have created the worlds, Heb. i. 2. and xi. 3. I cannot see why we should censure such as have favoured and promoted these doctrines and opinions: among whom, besides the ancients before mentioned, are many of our late and best astronomers, as Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Des Cartes, Gassendus, Hevelius, and divers others of extraordinary note and reputation: Yet we need not be obstinate, or too dogmatical, "adeo nefas existimandum est ea scrutari, quæ deus voluit esse celata," says Lactantius in his treatise de Origine Erroris. And whether or no there be more worlds than one, God only knows, who is both *intus* and *foris*; not as *in loco* but as being "ens infinitum, principiumque, cui omne innititur ens." I will therefore conclude this infinitely confounding and incomprehensible subject with these very pertinent words of Pliny, who, speaking of the globe of this vast universe, says: "Furor est, profecto furor est egredi ex eo, et tanquam ejus cunctæ plane jam sint nota, ire scrutari extra: quasi verò mensuram ullius rei possit agere qui sui nesciat, aut mens hominis videre quæ mundus ipse non capiat." Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 1. It is a madness, indeed a mere madness, to go beyond the limits of this world, and to be perpetually seeking without it; as if we had already attained a perfect knowledge of the things that are within it: For how can he, who knows not his own, take the exact dimensions of any thing else: or how should the wit of any man pretend to perceive those things, which the very world itself cannot comprehend or contain?

Ver. 1044. In these fifteen verses, Lucretius, after his usual manner, takes occasion from the foregoing positions, to fall foul upon Providence: He has before given peace and quiet to his gods; because nothing can be happy that has any thing to do: But let us now suppose, says he, that this blessed and happy Deity can be disturbed and vexed with business or the care of any thing: yet what strength, what power is sufficient to preside over, and to govern an infinite number of worlds, of suns, of earths, &c.? For to rule an infinite number of worlds, is too great an office to be administered with ease, even by a god who would be always busy, and allow himself no rest at all. Thus our impious poet treats that puny god, whom he feigned to be like man; and at length he concludes the whole with a scoff that atheists commonly advance, and which indeed is of more weight than this argument against Providence. Epicurus writes to the same purpose to Pythocles: Καὶ μὴν ἐν τοῖς μεμερισμένοις φόβον, καὶ τροπὴν, καὶ ἐκλείψιν, καὶ ἀναλλὴν, καὶ δύσιν, καὶ τὰ σύστοιχα τούτοις, μήτε λειτουργοῦντος τίνος νομίζειν χρῆναι δέεσθαι, μήτε διατάττοντος ἢ διατάξαντος, καὶ ἅμα τὴν πᾶσαν μακαριότητα ἔχοντος, μετὰ ἀφθαρσίας· ἡ γὰρ συμφόρησι πραγματεῖαι, καὶ φροντίδες, καὶ χάριτες μακαριότητι, ἄλλα ἀσθενείᾳ καὶ φόβῳ, καὶ προσδέησιν τῶν πλησίον.

Thus we see that Lucretius was so inveterate an enemy to the Divine Providence and Omnipotence, that he could not comprehend what Virgil not long after him visibly saw and believed, when in his 4th Georg. verse 221. he said,

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum, &c.

But the doctrine of Epicurus would not suffer our poet to believe, that the nature of our gods was sufficiently powerful to govern the affairs of the universe; and therefore he held, that all things arrive by accident, and that chance is the supreme disposer and governor of all. Plutarch tells us, that he embraced this opinion, having observed, "Malis esse benè, et bonis male:" i. e. to use the words of St. Ambrose, "Improbos abundare bonis, et bonos egere:" That the wicked abound in good things, and that the good are in want. An impious belief, which even Cicero himself condemns in the first book of the Nature of the Gods, where he says: "Sunt philosophi, et fuerunt, qui omnino nullam habere censerent humanarum rerum procurationem Deos. Quorum si vera est sententia, quæ potest esse pietas, quæ religio? Hæc enim omnia pure et caste tribuenda Deorum numini ita sunt, si animadvertuntur ab his, et si est aliquid a Diis immortalibus hominum generi tributum. Sin autem Dii neque possunt nos juvare, neque volunt, nec curant omnino, nec, quod agamus, animadvertunt, nec est, quod ab his ad hominum vitam permanere possit, quid est, quod ullos Diis immortalibus cultus, honores, preces adhibeamus?" In specie autem fictæ simulationis, sicut reliquæ virtutes, ita pietas inesse non potest, cum qua simul et sanctitatem et religionem tolli necesse est.

Quibus ſublatis perturbatio vitæ ſequitur et magna confuſio: atque haud ſcio an pietat adverſus Deos ſublata, fides etiam et ſocietas humani generis, et una excellentiſſima virtus juſtitiæ tollatur."

Ver. 1049. "Proh ſancta Deum tranquilla pectora pace!" ſays Lucretius. And Epicurus is obſerved by Dionyſius, biſhop of Alexandria, to fill his books with oaths and adjurations: "Ὅρκους δὲ καὶ ὁρκίσμους μυρίους τοῖς ἰδίοις ἀγγράφει, ὁμνύς τε σανεχῶς μὲν Δία, καὶ νὴ Δία ἐξορκῶν τὰς ἐνθυμήσεις, καὶ πρὸς ὕς διαλέγοντο, πρὸς τῶν Θεῶν" Euſebius, Prep. lib. 14. cap. 27. He aſſerts many oaths and adjurations in his books, ſwearing often, and adjuring his readers by Jupiter and all the gods. And we may find Lucretius too ſometimes of this humour, as appears by this paſſage, and ſome others, that may be obſerved here and there in this poem.

Ver. 1059. Having built an infinite number of worlds, and affirmed them to be mortal like animals, he now, in theſe twelve verſes, aſſerts, that they are nouriſhed, increaſe, and ſometimes diminiſh, and at length die away. For the infinite univerſe ſupplies ſeeds, which the world receives, and they duly joining with it, it becomes more ſtrong and vigorous: when it emits, and parts with as many ſeeds as it receives, then it ſtints its growth, and ſtays at a ſtand, that is, neither increaſes nor decreaſes: but when more ſeeds fly away from the world than it receives, and are duly conjoined to its maſs, then it waxes feeble, decays by degrees, and draws to an end.

This was the opinion of Epicurus, and he grounded this belief on theſe reaſons: I. Becauſe the world was once made, and had its beginning in time: as Cicero ſays, 1. de Nat. Deor. II. Becauſe he held the world to be of a like nature with animals. III. Becauſe each individual part of this world conſiſts of bodies that are born and die. IV. Becauſe there is a continual war between all the parts that compoſe this whole, which are always contending with one another, and which contention muſt of neceſſity weaken, and will at length occaſion the deſtruction of the whole frame. V. Becauſe he would not allow any thing in nature to be not born, incorruptible and eternal, except theſe three things, the atoms, the void, and the τὸ πᾶν ALL, or the univerſe. But theſe opinions of his concerning his infinite worlds, or the decay of this, depending on his abſurd, fortuitous concourſe, muſt of neceſſity have the ſame fate, and fall with it. Beſides, we may bid any man, who is fond of theſe opinions, look on the face of the world, as it is painted in hiſtories down from the Trojan wars, (for I preſs not more ancient, infallible records), about which time ſociety firſt began, and he will ſee it look as young now, as it did then, and that its vigour is ſtill as great.

However, ſome of the fathers of the Chriſtian church have not diſſented from this opinion: eſpecially not St. Cyprian, who writes to Demetrianus in theſe words: "Scire debes jam mundum non illis viribus ſtare, quibus prius ſteterat: nec vigore ac robore eo eſſe, quo ante prævalebat. Hoc, etiam nobis tacentibus, et nulla deſcripturis ſanctis prædicationibuſque divinis documenta præbentibus, mundus ipſe jam loquitur, et occaſum ſui rerum labentium probatione teſtatur. Non hyeme nutriendis ſeminibus tanta imbrium copia eſt: non frugibus æſtate torrendis ſolita flagrantia eſt: nec ſic verna temperie ſata læta ſunt; nec adeo aboreis fœtibus autumno fæcunda ſunt: Minus de effoſſis et fatigatis fontibus eruuntur marmorum cruſta: minus auri et argenti opes ſuggerunt: exhauſta jam metalla, et pauperes venæ breviantur in dies ſingulos: Decreſcit in arvis agricola: in mari nauta: miles in caſtris: innocentia in foro: juſtitia in judicio: in amicitia concordia: in artibus peritia: in moribus diſciplina. Minuatur neceſſe eſt, quidque fine jam proxima in occidua, et in extrema devergit."

Ver. 1067. Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 214. ſays to the ſame purpoſe with Lucretius.

Noſtra quoque ipſorum ſemper, requique fine ulla,
Corpora vertuntur: nec quod fuimuſve, fumuſve,
Cras erimus.——

Which Dryden thus renders:

Thus even our bodies daily change receive;
Some part of what was theirs before they leave:
Nor are to-day what yeſterday they were:
Nor the whole ſame to-morrow will appear.

Ver. 1071. Having aſſerted that his worlds grow ſometimes bigger, ſometimes leſs, he explains in theſe twenty-ſeven verſes the whole reaſon of the growth and decay of animals, and affirms that the ſame reaſon holds good in other things likewiſe. Now animals grow, becauſe in the firſt part of their life, more nouriſhment is converted into their ſubſtance, than departs, and is loſt from it: in the middle part of their life, when they are grown to maturity, as much only is converted into the ſubſtance, as goes away from it: then the age of the animal is at a ſtand; that is to ſay, the animal neither grows nor decreaſes; but in its declining age, more flies away from its ſubſtance, than is converted into it. Thus the animal increaſes and waſtes away: but how it comes to paſs, that in the firſt part of life more is received and conjoined, in the middle part as much, and in the laſt leſs, the poet does not think fit to inquire: And indeed the reaſon of that is concealed, and to my knowledge ever will be ſo from atheiſts.

Ver. 1074. Thus Cicero, in the ſecond book de Nat. Deor. deſcribes the manner by which the food is diſtributed into all the parts of the body. It is firſt, ſays he, received into the mouth to be chewed and ground to pieces by the teeth; when it is thus chewed, it is conveyed through the meat-pipe into the ſtomach, to be concocted; when it is there concocted, it is carried firſt to the liver, then to the heart, and is diſtributed from thence by the veins into all other parts and members of the body: and by this means and manner it is, that the whole animal grows, and is nouriſhed.

Ver. 1081. Virg. Georg. 3. v. 66.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit: subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus;
Et labor, & duræ rapit inclementia mortis.

In youth alone unhappy mortals live;
But ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom. *Dryd.*

Ver. 1098. He concludes in these thirty verses, that the world grows old in the same manner as animals do; that is to say, that the conduits and passages in the world, which answer to the veins in animals, being impaired and weakened by the continual blows they meet with from external bodies, receive with great difficulty the matter that flows down out of the infinite void, and is proper to support and repair the world. And this mighty frame is extended so far and wide, that it parts with more matter out of its substance, than it receives afresh from the void; and, therefore, must, of necessity diminish, grow feeble, and decay. The earth, as Epicurus held, produced formerly of her own accord, all kinds of animals, fruits, trees, &c. but we now find by experience, that she is past her teeming time; and, therefore, it cannot be denied but she now grows old.

Ver. 1105. I affirm, says the poet, that all these things did proceed from the earth: for animals were not let down from heaven, as the asserters of Providence pretend, by that chain, which none but one Homer ever saw: nor were they born of the sea, or from the waves that insult the shores. But that very earth, which at this day feeds and nourishes all kinds of things, is the very same earth that formerly brought them forth.

Ver. 1108. Homer feigned that all things were let down from heaven to earth by a golden chain. Yet, if we may take Plato's word for it, Homer meant only the sun, and shows that to be a chain of gold; because, while the sun rolls round the universe and enlightens it, all things are safely preserved, and live and flourish, as well as those that are among the gods, as in our earthly abodes. But if the sun should stand still, and cease from his revolution, as if he were bound in chains, all things must of necessity perish. Macrobius on the dream of Scipio, will have that chain of Homer to be an uninterrupted connection of causes, that bind themselves together by mutual bands, even from the Supreme God to the last dregs of matter. "Cumque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meandi; invenietur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum sœcem una mutuis se vinculis religans, & nusquam interrupta connexio: & hæc est Homeri carena aurere, quam pendere de cœlo in terras Deum jussisse commemorat." Macrob. in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 44.

Ver. 1111. Thus too Ovid, Metamorph. i. ver. 101.

Ipsa quoque, immunis rastroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia Tellus.

And v. 107.

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.
Mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat,
Nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis.
Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina Nectaris ibant.
Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd did fruitful stores allow.
The flow'rs unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd,
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In soil'wing years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd:
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweated through the pores of oak.
Dryd.

To which I subjoin these incomparable verses of the same poet, in his translation of the fourth eclogue of Virgil:

Unlabour'd harvests did the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes then blush'd on ev'ry thorn:
The knotted oak did show'rs of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold did creep.

Ver. 1115. The earth is become so barren, that though we provoke her by constant tillage, even till we weary our oxen, and wear out our peasants with continual labour, yet the ungrateful soil deludes the hopes of the tiller, and produces not the crop he had reason to expect from his toil and industry. An evident and convincing proof, that the earth is now grown old and worn out to that degree, that she can no longer bring forth as she did in her youthful years.

Ver. 1121. The poet has subjoined to the argument taken from the doctrine of Epicurus, the poetical fable of the Golden Age. But being jealous that men would ascribe the fertility of the earth in those days to the benevolence of the Deity, and to the bounty and goodness of the gods to the pious men of that age, he scoffs at that opinion, and despises their ignorance, who do not yet know that the earth is grown feeble and barren with old age.

Ver. 1123. Because in the beginning of the world, men had nothing to do but to worship the gods: since the earth then produced the fruits of its own accord, and they had no need to employ their time in tilling it.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

In this book are deposited all the treasures of Epicurus; of no great value indeed; yet many of the ancients were continually pillaging them, till at length Tully entirely rifled and laid them waste. Lucretius with great labour strove to renew and establish them again; but has met with the suc-

ſeſs he deſerved: for it has fared with the doctrine of Epicurus, as with a child of a ſickly race; though you cram it with the moſt nouriſhing and healthful food, it will at beſt be puny and infirm.

From v. 68. to v. 82. the poet teaches, that there is motion, nor do we diſown it. And that the motion of all things proceeds from the motion of the principles; and this too we grant. But when, v. 84. he aſcribes weight to the ſeeds, and aſſerts that to be the cauſe of their motion, he is too indulgent to himſelf and his atoms. Who can grant weight to all matter, and the ſame weight to bodies of the ſame bulk? Senſe and certain experience cry out againſt it. But Epicurus had obſerved, that ſtones, wood, in ſhort, all things that are contained within the bounds of this world tend downwards; and, therefore, believed that all things had deſcended from all eternity; which opinion, whoever embraces, will indeed be "nitidiſſimus de grege Epicuri Philoſophus." He may as reaſonably pretend, that the wheels, ſprings, or any other of the members and parts of an engine, will do the ſame thing ſeparately, which they perform jointly. But, let us even grant this too. He preſents us in the next place with infinite atoms, tending downwards through an infinite void by juſt degrees, and with equal velocity. In the immenſity of the longitudes, latitudes, and altitudes, an infinity of innumerable atoms are flying to and fro: and theſe atoms overtaking, and laying hold of one another in the interjected void, cling and join together, and thus compoſe all the forms and figures of things. But how came they to overtake and catch hold of one another, ſince they all move with equal ſwiftneſs? To this he anſwers, v. 210. and ſays, they decline a little, even the leaſt that can be. But even this declination is feigned at pleaſure; for, as Cicero ſays, 2 de Finib. "Ait declinare Atomos ſine cauſa, quo nihil turpuis eſt Phyſico: & illum motum naturalem omnium ponderum, è regione inferiorem locum petentium, ſine cauſa eripuit atomis: Nec tamen id, cujus cauſa hæc finxerat, aſſecutus eſt: nam ſive omnes Atomi declinabunt, nullæ unquam cohærebunt; ſive aliæ declinabunt, aliæ ſuo motu recte ferentur: primum erit hoc quaſi provincias Atomis dare, quæ recte, quæ oblique ferantur." For he ſays that the atoms decline, without alleging any reaſon for their declination, than which nothing is more unbecoming of a natural philoſopher. And without any reaſon likewiſe he has taken from the atoms that natural motion of all weights, that tend in a direct line to a lower place. Nor after all has he gained the point, for the ſake of which he invented all this; for either all the atoms will decline, none will ever ſtick together; or ſome will decline while others move, as they naturally ought in a right line. And this is, in a manner, to preſcribe to atoms their proper offices, and to enjoin ſome to deſcend in a direct line, others obliquely.

Lucretius himſelf is aware of this difficulty, v. 216. where he is ſo far from ſolving it, that he rather yields and ſubmits to its ſtrength. But, v. 240. he ſtarts another difficulty, by the help of which he endeavours to extricate himſelf from the former: or like the cuttle-fiſh, throws out clouds of darkneſs and obſcurity, that it may be more difficult to find and take him. For he aſſerts, that without this declination of the ſeeds, no reaſon can be given for the freedom of will which we perceive in all animals. But the ſame Cicero in the firſt book of the Nature of the Gods, anſwers him thus: "Hoc perſæpe facitis, Epicurei, ut cum aliquid non verſimile dicatis, & reprehenſionem effugere velitis; efferatis aliquid quod omnino ne fieri poſſit: at ſatius fuerit illud ipſum, de quo ambigebatur, concedere, quam tam impudenter reſiſtere; velit Epicurus, cum videret, ſi Atomi ferrentur in locum inferiorem ſuopte pondere, nihil fore in noſtra poteſtate, quod eſſet, earum motus certus & neceſſarius: invenit quo modo neceſſitatem effugeret, quod viz. Democritum fugerat: Ait Atomum, cum pondere & gravitate directâ deorſum feratur, declinare paulum. Hoc dicere turpius eſt, quam illud, quod vult, non poſſe defendere." The cuſtom of you Epicureans is this; when you aſſert any thing that is improbable to be true, and are deſirous to avoid reprehenſion, you advance ſomething that is wholly impoſſible to be done; but you would act more ingenuouſly, if you granted the matter in doubt, rather than inſiſted ſo obſtinately on your own opinions, like Epicurus, who, when he ſaw that if the atoms were moved downwards by their own weight, nothing would be in our power, becauſe their motion would be certain and neceſſary, found a way which Democritus never thought of, to avoid this neceſſity; and ſaid, that an atom, though by its own weight and heavineſs it he carried directly downwards, yet declines a little. To ſay this is more weak and diſhonourable than not being able to make good what he aſſerted. And in his book, De Fato, Cicero likewiſe ſays: "Epicurus uno tempore, res duas ſuſcipit inenodabiles; unam, ut ſine cauſa fiat aliquid, ex quo exiſtet, ut de nihilo quippiam fiat; quod nec ipſi, nec cuiquam Phyſico placet; alteram, ut cum duo Individua per inanitatem ferantur, alterum è regione moveatur, alterum declinet." Epicurus takes upon him at once to make good two things, for either of which no reaſon can be given: one, that any thing can be done without a cauſe; from whence it will follow, that any thing can be made of nothing; which neither himſelf nor any natural philoſopher will allow: the other, that when two indiviſible bodies are moved through the void, one of them ſhould deſcend in a ſtraight line, the other by declination. And, in the ſame book he goes yet farther; and ſays, "Quæ ergo nova cauſa in natura eſt, quæ declinat Atomum? aut num ſortiuntur inter ſe, quæ declinet, que non? aut cur minimo declinet intervallo, majore non? aut cur declinet uno Minimo, non declinet duobus aut tribus? Optare hoc quidem eſt, non diſputare; nam neque extrinſecus impulſam Atomum loco moveri & declinare dicit, neque in illo Inani, per quod feratur Atomus, quidquam fuiſſe cauſæ, cur ea non è regione ferretur, nec in ipſa Atomo mutationis aliquid factum eſt, quamobrem naturalem

ſui ponderis motum non teneret. Ita cum attuliſſet Epicurus nullam cauſam, quæ iſtam Declinationem efficeret, tamen aliquid ſibi dicere videtur, quam id dicat, quod omnium mentes aſpernentur & reſpuant." What new cauſe is there then in nature that can make an atom decline? Or have they caſt lots among themſelves which ſhall decline, and which not? Or, why does an atom decline the leaſt interval of ſpace, and not a greater? Or, why does it decline one leaſt, and not two or three? This is to chooſe what he will ſay, not to diſpute: for he neither ſays, that an atom declines in its motion, by reaſon of any outward impulſe, nor that in the void through which the atom is moved, there is any cauſe why it does not deſcend in a direct line; nor, laſtly, that any change is made in the atom itſelf that may oblige it not to keep and obſerve the natural motion of its own weight. Thus, though Epicurus alleges no cauſe of that declination, yet he ſeems to himſelf to ſay ſomething, even when he ſays that which the underſtanding and reaſon of all men deſpiſe and reject. And thus Cicero has laid waſte the gardens of Epicurus, and overthrown all that philoſophy that attacked even Providence itſelf.

But Lucretius is more ſucceſsful in that long diſputation, from v. 319. to v. 547. concerning the variety of the figures of his atoms: and likewiſe in that of the ſeeds of different figures that enter into the contexture of every compound body, which begins at v. 547. and ends at 683. He alſo adorns his arguments with fables properly introduced and applied, and ſupports his aſſertions with ſeveral ſtrong and convincing reaſons.

Nor will any adverſary of the Epicurean philoſophy ever be able to evade thoſe arguments, by which, from v. 684. to v 988. he demonſtrates, that his atoms are void of colour, ſmell, heat, in a word, of every quality, and of all manner of ſenſe. I confeſs he does not rightly explain the origin of ſenſe, but he proves, that the ſenſe of animals is not due to ſenſible ſeeds, which was his chief deſign in this book, with a ſharpneſs of wit and ſtrength of judgment, even worthy of Lucretius himſelf.

At length, from v. 589. to v. 1059. he builds innumerable worlds: and this too might have been granted, if he had aſſigned any proper architect for ſo great a work. "Sed quis credit ex Atomorum Concurſione fortuita hujus Mundi pulcherrimum ornatum eſſe perfectum? An cum machinatione quadam aliquid moveri videmus, ut Sphæram, ut Horas, ut alia permulta, non dubitamus quin ſint opera illa rationis? Cum autem impetum Cœli cum admirabili celeritate moveri, vertique videamus, conſtantiſſime conficientem viciſſitudines anniverſarias cum ſumma ſalute & converſatione rerum omnium, dubitamus quin ea non ſolum ratione fiant, ſed etiam excellenti quadam divinaque ratione? Quod ſi Mundos efficere poteſt Concurſus Atomorum, cur Porticum, cur Templum, cur Domum non poteſt, quæ ſunt minus operoſa, & multo quidem faciliora." Cicero, de Nat. Deor. lib. 2. Who can believe that this moſt beautiful frame of the world was produced and perfected by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms? When we ſee any thing move, as it were by art and ſkill, as the ſpheres, the ſeaſons, and many other things, do we doubt whether they are the works of reaſon? When we ſee with what wonderful celerity the ſun is moved and whirled around, and how he cauſes the annual changes and viciſſitudes to the utmoſt benefit and preſervation of all things, do we doubt that all theſe things are not the work of reaſon, nay, of an excellent and divine reaſon too? And if a concourſe of atoms can make worlds, why can it not make a portico, a temple, or a houſe, which requires leſs ſkill and labour, and are much more eaſy to make? Thus Cicero, that moſt grateful champion of Providence.

Laſtly, from v. 1060. to the end of this book, the reader may behold innumerable worlds born daily, and dying every day, and bleſs his own good fortune, that he remains ſafe and unhurt in the midſt of ſo many and ſo great ruins and devaſtations. Meanwhile, he cannot but ſmile to ſee ſome infant ſucking worlds, and others grown feeble and doddered with age, now dying with hunger, now choked up with fat. For nothing is more certain, than that Lucretius always luſes himſelf when he falls foul upon Providence.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

This is that book of Lucretius, which, above all the reſt, ought to be read with moſt judgment and diſcretion. For, ſince it is in this that the poet endeavours to prove the ſoul to be of a corporeal nature, it may fall out that ſome will too credulouſly yield themſelves up to his arguments; while others, perſuaded that ſuch a doctrine, right or wrong, ought to be condemned without mercy, will voluntarily deprive themſelves of reading ſo excellent a book. Leſt this ſhould happen, it will not be amiſs to put them in mind that many of the ancients were of opinion, that ſpirits are to be reckoned in the number of corporeal things. Among thoſe was not only Porphyrius, in his admirable Πραγματεία περὶ ἀποχῆς· but Plotinus and Jamblichus; and of us Chriſtians, Tertullian, Baſil, and Auguſtin, not to mention the more modern. Now, if theſe ancients were not condemned for following this belief concerning ſpirits, I think there is no reaſon that we ſhould be ſo much offended at Lucretius's opinion of corporeal ſouls. Hitherto is nothing but what you may read without being ſcandalized at it. And would to God Lucretius had ſtopped here: For others have af-

ferted the immortality of the ſoul, which, nevertheleſs, they believed to be of the ſame nature with ſpirits; however, they reſerved to it its own right, or what the bounty of God has beſtowed upon it. But our author, when he has ſhown the ſoul of a man to be a corporeal ſubſtance, ſtrenuouſly and obſtinately aſſerts, that it is impoſſible but that it muſt likewiſe be ſubject to death and diſſolution; and that the generality of men being aſtoniſhed, caſt down, and overawed by the tyranny of religion, are horribly miſtaken, to believe, that

Æternas nigra pænas in morte timendum.
Lucret.

they have any reaſon to dread eternal torments after death. Thus you ſee the rocks and ſhelves that you ought to avoid and fly from and you will do well to compare this doctrine of the Epicurean ſect with the arguments of the Platoniſts, who aſſerted the immortality of the ſoul: but much better, if laying aſide the diſputations and controverſies of this wavering and uncertain philoſophy, you apply yourſelf directly to him, who has demonſtrated, that the Parent and Father of all things is GOD OF THE LIVING, BUT NOT OF THE DEAD. Another thing, reader, you ought continually to have before your eyes, which is this: Be our ſouls ſpiritual, or if you will, corporeal: yet we ought not much to trouble our heads about theſe arguments of Lucretius, ſince being Chriſtians, as we are, we verily and unfeignedly believe, that the time will come that this brute and ſenſeleſs maſs of the body, which the ſoul now informs and guides, when after a courſe of years it is turned into corruption and duſt, and then ſcattered and diſperſed away will, nevertheleſs, at length unite again; and being thus collected and got together out of water, air, and earth, will remain and perſevere for an endleſs ſucceſſion of ages. Let Lucretius then prove, if he will, the nature of the ſoul to be corporeal, and therefore liable to death; he will advance nothing that will ſtartle a true Chriſtian; ſince we believe the future reſurrection and immortality of the body, upon ſurer grounds than any arguments of vulgar phyſiology, and of chemiſtry itſelf (for that wonderful experiment, of which Quercetanus and others make mention, concludes nothing for the reſurrection of the body), though they are equally, nay, more difficult to prove and believe. Let me add one thing more. The treatiſe of Tertullian, which is intituled De Anima, will aſſiſt you very much in the right underſtanding of this book: if you read it, you will peruſe the moſt excellent work of that great man. To conclude, If in this book, or in any other of my writings, the falſe opinions of Lucretius have dropped from me, either through haſte or inadvertency, I deſire it may be remembered that I am the actor, not the poet; and that I here unſay and recant all things of that nature which may have ſlipped from me by either of thoſe means. Nor, indeed, is my courſe of life ſuch, that when my ſoul comes to be ſeparated from my body, I ſhould willingly expect that end which nature has ordained for the brute animals that periſh. Farewell.

TANAQUIL FABER.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet flatters himſelf, that, in the two former books, he has fully and rightly explained the nature, and the properties of his atoms. In the four remaining books, he applies himſelf very attentively to deſcribe the effects which thoſe atoms produce. And firſt, as he had reaſon to do, he brings upon the ſtage the parts of the mind, and of the ſoul: And this is the ſubject of the diſputation of all this book, which he begins, I. With the praiſe of Epicurus, whom, from ver. 1. to ver. 92, he extols for having been the firſt who taught, that this world, and all things in it, were not made by the Deity, but by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms; and for delivering, by that doctrine, the minds of men from the fear of the gods, of death, and of puniſhments after death. II. Having by way of preface, ſaid this of Epicurus, he teaches, from ver. 92. to ver. 133, that the mind and the ſoul are a part of man, in like manner as the feet, the hands, the arms, the head, and the other members; and not a vital habit of the whole body, or an accord and conſent of all the parts of the body, which ſome of the ancient philoſophers called harmony. But that he may diſpute diſtinctly, and without confuſion, becauſe he uſes promiſcuouſly the words mind and ſoul, he teaches, III. from ver. 133. to ver. 160. that the mind and the ſoul are but one thing; but that the mind is the chief part, and reſides in the heart, becauſe fear, joy, and all the other paſſions, which obey and depend on the mind, diſcover themſelves there, while the ſoul, in which the locomotive faculty is ſolely placed, being diffuſed through the whole body, is moved as the mind pleaſes. IV. Then, from ver. 161. to 177, he endeavours to demonſtrate, that the nature of the mind and ſoul is corporeal, becauſe the mind touches the ſoul, and moves it, and the ſoul touches the body: but where there is no body there can be no touch. V. From ver. 178. to 307, he teaches, that this corporeal mind is compoſed of atoms extremely ſubtle, minute, and round. And particularly that this mind conſiſts of heat, wind, or vapour, and air, and of another thing, which conſiſting of the ſeeds the moſt ſubtle, the moſt minute, and the moſt ſubject to motion, is the principal and original cauſe of

ſenſe. But how the heat, the wind, the air, and this fourth, nameleſs thing, are mingled, or what proportion of each makes up the compoſition, he ingenuouſly confeſſes he cannot tell. VI. From ver. 308. to 331. he aſſerts, that the ſoul and body are ſo united together, that they cannot be ſeparated without the deſtruction of both of them. And, VII. from ver. 333. to 353, he aſſerts, that not only the mind, but the body too has perception, or rather the whole animal, compoſed of body and ſoul. VIII. After this, from ver. 353. to 396, he refutes the opinion of Democritus, who taught that the reſpective parts of the ſoul are fitted and joined to the reſpective parts of the body. And having affirmed before that the mind is the moſt excellent part of the whole compound, he now farther aſſerts, that the life and preſervation of the animal depends more on the mind than on the ſoul. IX. From ver. 396. to 809, he endeavours to prove, by ſix and twenty arguments, that minds and ſouls are born with the bodies, and die with them, and, by the way, derides the tranſmigration of Pythagoras. X. In the next place, from ver. 810. to 836, he teaches, that death is nothing, becauſe the ſoul, being mortal, has nothing to fear after death; nay, that if it be granted that the ſoul is immortal, as Plato held, yet death ſtill is nothing, ſince the ſeparated ſoul would not remember that ſhe had ever been before. XI. Then to ver. 874, he laughs at the vain anxiety of men concerning their ſepulture: and thence, to ver. 915. proves that death is not an ill, becauſe the dead want not thoſe good things which the living enjoy, but are exempted from thoſe calamities which afflict and torment us wretches that are alive. XII. That even life itſelf is not a thing very deſirable, becauſe it has nothing new to give us, but always the ſame maukiſh pleaſures, till at length we lothe them, to ver. 976. XIII. But leſt the fables, which the poets feign of hell and of future puniſhments, ſhould fright us, he explains thoſe fables, and ſhows, that they are verified upon earth; that we feel thoſe torments while we are living, and have no reaſon to dread them after we are dead, to ver. 1026. XIV. Laſtly, To the end of this book, he puts us in mind, that it is both fooliſh and abſurd to bemoan ourſelves that we muſt die, ſince the wiſeſt of men, and the moſt potent princes and emperors, have been forced to ſubmit to the inevitable power of death. And he teaches, that men lead unquiet and anxious lives, becauſe they avoid the thoughts and contemplation of death, and are fooliſhly fond of that life which they muſt one day loſe, which can ſupply them with no new delights, and is expoſed to innumerable dangers and afflictions. And that, after all, by the longeſt life to which they can attain, they ſave not one moment from the length of death, which is as much eternal to them who die to-day, as to thoſe who died many ages ago.

THEE who haſt light from 'midſt thick darkneſs brought,
And firſt life's benefits and pleaſures taught;
Thee, chiefeſt glory of the Grecian ſtate,
I ſtrictly trace, willing to imitate,
Not contradict: For how can larks oppoſe
The vig'rous ſwan? They are unequal foes:
Or how can tender kids, with feeble force,
Contend in racing with the noble horſe?
Thou, parent of philoſophy, haſt ſhown
The way to truth by precepts of thy own.
For, as from ſweeteſt flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious ſweets, great ſoul! from thee
We all our golden ſentences derive;
Golden, and fit eternally to live.
For when I hear thy mighty reaſons prove,
This world was made without the pow'rs above,
All fears and terrors waſte, and fly apace;
Through parted heav'ns, I ſee the mighty ſpace,
The riſe of things, the gods, and happy ſeats,
Which ſtorm, or vi'lent tempeſt never beats,
Nor ſnow invades, but with the pureſt air,
And gaudy light diffus'd look gay and fair:
There bounteous nature makes ſupplies for eaſe,
There minds enjoy uninterrupted peace:
But that which ſenſeleſs we ſo groſsly fear,
No hell, no ſulph'rous lakes, no pools appear:
And through the earth I can diſtinctly view,
What underneath the buſy atoms do.
From thoughts like theſe I mighty pleaſure find,
And ſilently admire thy ſtrength of mind,
By whoſe one ſingle force to curious eyes,
All naked and expos'd whole nature lies.
Since then I've taught what ſeeds of bodies are,
And how they move, what diff'rent ſhapes they wear,
And how from theſe, all beings firſt may ſpring:
Next of the mind, and of the ſoul I'll ſing;
And chaſe that dread of hell, thoſe idle fears,
That ſpoil our lives with jealouſies and cares,
Diſturb our joys with dread of pains beneath,
And fully them with the black fear of death.
For though ſome talk they ſhould leſs fear to die,
Than live in a diſeaſe, or infamy:
That they know well, the ſoul conſiſts in blood,
And our philoſophy can do no good:
Obſerve, they talk thus rather out of love
To empty praiſe, than what they ſay, approve:
For theſe ſame men, to chains, or baniſhment
Condemned; to gallies, or to priſon ſent;
Though infamous by horrid crimes they're grown,
Yet ſtill to endure, and patiently live on:
Nay more, where'er theſe boaſting wretches come,
They ſacrifice black ſheep on every tomb,
To pleaſe the manes; and of all the rout,
When cares and dangers preſs, grow moſt devout.
Therefore to know mens ſouls, and what they are,
View them beſet with dangers, and with care.
For then their words will with their thoughts agree,
And, all the maſk pull'd off, ſhow what they be.

Beſides, all blind ambition, and fierce luſt
Of avarice, thoſe parents of unjuſt,
Which make men plunge through ſins, and vex each hour
With cares and pains, to climb to wealth and pow'r,
This ſhame, theſe great diſturbers of our breath,
Are chiefly nouriſh'd by the fear of death:
For infamy, contempt, and poverty,
All ſeem ſo near the gates of death to lie,
That while by ſenſeleſs fears, men frighted ſtrive
As far remov'd, as poſſible, to live:
By civil wars endeavour to get more;
And, doubling murders, double their vaſt ſtore;
Laugh o'er their brother's graves, and tim'rous gueſts
All hate, and dread their neareſt kinſmans feaſts.
From the ſame cauſe the meagre envious riſe,
And look on other's wealth with troubled eyes;
Complaints they make, and paſſion'tly repine,
That ſome with pow'r, and ſome with honour ſhine;
While they lie mean, and low, and without fame;
And thus they die for ſtatues and a name.
When ſome this dread ſtrikes deep, ev'n life they hate;
And their own hands prevent the ſtroke of fate:
Yet ſtill are ignorant that this vain fear
Breeds all their trouble, jealouſy, and care;
Makes men unkind, unchaſte, and break their truſt;
In ſhort, deſtroys whate'er is good and juſt.
So ſome their parents, and their country ſell,
To free themſelves from death, and following hell.
For we by day, as boys by night, do fear
Shadows, as vain and ſenſeleſs as thoſe are.
Wherefore that darkneſs that o'erſpreads our ſouls,
What can diſperſe, but thoſe eternal rules,
Which from firm premiſes true reaſon draws,
And a deep inſight into nature's laws.
Firſt then, the mind in which the reaſon lies,
Is part of man; as hands, and feet, and eyes
Are part of animals: though ſome have taught,
And ev'n philoſophers, that ſenſe and thought
Do no partic'lar ſeat, no part controul,
But are a vital habit of the whole;
In Greek call'd harmony; and that from thence
Flows all our reaſon, life, and thought, and ſenſe;
But 'tis no part: ſo health and ſtrength belong
To man; but are no parts of him that's ſtrong.
But this is falſe.———
For often when theſe vis'ble members ſmart,
Briſk joys ſtill ſeated in ſome unſeen part:
And ſo o'th' contrary, when minds oppreſs'd,
Sink under cares, their bodies are at reſt.
So often, when the hand or foot complains,
The head is vigorous, and free from pains.
Beſides, when charms of ſleep have clos'd our eyes,
Languid, and void of ſenſe, the body lies:
Yet even then ſome other part appears
Diſturb'd with hope, with joy, and empty fears.
But farther, to convince you that the ſoul
Ispart, and not th' harmony of the whole;
For, though ſome limbs are loſt, life keeps her ſeat;
But when few particles of vital heat,
And our laſt breath goes out, life likewiſe flies,
And the forſaken carcaſe waſtes and dies:
Which proves, our lives not equally depend,
For their firſt riſe, continuance, and end,
On ev'ry part, but chiefly heat and air
Make life within us, and preſerve it there:
Then both theſe two are there; but ſwiftly gone,
And leave our limbs, as treach'rous death comes on.
Now ſince the nature of the mind and ſoul
Is fully found, and prov'd a part o' th' whole;
Let thoſe that call it harmony, and pleaſe
Their fancies, to derive ſuch words as theſe,
From muſic's ſounds, or whenceſoe'er it came,
Apply'd to that which had no proper name,
Take back their term again; 'tis here o'erthrown,
And uſeleſs prov'd: Let us go farther on.
Next, then, I muſt affirm the ſoul and mind
Make up one ſingle nature, cloſely join'd:
But yet the mind's the head and ruling part,
Call'd reaſon, and 'tis ſeated in the heart:
For there our paſſions live, our joy, our fear,
And hope, which proves the mind muſt needs be there:
But the inferior part, the ſoul, confin'd
To all the limbs, obeys the ruling mind,
And moves as that directs; for only that
Can of itſelf rejoice, or fear, or hate.
Paſſion and thought belong to that alone;
For ſoul and limbs are capable of none.
As when the hand, or eye, or head complains,
All the whole body is not vex'd with pains:
So often, when the lab'ring mind, oppreſs'd,
Sinks under cares, the ſoul enjoys her reſt.
But when the mind a violent paſſion ſhakes,
Of that diſturbance too the ſoul partakes;
Cold ſweats bedew the limbs, the face looks pale,
The tongue begins to faulter, ſpeech to fail,
The ears are fill'd with noiſe, the eyes grow dim,
And feeble ſhakings ſeize on ev'ry limb,
And thus, on ſudden frights men often ſwoon,
A ſtrange effect! from which 'tis plainly known,
The mind and ſoul are join'd, and make but one.
For here the mind's force ſtrikes the ſoul, and ſo
The ſtroke goes on, and ſtrikes the body too,
But, to enlarge this inſtance more, this proves
The mind material too, becauſe it moves
And ſhakes the limbs, makes them look pale and wan;
In ſhort, directs and governs the whole man;
All which is done by touch: And all that touch
Are bodies; therefore mind and ſoul are ſuch.
You find the ſpirit with the body dies:
Both pain and pleaſure ſhare but mutual ties:
For when by manly force the hearded darts,
Shot through the membranes, jag the tender parts;
Though preſent death does not attend the wound,
Yet chilling damps the ſick'ning ſoul ſurround:
Drooping we bend towards the magnet ground

With such desire, as shows an earth-born mind,
Doubtful to take its flight, or lag behind.
Hence the soul's kindred with the body's plain,
Since by corporeal darts it suffers pain.
The mind prov'd body, I'll go on to find
What sort of body 'tis that makes the mind.
First then, it is a small and subtle one;
Because no action is so swiftly done,
As what the mind begins. This instance proves
The mind, than other things more swiftly moves.
But what thus easy to be mov'd is found
Of very little seeds, and very round
Must needs be fram'd; so that the weakest shove
May push them forward on, and make them move.
Water by slightest strokes is mov'd, and flows,
'Cause small and slipp'ry parts the streams compose.
But honey and thick liquors stubborn prove;
Made dull, and heavy, and unapt to move;
For all their parts more join'd, and closer fall,
Because they're not so round, so smooth, and small.
So heaps of poppy seed, so sand, dis-join'd,
Is scatter'd by the softest breath of wind;
But massy stones, or darts, together cast,
Stand firm against, and scorn the roughest blast;
Which proves that seeds small, smooth, and round, are best
For vig'rous motion; rough, and great for rest.
Now since the nature of the mind is found
So apt to move; of bodies small and round
It must be fram'd: Which knowledge, lovely youth,
Will lead thee on to undiscover'd truth.
For hence, by easy inf'rence, you may guess
How subtle all its parts! what small recess,
If crush'd together, it would all possess!
For when the stroke of fate invades the heart,
And the affrighted mind and soul depart,
The weight and bulk remain; contented death
Leaves all secure, but vital sense and breath:
Therefore the seeds that frame this soul, through all
Our limbs diffus'd, are subtle, thin, and small:
Because when that's all gone, each limb retains
The former bulk, the former weight remains.
So when the brisker spirits leap from wine,
And parts from odours with the air combine;
When from our limbs a subtle humour flows,
The body weighs the same, the same bulk shows;
Because small seeds all juice, all smells compose.
'Tis certain then the seeds that frame the mind
Are thin, and small, and subtle, and refin'd;
For when the mind is gone, the former weight
Each limb retains, the bulk remains as great.
And yet 'tis mix'd; for when life's pow'rs decay,
A gentle breeze, with vapour, flies away;
This vapour likewise shows that air is there,
All heat has air; for heat, by nature rare,
Must still be intermix'd with parts of air.
Well then, we know the mind and soul comprise
Three things; yet from all these no sense can
No vig'rous thought from such a frame as this.
Then we must add a fourth thing to this frame;
And yet that fourth, though something, has no name:
Its parts are smooth, small, subtle, apt to move,
When press'd, or troubl'd by the weakest shove:
From this comes sense. This the first stroke receives,
And then the impulse to the vapour gives,
Then to the unseen wind, then to the air,
Thence through our limbs 'tis scatter'd ev'ry where.
The blood, with troubled motion, strikes the heart,
And a quick sense runs through each inward part:
Then through the marrow, then through ev'ry bone,
Whether it be a sharp, or pleasing one:
But vi'lent passions, as strong grief, or fear
Scarce enter far, and make disturbance there;
But strange convulsions run our body o'er,
And life and soul fly out at ev'ry pore.
But oft the motion on the surface plays,
Stops there; and that's the reason that life stays.
Next, how these four are mix'd, I would rehearse,
How fitly join'd; but now my flowing verse
The poorness of the Latin tongue does check;
Yet briefly, and as that permits, I'll speak.
They all confus'dly move; no diff'rent space
To each allotted, and no proper place
Where this divides from that, and lies alone;
But all their pow'rs conjoin'd arise as one.
So gen'rally, in ev'ry peace of meat,
Our sense discovers odour, savour, heat,
The flesh the same: So heat, and air, and wind
Make up one nature mix'd, and closely join'd
With that quick force, which makes them move, and whence
Through all the bodies parts springs vig'rous sense.
This nature's deeply hid; this does possess
The inmost space, and most remote recess.
As in our limbs, the soul's remov'd from view,
Because its seeds are thin, and small, and few;
So this fourth nameless force within the soul
Lies hid, its chiefest part, and rules the whole.
So likewise must the heat, and air, and wind
Be in convenient place, and order join'd:
This must be uppermost, that lower fall,
To make it seem one nature, fram'd of all;
Lest heat and air, plac'd sep'rately, distract
The power of sense, and make it cease to act.
Heat in the mind is shown, when passions rise;
When anger burns, it sparkles through the eyes:
And when the trembling body shakes for fear,
And blood grows cold, we know that wind is there.
In those the pow'r of air is chiefly seen,
Whose heart's untroubled, and their looks serene:
Those have most heat, by nature most inclin'd
To rage; such is the lion's furious mind,
Who, roaring, bursts with gen'rous disdain,
Nor can his breast hi, vi'lent rage contain.
Most parts of wind compose the deer's cold soul;
From whence a trembling chill runs through the whole.

The peaceful ox contains moſt parts of air;
And is not ſubject to much rage, or fear:
A temper, 'midſt the lion and the deer.
So mens minds differ too; though moral rules
And arts can poliſh, and reform our ſouls:
Yet ſtill ſome ſeeds remain; they ſtill appear
Through all the maſks and vizards we can wear;
Some ſmall remainders of the primitive mind,
Some evil paſſions will be left behind:
Whence ſome are prone to rage, ſome to diſtruſt;
Some fearful are, and ſome more mild than juſt.
A thouſand more varieties they ſhow;
Each diff'rent mind has diff'rent manners too.
Whoſe hidden cauſes I ſhall ne'er explain,
Or names ſufficient, and expreſſive feign
For all thoſe infinite varieties
Of ſhapes, whence all theſe diff'rent manners
Yet this, methinks, might be affirm'd as true;
Thoſe tracts of nature are ſo weak, ſo few,
Which learning leaves unchas'd; that we, in
ſpite of theſe,
May rival ev'n the gods in happineſs.
This nature through the limbs ſpreads ev'ry
where,
And life, and health, preſerves with prov'dent
care:
For they are join'd, and each on them depends,
And the leaſt ſeparation death attends.
As when from grains of myrrh you force away
The rav'ſhing ſmell, their natures too decay;
So parts the ſoul and limbs, you all deſtroy;
So cloſe they join, and common life enjoy!
Nor can the ſoul and body, ſeparate,
Perceive or think in their divided ſtate:
For the firſt ſtroke is by the nerves convey'd,
And from their jointly motions ſenſe is made.
Beſides, the body is not born alone,
Nor grows, nor lives, when mind and ſoul are
gone:
For though the water, heated o'er the fire,
May loſe ſome vapours, yet remain entire,
The limbs, when mind and ſoul are fled, ſubmit
To the ſame fate, and die, and rot with it.
Nay more, e'er tender infants ſee the light,
Before they paſs the confines of the night:
While yet within their mothers womb they lie,
If theſe two ſeparate, they fail, and die.
Whence learn, that ſince the cauſe of life's com-
bin'd,
And lies in both, their natures too are join'd.
Farther, who to the limbs all ſenſe denies,
And ſays, the ſoul, which through the body lies,
Is ſubject of that motion we call ſenſe,
He fights againſt the cleareſt evidence.
What need of arguments, what need of words;
The ſtrongeſt proof the thing itſelf affords:
Yet ev'ry limb wants ſenſe, the ſoul once gone,
And loſes much as feeble age comes on.
That eyes no objects ſee, to ſight oppos'd;
But that the ſoul, as through wide doors unclos'd,
Looks through them, is plain nonſenſe: 'Tis
reſel'd
Ev'n by their ſenſe, who this wild fancy held:
This ſeems ſo plain, 'tis brought ſo near our eyes,
That he is blind, or ſhuts them, who denies:
Chiefly when fulgid objects view'd, the ſight
Grows dim, and dazzled by too great a light:
For doors unclos'd, no harm, no danger know,
Whatever body 'tis that paſſes through.
Were the eyes doors through which the ſoul
did look,
View'd all around, and her fair proſpect took,
Our ſight would ſtronger, quicker, better prove,
If' th' eyes pluck'd out, we all the bars remove.
And now to ſolve theſe doubts, muſt not be
brought,
As learn'd Democritus's ſchool has taught,
That ſoul and limbs are equal, o'er the whole,
To ev'ry limb an equal part of ſoul.
For firſt, the ſeeds of ſouls are leſs than thoſe,
Which all the bodies groſſer parts compoſe;
Neither in number, nor in bulk ſo great,
And o'er the limbs in diſtant ſpaces ſet:
So that as few, and little as ſuffice
For that weak motion, whence our ſenſes riſe;
So few, ſo little, we muſt all confeſs
Thoſe diff'rent ſpaces which thoſe ſeeds poſſeſs.
For often falling duſt we ſcarce perceive;
Nor dew by night, nor what the ſpiders weave,
When o'er our limbs the ſubtle chains are ſpread,
Or the decaying web falls o'er our head:
Nor plumes, nor chaff, nor ſuch light things as
theſe;
Nor the ſoft motion of the wand'ring fleas:
So that a ſtrong impreſſion muſt be made,
And the quick ſtroke to many parts convey'd,
Before the little bodies of the ſoul
Can feel, and through thoſe diſtant ſpaces roll,
Meet, ſtrike, and part again, and thus perceive;
Be pleas'd with the firſt object's ſtroke, or grieve.
The mind's the chiefeſt part of all the whole;
Life more depends on that, than on the ſoul:
When that departs, no ſoul can longer ſtay;
But ſervilely attends, and flies away,
Expires, and vaniſhes in the ſame breath,
And leaves the limbs in the cold hands of death.
But he ſtill lives, whoſe mind remains alone;
Although his limb's lop'd off, the ſoul is gone.
So let ingenious tyrants malice ſtrive,
Of many limbs, though not of all, deprive;
And ſo divide the ſoul, the man will live.
Thus leave the pupil ſound, but cut the white,
We ſtill enjoy the nobler pow'r of ſight:
But that once hurt, though all the parts around
Be left entire, and firm, and free from wound,
The pow'r decays; and an eternal night,
And frightful darkneſs all o'erſpreads the ſight;
Darkneſs, where'er the wounded eye-balls roll:
And like theſe two, in this, are mind and ſoul.
And now, my lovely youth, to let thee know,
That ſouls and minds are born, and mortal too
I'll write ſuch verſe, as ſhall appear to be
By curious labour wrought, and worthy thee:
Do you take both expreſs'd by either name,
Both words in this diſpute expreſs the ſame.
So that, for inſtance, when the ſoul you find
Prov'd mortal, think I likewiſe mean the mind:
Since both do make but one, two natures join'd.
Firſt then, ſince I have prov'd the ſoul conſiſts
Of ſmaller parts than water, ſmoke, or miſt;

Becauſe than all theſe three more apt to move,
And take impreſſion from a weaker ſhove;
For by the images of ſmoke and ſtreams,
And thinneſt miſts, 'tis mov'd, as when in dreams
From fancy'd altars ſmoky clouds ariſe,
And in dark rolls are ſcatter'd through the ſkies;
Thoſe thoughts are rais'd by ſubtle images.
And ſince you ſee, that when the veſſel's broke,
The waters runs away: ſince the thin ſmoke,
By ev'ry tempeſt ſcatter'd through the air,
Confus'dly mixes with it, and does periſh there;
Conclude the thin contexture of the mind,
An eaſier prey to ev'ry rougher wind,
With eaſe diſſolv'd when from the body gone;
'Tis toſs'd in air, all naked and alone.
For ſince the limbs, that veſſel of the ſoul,
Could not contain its parts, and keep it whole,
When bruis'd, or drain'd of blood; how then can air,
A body, than our fleſh and blood more rare.
Beſides: 'tis plain that ſouls are born and grow;
And all by age decay, as bodies do:
To prove this truth; in infants, minds appear
Infirm, and tender as their bodies are:
In man, the mind is ſtrong; when age prevails,
And the quick vigour of each member fails,
The mind's pow'rs too decreaſe, and waſte apace:
And grave and rev'rend folly takes the place.
'Tis likely then the ſoul and mind muſt die;
Like ſmoke in air, its ſcatter'd atoms fly:
Since all theſe proofs have ſhown, theſe reaſons told,
'Tis with the body born, grows ſtrong, and old.
Farther: as vi'lent pains, and ſtrong diſeaſe
Torment the limbs, and all the body ſeize;
So grief and trouble mind and ſoul ſurpriſe:
'Tis likely therefore, that the ſoul too dies.
Sometimes, when vi'lent fevers vex the brain,
The mind grows mad, and raves with equal pain.
Sometimes, when dull and death-like lethargy,
And laſting ſleep ſits heavy on the eye,
The ſoul is lull'd: the man nor knows, nor hears;
His friend's kind voice, nor ſees their falling tears;
While they with pious care about him weep,
And ſtrive to rouſe him from his death of ſleep.
Since then the limb's diſeaſe affects the mind,
That muſt be mortal too: for ſtill we find,
By thouſand inſtances, diſeaſes wait
On death, as the ſad meſſengers of fate.
Beſides; when wine's quick force has pierc'd the brain,
And the briſk heat's diffus'd through ev'ry vein;
Why do the members all grow dull, and weak?
The tongue not with its uſual ſwiftneſs ſpeak?
The eye-balls ſwim? the legs not firm, and ſtrait:
But bend beneath the bodies nat'ral weight?
Unmanly quarrels, noiſe, and ſobs deface
The pow'rs of reaſon, and uſurp their place?
How could this be, did not the precious juice
Affect the mind itſelf, and ſpoil its uſe?
Now things, that can be thus diſturb'd, that ceaſe
From uſual actions, by ſuch lets as theſe,
Would die, ſuppoſe the force, or ſtrokes increaſe.
Oftimes with vi'lent fits a patient falls,
As if with thunder ſtruck; and foams and bawls,
Talks madly, ſhakes, moves here and there, breathes ſhort;
Extends, and tires his limbs with antic ſport;
Becauſe the venom, ſcatter'd o'er the whole,
Makes ſuch ſtrange ſtirs, and motions through the ſoul;
As boiſt'rous ſtorms, which o'er th' ocean rave,
And raiſe white curls upon the foaming wave:
He groans, becauſe, when pain'd, the ſeeds of voice
Break forth in a confus'd and troubled noiſe:
He's mad, becauſe the parts of ſoul and mind
Are by the poiſon's violence diſjoin'd,
Diſturb'd and toſs'd: but when the cauſes ceaſe,
The black malignant humours, and diſeaſe,
In ſome convenient veſſel lurk in peace;
His weakneſs wears, and he forgets his pain:
His ſtrength, his life, his ſenſe return again.
Now ſince diſeaſes can this ſoul divide,
While ſtrengthen'd by, and to the members ty'd;
Who can believe, this tender ſubſtance, mind,
When from the body loos'd, can brave the wind?
And ſince our minds as well as bodies feel
The pow'rs of medicines that change or heal,
They muſt be mortal: for to change the ſoul,
You muſt, or change the order of the whole,
Take off ſome old, or add ſome parts anew:
Now what's immortal, common ſenſe has told,
Can gain not one new part, nor loſe one old:
For whatſoever ſuffers change, unties
Its union, is not what it was; but dies.
Therefore the mind, or by diſeaſes griev'd,
Or by the pow'r of medicines reliev'd,
Shows herſelf mortal: Such plain evidence,
Drawn from the ſtrongeſt reaſon, ſureſt ſenſe,
Does all their ſpecious ſophiſtry oppoſe,
And either way confutes, and overthrows.
Beſides, experience ſhows that patients die
By piecemeal; through the toes, then legs, then thigh [moves,
Creeps treach'rous death; then through the reſt it
By ſlow degrees; and this one inſtance proves
That the ſoul mortal is; ſince death does ſlowly ſpread;
And ſome parts are alive at once, and ſome at once are dead.
But if you think the ſoul, by fate oppreſt,
Can to one limb retire, and leave the reſt,
That part, where ſo much ſoul has reſidence,
A greater muſt enjoy, and quicker ſenſe:
But ſince none ſuch appears, 'tis plain it flies
By piecemeal through the air, and therefore dies.
But grant what's falſe; the ſoul can backward fly,
And huddled up, within one member lie;
Yet this infers the ſoul's mortality.
For what's the diff'rence, if by lateſt breath,
Expell'd, or huddled up, 'tis cruſh'd to death?
While from the limbs the ſenſes ſteal away,
And by degrees the pow'rs of life decay.
And ſince the ſoul is part, and ſince it lies
Fix'd in one certain place, as ears, or eyes;
So, ev'n as thoſe, when from the body gone,
Perceive not, nor endure, but periſh ſoon;
The mind can't live, divided from the whole,
The limbs, which ſeem the veſſel of the ſoul,

Or ſomewhat, if you pleaſe, more nearly join'd;
Becauſe theſe two the cloſeſt ties do bind.
Laſtly, both ſoul and body join'd perceive,
Exert their nat'ral pow'rs, endure, and live:
Nor can the ſoul, without the limbs, diſpenſe
Her vital pow'rs; nor limbs, without the ſoul, have ſenſe.
For as the eye grows ſtiff, and dark, and blind,
When torn from off her ſeat; ſo ſoul and mind
Loſe all their pow'rs, when from the limbs diſjoin'd;
Becauſe 'tis ſpread o'er all, and there preſerves
Her life, by vital union with the nerves.
Nor could the little ſeeds of ſoul commence
Thoſe ſhort vibrations, that are fit for ſenſe,
Were the ſpace great; which, ſtrictly all enclos'd,
They well perform: but from the body loos'd,
And to the wide inconſtant air expos'd,
Could ne'er enjoy; becauſe the air and mind
Can never, as the ſoul and limbs be join'd;
For could the thin inconſtant air controul,
And keep in order too the fleeting ſoul,
And ſhe thoſe motions too of ſenſe maintain,
Which now ſhe does through ev'ry nerve and vein,
And all our limbs; then we might juſtly call
The air a body, and an animal.
Thus then the ſoul, all naked and alone,
When from the body loos'd, her cov'ring gone,
Muſt die, both ſoul and mind, for both are one.
Beſides: ſince when the mind and ſoul are fled,
The carcaſe ſtinks, and rots as ſoon as dead;
How can'ſt thou doubt but that, the union broke,
The ſcatter'd ſoul flies through the limbs, like ſmoke.
And therefore muſt the body's fabric fall,
Becauſe the ſoul, that did preſerve the all,
Upheld, and ſtrengthen'd it, is now no more,
But fled through ev'ry paſſage, ev'ry pore,
Which ſhows the ſoul, as all her pow'rs decay,
Her parts diſſolv'd, flies ſcatter'd all away.
Nay more: whilſt in theſe limbs, as death comes on,
Her parts are all diſſolv'd, before ſhe's gone;
Nay while ſhe's yet alive, ſome ſtrokes prevail,
And ſhake the ſoul; her pow'rs begin to fail;
The members tremble, and the face looks pale,
As if 'twere real death. This happens when we ſwoon;
Ev'n then the mind and ſoul are almoſt gone,
The ties of union almoſt all undone:
For then the mind's aſſaulted, and would bow
To fate, if ſhaken by a ſtronger blow
Then who can think, that from the members gone,
Expos'd to th' air, all naked, and alone,
It can, but one ſhort moment be ſecure;
Much leſs, as long as time, as endleſs years, endure;
Beſides; what patient e'er perceiv'd the ſoul
Forſake the dying members, ſafe and whole?
Or that by ſlow degrees it ſeems to riſe,
Firſt through the throat, then higher jaws; then flies:
But ev'ry ſenſe in'ts proper organ dies.
And were the ſoul immortal, would the mind
Complain of death; and not rejoice to find,
Herſelf let looſe, and leave this clay behind?
As ſnakes, whene'er the circling year returns,
Rejoice to caſt their ſkins; or deer their horns.
And why is not the ſoul produc'd in any part,
I' th' head, or hands? Why only in the heart?
But that each being has its proper ſeat;
And there begins; there grows mature, and great:
Thus flames ne'er riſe from waves, nor cold from heat.
And if the ſoul's immortal; if ſhe lives
Divided from the body; if perceives,
She muſt enjoy five ſenſes ſtill: for who
Can fancy how the ſoul can live below,
Unleſs 'tis thus endow'd? Thus painters pleaſe,
And poets too, to draw their ſouls with theſe.
But as without the ſoul, nor eye, nor ear,
Nor either hand can touch, or ſee, or hear,
So neither can this ſoul, this mind perceive
Without theſe hands, theſe eyes, theſe ears; nor live.
Beſides; our vital ſenſe is ſpread o'er all;
The whole compoſure makes one animal:
So that if ſudden, vi'lent ſtrokes divide
This whole, and caſt the parts on either ſide;
The ſoul and mind too ſuffer the ſame fate,
And part remains in this, and part in that.
Now what can be divided, what can lie,
And waſte in ſeveral parts, can likewiſe die.
So chariots arm'd on ev'ry ſide, to wound,
When fiercely driv'n, bring death to all around:
And yet the wounded man, ſo quick's the blow,
Is ſcarce diſturb'd; ſcarce ſeems to feel, or know
His wound: and now but half a body grown,
Still haſtes to fight, ſtill eagerly goes on;
Nor miſſes he his arm, dragg'd o'er the field,
And by the chariots torn, much leſs his ſhield;
Others, that loſe their hands, that climb the wall,
Reach on, or feel; and wonder at their fall:
Others, their legs lopp'd off, attempt to riſe,
While the poor foot lies trembling by, and dies:
And when the head's chopp'd off, the eyes and face
Still keep their nat'ral, ſtill their vital grace;
The look is vivid ſtill, nor ſeems like dead,
Till every particle of ſoul is fled.
So likewiſe chop a ven'mous ſerpent's train,
You'll ſee each ſingle part is vex'd with pain;
Each turns, each bleeds, and ſprinkles all the ground
With pois'nous gore, each wriggles at the wound:
What then? Has ev'ry part its proper ſoul?
This were to place a thouſand in one whole.
Thus then the ſoul, by the ſame fatal blow,
That chopp'd the pois'nous tail, is cut in two:
Therefore 'tis mortal, ſubject unto fate,
Becauſe diviſible as well as that.
Farther: were ſoul's immortal, ne'er began,
But creep'd into the limbs to make up man,
Why cannot they remember what was done
In former times? Why all their mem'ry gone?
Now if the mind's frail pow'rs ſo far can waſte,
As to forget thoſe num'rous actions paſt,
'Tis almoſt dead; and ſure can die at laſt.

Therefore the former soul must needs be dead;
And that, which now informs us, newly made.
But when the body's made, when we begin
To view the light, if then the soul creep'd in,
How is it likely it should seem to grow,
Increase, and flourish, as the members do?
No: she would live confin'd to her close cage,
With pow'rs, as great in infancy, as age.
Again then and again, the soul is born and dies:
For let's suppose it fram'd without; what ties
Could knit this soul so close? How could this mind,
As sense assures, with ev'ry limb be twin'd?
For now 'tis knit to ev'ry nerve, and vein,
To ev'ry bone, that ev'n the teeth feel pain:
As when with sudden chop they grind a stone;
Or when cold water thrills the heated bone.
Since then 'tis join'd so close, how can this soul,
Loos'd from limbs, bones, and nerves, fly off secure and whole?
But now suppose the mind was fram'd before,
And then infus'd: Grant this, I'll ask no more:
This proves 'tis mortal too: for while the soul
Insinuates her substance o'er the whole,
Its parts must be dissolv'd; the nat'ral tie
Of union loos'd: Therefore the soul can die.
As meats, diffus'd through all the members, lose
Their former nature, diff'rent things compose:
So minds, though safe and whole they first begin
To enter, are dissolv'd in ent'ring in,
Because those subtle parts, this soul contains,
Must be diffus'd through all the nerves and veins:
And that which enter'd, rules the body now,
Is the same soul, that dy'd in passing through;
And therefore souls are born, and perish too.
Besides; from carcases, some parts alone,
Or the whole substance of the soul is gone,
If only part, 'tis dead; its seeds disjoin'd;
For some do fly away, some lurk behind:
But if all goes, why then do troops of flies,
Why num'rous insects from the bodies rise,
Swarm o'er the members? What's the cause of this?
But grant you can believe, a proper soul
For ev'ry worm descends secure and whole;
Nor think it strange, that when the former's gone,
A thousand little souls should come for one;
Yet still 'tis doubtful, whether ev'ry mind
Hunts carefully for seeds of proper kind,
And fashions its own case, or else does wait
Till all the limbs are perfect, all complete,
And then goes proudly in, and takes her seat.
For what should prompt the soul to all this pains?
What make her work? Since free from slavish chains
Of matter; hunger, cold, no sharp disease,
To anxious cares her happy substance seize:
From the united limbs she suffers these.
But grant it good for minds to put on clay,
How are the bodies form'd, what curious way?
How, in what manner is the action done?
Souls cannot, therefore do not frame their own.
And did they enter perfect frames, what art
Could subtly twine one soul with ev'ry part;
That this should act on that, so nearly join'd;
The mind affect the limbs; the limbs the mind?
Besides; why lions fury? Why the deer
From their cold fires derive their nat'ral fear?
Why foxes craft? Why proper pow'rs adorn
Each diff'rent kind, unless the souls are born?
For were the souls immortal, could the mind
Fly off, and leave his former case behind,
And take another of a diff'rent kind?
What change in an'mals manners must appear?
The tyger-dog would fly pursuing deer;
The hawk forget his rage, and learn to fear,
Trembling at ev'ry little dove that flies;
Men would be foolish all; and beasts be wise.
For 'tis absurd, that this immortal mind
Should change according to the diff'rent kind
Of body, unto which the soul's confin'd.
For things thus changeable, the nat'ral tie
Of union broke, the scatter'd parts can fly
Dispers'd, disorder'd, and themselves can die.
But if they say, that souls, expell'd by fate,
To other bodies of like kind retreat;
Then tell me why: Why does the wisest soul,
When creep'd into a child, become a fool?
Why cannot new-born colts perform the course
With equal straining as a full grown horse?
But that the souls are born, increase, and grow,
And rise mature, as all their bodies do.
Perchance they'll say; weak minds, and tender sense
Belong to tender bodies: Poor defence!
This yields the cause: this grants that minds are frail,
Whose former life and pow'rs can change and fail.
Besides; come tell me, why a soul should grow,
And rise mature, as all the members do?
If 'twere not born? When feeble age comes on,
Why is't in haste, and eager to be gone?
What? does it fear, it makes such haste away,
To be imprison'd in the stinking clay?
What? does it fear the aged heap's decay?
Or that 'twill fall, and crush the mind beneath?
Fond fear! immortal beings are exempt from death.
'Tis fond to think, that whilst wild beasts beget,
Or bear their young, a thousand souls do wait,
Expect the falling body, fight and strive,
Which first shall enter in, and make it live.
Or is t agreed, do previous leagues declare,
That 'tis her lawful right, who first comes there,
To enter in; and so no need of war?
Besides: no trees in heav'n, no stars below,
The hills no fish, the stones no moisture know;
Each has its proper place to live and grow.
So neither souls can live without the blood,
And nerves, and veins, and bones: for grant they could,
Then through one single part, as arm, or head,
'Twould first be fram'd; and thence o'er th' others spread;
As water, into vessels pour'd, does fall
First to one part, then rise, and cover all.
But since 'tis certain, that a proper place
Is settled for the life, and the increase
Of mind and soul, 'tis folly to believe,
They can be made without the limbs, or live.

Therefore the ſoul, ſpread o'er the limbs, muſt fail,
And die with them, as years and death prevail.
For that immortal beings ſhould lie confin'd
To mortal, and their diff'rent pow'rs be join'd,
And act on one another, is abſurd; [ford,
Plain nonſenſe! What more fond can dreams af-
Than mortal with immortal join'd in one,
Should feel thoſe harms, 'twas free from when alone?
Beſides, what is immortal, muſt be ſo
Becauſe 'tis ſolid, 'bove the pow'r of blow;
Whoſe parts no wedge divides; which knows no pore;
And ſuch are ſeeds, as I explain'd before:
Or elſe, becauſe like empty ſpace, 'tis ſuch
As is ſecure from ſtroke, and free from touch;
Or elſe, becauſe it can admit no bound,
'Tis infinite, and knows no place beyond
To which the ſeeds may ſink: this makes the all
Eternal; there's no place whence ſeeds may fall,
And breed confuſion there: no ſpace does lie
Without the whole, to which the parts may fly,
And leave the mighty all to waſte and die.
Now 'tis not perfect ſolid; ev'ry maſs
Between the ſeeds contains ſome empty ſpace:
Nor is it void untouch'd; for ſubtle wind,
With rapid ſtorms, can hurry on the mind,
Or take one part, and leave the reſt behind.
Beſides, there's ſpace enough, to which the tie
Of union loos'd, the ſcatter'd parts may fly.
Thus then the mind is mortal, and can die.
But if you think't immortal, free from wound,
Becauſe its ſubſtance is encompaſs'd round,
Fenc'd from deſtructive cauſes; or that ſuch
Can very ſeldom if at all approach:
Or if they ſhould fly off before they make
Confuſion there: this is a grand miſtake:
For, not to mention how diſeaſes vex
The ſoul, what fears of future ills perplex;
Whence guilty conſcience ſhall affright the mind;
For ſins ſtrike deep, and leave deſpair behind:
'Tis mad, forgetful, ſometimes lethargy,
And deadlike ſleep ſit heavy on the eye.
Then what has bugbear death to frighten man,
Since ſoul can die as well as bodies can?
For as we neither knew, nor felt thoſe harms,
When dreadful Carthage frighted Rome with arms,
And all the world was ſhook with fierce alarms;
Whilſt undecided yet, which part ſhould fall,
Which nation riſe the glorious lord of all:
So after death, when we ſhall be no more,
What though the ſeas forſake their uſual ſhore,
And riſe to heav'n? What though ſtars drop from thence?
How can all this diſturb our periſh'd ſenſe?
But now, ſuppoſe the ſoul when ſeparate,
Can live, and think in a divided ſtate;
Yet what is that to us, who are the whole,
A frame compos'd of body, join'd with ſoul?
Nay grant the [illegible]er'd aſhes of our urn
Be join'd [illegible] life and ſenſe return;
Yet how [illegible]ern us when 'tis done;
Since [illegible] of paſt life is gone?

Now we ne'er joy, nor grieve to think that we
Were heretofore, nor what thoſe things ſhall be,
Which, fram'd from us, the foll'wing age ſhall ſee.
When we revolve how num'rous years have run,
How oft the eaſt beheld the riſing ſun,
Ere we began, and how the atoms move,
How the unthinking ſeeds for ever ſtrove;
'Tis probable, and reaſon's laws allow,
Theſe ſeeds of ours were once combin'd as now:
Yet now who minds, who knows his former ſtate,
The interim of death, the hand of fate,
Or ſtopp'd the ſeeds, or made them all commence
Such motions, as deſtroy'd the former ſenſe?
He that is miſerable, muſt perceive
Whilſt he is ſo: he then muſt be and live:
But now, ſince death permits to feel no more
Thoſe cares, thoſe troubles which we felt before:
It follows too, that when we die again,
We need not fear; for he muſt live who lives in pain.
But now the dead, though they ſhould all return
To life again, would grieve no more, nor mourn
For evils paſt, than if they'd ne'er been born.
Now when you hear a man complain, and moan,
And mourn his fate, becauſe, when life is gone,
His limbs muſt waſte, and rot in earth, or feaſt
The greedy flames, or ſome devouring beaſt,
All is not well: He, by ſtrong fancy led,
Imagines ſenſe remains among the dead.
Nor can I think, though he himſelf denies,
And openly declares the whole man dies,
But that ſome ſtrong conceits he ſtill believes,
Fond fool! that he himſelf himſelf ſurvives:
For now, ev'n while he breathes, ev'n while he lives,
And thinks he muſt be torn, or burnt, he grieves:
Thinks ſtill his carcaſe muſt be he, and thence
His idle fears infer, there muſt be ſenſe:
And hence he grieves, that he was born to die,
Subject to treacherous mortality: [death
But never thinks, fond fool! that when kind
Shall cloſe his eyes in night, and ſtop his breath,
Then nothing of this thinking thing remains
To mourn his fate, or feel ſharp griefs and pains.
And if 'tis miſerable to be torn
By beaſts, when dead; why is't not ſo to burn?
If that's an ill, why not as great a one
To be oppreſs'd with earth, or marble ſtone?
Or dipp'd all o'er in honey? or be roll'd,
O'er boiſt'rous waves, on cliffs expos'd to cold?
Ay, but he now is ſnatch'd from all his joys;
No more ſhall his chaſte wife, or prattling boys
Run to their dad with eager haſte, and ſtrive
Which firſt ſhall have a kiſs, as when alive.
Ay, but he now no more from wars ſhall come,
Bring peace and ſafety to his friends at home.
Wretched, O wretched man! one fatal day
Has ſnatch'd the vaſt delights of life away:
Thus they bewail, but go no farther on;
Nor add, that his deſires and wants are gone;
Which if they thought, how ſoon would all give o'er
Their empty, cauſeleſs fears, and weep no more?

'Tis true, thou ſleep'ſt in death, and there ſhalt lie,
Free from all cares, to all eternity:
But we ſhall mourn thee ſtill; no length of years
Shall overcome our grief or dry our tears.
Now I would gladly know, come tell me why,
Why doſt thou pine with grief, and weep, and ſigh?
Why doſt thou vex thyſelf, and beat thy breaſt,
Becauſe thou once muſt ſleep in death, and reſt?
So when the jolly blades, with garlands crown'd,
Sit down to drink, while frequent healths go round,
Some, looking grave, this obſervation make:
All the delights are ſhort we men can take:
Now we enjoy, but gone, we wiſh in vain,
In vain deſire to call them back again:
As if the greateſt ill in graves they fear,
Were thirſt, or to want wine, or garlands there,
Or any other thing they fancy here.
Fools! ev'n in common ſleep what cares moleſt?
What thoughts for life, or health, diſturb our reſt?
For men eternally might ſtill ſleep on,
Free from ſuch cares, their reſt diſturb'd with none:
Yet then the mind is well, 'tis whole, it lives,
And aptly moves, nay, and almoſt perceives;
Small ſtrokes will make the man, and he revives.
Then death, if there can be a leſs than leaſt,
Is troubled leſs with anxious cares than reſt.
Becauſe in death few parts of mind remain;
And he that ſleeps in death ne'er wakes again.
But now, if nature ſhould begin to ſpeak,
And thus with loud complaints our folly check:
Fond mortal, what's the matter thou doſt ſigh?
Why all theſe fears, becauſe thou once muſt die,
Muſt once ſubmit to ſtrong mortality?
For if the race thou haſt already run
Was pleaſant; if with joy thou ſaw'ſt the ſun;
If all thy pleaſures did not paſs thy mind
As through a ſieve, but left ſome ſweets behind,
Why doſt thou not then, like a thankful gueſt,
Riſe cheerfully from life's abundant feaſt,
And with a quiet mind go take thy reſt?
But if all thoſe delights are loſt and gone,
Spilt idly all, and life a burden grown;
Then why, fond mortal, doſt thou aſk for more,
Why ſtill deſire t' increaſe thy wretched ſtore,
And wiſh for what muſt waſte like thoſe before?
Not rather free thyſelf from pains and fear,
And end thy life, and neceſſary care?
My pleaſures always in a circle run,
The ſame returning with the yearly ſun.
And thus, though thou doſt ſtill enjoy thy prime;
And though thy limbs feel not the rage of time;
Yet I can find no new, no freſh delight,
The ſame dull joys muſt vex the appetite,
Although thou could'ſt prolong thy wretched breath
For num'rous years, much more if free from death.
What could we anſwer, wha excuſes truſt?
We muſt confeſs that her reproofs are juſt.
But if a wretch a man oppreſs'd by fate,
Mourns coming death, and begs a longer date,
Him ſhe more fiercely chides: Forbear, thy ſighs,
Thou wretch, ceaſe thy complaints, and dry thy eyes.
If old, thou haſt enjoy'd the mighty ſtore
Of gay delights, and now can'ſt taſte no more;
But yet becauſe thou ſtill did'ſt ſtrive to meet
The abſent, and contemn'dſt the preſent ſweet,
Death ſeems unwelcome, and thy race half run,
Thy courſe of life ſeems ended, when begun;
And unexpected haſty death deſtroys,
Before thy greedy mind is full of joys.
Yet leave theſe toys, that none befit thy age;
New actors now come on; reſign the ſtage.
If thus ſhe chides, I think 'tis well enough;
I think 'tis nothing but a juſt reproof:
For riſing beings ſtill the old purſue,
And take their place; old die, and frame the new:
But nothing ſinks to hell, and ſulph'rous flames,
The ſeeds remain to make the future frames:
All which ſhall yield to fate as well as thou;
And things fell heretofore ev'n juſt as now:
And ſtill decaying things ſhall new produce;
For life's not giv'n to poſſeſs, but uſe.
Thoſe ages that in long poſſeſſion ran,
And meaſur'd haſty time, ere we began;
What are they all to us? From this think farther.
And what is time to us, when life is gone?
Beſides, what dreadful things in death appear?
What tolerable cauſe for all our fear?
What ſad, what diſmal thoughts do bid us weep?
Death is a quiet ſtate, and ſoft as ſleep.
And all, which we from poets tales receive,
As done below, we ſee, ev'n whilſt alive.
No wretched Tantalus, as ſtories tell,
Looks up, and dreads th' impending ſtone in hell:
But heavy weights of ſuperſtitious care
Oppreſs the living; they diſturb us here,
And force us chance, and future ills to fear.
No Tityus there is by the eagle torn;
No new ſupplies of liver ſtill are born:
For grant him big enough, that all the nine,
Thoſe poets acres, his vaſt limbs confine
To narrow bounds; but let him ſpread o'er all,
And let his arms claſp round the wat'ry ball;
Yet how could he endure eternal pain?
And now his eaten liver grow again?
But he's the Tityus here, that lies oppreſs'd
With vexing love, or whom fierce cares moleſt:
Theſe are the eagles that ſtill tear his breaſt.
He's Siſyphus, that ſtrives with mighty pain
To get ſome offices, but ſtrives in vain;
Who poorly, meanly, begs the people's voice,
But ſtill refus'd, and ne'er enjoys the choice:
For ſtill to ſeek, and ſtill in hopes devour,
And never to enjoy the long'd-for pow'r,
What is it but to roll a weighty ſtone
Againſt the hill, which ſtraight will tumble down?
Almoſt at top, it muſt return again,
And with ſwift force roll through the humble plain.
Laſtly, ſince nature feeds with gay delight,
And never fills the greedy appetite;
Since ev'ry year, with the returning ſprings,
She new delights, and joys, and pleaſures brings:

And yet our minds, amidſt this mighty ſtore,
Are ſtill unſatisfy'd, and wiſh for more:
Sure this they mean, who teach that maids below
Do idle pains, and care, and time beſtow,
In pouring ſtreams into a leaky urn,
Which flow as faſt again, as faſt return.
The furies, Cerberus, black hell, and flames,
Are airy fancies all, mere empty names:
But whilſt we live, the fear of dreadful pains
For wicked deeds, the priſon, ſcourge, and chains,
The wheel, the block, the fire, affright the mind,
Strike deep, and leave a conſtant ſting behind.
Nay, thoſe not felt, the guilty ſoul preſents
Theſe dreadful ſhapes, and ſtill herſelf torments,
Scourges and ſtings; nor even ſeems to know
An end of theſe, but fears more fierce below,
Eternal all. Thus fancy'd pains we feel,
And live as wretched here as if in hell.
But more to comfort thee———
Conſider, Ancus periſh'd long ago;
Ancus, a better man by much than thou:
Conſider, mighty kings in pomp and ſtate
Fall, and ingloriouſly ſubmit to fate.
Conſider, even he, that mighty he,
Who laugh'd at all the threat'ning of the ſea;
Who chain'd the ocean once, and proudly led
His legions o'er the fetter'd waves, is dead.
Scipio, that ſcourge of Carthage, now the grave
Keeps pris'ner, like the meaneſt common ſlave.
Nay, greateſt wits, and poets too, that give
Eternity to others, ceaſe to live.
Homer, their prince, that darling of the nine
(What Troy would at a ſecond fall repine
To be thus ſung)' is nothing now but fame;
A laſting, far-diffus'd, but empty name.
Democritus, as feeble age came on,
And told him it was time he ſhould be gone;
For then his mind's briſk pow'rs grew weak, he cry'd,
I will obey thy ſummons, fate, and dy'd.
Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outſhone,
As far as meaner ſtars the mid-day ſun.
Then how dar'ſt thou repine to die, and grieve,
Thou meaner ſoul, thou dead, ev'n whilſt alive?
That ſleep'ſt, and dream'ſt the moſt of life away;
Thy night is full as rational as thy day?
Still vex'd with cares, who never underſtood
The principles of ill, nor uſe of good;
Nor whence thy care, proceed: but reel'ſt about
In vain unſettled thoughts, condemn'd to doubt.
Did men perceive what 'tis diſturbs their reſt,
Whence riſe their fears, and that their thoughtful breaſt
Is by the mind's own nat'ral weight oppreſs'd.
Did they know this, as they all think they know,
They would not lead ſuch lives as now they do;
Not know their own deſires, but ſeek to find
Strange places out, and leave this weight behind.
One, tir'd at home, forſakes his ſtately ſeat,
And ſeeks ſome melancholy cloſe retreat,
But ſoon returns; for, preſs'd beneath his load
Of cares, he finds no more content abroad:
Others, with full as eager haſte, retire,
As if their father's houſe were all on fire,
To their ſmall farm; but yet, ſcarce enter'd there,
They grow uneaſy with their uſual care;
Or, ſeeking to forget their grief, lie down
To thoughtleſs reſt, or elſe return to town:
Thus they all ſtrive to ſhun themſelves in vain,
For troubleſome he ſticks cloſe; the cares remain;
For they ne'er know the cauſe of all their pain:
Which if they did, how ſoon would all give o'er
Their fruitleſs toys, and ſtudy nature more? 1080
That is a noble ſearch, and worth our care;
On that depends eternal hope or fear:
That teaches how to look beyond our fate,
And fully ſhows us all our future ſtate.
Our life muſt once have end: in vain we fly
Purſuing fate; ev'n now, ev'n now we die.
Life adds no new delights to thoſe poſſeſs'd;
But ſince the abſent pleaſures ſeem the beſt,
With wing'd deſire and haſte we thoſe purſue:
But thoſe enjoy'd we lothe, and call for new. 1090
Life, life we wiſh, ſtill greedy to live on;
And yet what fortune with the foll'wing ſun
Will riſe, what chance will bring, is all unknown.
What though a thouſand years prolong thy breath,
How can this ſhorten the long ſtate of death?
For though thy life ſhall num'rous ages fill,
The ſtate of death will be eternal ſtill:
And he that dies to-day, ſhall be no more,
As long as thoſe that periſh'd long before.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 1. In the firſt thirty-two verſes of this book, Lucretius addreſſes himſelf to Epicurus of Athens, and calls him the father of the Epicurean philoſophy. Democritus, indeed, was the firſt who ſet it on foot; but Epicurus ſo improved and perfected it, that the poet, with good reaſon, ſtyles him the parent and inventor of it. He praiſes him for the happineſs of his wit, and acknowledges the benefits he has conferred on mankind, in having explained the Nature of Things, overthrown all belief of Providence, and expelled the fears and terrors that aroſe from that opinion. Then he aſſerts almoſt the ſame thing, that L. Torquatus does, in Cicero, lib. i. de Finib. "Ego arbitror Epicurum unum vidiſſe verum, maximiſque erroribus hominum animos liberaſſe,

et omnia tradidiſſe, quæ pertinent ad bene beateque vivendum." I am of opinion, that Epicurus only diſcovered the truth, that he delivered the minds of men from the greateſt errors, and taught all things that conduce to a good and happy life.

Ver. 3. He means Epicurus. See the note on ver. 88. Book i.

Ver. 5. The words in the original are,

——Quid enim contendat hirundo
Cicnis?——

And how our tranſlator came to change the ſwallow to larks, I cannot well tell; nor why, in this place, he gives to the ſwan the epithet of vigorous: Lucretius certainly alludes to the ſinging of the ſwan, not to his ſtrength: Beſides, the lark is a tuneful bird, and perhaps ſings ſweeter than the ſwan; for ſwans and geeſe, I believe, are alike melodious; though the firſt of them have had the good fortune to be celebrated by all the ancient poets for the ſweetneſs of their voice: And even Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, lib. ii cap. 3. ſays, "Aves quoque, ut luſciniæ, ut cygni ahæque id genus, cantum veluti quadam diſciplina artis exercent." See the note on ver. 479 of Book ii. But ſwallows, on the contrary, are blamed for their harſh chattering. Thus Anacreon, Ode xii.

Τίσοὶ θέλεις ποιήσαι;
Τί χωτίλε χελιδών;

Fooliſh prater, what doſt thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneleſs ſerenade? *Cowley.*

Yet from the fabulous, though univerſally received traditions of the ſweet ſinging of ſwans before their death, the poets have aſſumed to themſelves the title of ſwans. And Horace would even be thought to be changed into a ſwan:

Jam jam reſidunt cruribus aſperæ
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne, naſcunturque leves
Per digitos humeroſque plumæ.
Lib. ii. *Od.* 20.

And the Anthology gives the ſame name to Pindar:

Θήβης ὠγυγίης Ἑλικώνιος ἵστατο κύκνος
Πίνδαρος ὁμηρόφωνος.

Tuneful Pindar, the Heliconian ſwan of ancient Thebes: Thus too Virgil is called "Mantuanus Olor," the Swan of Mantua: And Theocritus terms the poets Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, the birds of the muſes, as the commentators ſay, in alluſion to ſwans, which Callimachus calls Μουσάων ὄρνιθης· and in another place, Ἀπόλλωνος παρεὶδ ῥοι, the aſſociates of Apollo, which is indeed a bold expreſſion; but they were conſecrated to him, and conſequently beloved by the muſes and poets. Moreover, Cicero, in Tuſcul. i. ſays, that the ſwallow being an importunate, chattering bird, repreſents the ignorant; but the ſwan, who never ſings till he feels his death approaching, ſeems by that to foreſee that there is ſome good in death, and therefore it is an emblem of the learned: Whence the Greek adage, Τοῖ ἄτονται κύκνοι, ὅταν χολοιὰ σιωπήσωσι· The ſwans will ſing, when the jays hold their peace, is ſaid of thoſe ſilly tattlers, who ought to be ſilent in preſence of the learned.

Ver. 11. An excellent compariſon! Lucretius avouches, that, like the induſtrious bee, he gathers honey from the moſt fragrant flowers, while he collects and follows the wiſe doctrine and leſſons of Epicurus.

Ver. 13. Faber believes he alludes in this place to the Χρύσα Ἔπη, golden verſes of Pythagoras.

Ver. 17. For what reaſon is there that men ſhould fear the gods, whom they now know not to have been the authors of this world, nor to take any notice or care of the affairs of it?

Ver. 19. "Apparet divum nomen," ſays Lucretius, looking through the gaping walls of the world, I plainly ſee the gods, no leſs than I do all things elſe; but "nuſquam apparent Acheruſia templa,"

No hell, no ſulph'rous lakes, no pools appear.
Ver. 26.

Therefore there are none, and they are only idle dreams, and empty fictions.

The words of the original are,

——Sedeſque quietæ,
Quas neque confutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
Adſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat: ſemperque innubilus æther
Integit, et large diffuſo lumine ridet.

Which Lucretius tranſlated from this paſſage of Homer:

Οὐλυμπόνδε, ἔθι φάσι θεῶν ἕδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ
Ἔμμεναι· οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται, οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρῳ
Δεύεται, οὔτε χιὼν ἐπιπίλναται· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἴθρη
Πέπταται ἀνέφελος, λευκὸν δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν αἴγλη.
Οδυσσ. Ζ.

Ver. 23. That is to ſay, for the gods. Thus too, Book i. ver. 81. ſpeaking of the nature of the gods, he aſſerts it to be

Sufficient to its own felicity;

And that it wants nothing that is in our power to give it.

Ipſa ſuis pollens opibus, nil indiga noſtri.
Lucr. l. i. *v.* 61.

Ver. 26. Lucretius ſays only,

—Nuſquam apparent Acheruſia templa.

See the note, Book i. ver. 152. And methinks our tranſlator, in this place, ſeems to have had in view, not ſo much the fabulous hell of the heathens, which Lucretius denied, and derided, as that real place of eternal torment that we Chriſtians juſtly believe, and tremble at; and which is thus excellently painted by Milton, in all its horror:

The lake that's fraught, and burns with liquid fire,
Unquenchable: the houſe of woe and pain!
A dungeon horrible! which, all ſides round,
As one vaſt furnace, flames: yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serves only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning ſulphur, unconſum'd, &c.

Ver. 32. The author of Hudibras ſeems to have regarded this paſſage, when he ſays,

——As he profeſs'd,
He had firſt matter ſeen undreſs'd;
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through: or elſe he ly'd.

Ver. 33. Having in the firſt and ſecond book treated at large of the ſeeds themſelves, and of their figures and motions, he now promiſes, in theſe eight verſes, an accurate diſputation concerning the ſoul, the mortality of which he will endeavour to evince, to the end he may deliver mankind from the fear of death, and the dread of future puniſhment after it.

Ver. 40. The words in Lucretius are, "Omnia ſuffundens mortis nigrore;" and Creech, in his note upon them, ſays, that nothing was ever more elegantly expreſſed, and that there is no where to be found a more beautiful image. I wiſh I could ſay the like of his interpretation of it: But to fully with fear, is, in my opinion, not to paſs a more ſevere cenſure upon it, a very bold metaphor.

Ver. 41. But ſome perhaps may ſay, that other philoſophers have done what Lucretius promiſes, and that not Epicurus only delivered men from the fear of hell, ſince many others taught, that the ſoul is mortal, and conſequently that we have nothing to fear after death; and therefore that Epicurus does not deſerve this mighty praiſe, nor does Lucretius confer a greater benefit on mankind than others have done before him. To which the poet anſwers, in theſe fourteen verſes, that other philoſophers did indeed talk very big, but when the trial came, they ſtarted, and ſtood aghaſt at death, as much as any of the vulgar; they patiently lived on, and endured torments, infamy, and all the calamities of life; and when dangers threatened, or ſickneſs ſeized them, they confeſſed, of all men, the moſt abject ſouls, and betrayed a mind moſt ſubject to ſuperſtition.

Ver. 43. Some of the ancients believed the ſoul to be a ſuffuſion of blood about the heart, and conſequently that it is the blood itſelf; as Empedocles and Critias. Witneſs Ariſtotle, de Anima, lib. 1. c. 2. Cicero, Tuſcul. 1 Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, l. 1. c. 14. and Tertullian of the Soul, cap. 4. According to this opinion, Homer gives death the epithet, purple: πορφύρεος θάνατος. Iliad. v. v. 83. Virgil likewiſe alludes to it: Æneid, ix. v. 349.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

And Æn. x. v. ult.

Undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

Nor are we without frequent inſtances of this in our Engliſh poets. Milton ſays of Abel,

——He fell, and deadly pale,
Groan'd out his ſoul, with guſhing blood effus'd.

And Sir R. Blackmore:

Gaſping he lay, and from the grieſly wound
The crimſon life ebb'd out upon the ground.

And Lee, in the tragedy of Nero:

With many a wound ſhe made her boſom gay;
Her wounds, like flood gates, did themſelves diſplay,
Through which life ran in purple ſtreams away.

And Cowley, David. 4.

His life for ever ſpilt, ſtain'd all the graſs around.

And even Moſes often ſays, that the ſoul is in the blood: he repeats it no leſs than thrice in one chapter, Lev. xvii., and alleges it as a reaſon for the precept, not to eat blood.

Ver. 52. By the manes the ancients underſtood three different things: I. The ſouls of the dead: II. The place in hell, to which the ſouls went after death, and where they had their abodes: and in this ſenſe Virgil, Georg. iv. v. 467. ſays of Orpheus, that he went to the manes:

Tænarias etiam fauces, alta oſtia Ditis,
Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum
Ingreſſus, Maneſque adiit, Regemque tremendum, &c.

III. The infernal gods. In which ſenſe too the ſame Virgil, Georg. iv. v. 489. ſpeaking likewiſe of Orpheus, ſays,

——Incautum dementia cepit amantem,
Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.

And Cicer. 2. de Leg. 37. "Deorum Manium jura ſancta ſunto." But of the manes, or ſouls of the dead, in which ſenſe our author is to be taken, Apuleius, lib. De Deo Socratis, gives this account: "Manes animæ dicuntur melioris meriti, quæ in corpore noſtro Genii dicuntur: corpori renunciantes, Demures: cum domos incurſionibus infeſtarent, Larvæ appellabantur: contra ſi bonæ fuerint, Lares familiares." From whence we may gather, I. That, in general, they are called Lemures: II. That of theſe Lemures, they who were at reſt, took care of the houſes of their living relations, and were called Lares, houſehold gods. III. That the ſouls of thoſe who had led wicked lives, had no reſting places after death, but being excluded from the infernal manſions, remained upon earth, puniſhed, as it were, with exile, and haunting the houſes of the living, were

called Larvæ, hobgoblins. IV. When it was doubtful what fate had happened to the soul, i. e. whether it was a Lar, or a Larva, they called it Deus manes. They were called Manes, either *à manando*, because they glide and skim through the air: For so says Festus in these words: "Manes Dii ab Auguribus vocabantur, quòd per omnia manare credebant: eosq; Deos superos et inferos dicebant:" where we see, that they gave sometimes the name of manes to the gods above, as well as to those below: Or, as others say, from the old word manus, which signifies good, or merciful: But Servius says, that the infernal gods were called Manes by Antiphrasis. *quia non boni*, because they are not good. Moreover, the ancients were wont to sacrifice black victims to the manes, to the infernal gods, and to the dead, but white to the gods above. Thus Proteus, in Virgil, directing Aristæus how to appease the manes of Eurydice, commands him to sacrifice to her a black sheep:

Placatam Eurydicen vitulâ venerabere cæsâ,
Et nigram mactabis ovem, &c.
Georg. iv. *v.* 546.

And the ghost of Anchises, foretelling Æneas of his future descent into hell, says to him,

——Huc casta Sybilla
Nigrantum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.
Æneid, v. *v.* 735.

And in the sixth Æneid, v. 233. Virgil describing those sacrifices, says,

Quatuor hic primum nigrantes terga juvencos
Constituit,—
Voce vocans Hecaten, &c.

And again:

——Ipse atri velleris agnam
Æneas matri Eumenidum, magnæque sorori
Ense ferit, &c. *V.* 249.

Of which Arnobius adv. Gentes, lib. 7. deriding the superstitious ceremonies of the Pagan religion, gives the reason in these words: "Quæ in coloribus ratio est, ut merito his albas, illis nigras conveniat, nigerrimasque mactari? Quia superis Diis, inquitis, atque hominum dexteritate pollentibus, color albus acceptus est, ac fœlix hilaretate candoris. At vero Diis lævis, sedesque habitantibus inferas, color sulvus est gratior, et tristibus suffectus è fucis."

These sacrifices to the manes were called *inferiæ*, under which word six things were contained; water, honey, milk, wine, blood, and hair: of all which, see at large, Euripid. in Orest. and in Iphig. Virg. Æn. iii. v. 66. and v. v. 77. Senec. in Oedip. &c.

Ver. 55. Having given these instances of the vainness of those philosophers, whose followers had set them up for rivals to Epicurus, and shown, even by their own practice, that their doctrines are incapable to take away the fear of death, he adds in these four verses, that no credit is to be given to men who talk big, when they are blessed with the smiles of fortune: But if when men are beset with dangers, and oppressed with misery, they then give proofs of an unshaken temper of soul, it must be granted, that philosophy has improved their minds, and been of use to them.

Ver. 59. Faber says, that the twenty-eight following verses cannot be sufficiently read and considered, so many good things are contained in them. For it is certain that the fear of death is the cause of avarice, treachery, ambition, cruelty, envy, despair, &c. And hence arises the great glory of Epicurus, who, as Lucretius pretends, has chased away that dread of death, which is the root of so many evils.

Ver. 71. Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vi. cap. 2. observes, that Virgil has imitated this passage of Lucretius, in his second Georgic, v. 510. in these words,

——Gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum;
Exilioque domos et dulci limina mutant,
Atque alio patriam quærunt sub sole jacentem.

Which Dryden interprets thus:

Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold;
And, leaving their sweet homes, in exile run,
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

Ver. 73. How much better he, who repines not at the prosperity of others; but satisfied and pleased with what he is, acts cheerfully and well the part that is allotted him. Persius, in his sixth Satire, says very pertinently to this purpose,

Heic ego securus vulgi, et quid præparet auster
Infœlix pecori, securus, et angulus ille
Vicine nostro quia pinguior: et si adeo omnes
Ditescant, orti pejoribus.

Which Dryden has thus excellently paraphrased:

Secure, and free from hus'ness of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts, nor care
What rot for sheep the southern winds prepare;
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow.

Ver. 79. Fannius, flying from the enemy, killed himself, for fear of falling into their hands:

Hostem cum fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit:
Hic, rogo, non furor est; ne moriare, mori?

says Martial, l. 2. Epigram 80. To whom we may observe, by the way, that the author of Hudibras was beholden for his thought, when describing the effects of fear, he says, that it makes men

Do things not contrary alone
To th' force of nature, but its own;
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons to valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;

And when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying.

Self-murder is certainly one of the moſt unaccountable frenzies that ever raged in the minds of miſerable men: And yet how frequent are the deplorable inſtances of ſuch wretches, as, groaning under the calamities of life, put an end to themſelves and their diſcontents together; or, as Dryden ſomewhere elegantly expreſſes it,

Who, when oppreſs'd, and weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and ſuborn their death.

And the ſame poet, in his deſcription of the temple of Mars, has painted one of theſe homicides in colours ſo lively, as ſcarce any pencil but his own can imitate:

The ſlayer of himſelf yet ſaw I there;
The gore, congeal'd, was clotter'd in his hair:
With eyes half-cloſ'd, and gaping mouth, he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away.

This is the effect of deſpair: But many of the ancients, even of thoſe who held the ſoul to be immortal, laid violent hands on themſelves, believing they ſhould go directly to heaven. Of this number were Clearchus and Chryſippus, Zeno and Empedocles; the laſt of whom threw himſelf one night, unſeen of any, into the flaming chaſm of Mount Ætna, that, by diſappearing on a ſudden, it might be believed he was gone to the gods. Among the Latins, beſides many others, we have the famous example of Cato, that prince of the Roman wiſdom, who all his life was an exact imitator of the Socratic doctrine, and who before he killed himſelf, is ſaid to have read Plato's treatiſe of the Immortality of the Soul, and by the authority of that philoſopher, to have been encouraged to commit the moſt horrid of crimes. And Cleambrotus too killed himſelf, upon reading of that very book. Democritus, who was of another perſuaſion, yet nevertheleſs,

Sponte ſua letho caput obtulit obvius ipſe.
Lucret.

But as Lactantius obſerves, all theſe philoſophers were deteſtable homicides: For if he, who takes away the life of another, be guilty of murder, ſo too is he who takes away his own. Nay, his crime is the more heinous, in that it can be puniſhed by none but God alone; and as we came not into this life of our own accord, ſo neither may we leave this tenement of clay, unbidden of him, who placed us in it. "Sic homicida nefarius eſt, qui hominis extinctor eſt; eidem ſceleri obſtrictus eſt qui ſe necat, qui hominem necat; imò verò majus eſſe facinis exiſtimandum eſt, cujus ultio Deo ſoli ſubjacet: Nam ſicut in hanc vitam non noſtra ſponte venimus, ita rurſus ex hoc domicilio corporis, quod tuendum nobis aſſignatum eſt, ejuſdem juſſu nobis recedendum eſt, qui nos in hoc corpus induxit tam diu habitaturos, donec jubeat emitti." De falſa Sapient. cap. 18. And Virgil himſelf, all heathen as he was, has nevertheleſs allotted to ſuch execrable wretches that place of torments, to which the juſtice of God has decreed them:

Proxima deinde tenent mœſti loca, qui ſibi letum
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque: peroſi
Projecere animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem, et duros perferre labores!
Fata obſtant, triſtique palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx interfuſa coercet.
Æn. 6. v. 434.

Which Dryden renders thus:

The next in place and puniſhment are they,
Who prodigally throw their lives away:
Fools, who repining at their wretched ſtate,
And loathing anxious life, ſuborn'd their fate:
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live,
Their pains and poverty deſire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air.
But fate forbids: the Stygian pools oppoſe,
And, with nine circling ſtreams, the captive ſouls encloſe.

Ver. 87. Theſe ſix verſes are repeated, from Book II. v. 58. and will be ſo again, Book VI. v. 32.

Ver. 93, 94. Some of the ancient philoſophers held the mind to be a vital habit of body, as health in a man who is well. Of this opinion Ariſtoxenus is ſaid to have been the author: He practiſed phyſic, and was an excellent muſician: He firſt was a hearer of Lamptus of Erythræa, then of Zenophilus the Pythagorean; and laſtly of Ariſtotle. Yet Cicero does not allow him to have been the author, but only a favourer of this opinion. "Ariſtoxenus, Muſicus, idemque philoſophus, animum eſſe cenſet ipſius corporis intentionem quandam, velut in cantu et fidibus quæ harmonio dicitur: ſic ex corporis totius natura et figura varios motus oriri, tanquam in cantu ſonos. Hic ab artificio ſuo non receſſit, et tamen dixit aliquid, quod ipſum, quale eſſet, erat multo ante et dictum, et explanatum a Platone." Ariſtoxenus, the muſician, and philoſopher, held the mind to be a certain conſent and accord of the body, as that in muſical inſtruments, which is called Harmony. Thus from the nature and figure of the whole body proceed various motions, as different notes in muſic. This man ſtraggled not away from his employment, and yet ſaid a thing, which, ſuch as it was, Plato had both ſaid and explained long before. This paſſage of Plato, which Cicero here ſpeaks of, is in his Phædon, and contained in theſe words: Καὶ γὰρ ἔν ὦ Σώκρατες, οἶμαι ἔγωγε καὶ αὐτόν σε τοῦτο ἐνθυμῆσθαι, ὅτι τοιοῦτο τί μάλιστα ὑπολαμβάνομεν τὴν ψυχὴν εἶναι, ὥσπερ ἐντεταμένης τῷ σώματος ἡμῶν. καὶ συνεχόμενα ὑπὸ θερμοῦ, τε ψυχροῦ, τε ξηροῦ τε ὑγροῦ τοιούτων τινῶν κράσιν εἶναι, τὴν ἁρμονίαν αὐτῶν τούτων τὴν ψυχὴν ἡμῶν, ἐπεὶδε ἡ ταῦτα καλῶς τε μεμείχθαι κραθῇ πρὸς ἄλληλα. Yet, whoever will take the pains to conſider it, will find, notwithſtanding what Cicero ſays, that Ariſtoxenus ſeems to have taught one doctrine,

and Plato another. But Lactantius, Inſtitut. 7. cap. 13. explains this harmony of Ariſtoxenus in a few words. " Sicut in fidibus, ex intentione Nervorum efficitur concors ſonus atque cantus, quem Muſici Harmoniam vocant: ita in corporibus, ex compage viſcerum et vigore membrorum vis ſentiendi exiſtit." As in muſical inſtruments, an accord and conſent of ſounds, which muſicians call harmony, is made by the due diſpoſition and tuning of the ſtrings; ſo in bodies, the power and faculty of perception proceeds from the due connection and vigour of all the members and interior parts of the body. Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, lib. i. cap. 14. aſcribes this opinion to Pythagoras and Philolaus. Now Lucretius, in theſe ſeventeen verſes, explains the meaning of it, and brings his firſt argument againſt it, to this purpoſe. It often happens, ſays he, that when a man feels pain in his body, he rejoices in his mind; and often when his body enjoys a perfect indolence, his mind is moſt miſerably tormented. The ſoul therefore is not an accord, not a vital habit, or due diſpoſition and temperament of the whole body; but a part of the man, diſtinct from the body, no leſs than the hand, the foot, the head, &c. are parts of a human body, diſtinct from one another.

The mind.] The chief part of the ſoul; for the ſoul conſiſts of the three parts: viz. the mind, the memory, and the will.

Ver. 94. The poet is in the right to ſay, that the mind is a part of man; for it is, indeed, the informing, but not an aſſiſting part, as a mariner in a ſhip, and a coachman in his box, as the academics believed. But he is groſsly miſtaken, when he adds, that it is as much a part of man as the feet, the hands, the eyes, &c. are parts of the whole animal. For in this he makes no diſtinction between the integral and eſſential parts, as we term them; for the integral, or integrating parts, make up the whole compound, inaſmuch as it conſiſts of matter: thus the head, the eyes, the hands, the feet, the legs, &c. conſtitute the whole body; but the eſſential parts make the eſſence and exiſtence of the whole compound. Thus matter and form, thus body and ſoul conſtitute the whole man; but Lucretius believed with Epicurus, that the ſoul is corporeal, and ſo held it to be an integral part of man.

Ver. 96. This Lucretius calls Senſum Animi, the ſenſe, the operation of the mind, as we expreſs it, and which he pretends is in man, in like manner as the ſight, the hearing, the touch, &c. Now the ſenſe of ſeeing is made in the eyes, the ſenſe of hearing in the ears, &c. And thus he would fix the ſenſe of the mind in a certain part of man.

Ver. 98. A due proportion, agreement, or accord of all its parts.

Ver. 105. The mind, which is hid within us; for the body is the conſpicuous or viſible part of man, but the mind is concealed within us, and inviſible.

Ver. 110. In theſe four verſes, he brings his ſecond argument, not unlike the former. In ſleep the joints are relaxed, the nerves, as it were, unbraced. There is then no accord of the interior parts, no conſent of the members; but the whole frame, and each part of it, is untuned and languid; yet, even then in dreams, ſomething that belongs to the man that is agitated, is grieved, rejoices, &c. Now, it is the mind which then perceives. The mind, therefore, is not the harmony of the whole body, ſince the body is relaxed by ſleep, in like manner as there is no harmony in an inſtrument when the ſtrings are ſlackened.

Ver. 114. His third argument, to prove that the ſoul is not the harmony of the body, is contained in theſe twelve verſes to this effect. As in muſical inſtruments, if you take off ſome of the ſtrings, the whole accord periſhes; ſo if ſome of the members of a body were lopped off, the whole body would periſh likewiſe; and thus there would be no life, no ſenſe remaining. But we know very well, that men who are mutilated, and have loſt ſome of their limbs, live nevertheleſs, and enjoy their ſenſes. Even when a man has loſt many of his limbs, his life and ſenſes will remain entire; but if ſome certain particles of heat and air fly away from the body, the animal drops down, and dies: no life or faculty of perception remains. From whence it appears, that life and ſenſe do not proceed from the harmony of all the members, nerves and bowels, but depend on thoſe particles of heat and air.

Ver. 122. Lucretius ſays, " Eſt igitur Calor & Ventus vitalis in ipſo—Corpore, &c." And our interpreter is in the wrong to uſe the word air in this place, inſtead of wind or vapour. This will evidently appear by and by, when the poet comes to treat of the different kinds of atoms that compoſe the Epicurean ſoul.

Ver. 126. In theſe eight verſes, he concludes this diſputation concerning the harmony of the ſoul and body: and after his uſual manner, derides and ſcoffs at that belief. Let theſe fiddlers, ſays he, hug themſelves in their harmony, a term fooliſhly invented, and more fooliſhly explained. I will loſe no more time in refuting their nonſenſe.

Ver. 130. The poet adds not this without reaſon: for the word harmony is likewiſe taken for the jointing and ſetting together of words, or any other more ſolid matter. Thus we read in Ariſtophanes ἁρμονιῶν διαχάσκυσιῶν. And thus, too, Heſychius, on a certain paſſage of Herodotus, interprets the word ἁρμονίαν by Σύζυξιν, conjunction, or joining together.

Ver. 131. " Proprio quæ tum res nomine egebat," are the words of Lucretius. And Faber, in his note upon them ſeems ſurpriſed that our poet ſays, the ſoul had no proper name before it was called a harmony, ſince the words Θυμὸς, νοῦς, and ψυχὴ, were in uſe long before. As for Θυμὸς, ſays he, it may be objected againſt propter Πολυσημασίαν becauſe of its many ſignifications; and ſome perhaps will urge, that νοῦς is an action, not a faculty. But what can be alleged againſt ψυχὴ; for, though it be ſometimes uſed to ſignify the blood, as in the Clouds of Ariſtophanes, where he ſays, that the bugs,

which he calls Corinthian bugs, τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν, drink up the soul, yet it ought to be taken after the common opinion of the Oriental nations, who placed the seat of the soul in the blood. Thus far Faber; upon which Creech says, with good reason, that that critic might have spared his labour, if he had reflected, that Lucretius says all this by way of scoff and derision.

Ver. 144. Lucretius uses the words mind and soul indifferently one for the other; and, indeed, why should he not, since both of them compose but one nature? But he places the mind, in which the reason resides, and is the chief and noblest part of that nature, in the heart, where all the passions have their seat likewise, and show themselves τὸ δὲ λογικὸν νὲ θώρακὶ, ὡς δῆλον ἐκ τὲ τῶν φόβων, καὶ τῆς χαρὰς· says Diogenes Laertius. And Epicurus himself taught, τὰ πάθη τὲ τάς αἰσθήσεις ἐν τοῖς πεπόνθισι τόποις εἶναι. Plutarch. de Plac. Philosoph lib. 4. cap 4 But the soul, the inferior part of this nature, and in which the locomotive faculty is chiefly placed, is diffused through the whole body, and moved as the mind directs: yet, though it obeys the mind, it partakes not of all its passions, but of those alone that are violent. Hence the mind is often oppressed with grief and sadness, when the soul is in perfect tranquillity. But if the whole soul be affected with any mighty grief, the animal falls into a swoon, nor is even life itself out of danger. Whence it is certain, that the mind is joined to the soul, because it moves it; and by means of that impulse, the soul too moves the body. This is contained in twenty-seven verses, and with this agrees what the same Plutarch says in the place above cited: Δημόκριτος, Ἐπικοῦρος, διμερῆ τὴν ψόχην, τὸ μενλογικὸν ἔχουσαν ἐν τῷ θόρακι καθεδρομένον τὸ δὲ ἄλογον καθ' ὅλην τὴν σύγκρισιν τοῦ σώματος διεσπαρμένον

Ver. 136, 137. The words in Lucretius are,

Sed Caput esse quasi, & dominari in corpore toto
Consilium, quod nos Animum Metemque vocamus.

To which purpose I have seen an excellent expression of Tertullian, where he calls the mind, "Suggestum animæ," which I know not how to render otherwise than the prompter of the soul. The whole passage, as I find it cited, runs thus: Proinde & Animum, sive Mens est, ΝΟΥΣ apud Græcos, non aliud quid intelligimus quam Suggestum animæ, ingenitum & infinitum, & nativitus proprium, quo agit, quo sapit, &c.

Ver. 137 Not Epicurus and Lucretius only seated the mind in the heart; for Epedocles, Parmenides, and Democritus placed it there likewise. Yet Aristotle, Plato, Phythagoras, and Hippocratus taught, that the rational part of the mind is seated in the brain; and the irascible part of it in the heart. But of this see at large, Lactantius, de Officio Dei. c. 16

Ver. 138. In these two verses, he argues, that the seat of the mind is in the heart, because the passions of joy and fear exult, and show themselves there: for fear and joy are the chief passions of the mind. Therefore, where the effects of any thing are, there, too, the thing itself must of necessity be. But this reason seems to be weak: for otherwise we must grant a mind and understanding in beasts likewise; for even in their breasts the passions of fear and of joy exult, and discover themselves no less than in ours.

Ver. 140. Here Lucretius seems to advance contradictions: For, I. If the mind and soul are joined together, and the mind only be seated in the heart, and no where else, how can the soul, that part of the mind, wander through the whole body? II. If the soul obeys the commands of the mind, she either obeys always, or sometimes resists. If she obeys always, she understands of herself, as well as the mind, since she is so subservient to the will of her master: but to what serves this obedience? That she may partake with the mind, not in little, but in violent emotions, as if the mind were conscious to herself alone of slight disturbances, and imparted nothing of them to the soul.

Ver. 152. Even some of our English poets seem to have been obliged to Lucretius for this description of a person falling into a trance: and Dryden among the rest.

———A sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears rung inward, and his senses fail'd.
Pal. & Arc.

His sight grows dim; and ev'ry object dances,
And swims before him in the maze of death.
All for Love.

And Otway in like manner:

A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs,
His eyes distorted grew, his visage pale,
His speech forsook him, life itself seem'd fled.
Orph.

Ver. 161. In these six verses, he proves by the same argument, that the mind and soul are of a corporeal nature: for the mind must of necessity touch the soul, because it moves it; and since the soul drives on the body, that too must be done by touch.

Tangere enim & tangi, nisi corpus nulla potest res.
Nothing but body can be touch'd, or touch.

Epicurus himself has comprehended this and the following argument in these words: οἱ λεγοντες ἀσώματον ἆναι τὴν ψυχὴν ματαιάζουσιν οὐδὲν γὰρ ἂν ἐδύνατο ποιεῖν οὐτὲ πάχειν εἰ ἦν τοιαύτη οὐ νοῦν δὲ ἐναργῶς ἀμφοτέρα ταῦτα διαλαμβάνει περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν τὰ συμπτώματα. In this argument, our translator has omitted one instance of the effects that the mind works upon the body, which Lucretius has expressed by these words, "corripere ex somno corpus," that it awakes the body from sleep.

Ver. 167. These twelve verses contain another argument to prove the materiality of the soul. The mind suffers with the body; a wound hurts the one, and the other languishes. And whether the weapon, or the wounded body excite these motions, and perturbations in the mind; it is the same thing: for either of them evinces the mind to be of a corporeal nature.

Creech had totally omitted this paſſage of his author, as he likewiſe has ſeveral others; and theſe eleven verſes are not his; nor indeed do I know whoſe they are: they were ſent to me, and I was the rather willing to inſert them, that this edition might be complete, and want nothing that is contained in the original. I think I have in this note given the ſenſe of Lucretius, and from thence the reader may judge how rightly theſe lines expreſs it. Meanwhile, he may, if he like them better, inſtead of the two firſt of theſe verſes, take the two following:

Beſides the mind and body bear a part,
By mutual bands compell'd to mutual ſmart.

Lucretius is not in this place proving the ſoul to be mortal but only a fellow-ſufferer with the body, and conſequently material; nor will he by any means allow it to be a ſpirit.

Ver. 169. This paſſage, in the original, runs thus:

Si minus offendit vitam vis horrida Teli,
Oſſibus ac nervis diſcluſis, intus adacti;
Attamen inſequitur languor, terraque petitus
Suavis, & in terra mentis qui gîgnitur æſtus,
Interdumque quaſi exſurgendi incerta voluntas.

Theſe five verſes Lambinus ſuſpects to be ſuppoſititious, and deems them unworthy of Lucretius And the judicious Gaſſendus, whoſe opinion is juſtly held to be of more weight than that of a thouſand ſuch as Gifaneus and Pareus, who admit of theſe verſes, approves of his ſuſpicion. But Faber endeavourso illuſtrate and correct them.

In terra mentis qui gignitur æſtus,

He changes into

Interdum moriendi gignitur æſtus;

then he adds: They, who through any affliction of mind, have, at any time, fallen into ſwoons, know very well what this means: for then, we, faultering, ſeek the ground ("ſuccidui terram perimus,") not without ſome ſenſe of eaſe and pleaſure. Sometimes, too, we deſire to die, and ſometimes the wavering will fluctuates between an uncertain and doubtful reſolution, whether to live or die. Virgil deſcribes ſomething like this in the dying Dido, after ſhe had ſtabbed herſelf. The verſes are admirable.

Illa graves oculos conata attollere, rurſus
Deficit: infixum ſtridet ſub pectore vulnus.
Ter ſeſe attolens, cubitoque inixa, levavit;
Ter revoluta toro eſt: oculiſq. errantibus, alto
Quæſivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitq. repertâ.

Æn. 4. *v.* 688.

Thrice Dido try'd to raiſe her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'lling on the bed.
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and ſought the light,
And having found it, ſicken'd at the ſight.

Dryd.

Moreover, the "æſtus moriendi," means a full purpoſe, a certain reſolution, &c. to die. They who by nature or afflictions are inclined to be ſad, will, I believe, approve of this emendation; nor will others perhaps diſlike it. Thus far Faber. But Creech is of another opinion. I, ſays he, who, both by nature and through croſſes and afflictions, am more than a little diſpoſed to ſadneſs and melancholy, nevertheleſs diſapprove this correction. The poet deſcribes the perturbations of the mind in a wounded body. It drops as ſoon as it receives the blow; while it lies on the ground it feels other emotions. and ſometimes it is ſeized with a deſire or will, but that not fully bent and determined to riſe up from the ground. The wounded perceive all this; and why may not Lucretius deſcribe what they experience? I therefore interpret, "Mentis in terra," Of the mind grovelling on the ground, together with the wounded body. Thus Creech; but the perſon, who tranſlated this paſſage, ſeems to be rather of Faber's opinion.

Ver. 178. If we may give credit to Lucretius, he has ſufficiently evinced the mind to be of a corporeal nature; and in theſe twenty-ſix verſes, he teaches, of what ſort of body this mind conſiſts. The atoms, ſays he, that compoſe the mind, are very ſmall, ſmooth, and round. For the mind is moſt eaſy to be moved; and whatever is ſo, muſt be compoſed of particles, which, by reaſon of their texture, as well as of their ſize and figure, are moſt ſubject to motion. For let us but conſider other things, water, for example, is very ſubject to move, becauſe its parts are ſmall and voluble: but honey moves with more difficulty, becauſe its parts are more intricate, and more cloſely joined together. Again; a heap of the ſeeds of poppies, or of graſs, is ſcattered by a gentle wind; but a heap of darts or of ſtones reſiſts a much ſtronger blaſt: the ſtones and darts are heavy and rough bodies, but the ſeeds are round, ſmooth, and ſmall; ψυχὴ συγκεῖται ἐξ ἀτόμων λειοτάτων, τὲ στραγγυλοτατων, ὀ (Gaſſendus inſerts this particle) πολλῷ τινὶ διαφερουσῶν ὃ πυρός. Epicurus in Laertius, lib. x. But not only Epicurus and Lucretius held that the mind is moſt eaſy to be moved; and that it moves of itſelf; for Plato taught the ſame thing. And ſo too did the Pythagoreans, who defined the mind, "Numerus ſeipſum movens," a ſelf-moving number. But Ariſtotle, I. de Anim. denies that the ſoul is moved in the leaſt; and affirms it to be the motionleſs cauſe of the motion of the body. But he was more in the right, who ſaid,

Τὶ ψυχὴ; τὸ κινούμενον.
Τὶ ἀψυχὸν; τὸ μὴ κινούμενον.

Nician. apud Gloſſog.

Of theſe different opinions of the Platoniſts and Peripatetics, you may ſee at large, Macrob. in Somn. Scip. lib. ii. c. 14.

Ver, 183. Hence, perhaps Cowley, David. iii. deſcribing the ſwiftneſs of Aſabel, ſays,

Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind
Outgo his feet; ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That time itſelf perceiv'd not what was done.

Ver. 204. The poet has taught, that the mind conſiſts of ſmall, ſmooth, and round atoms, becauſe it is very ſubject to motion. He, now, in

theſe twenty verſes, teaches, that the nature of the mind and ſoul is ſubtle, of very ſlight contexture, and compacted of minute bodies. For when an animal dies, the whole ſoul flies away; and yet if you meaſure the dead body, you will find the bulk of the limbs to be as large as when the animal was alive: if you weigh it, you will find it as heavy. Therefore, what flies out of it, is ſomething that is extremely ſubtle and minute. For, take away any ſolid or large part, the ſize will be different, and different the weight. In a word, as we conclude that the ſpirits of wine, the fragrancy of odorous bodies, and the taſte of ſavoury, conſiſt of ſubtle and minute particles; becauſe, when the wine is become flat and vapid, when the odorous body has loſt its fragrancy, and the ſavoury is grown taſteleſs and inſipid; yet the bodies themſelves retain the ſame weight, and the ſame bulk they had before; ſo, for the ſame reaſon, we ought to conclude the like of the ſoul alſo. Epicurus, in the tenth book of Laertius, ſays, ψυχὴ σῶμα ἐστὶ λεπτομερὲς, παρ' ὅλον τὸ ἄθροισμα παρεσπαρμένον. The ſoul is a body conſiſting of very tenuious parts, and diffuſed through the whole bulk of the animal.

Ver. 224. In theſe five verſes, he aſſerts, that the ſubtle atoms, of which he has compoſed the mind, are of different kinds: for he had obſerved, that a vapour exhales from dying animals, and that warm too, together with intermixed air; without which there is generally no heat. But a dying perſon expires, or breathes out his ſoul: therefore, that ſoul conſiſts of vapour, air, and heat. Ψυχὴ σῶμα ἐστὶ λεπτομερὲς παρ' ὅλον τὸ ἄθροισμα παρεσπαρμένον, προσεμφερέσταον δὲ πνεύματι θερμῷ τίνα κρᾶσιν ἔχοντι, καὶ τῇ μὲν τοῦτο προσεμφερὲς, τῇ δὲ τούτῳ says Epicurus, in Laert. lib. x. And in Plutarch, Adverſus Colorem, the Epicureans are ſaid τὴν τε ψυχὴν ἐσίαν συμπήγνοντες ἐκ τίνος θερμοῦ, καὶ πνευματικοῦ, καὶ ἀεροειδέος.

Ver. 229. This ſoul, that conſiſts of vapour, air, and heat, is manifeſtly imperfect; it has not yet the faculty of perception or thinking; therefore ſome fourth thing, whatever it be, muſt be added to the other three. This fourth thing conſiſts of the very ſmalleſt, ſmootheſt, and moſt ſubtle atoms; becauſe it is the firſt thing that moves, and by its motion ſtirs up the vapour, the heat and the air; and according to its different motions, all the parts of the body feel either pleaſure or pain. If this motion be more violent than the texture of the mind can ſuffer, if it penetrates even to the bones and marrow, the ſoul is diſſipated, and death follows. If the motion be leſs vehement, and ſtop at the ſurface of the body, then the ſoul remains whole and entire; and a ſenſe ariſes either of pleaſure or of pain. This the poet has compriſed in twenty-one verſes, Plutarch 4. de Plac. Philoſ. c. 3 ſays, that Epicurus did not make the nature of the ſoul ſimple, but held it to be κρᾶμα ἐκ τεσσάρων, ἐκ τοιοῦ πυροειδοῦς, ἐκ τοιοῦ ἀεροειδοῦς, ἐκ τοιοῦ πνευματικοῦ, ἐκ τεσσάρων τινος ἀκατονομαστικοῦ, ὃ ἦν αὐτῷ αἰσθητικόν, ſomething compoſed of four certain things, viz. of ſomething fiery, of ſomething airy, of ſomething windy, and of a fourth nameleſs ſomething, from which proceeds its faculty of ſenſe and perception

Ver. 237. Here our interpreter has committed a like fault with that we obſerved above, ver. 122. What he here calls vapour, he ſhould have called heat or fire. Lucretius always uſes the words *ventus* or vapour, wind or vapour indiſcriminately, but never either of them to expreſs the heat or the air of which the ſoul is compoſed. His words in this place are,

Prima cietur enim parvis perfecta Figuris,
Inde Calor motus, et venti cœca poteſtas
Accipit; inde Aer. inde omnia mobilitantur.

Ver. 250. Here the poet tells us, that he is going to undertake a difficult taſk, and that the Latin tongue does not ſupply him with proper and ſignificant words to expreſs his ſubject, and to keep up to the dignity of it. He proceeds, however, and in theſe twenty ſix verſes, teaches, that theſe four things, heat, vapour or wind, air, and the fourth ſomething without a name, are entirely blended with one another; inſomuch, that they compoſe one moſt ſubtle ſubſtance, which being diffuſed through the whole body of the animal, is contained by, and within the body, and is the cauſe of its preſervation; yet they are not all ſeated in the ſame place. That part of the body, which is properly called the mind, being placed deepeſt and moſt inwardly, or in the inmoſt receſſes of the whole body, is, as it were, the foundation of the whole ſoul; but the wind, the heat, and the air, are ſo mingled with one another, that they compoſe one ſubſtance, according to the different nature of animals. Thus heat, ſavour, and odour, are mixed together in every animal, yet conſtitute but one body.

Thus we have the compoſition of the Epicurean ſoul; but how contemptibly the ancients erred in explaining the nature of the mind and ſoul, is ſufficiently manifeſt even from their different opinions concerning it. Cicero, Lib. i. Tuſcul. Quæſt. reckons up no leſs than thirteen, which are as follows. I. Some held the mind to be the heart itſelf. II. Others, not the heart, but that it is ſeated in the heart. III. Others thought fit to make it a part of the brain. IV. Others would not have it a part of the brain, but held that it is ſeated in the brain. V. Empedocles believed the ſoul to be a ſuffuſion of blood in the heart. VI. Others held it to be a breath, or gentle wind. VII. Zeno taught that it is a fire. VIII. Ariſtoxenus, a harmony. IX. Pythagoras and Xenocrates, a number X. Plato taught, that it conſiſts of three parts: 1. Reaſon in the head: 2. Anger in the heart: 3. Cupidity in the lower part of the diaphragma XI. Dicæarchus held, that it was nothing at all, but a mere empty name. XII. Ariſtotle believed it an ἐντελεχεία, perpetual and never-ceaſing motion. XIII. Democritus and Epicurus, a contexture of tenuious atoms. And others had ſtill other opinions concerning it. See book i. ver. 141.

Ver. 254 In theſe four verſes, he gives the reaſon why the manner in which theſe four natures

combine to make up one ſoul, cannot be perceived: viz. becauſe the atoms, of which theſe four different natures conſiſt, are ſo ſubject to motion, that by reaſon of their continual and ceaſeleſs agitation, they are confounded with one another; ſo that their ſeparate and peculiar powers cannot be diſtinguiſhed either in time or place.

Ver. 262. He means the fourth nameleſs thing, which Lucretius himſelf calls in this place, "Animæ Anima," the ſoul of the ſoul, becauſe it gives motion and ſenſe to each and every of the members of the body; and for that it excels the other three natures, wind, heat, and air, in ſubtlety, and in quickneſs of motion.

Ver. 270. In theſe ſix verſes, he gives the reaſon why thoſe three natures, vapour or wind, air, and heat, ought to be ſubject to the fourth nature that has no name; leſt, ſays he, either the air, the heat, or the wind, ſhould prevail ſeparately; and by that means prejudice, nay, entirely deſtroy the ſenſes: therefore, that fourth nature ought to govern, that it may impart out of itſelf to the other three, the motions that are called ſenſiferous, i. e. that confer ſenſe.

Ver. 276. In theſe fifteen verſes, the poet proves, that even the minds of irrational animals are compoſed of vapour or wind, heat and air. Grant this, ſays he, and then it is eaſy to give a reaſon for all their different tempers. For why, for example, is a man prone to anger and rage, but becauſe the heat prevails in his mind? Whence proceeds the timidity of deer, but from the vapours that predominate in their ſouls? The ox owes his quietneſs of temper, and evenneſs of mind, being neither much inclined to fear or anger, to the calm and peaceful air. For the eyes of an enraged animal glow with heat; nay, we not only ſee the ſparkles themſelves flaſhing out; the deer tremble and quake for fear, and the drudging ox is grave and quiet. And here, if Gaſſendus will not take it amiſs, I will inſert the following paſſage out of Stobæus: τὸ μὲν πνεῦμα κίνησιν ὕδε ἀὴρ ἠρεμίαν, τὸ δὲ θερμὸν τὴν φαινομένην θερμότητα τῷ σώματος, τὸ δὲ ἀνώνυμον τὴν ἐν ἡμῖν ἐμπνοεῖ αἴσθησιν. The wind the cauſe of motion, the air of reſt, the heat of the warmth that is ſeen in the body; and, laſtly, the nameleſs thing of the ſenſe that is within us.

Ver. 291. In theſe eighteen verſes, he teaches, that one of theſe three things predominates in man likewiſe, for ſome are prone to anger, others to fear, while others are mild, ſedate, and eaſy. And the innumerable variety of tempers proceeds from the variety of the mixtures that may be made of theſe three things, by reaſon of the different degrees of each ingredient. Yet philoſophy may greatly mend a vicious nature, though not ſo much, but that ſome footſteps, τῆς κακίας, of innate malice will ſtill remain; which, nevertheleſs, will not hinder any man from living with leſs content and pleaſure; though we ſee, that they who have had the greateſt advantages of learning and education, cannot entirely ſubdue their natural paſſions, nor put a full ſtop to their career.

Ver. 308. Thus the poet extols the power and efficacy of his philoſophy, imitating therein the vain-glorious boaſt of Epicurus, ζῆσαι δὲ ὡς θεὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις· and οὐδὲν γὰρ ἔοικε θνητῷ ζῶν ἄνθρωπος ἐν ἀθανάτοις ἀγαθοῖς.

Ver. 309. In theſe twelve verſes, he joins this ſoul, which is formed of heat, vapour, air, and the fourth ſomething that wants a name, to the body, and blends them in ſuch a manner, that neither the body can remain whole and ſafe without the ſoul, nor the ſoul entire without the body. The Epicureans held, that the ſoul is contained in the body, [Epicurus, in Laertius, uſes the word στηρίζεσθαι, to hide, and in Empiricus, διακρίπτεσθαι, to keep ſafe] and that the body is mutually held by the ſoul, that it may not precipitately ruſh to diſſolution. For they believed an animal to be, as it were a web in the loom, that the body is as the chain, and the ſoul the woof; ſo that the intertexture of each with the other, compoſes the whole work; but if either of them be diſſolved, the other, and therefore both together muſt be diſſolved likewiſe. For example, take a lump of frankincenſe, and ſeparate the odour from it, and neither the frankincenſe nor the odour will remain entire; and we ought to believe the ſame of the ſoul and body.

This was the opinion of the Epicureans; a doctrine no leſs impious than falſe: for though the ſoul be the keeper and ſafeguard of the body, yet the body is not likewiſe the keeper and ſafeguard of the ſoul; nor are they interchangeably the cauſe of each other's preſervation. The ſoul gives to the body vital motion, ſenſe, and life; nor is even the underſtanding itſelf bound to the body by any corporeal organ. The form, indeed, contains the body, but is not contained. Therefore his aſſertion is falſe, that the ſoul is contained by the body, and that it cannot act without the organs of the body. But the Epicureans were of opinion, that the ſoul is contained in the body almoſt in the ſame manner as water is in a veſſel, which keeps it in, becauſe it is a thicker ſubſtance; thus they will have the ſoul to conſiſt of very tenuious atoms, but the body of much thicker principles. This is almoſt what Lucretius himſelf ſays by and by, ver. 424.

For ſince the limbs, that veſſel of the ſoul,
Could not contain its parts, &c.

Ver. 311 He means the ſoul and body which compoſe the nature he ſpeaks of two verſes before.

Ver. 315. That is, the ſoul, the mind, and the body; the whole animal, the whole man.

Ver 316. That is to ſay, that the atoms of which the ſoul conſiſts, cannot exiſt apart, and ſeparated from thoſe that compoſe the body; nor on the contrary.

Ver. 321. He again demonſtrates in theſe twelve verſes, this adunation of the ſoul and body. The body, ſays he, is neither generated, nor grows without the ſoul: and when the ſoul takes its flight, when its particles are withdrawn, the vital chain is unlinked, the members putrify, and at length the body periſhes. Meanwhile, what becomes of the ſoul? It is diſperſed into empty air

and vaniſhes away. Since, therefore, neither of them are ſafe and whole, without the other, we muſt believe that their ſubſtances are moſt cloſely combined and united together.

Ver. 333. Hitherto the poet has aſſerted, that neither the body can act or perceive apart from the ſoul; nor the ſoul when ſeparated from the body. But that ſenſe is produced in all the members, by the common motion of both of them, acting conjointly. He now, in theſe eight verſes, oppoſes thoſe philoſophers, who affirm that the ſoul only is capable of that motion which we call ſenſe; and appeals to experience againſt their opinion; for, let it be granted, that the body feels, we could not be more conſcious of that ſenſe than we now are; therefore, it muſt be granted, that the body does feel. But ſome may object, if the body have ſenſe, how comes it not to retain that power and faculty of perception, when the ſoul is gone out of it? Becauſe that power and faculty belong not to the body alone, but to the body conjoined and united to the ſoul. Epicurus, in the 10th book of Laertius, aſſerts the ſame doctrine in theſe words: ὁ μὲν (Anima) ἀλόγῳ ἂν παύῃν (ſentiendi facultatem) εἰ μὴ ὑπὸ τῷ λοιπῷ ἀθροίσματος ἐτεάγζιο τῶς· τὸ δὲ λοιπὸν ἄθροισμα παρασκεύασαν ἐκείνη τὸν ἀΐδιαν παῆην, μηδεὶληφε τὲ αὐτὴ τοιέτε συμπώματος παρ' ἐκείνης διὸ ἀπαλλαγέσης τῆς ψυχῆς ἐκ ἔχει τὸν ἄισθησιν, ὁ γὰρ αὐτὸ ἐν ἑαυτῷ ἐκίκ-ηῆο τὴν δύναμιν, ἀλλ' ἑτέρῳ ἅμα συγγεγονημένω αὐτῷ αὐτὴν ἀφύσις παρσκευαζει.

Ver 341. Now becauſe there were ſome who held that the whole compound body, that is to ſay, an animal ought not to be ſaid to have ſenſe, or to perceive, but that the ſoul by itſelf and alone performs that office, without the aſſiſtance or co-operation of the organs, which they pretend are but in the nature of doors, that being thrown open, the ſoul that is ſeated within, ſees all external objects: among whom was Epicharmus, whoſe ſaying νῷς ὁρᾷ, νῷς ἀκύει, the mind ſees, the mind hears, is very well known; and Cicero too is of the ſame opinion, Tuſcul. i. where he ſays: "Nos enim ne nunc quidem cernimus ea, quæ videmus. Neque enim ullus ſenſus eſt in corpore, ſed, ut non ſolum phyſici docent, verum etiam medici, qui iſta aperta et patefacta viderunt, viæ quaſi ſunt ad oculus, ad aures, ad natures, à ſede animi perforatæ." For we do not even now perceive thoſe things which we ſee. Neither is there any ſenſe in the body; but as not only the natural philoſophers teach, but the phyſicians too, who have plainly ſeen them open and diſplayed abroad, there are, as it were, ways and paſſages bored through to the eyes, to the ears, and noſtrils, from the ſeat of the ſoul. Lucretius, therefore, in theſe fourteen verſes, brings two arguments to evince the weakneſs of this opinion; for if the eyes, ſays he, were merely doors, how come they to feel any violence and pain from bright and glittering objects? Beſides, pluck out thoſe eyes, thoſe mere doors as you call them, the ſoul ought then to perceive external objects much better, becauſe the proſpect would then be more free and uninterrupted.

Ver. 355. Lucretius has before aſſerted, that the ſoul is extremely ſmall in bulk, and that its whole ſubſtance, if it were aſſembled apart into one, might be contained in a very little ſpace; and he now, in theſe twenty-eight verſes, declares the ſame more at large, in oppoſition to Democritus, who held, that as many parts as there are of the body, ſo many parts too of the ſoul are contained in them, that is to ſay, in each one; and conſequently, that the ſoul has as many parts as the body. But were this true, we ſhould feel every thing that touched any part of the body. For when any particle of the body, and the part of the ſoul that is joined to it, come to be moved, why ſhould not ſenſe ariſe from that motion? But there are many things, as he proves by ſeveral examples, which we do not perceive when they touch us; they therefore are miſtaken, who join a part of the ſoul to every part of the body.

Ver. 356. Democritus a philoſopher, born at Abdera in Thrace, about five hundred years before Jeſus Chriſt. He learned aſtronomy of the Chaldeans, and geometry of the Perſians; at length he went to Athens, and gave all he had to the republic, reſerving to himſelf only a little garden, where he might freely meditate on the works of nature. This is that philoſopher, who is ſaid to have laughed at the viciſſitudes of fortune, and at the vain anxieties and follies of men; from whence he was ſirnamed Gelaſinus. See more of him below, ver. 1044, and Book iv. ver. 335.

Ver. 379. Lucretius, ver. 134, of this book, has ſeated the mind, in which the reaſon and the faculty of ſenſe reſide, in the heart; but he has diffuſed the ſoul, in which the locomotive faculty is placed through the whole body. Now, in theſe nineteen verſes, he makes that mind the chief inſtrument in the preſervation of life. And whatever others think, this is not abſurd nor diſſonant to the Epicurean philoſophy. The mind, ver. 270, which for the moſt part conſiſts of that fourth nameleſs ſomething of Epicurus, which alone beſtows the faculty of ſenſe, is joined to the animal in ſuch a manner, that it is the foundation of the whole frame, ſoul and all together But withdraw the foundation, and all the ſuperſtructure muſt of neceſſity tumble down. The mind and the ſoul, continues he, may properly be compared to the eye; the ball, the mind; the ſoul, the reſt of the orb: wound the ball, and blindneſs inevitably follows: wound any other part of the eye, the power of ſight will nevertheleſs remain.

Ver. 389. The gladiators at Rome, when almoſt all their limbs were wounded and hacked to ſuch a degree, that they had no manner of uſe of them, and even when many of them were entirely cut off, yet lived a great while in that maimed condition. And Nardius relates, that at this day, at Cairo in Egypt, the robbers on the high way, who are cut aſunder near the naval, and then thrown on a heap of unſlacked lime, live for ſeveral hours, talk to the ſtanders by, and anſwer them queſtions.

Ver. 390. The cryſtalline part of the eye,

which a vitreous humour follows inwardly and outwardly an aqueous. It is commonly called the light, or ſight of the eye. The vitreous humour is contained in a tunicle or little ſkin, which the Greeks therefore call ἀμφιβλήστρον, ſurrounding.

Ver. 398 Being now going to prove, that the ſoul is mortal he promiſes, in theſe nine verſes, that he will ſpare no labour in this diſputation; but becauſe he has diſtinguiſhed, as the ſtoics likewiſe do, between the ſoul and the mind, leſt his Memmius ſhould not rightly comprehend the force of his reaſons, he gives notice, that all his arguments are bent with equal ſtrength againſt the mind and ſoul likewiſe; both of which compoſe but one ſubſtance.

Ver. 407. In theſe twenty-one verſes, he brings his firſt argument, to prove the mortality of the ſoul, under which name he comprehends the mind alſo, from the ſubtleneſs and tenuity of it, which he has before demonſtrated, and now confirms again. For the ſoul, ſays he, is a corporeal ſomething, more ſubtle, more apt to move, and more ſubject to diſſolution, not only than water, but even than miſt or ſmoke; ſince it is ſtirred and moved by things more thin and ſubtle than either ſmoke or miſt, to wit, by the very images of thoſe things, which often move the ſoul in our dreams; and, therefore, it muſt of neceſſity be more eaſily diſſipated than they. And it is in vain for any one to object, that when it is diſſolved from the body, it remains entire in the air; for how can the ſubtle air preſerve that ſafe, which often exhales through the pores of a thick body?

Ver. 410. Becauſe the ſoul is moved by the very images of water, miſt, and ſmoke, when the mind thinks of thoſe things in ſleep. And the images of all things whatever are more tenuious than the things themſelves.

Ver. 411. For Epicurus held, that nothing can be ſeen, nay, not ſo much as thought upon, or even dreamed of but by the means of images; as we learn from Cicero, 1. de Finibus.

Ver. 420. The concluſion is falſe; as indeed is this whole argument, to prove the corporeality, and conſequently the mortality of the ſoul: and it is anſwered in one word, that the ſoul is a ſpirit. Beſides, though the mind, when the body is aſleep, does not think of ſmoke, water, miſt, or other things of the like ſort, it is not ſhe that receives the images of thoſe things, but the fancy, which is an interior faculty of the ſoul: and theſe images being thus admitted into the fancy, the mind makes uſe of them, to know the things whoſe images they are. Add to this, that the mind knows other things whoſe images are neither received within herſelf, nor in the fancy neither. Thus it is no proof that the ſoul is corporeal, becauſe the mind makes uſe of corporeal images, to come at the knowledge of things. And, therefore, the poet adds, without reaſon, that when the ſoul is gone out of the body, it cannot ſubſiſt in ſafety, from the very air, which is more rare than the body, by which alone the ſoul could be contained; for the ſoul is a ſpirit and wants not air to preſerve and keep itſelf alive.

Ver. 424. As if, becauſe the water runs out, when the veſſel that contains it is broken; the ſoul were contained in the body in ſuch a manner, that when this is deſtroyed, that too muſt diſſolve, and vaniſh into air. But certainly Lucretius ſtabs himſelf with his own weapon; for if the ſoul be diſſolved, when the body is broken to pieces, as the water runs out of a broken veſſel; then the more the body is obſtructed and cloſed up, the faſter the ſoul will be detained and kept in it, as a well-cloſed veſſel holds the water more ſafely than one that is leaky; yet, though in a violent death the body be not broken, nay, though in men that are hanged, it be in ſome meaſure cloſed and ſtopped up, the ſoul nevertheleſs flies out of it with greater eaſe, than when the body is cut to pieces limb by limb. It is indeed a veſſel, but made of earth, and the ſoul is contained in it, but proceeds from heaven; and when death comes, both of them return to the place from whence they came; the body is committed to the earth, and the ſoul ſeeks her native heaven. Let Lucretius then make the moſt of his weak argument.

Ver. 428. In theſe twelve verſes, is contained his ſecond argument againſt the immortality of the ſoul. Whatever, ſays he, is generated, grows up, waxes old, and decays with the body is mortal: But all this is true of the ſoul: For children are no leſs infirm in mind, than weak in body; as they grow up, and the ſtrength of their body increaſes, they ſtrengthen in judgment likewiſe. But in old age, both mind and body decay, and dodder alike

This argument is confuted by Lactantius, lib. vii. de Div. Præm. c 12, where he argues to this purpoſe. This reaſon, ſays he, holds not good as to the ſoul, though indeed it be true inaſmuch as it relates to the body; which, becauſe it is made of a periſhing element, is corruptible: but the human ſoul, becauſe it is derived from a celeſtial ſubtility neither dies nor is corruptible; on the contrary, it is an eternal ſpirit, that deduces its origin from the ſpirit of God. Therefore this common axiom, "Quicquid natum eſt, interire neceſſe eſt," whatever is born, muſt of neceſſity die, can hold good only in corporeal things. The ſoul, indeed, is born with the body, but it proceeds perfect from God; nor does age add any thing to it, or take any thing from it. The ſtrength of the mind does indeed increaſe and decay, but this happens not through any imperfection in the ſoul itſelf, but through the deficiency of the organs of the body Ariſtotle too argues to the ſame effect, 1. de Anim cap. 4

Ver. 440. Theſe ſixteen verſes contain his third argument When the body is ſeized with a fit of ſickneſs, the mind is poſſeſſed with grief, fear, &c. But in that diſeaſe the body is waſted; and it is likely too that the mind waſtes with ſorrow. Nay, the mind is ſometimes diſeaſed itſelf; for the mind of a lunatic raves, and the mind of a lethargic perſon is ſtupid. Since, therefore, the

violence of diſeaſe and pain penetrates into the very mind, we ought to believe that the mind is mortal. Panætius, in Cicero, Tuſcul. 1. uſes the ſame argument, which Cicero likewiſe there confutes in theſe words: "Sunt hæc ignorantis, cum de æternitate animorum dicantur, de mente dici, quæ omni turbido motu ſemper vacat; non de partibus iis, in quibus ægritudines, iræ, libidineſque verſentur; quas is, contra quem hæc dicuntur, ſemotas à mente & diſcluſas putat," &c.

Ver. 466. This diſeaſe, Celſus lib. v. cap. 20. calls a ſtupid heavineſs, and an almoſt irreſiſtible neceſſity of ſleep, with an alienation of mind. Hence they derive it from the Greek word Λήθη, oblivion, becauſe that diſeaſe is attended with a forgetfulneſs of all things; occaſioned by the brain's being oppreſſed with too great a quantity of pituitous matter.

Oldham deſcribes it thus:

A ſleep, dull as the laſt——
On all the magazines of life did ſeize,
No more the blood its circling courſe did run;
But in the veins, like icicles, it hung.
No more the heart, now void of quick'ning heat,
The tuneful march of vital motion beat;
Stiffneſs did into all the ſinews climb,
And a ſhort death crept cold through ev'ry limb.

Ver. 453. Lactantius, de Divin. Præm. lib. vii. cap. 12. ſhows the weakneſs of this concluſion in theſe words: "Quia anima juncta eſt cum corpore, ſi virtute careat corpus, contagio ejus ægreſcet: imbecillitas de ſocietate fragilitatis redundat ad mentem." Becauſe the ſoul is united with the body, if the body want ſtrength or health, the ſoul will ſicken with the contagion of the body; a weakneſs redounds to the mind from its fellowſhip with frailty. Thus the mind is ſaid to be ſick or in pain, only by way of metaphor: for it is the defect of the body only, that makes the mind ceaſe to operate, or that cauſes it to operate amiſs. Thus too Ariſtotle, de Anim. lib. i. cap. 4. teaches that hate, love, anger, fear, grief, and all the other paſſions, as we call them of the mind, are not indeed defects or weakneſſes of the underſtanding, but of the body in which it reſides: For the underſtanding is ſomething that is more divine and free from all paſſion. And, therefore, as the ſame Lactantius argues very well; "cum diſſociata fuerit à corpore, vigebit ipſa per ſe; nec ulla jam fragilitatis conditione tentabitur, quia indumentum fragile projecit. Loco citat."

Ver. 456. Theſe thirteen verſes contain his fourth argument, in which he produces a drunken man, bawling and raving without ſenſe or reaſon, confounding heaven and earth together, and neither his hands, his feet, his eyes, his ears, nor even his mind itſelf capable of performing their proper offices. Now what can be the cauſe of all this, ſays he, but the briſk and impetuous ſpirits of the wine, which having diffuſed themſelves through the whole body, affect, diſturb, and diſtract the mind? And certainly whatever can be diſordered to this degree by a ſlender force, may be deſtroyed by a more violent.

Ver. 462. Singultus, the word Lucretius here uſes, ſignifies not only a ſobbing, but a yexing, which we commonly call the hiccough, a frequent effect of too much drinking.

Ver. 465. This too is falſe; for the mind is not affected by the ſtrength of the wine, but the brain and the fancy, which the fumes of the wine render cloudy and confuſed; and this is the reaſon that the mind cannot perceive and act with the ſame clearneſs as before. It is not therefore any fault or defect of the mind, but of the organs of the body. In like manner, the weakneſs and heavineſs of the members that attend drunkenneſs, cannot be imputed to the mind, but to the body, which being weakened by the ſtrength of the wine, is become incapable of being guided and governed by the ſoul. Thus the ſun is not ſaid to have contracted a blemiſh, becauſe he ſhines not into a room whoſe windows are cloſed up. Nor is the hand grown weak, becauſe it throws not the duſt of a pounded ſtone ſo far as it did the ſtone, while it was yet whole and unbroken.

Ver. 469. His drunkard having made his exit, the poet, in theſe twenty-one verſes, for his fifth argument, brings in a man ſeized with an epileptic fit, and proſtrate on the ground; a horrid ſpectacle which none are willing to behold. However, the elegance and livelineſs with which Lucretius deſcribes this image, make us regard it not without ſome pleaſure; for he extends the wretch in ſo moving a manner, and ſo ſtrongly paints his ſtrugglings and his other motions, that even though we ſhould be diſpleaſed at his ill-placed wit, we cannot but forgive the artiſt. Being ſeized with the fit, he raves and talks wildly; but that raving, ſays the poet, is a mark of the diſſolution of the ſubſtance of the mind, at leaſt of the perturbation of it. And he who can believe, that what may be diſſipated within the body itſelf, can remain entire in the open air (for when the ſoul is freed from the body, it can be no where elſe), may with as much reaſon pretend, that water will ſtay in a veſſel full of holes, and leak out of one that is ſound.

This argument being but a confirmation of the laſt, requires no other ſolution than that has had already: nor, indeed, does that ſtrength of diſeaſe diſturb the mind, but diſtorts the body and all its members; and yet the ſoul is then ſaid to ſuffer, becauſe it does not act after its uſual manner. Thus how ſkilful ſoever be the player on a harp, yet if the ſtrings of his inſtrument be out of tune, he can make them utter no other than diſcordant and unharmonious ſounds.

Ver. 490. The ſixth argument is in theſe ſixteen verſes to this effect. We ſee that this mad and raving mind may, by the help of phyſic, be recovered and reſtored to its former ſtate: and thus, there is ſome change made in the mind. Therefore, either ſome new parts are added, or ſome are taken away, or elſe the particles of the mind are placed in another order; for all change

is made either by addition, detraction, or tranſpoſition of the particles. But every thing muſt, of neceſſity be mortal that receives new parts, that loſes any of its parts, or of whoſe parts the poſition and order is changed. Therefore, whether the mind grow ſick, which the foregoing arguments have proved, or whether it grow well again, it either way confeſſes its own mortality.

Ver. 501. Not in the leaſt for the reaſon here alleged; becauſe, though the raving or madneſs of the mind be cured by helleborc, or other remedies of like nature, yet the cure is not of the mind, but of the brain; which being reſtored to its former health, the mind performs her functions as before.

Ver. 505. The ſeventh argument is included in the e nineteen verſes. Men often die limb by limb, and expire by degrees. Therefore, the ſoul too dies by degrees. For, who will pretend that the ſoul, that moſt lively and ſenſible thing, reſides in the dead members of the body that are void of all ſenſe. But if you think that the ſoul retires out of the dying members into the more inward parts of the body; why do not thoſe parts to which the ſoul retreats, and where ſhe is contracted into a narrower ſpace, enjoy a more lively and briſker ſenſe? Has the ſoul, by being thus ſhut up in a leſs compaſs, loſt the power of ſenſe? Take care of granting that; for what decays and loſes its nature by being thus contracted and huddled up, is as much mortal as that which flies diſperſed, and is torn to pieces in the air.

Ver. 516. The falſehood of this concluſion may be evinced even from the doctrine of Lucretius himſelf. For ver. 137. of this book, he fixes the ſeat of the mind in the heart; but the ſoul, becauſe he believed it corporeal, he has diffuſed through the whole body, and yet not disjoined it from the mind. Therefore, it may by degrees contract itſelf from the extremeſt parts of the body to the heart, where the mind, to which it is joined, has its reſidence. But there is another anſwer to this argument: for ſince the ſoul is incorporeal, it is diffuſed whole through all the body, and whole in every part of the body; ſo that when any part of the body dies, or is cut off, the ſoul does not therefore die, nor is it therefore cut off: but remains ſafe and whole in the other ſound and whole parts of the body: nor does it go out of the body, till the body be diſſolved by death. Thus, for example, the intentional ſpecies, as they call it, is whole in all the place, and whole in each part of the place: For inſtance; in whatever place, or in whatever part of a place you ſet a mirror, or fix your eye, there the whole image will every where be found. Thus too, ſay the Romaniſts, the body of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt is whole under the whole ſpecies of the bread, and whole under every part of the bread, in the bleſſed ſacrament of the Euchariſt.

Ver. 524. Theſe eight verſes contain the eighth argument. The mind is a part of man, as is proved above, ver 93 and has a certain place allotted for it; as there is for the noſe, the eyes, &c. But pluck out the eyes, and cut off the noſtrils, and neither will thoſe perceive colours, nor theſe ſmell odours. Therefore, we muſt acknowledge the ſame of the ſeparated ſoul, ſince it is no leſs joined to the body than the other parts of it.

In anſwer to this argument, we ſay, that the ſoul is indeed a part of man; but not ſuch a part as the feet, the eyes, the arms, &c. for it is only an eſſential part, as they call it, and is the principle of life to its own ſelf: but the other parts of man derive their vital motions, and their ſenſes from the ſoul. Therefore, it is not ſtrange, that the other parts, when they are disjoined from the whole man, have no ſenſe remaining in them, ſince they are ſeparated from their principle of vital ſenſe. Lactantius gives this argument another anſwer. The ſoul, ſays he, is not a part of the body, but in the body: in like manner, as what is contained in a veſſel is not part of the veſſel, no more than the goods in a houſe are part of the houſe; ſo neither is the ſoul, becauſe the body is, as it were, the veſſel and receptacle of the ſoul, therefore a part of the body. "Anima non eſt pars corporis, ſed in corpore eſt: Sicut id, quod vaſe continetur, vaſis pars non eſt; nec ea, quæ in domo ſunt, partes domus eſſe dicuntur: ita non anima pars eſt corporis, quia corpus vel vas animæ eſt, vel receptaculum." De Divin. Præm. c. 12.

Ver. 529. So Cicero Tuſcul. 1. "Noſce animum tuum, nam Corpus quidem eſt quaſi vas, aut aliquod animi receptaculum." Know thy mind, for the body is indeed as a veſſel, or certain receptacle of the mind. Thus Xenocrates in Antioch, calls the body ψυχῆς σκῆνος, the tabernacle of the ſoul. In Cratyl. ψυχῆς σῆμα, the ſepulchre of the ſoul.

Ver. 534. The ninth argument is in theſe twenty five verſes to this purpoſe. While the body and ſoul are joined together, the animal lives and is ſenſible; when the ſoul is gone, the body is inſenſible, and ſo too is the ſoul when ſeparated from the body. The mind is as the eye of the body, and who expects to ſee with an eye that is torn out? Beſides, were not the atoms of the ſoul contained in the veins and nerves, they could not be affected by thoſe motions that are the cauſe of ſenſe: for all thoſe motions require a certain ſpace, and fixed and definite bounds. But if you pretend that the ſoul, after its diſſolution from the body can be contained or held in by the air, you may as well at the ſame time, affirm likewiſe, that the air is an animal which ſeems moſt abſurd and moſt falſe. Epicurus writes thus to Herodotus. Καὶ μὴν τὰ λυομένα τῶ ὅλω ἀφρόισματος, τὰ ψυχὴ διασώῤῥαι, καὶ ἐχέμι ἔχει τὰς αὐλας δυνάμεις, ὧδε κινεῖσαι, ὡς τὰ ὧδ' αἰσθησιν κέκτηλαι. Οὐ γὰρ ἐιον τὰ νοεῖν αὐλο αἰσθανόμενον, μὴ ἐν τέῳ τῷ σοσήμαῖ ταῖς κινήσεσι ταυλαις χρώμενον, ὅταν τὰ τειγάζονλα, καὶ περιέχονλα μὴ τοιαῦλα ᾖ, ἐν οἷς νῦν ὅσα ἔχει ταυλας τὰς κινήσεις.

Ver. 536. This compariſon is not juſt. For, though the ſoul be the principle of life to the body; yet the body is not ſo to the ſoul. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the body perceives nothing without the ſoul. But who can

doubt but that the ſoul has the power of perception without the body, ſince it is the principle of all ſenſe.

Ver. 553. This inference is too abſurd; for what neceſſity is there, that the air into which the ſoul flies at its ſeparation from the body, ſhould become an animal? Has it any of the organs or diſpoſitions that are proper for vital ſenſe? The ſoul, after it is ſeparated from the body, always retains its innate propenſity to animate the body again at the reſurrection.

Ver. 557. In theſe ten verſes, is included the tenth argument. When the ſoul, which is ſeated in the inmoſt parts of the body, as being the foundation of the whole animal, is fled away, the ruinous body putrifies, and moulders into duſt. Now, whence can proceed this total deſtruction of the body, except becauſe the ſoul that propped it up, and held all the members together, has forſaken them, and is fled away through all the pores and iſſues of the body? And the ſoul too, being thus divided into ſo many minute parts, at her going out of the animal, ſeems to be prepared and got ready for her total diſſipation.

Ver. 565. This inference which the poet draws from this argument, is altogether ridiculous, as if the ſoul exhaled through the pores and paſſages of the body, as the ſmoke of frankincenſe does through the holes of a cenſer. The ſoul is wholly incorporeal, and therefore goes unhurt and whole out of the whole body, as well as out of each pore and paſſage of it. And the body's corruption when the ſoul is gone out of it, argues not any diviſibility of the ſoul; but proceeds from the want of that vital agitation, which the body has from the ſoul only.

Ver. 567. Theſe fourteen verſes contain the eleventh argument, which is to this purpoſe: In what we commonly call a ſwoon, the ſtrength and powers of the mind and ſoul are ſhaken to ſuch a degree, that were the cauſe but a little more violent, the ſoul itſelf would be diſſolved. Since, then, the mind can be thus diſordered, even while the body hides and protects it: who can believe that ſo ſubtle a ſubſtance, when it comes to be turned out from its place of ſhelter, can reſiſt and hold good againſt the reſtleſs violence of the winds and other things that will be continually aſſaulting it.

Thus Lucretius: but we know very well, that this "Deliquium animi," as the Latins call it, this fainting of the mind, does not in the leaſt argue the mortality of the ſoul; but only a deficiency or failure in the organs of the whole body: to which organs, when they are thus obſtructed, the vital and animal ſpirits which the ſoul makes uſe of, as helps to the preſervation of life, cannot be tranſmitted.

Ver. 581. In theſe ten verſes, the poet brings his twelfth argument; and, to leave no ſtone unturned, he appeals to the dying, and aſks, Which of them ever perceived his ſoul riſing up from the extremeſt parts of his body, and then go out whole at his mouth? Or whether they do not rather perceive it dying in each part, as every ſenſe does in its proper organ? Nor is it to be doubted, ſays he, but that the dying are conſcious of the diſſolution of their ſouls; otherwiſe why do they complain? They ſhould rather rejoice to lay down the burden of the body, as a ſnake is to caſt off her ſlough, or as a ſtag to drop his ponderous and overgrown antlers.

Ver. 585. Neither Lucretius, nor any man elſe, ever experienced the truth of what he here advances: for what dying perſon ever told the ſtanders by, that he perceived what his ſoul was doing, which way it was going, or how it went out of his body, from which part of it it firſt retired, &c. For his ſaying that it goes out through the jaws is only a vulgar way of ſpeaking. And ſince the ſoul is wholly ſpiritual, it may, as we ſaid before, go out whole through the whole body, or at any part of it.

Ver. 586. This part of the argument is wretchedly weak indeed: and Lactantius, lib. 7. de Divin. Præm. cap 13. has fully anſwered it in theſe words: "Equidem nunquam vidi qui quereretur ſe morte diſſolvi: Sed Lucretius fortaſſe Epicureum aliquem viderat, etiam dum moritur, Philoſophantem, ac de ſua diſſolutione in extremo ſpiritu differentem. Quomodo ſciri poteſt utrum diſſolvi ſe ſentiat, an corpore liberari, cum in exitu lingua muteſcat? Nam dum ſentit, et loqui poteſt, nondum diſſolutus eſt: Ubi diſſolutus eſt, nec ſentire jam, nec loqui poteſt: Ita queri de diſſolutione aut nondum poteſt, aut jam non poteſt. Et enim non prius quam diſſolvatur, intelligit ſe diſſolutum iri. Quid, quod videmus pleroſque morientium non diſſolvi conquerentes, ſed enim ſe, et proficiſci, et ambulare teſtantes; idque aut geſtu ſignificant, aut, ſi adhuc poſſunt, et voce pronunciant. Unde apparet non diſſolutionem fieri, ſed ſeparationem, quæ declarat animam permanere." Indeed, I never ſaw any man who complained that he was diſſolved in death. But Lucretius perhaps had ſeen ſome Epicurean philoſophizing, even when he was dying, and reaſoning of his diſſolution at his laſt gaſp. How can it be known, whether a man perceives his ſoul to die, or to be freed from the body, ſince the tongue is ſpeechleſs in the moment of death? For ſo long as a man perceives and ſpeaks, he is not diſſolved. When he is diſſolved, he can then neither perceive nor ſpeak; therefore, either he cannot yet bemoan his diſſolution, or now he can no longer bemoan it. For how can he know he is diſſolved before he is diſſolved. Beſides, we ſee many dying perſons, not complaining of their entire diſſolution, but affirming that they are going, that they are departing, that the ſoul is going out of the body; and this they ſignify by ſigns and geſtures; or, if they are able, they pronounce it with their tongue. Whence it appears there is no diſſolution but a ſeparation of the ſoul from the body; which ſeparation evinces the permanency of the ſoul.

Ver. 589. Tertull. de Pall. Theophylact. in cap. 10 Matth. Ariſtot. Hiſt. Nat. l. 8. c. 7. et Plin. lib. viii c. 27. ſays, that ſerpents, when they perceive themſelves growing old, caſt off their ſkins, and are clothed again with new, which Virgil confirms in theſe excellent verſes:

Qualis ubi in lucem locuber, mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuvius, nitiduſque juventâ
Lubrica convolvit ſublato, pectore terga,
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis.
Æn. 2. ver. 471.

So ſhines renew'd in youth, the creſted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake;
And caſting off his ſlough when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloſt, and with new glory burns.
Reſtor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the ſun; and rais'd on ſpires he rides,
High o'er the graſs he hiſſing rolls along,
And brandiſhes by fits his forky tongue. *Dryd.*

Ver. 590. Pliny, in the eighth book of his Natural Hiſtory, chap. 32. ſpeaking of deer, ſays, "Cornua mares habent, ſolique animalium omnibus annis ſtato veris tempore amittunt." The males have horns, and are the only animals that loſe them every year at a certain time in the ſpring. And Waller, deſcribing the head of a ſtag, takes notice of the ſame thing.

So we ſome antique hero's ſtrength
Learn by his launce's weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
O fertile head, which ev'ry year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
Which, might it never have been caſt,
Each year's growth added to the laſt,
Theſe loſty branches had ſupply'd
The earth's bold ſon's prodigious pride:
Heav'n with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains ſail'd.

Ver. 591. Theſe five verſes contain his thirteenth argument. He has already ſaid, that the mind is ſeated in the heart: and now he concludes from thence, that it is confined to the heart in ſuch a manner, that it cannot exiſt elſewhere. He who looks for ſouls in the air, may as reaſonably expect to find flames in water, and ice in fire: for all natural things have certain and fixed places to be born and live in.

But this argument is falſe; for birds, for example, are hatched in a neſt, and yet live out of the neſt. A nut is produced upon a tree, and a grain of corn in the ear, and yet they are kept in granaries. Then, why ſhould not the ſoul, if it were created in a certain part of the body, be able to live out of it. But as Lactantius, lib. 7. de Div. Præm. c. 12, argues admirably well, the poet contradicts his own doctrine; for book ii. ver. 964. he ſays,

——Each part returns when bodies dies;
What came from earth to earth, what from the ſky [high
Dropp'd down, aſcends again, and mounts on

which ought not to have been ſaid by him, who now aſſerts, that the ſoul dies with the body. But to uſe the very words of Lactantius, "Veritate victus eſt, et imprudenti ratio vera ſurrepſit;" he is convicted by a truth which happened to ſlip from him unawares.

Ver. 596. In theſe ten verſes, the poet brings his fourteenth argument. If you imagine, ſays he, the ſeparated ſoul to be immortal, you muſt believe it ſenſible too; and conſequently endowed with five ſenſes: but from whence can theſe ſenſes ariſe, ſince the organs of the ſenſes, the eyes, the noſtrils, the hands, the tongue, the ears, are all putrified in the abandoned body?

The anſwer to this argument is, that the ſenſes that are aſcribed to the ſoul after death: as hearing, ſeeing, &c. are not properly called ſenſes; but it is the very power and faculty of perception and underſtanding, which is called the ſenſes in each diſtinct and different ſort, and which of itſelf, for inſtance, diſcerns colours no leſs than the eye, hears ſounds no leſs than the ear, &c.

Ver. 600. He derides the fables of the ancients concerning the ſouls of men, which, as they feigned, went into hell after death, where they enjoyed all their ſenſes, as when they were alive.

Ver. 606, 607. His fifteenth argument takes up theſe thirty four verſes. The ſoul, ſays he, being diffuſed through the whole body, muſt of neceſſity be divided, if the body be cut in two by a violent and ſudden ſtroke. For example, if a limb of a ſoldier be cut off by an armed chariot, the motion of the diſſected part is a proof that the ſoul is divided likewiſe. This the poet elegantly and at large deſcribes; and then brings a ſecond inſtance in the parts of a ſerpent chopped to pieces; and urges, that it muſt be granted, either that there are ſeveral ſouls in the ſame animal, that is to ſay, in a man or a ſerpent, and that the keenneſs of the weapon, even though the blow he given at random, divides the members of the animal ſo exquiſitely, that it leaves to each ſoul its proper ſeat; which no man in his ſenſes will allow, or elſe it muſt be confeſſed, that the ſingle ſoul which is diffuſed through the whole body of the animal, is cut into many pieces, and conſequently is mortal.

To this argument we anſwer, that beſides that the Chriſtian faith teaches, that the ſoul of man is incorporeal; if the mind have choſen to itſelf its peculiar ſeat in the heart, as Lucretius pretends it has, it can never be divided, unleſs the heart be cut to pieces; but this we know to be falſe. Then as to what he inſtances in the amputated limbs of ſoldiers, it is not the ſoul that remains in them, and cauſes that palpitation; but certain warm ſpirits, that, by ſtirring up and down in the yet living nerves and muſcles, move the mangled and chopped off limbs; nor do they forſake them till they are ſeized and benumbed with cold. As to the inference he draws from ſerpents, we anſwer, that their rejected parts have life, becauſe the ſoul of animals is corporeal and mortal too.

Ver. 607. That is to ſay, the ſoul is in the whole animal, or in every part of the animal: for where the faculties of the ſoul are, there the ſoul is likewiſe; nor can thoſe faculties exiſt where the foundation and cauſe of them is not; but the ſoul is the foundation of them. And this is what made Ariſtotle ſay, that if the eyes were in the feet, the feet would ſee.

Ver. 614. Lucretius calls them "falciferos Currus," scythe-bearing chariots, alluding to the armed chariots which the ancients made use of in their armies, and which Xenophon, in book 6. of the Institution of Cyrus, describes in these words. Πολεμίσήρια καὶ σκευάσεν ἁρμαῖα τροχοῖς τε ἰσχυροῖς, ὡς μὴ ῥᾳδίως συνλῄζεσθαι, ἄξοσί τε μακροῖς. ἦν γὰρ ἀναλῄσεσθαι πάλα τὰ πολαῖα, τὸν δὲ δίφρον τοῖς ἡνιόχοις ἐπόησεν, ὥσπερ πύργον, ἐχυρῶν ξύλων ὕψος δὲ τοῦτον ἐπὶ μέσῳ τῶν ἀγκώνων ὡς δύνωνται ἡνιοχεῖσθαι οἱ ἵπποι ὑπὲρ τῶν δίφρων· τοὺς δὲ ἡνιόχους ἐθωράκισε πάνυ καλὴν τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν, περονήνας δὲ καὶ δρέπανα σιδήρεα ὡς διπήχεα πρὸς τοὺς ἄξονας ἔνεν καὶ ἔνθεν τῶν τροχῶν. καὶ ἄλλα κάλω ὑπὸ τω ἄξονι εἰς γῆν βλέπονλα, ὡς ἐμβαλλόμενον εἰς τοὺς ἐναντίους τοῖς ἅρμασιν. He took care, says he, to have warlike chariots made with very strong wheels, that they might not be easily broken, and large axle-trees, that they might not be apt to overthrow. The coachman's seat or box was made like a tower, of strong timber, and elbow-high, that they might govern the horses as they sat in their seats. The charioteers were armed from head to foot; to the axle-trees on both sides of the wheels he fastened scythes of iron, two cubits in length, and others beneath the axle, turning downwards towards the ground, as if he meant to drive over and trample down his enemies with this sort of chariots. And Vegetius de re Milit. l. 3. c. 24. says, "Quadrigas falcatas in bello Rex Antiochus et Mithridates habuerunt, quæ ut primò magnum intulere terrorem, ita postmodum fuere derisui." King Antiochus and Mithridates, in their wars, made use of chariots drawn by four horses, and armed with hooks or bills; which at first were very dreadful in an army, but at length were laughed at. Lucretius mentions them again, book v. ver. 1392. But we have a better authority for this sort of chariot, than any of the heathens can give us; 1 Sam. xiii. and Cowley, David. iv. describes them thus,

Here, with worse noise, three thousand chariots pass,
With plates of iron bound, or louder brass,
About it forks, axes, and scythes, and spears;
Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;
Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrews:
Alike the valiant, and the cowards die;
Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.

Ver. 630 To what Lucretius here says of serpents, and which all men know to be true, I will add what many have experienced of vipers; the head of which animal will live a considerable time after it is cut off: if you prick in the mouth, it will catch fast hold of the instrument that wounds it; and if you flea the rest of the body, and take out the bowels, and then throw it into water, it has been observed to live for an hour after, and even to move with vigour.

Ver. 634. I answer, it has: For, as Aristotle says, the more ignoble animals have indistinct and unseparated organs, after the manner of plants; wherefore that part, which is analogical to the heart is extended throughout the whole body. Hence it is, that the rescinded parts live, because each enjoys its proper fountain of life.

Ver. 640. These nine verses contain the sixteenth argument. If, says he, the soul be immortal; if, as Pythagoras and Plato believed, it existed entire before the body was perfected, why does no man, Pythagoras only excepted, remember the life he led before? And if the soul, by going into the body, lose all remembrance of things past, why should not a thing that is vitiated to such a degree be subject to farther corruption, and to death?

This argument proves nothing against the immortality of the soul, but rather condemns the metempsychosis of Pythagoras: For neither do we Christians pretend that the soul pre-exists before it is infused into the body; but believe that it is created by the Almighty, at the time that it is insinuated into the body. Souls, therefore, are not from all eternity, but created eternal, and in time. But Pythagoras held, that souls are eternal, and that they pass from body to body, as well of man as of beast. Now, this doctrine of the transmigration of souls was originally an Egyptian doctrine, as Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus both affirm; but if lying Philostratus may be believed, the Egyptians had it from the Bramins. It is agreed by all, that Pythagoras first brought it into Greece, where he had a mind to be thought the first author of it. To make the people believe him, and give credit to his doctrine, he told them an impudent lie: that his soul had been in Euphorbus at the time of the Trojan war, and that in the six hundred years between that and his birth, his soul had gone through several other bodies before it came into his. He faced them down by a singular gift of remembering all the stages through which his soul had passed in its travels. "O mirum," says Lactantius, "et singularem Pythagoræ memoriam! O miseram oblivionam nostram omnium, qui nesciamus, quid ante fuerimus! sed fortasse vel errore aliquo, vel gratia sit effectum, ut ille solus lethæum gurgitem non attigerit, nec oblivionis acquam gustaverit." But let us hear Pythagoras tell his tale. First, When Euphorbus was killed by Menelaus, which was in the year before J. C. 1185, then his soul, as he said, came into Æthalides, the son of Mercury. After his death, it came into Hermotimus, then into one Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos, and at last to Pythagoras. This is the way that Porphyrius, p. 201, tells the story. But the Scholiast on the Electra of Sophocles says, that Pythagoras himself used to say that his soul was in Æthalides before it came into Euphorbus; and this is confirmed by Diogenes Laertius, lib. viii. who cites Heraclides for it; and he lived near the time of Pythagoras; and likewise by the Scholiast on Apoll. Argonaut. i. who reports it from Pherecydes, an intimate friend of Pythagoras. They tell their story with particulars well worth knowing, if they were true: As that Pythagoras came by this wonderful memory by the favour of Mercury, whose office it was to carry souls into hades, and who gave the soul of his own son Æthalides,

in its way thither, the privilege not to taſte of the waters of Lethe, the drinking of which makes ſouls forget their former eſtate and being, and whatever elſe has paſſed in this world. And thus, it is plain, how, as Pythagoras was wont to ſay, Euphorbus remembered that his ſoul had dwelt formerly in the body of Æthalides; Hermotimus, that his had been in both thoſe; the fiſherman, that his had inhabited thoſe three bodies; and Pythagoras, that his had been in them all. They tell us farther, how it came to paſs, that in ſix hundred years, that ſoul of his was only in the two bodies of Hermotimus and the fiſherman; for, as Diogenes Laert. lib. viii. affirms, Pythagoras himſelf uſed likewiſe to ſay, that Mercury gave the ſoul of his ſon Æthalides leave to reſt ſometimes in hades, and at other times to travel unbodied above ground; and that even the ſoul which was in him, had, after the fiſherman's death, reſted 207 years, before it entered into his body. But whether theſe particulars be true or not, the doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls is ſufficiently proved, if the ſoul of Pythagoras had at any time formerly been in the body of Euphorbus. And Porphyrius, p. 191, and his ſcholar Jamblichus, cap. xviii. both tells us, that Pythagoras himſelf affirmed it, nay, that he proved it to be true beyond diſpute. But theſe philoſophers wiſely took care to conceal that part of their ware which would have diſgraced all the reſt. It was the Egyptian doctrine, that ſouls paſſed out of men into beaſts, fiſh, and birds. And this too Heraclides in Laertius affirms, that Pythagoras uſed to ſay of himſelf, and that he remembered not only what men, but what animals, nay, what plants his ſoul had paſſed through; and, what was a greater gift even than that which Mercury beſtowed on Æthalides, Pythagoras took upon him to tell many others, how, and where their ſouls had lived before they came into their bodies; particularly one who was beating a dog, he deſired to forbear, becauſe, in the yelping of that cur, he heard a friend's ſoul ſpeak to him. So too Empedocles, who lived in the next age after Pythagoras, and was, for a while, the oracle of his ſect, declared of himſelf, that he had been firſt a boy, then a girl, then a bird, then a fiſh. Apollonius too, if we may give credit to Philoſtratus, had the ſame impudence; for that writer tells us, that he owned his ſoul to have been formerly in the maſter of a ſhip. He ſhowed one young man who had in him the ſoul of Palamedes; another that of Telephus, who were both killed in the time of the Trojan war; and in a tame lion, that was carried about for a ſight, he ſaid, there was the ſoul of Amaſis king of Egypt. How could ſuch fictions come into mens heads? There is more than idle fancy in them; and they plainly diſcover a pernicious deſign of the devil, to confound the two doctrines of the immortality of the ſoul, and of the reſurrection of the body; for if theſe fictions were true, there would be no difference between the ſoul of a man and the ſoul of a brute, or that of a plant; and at the reſurrection, there would be more bodies than ſouls to animate them. To tell what tricks Pythagoras uſed, to impoſe on men the belief of this no leſs abſurd than impious doctrine, would make this digreſſion too tedious; therefore, I will only add, that Cicero i. Tuſcul. obſerves, that Plato too, who taught that the univerſal ideas of things are from all eternity, and eternal, held, if not a perfect remembrance, a reminiſcency at leaſt of the actions that paſſed in the life that preceded the infuſion of the ſoul into the body. And againſt theſe doctrines of theſe two philoſophers, Lucretius chiefly directs this argument, and ſome of the following.

Ver. 649. The ſeventeenth argument, in theſe ſixteen verſes, is to this purpoſe: If the ſoul were infuſed into a perfect body, it ought to have been done in ſuch a manner, that it might be in that body like a bird in a cage; not as it now is, when it ſeems to grow, and be ſo much of a piece with it, that it cannot be ſafe and whole out of it, and thus betrays itſelf to have had a beginning, and to be liable to have an end.

If this argument be brought only againſt the Pythagoreans, we need not concern ourſelves about it; but if it be levelled againſt us, who aſſert, that immortal ſouls are infuſed into our bodies the moment they are created, it is already anſwered in our note upon the ſecond argument, ver. 428; to which we add beſides, that the ſoul is infuſed into the body, not as an aſſiſting form, as they call it, ſuch as is the pilot in a ſhip, and the coachman in a chariot; but as an informing form, and as the principle of vital motion. But its departure from the body, to which it is ſo cloſely and inly joined, without any diviſion of its parts, but whole and free from all ſtain and blemiſh of corruption, is a privilege due to its ſpirituality; for whatever is ſpiritual cannot be disjoined or divided.

Ver. 665. Theſe fifteen verſes include the eighteenth argument. Let us grant, ſays the poet, that the ſoul is, as they will have it, firſt formed, and infuſed afterwards; yet it muſt of neceſſity ſuffer change, as it is diffuſed into all the different mazes and pores of the body, its ſite and order is changed, and the whole ſubſtance divided into parts. For let any thing flow into ſo many pipes, ſo many paſſages and holes as are in the body, it muſt of neceſſity be turned and twiſted about in many manners. For example, the food we eat, while it is conveyed through the veins and other conduits of the body to every member of it, loſes its firſt form, and takes up one that is quite different. And we ought to believe, that the ſoul too undergoes a like change, and conſequently is mortal.

This argument is anſwered by what we have ſeveral times aſſerted; for ſince the ſoul is incorporeal and ſpiritual, why may it not be infuſed whole and without any diviſion of its parts, into the body, and all its members? And if, for inſtance, the whiteneſs of the milk ſpreads itſelf through the whole ſubſtance of the milk, without any diviſion of itſelf, how much rather may the ſoul diffuſe itſelf through the body? Beſides, nei-

ther does the meat that is distributed into the members of animals, die and perish; but after it is concocted by the natural heat, it is converted into the nature of the body it feeds.

Ver. 680. These twenty-nine verses includes the nineteenth argument. If the soul, says he, when it goes out of the body, leaves some particles behind, they being thus separated, argue the soul to be subject to dissolution; if it leaves none, no cause can be alleged why so many worms take life in the carcase; for to pretend that so great a number of souls flow together from without to the place from whence one departed, would be very absurd indeed; and yet it would be more absurd to say that each soul chooses for itself what seeds are most proper to make itself a body, that she may suffer all those ills from which she is exempted when out of a body; or that she enters into a body already made, since it is impossible that she can fit and fashion herself to inform each part of it.

It is scandalous to waste time in confuting these trifles; however, to solve all these arguments in a word, I say, that the human soul being incorporeal, it leaves not any remains of itself in the body, nor is the generation of worms in a dead carcase made of the corruption of the soul that animated that body, but of the corruption of that carcase only, as it likewise happens in cheese, in rotten earth, &c. Nor, lastly, are the souls of the worms infused from without, but, to use the words of Lucretius, are generated, as often as there happens to be in those carcases, or in any other putrified bodies, any seeds or atoms that are fit and proper to generate those insects.

Ver. 709. The twentieth argument is in these thirty verses, and attacks the doctrine of Pythagoras and of Plato. If these immortal souls, says he, had so often been shifted out of the body of one animal to the body of another, the natural dispositions of the animals would by little and little have been changed and altered. Thus the lion would not now be fierce, the deer not fearful, the fox not crafty; the dog would run from the stag, and the dove would pursue the hawk; beasts would be wise, and men void of reason; for the soul of the dove would often be in the hawk, and the soul of a beast inform the body of a man, and in like manner on the contrary: but if it be pretended that the nature of the soul changes according to the different natures of the bodies, and that of whatever kinds the souls are, they put on the manners that agree with the bodies into which they enter, I ask no more; for whatever can be changed is mortal, since in every change there must be a transposition, and consequently a dissolution of the parts. But if it be pretended, for example, that human souls go only into human bodies, why does that soul, which, but now, behaved itself wisely in the body of a man grown up to the years of maturity, play the fool at the rate it does when it is infused into the body of a child? Does the mind grow weak and tender in a weak and tender body? If it does, it is changed; and no man in his senses will dare affirm, that a thing so often changed is immortal.

This whole argument is bent only against the Pythagoreans, who held that souls pass from body to body, as well as of man as of beast. But what he advances, that souls change according to the passions, dispositions, and manners of the different bodies, and grow with them, is already answered in the note on ver. 429.

Ver. 717. Lucretius calls it "Canis Hyrcano de semine," a dog of the Hyrcanian breed. Hyrcania is a country of Asia, which has the Caspian sea on the east, Iberia on the west, Armenia on the south, and Albania on the north. Now, in this country there are a great quantity of panthers, leopards, and tygers, the males of which animals, they say, sometimes couple with bitches, who bring forth a very sagacious sort of dog, and these are they of which our poet here speaks.

Ver. 730. For as Cicero says in Cato, "Temeritas est florentis ætatis, prudentia senectutis:" Rashness is the effect of youth, and prudence of old age. And Aristotle teaches the same thing in Ethic vi. where he says, that though prudence be requisite in every thing, yet nothing is learned without experience and practice, therefore a child cannot be prudent, since age alone can make him so.

Ver. 735. What Lucretius means is this: They cannot deny but that the mind is tender in a tender body; for example, that the mind of a child of two or three years old is weak and infirm; but if it be true that a mind, which was strong before, becomes weak in a weak body, it follows from thence, that the mind is mortal. But the difference of the organs in the bodies answers this part of the argument.

Ver. 739. In these nine verses, is contained the twenty-first argument. Lucretius having hitherto fought this battle with his utmost strength, with all his skill and application of mind, and having besides, as he fancies, routed his adversaries, he now detaches some light-armed arguments in pursuit of the fugitives, and, in the first place, desires to know why a soul is so passionately fond of an adult body? And why it lothes the members that are grown feeble with age, and hastens to get out of them? For, if it were immortal, it would not dread the imbecillity of infancy, nor the ruins of old age.

This argument is of so little weight, that it scarce deserves an answer. For who can believe that the soul retires from the body in apprehension of being crushed to pieces, or in dread of any danger that can happen to her from the fall of her tenement of clay; she leaves it because its organs are so impaired and weakened that she can no longer perform in them the functions of life.

Ver. 748. The twenty-second argument is in these seven verses, where the poet urges, that it is ridiculous to believe that a multitude of souls are waiting at the coitions and births of animals, and contending who shall get first into the body, unless, perhaps, it is agreed among them that the first comer shall be first served.

This argument, abſurd as it is, nevertheleſs, preſſes hard upon the Pythagoreans, though it do not in the leaſt affect us, who teach and believe, that God creates the ſoul the very moment it is infuſed into a new-formed body.

Ver 755 The twenty-third argument is contained in theſe fifteen verſes, in which he obſerves, that as all other things have a fixed and certain region or place allotted them, to be born, to grow, and to live in ſo has the ſoul likewiſe, and therefore can no more exiſt out of the body than fiſh can out of the water, than a tree in the air, or than a cloud in the ſea: Nor can it be doubted in the leaſt, but that the ſoul is born, grows, lives, and exiſts in and with the whole body; for otherwiſe we ſhould feel it formed, ſometimes in the head, ſometimes in the ſhoulders, nay, in the heels, and perceive it diffuſing itſelf by little and little through the whole body.

This argument is to the ſame purpoſe as the thirteenth, and is anſwered in the note on ver. 593. The firſt thirteen verſes of it are repeated, Book v. ver. 140.

Ver. 762. Here our tranſlator has followed the emendation of Faber, which, nevertheleſs, in his Latin edition of Lucretius, he condemns, as not agreeing in the leaſt with the lection of any of the ancient copies; and therefore he is rather of opinion to reject entirely this verſe of his author,

Tandem in eodem homine, atque in eodem vaſe maneret,

than to admit it, as corrected by Faber, who makes it run thus:

Tandem in toto homine, aqua ut in toto vaſe maneret.

He owns, however, the correction to be ingenious, and that he is not better pleaſed with the conjectures of others concerning this paſſage.

Ver 770. In theſe ſix verſes. which contain the twenty-fourth argument, he ſays, that it is downright folly to believe that things, ſo different as mortal and immortal beings, can be joined together, and that a mortal thing (the body) which, when ſeparated from that immortal thing (the ſoul), is ſubject to no harms nor inconveniencies, ſhould, when it is united to that immortal thing, be liable to thoſe pains and afflictions with which men are daily oppreſſed.

If Lucretius could not comprehend how a mortal body could be joined to an immortal ſoul, how came he to find out that the void, which is incorporeal and eternal, is intermixed with created things that are corporeal and mortal? But others, and great philoſophers too, could comprehend it very well; as Ariſtotle, who aſſerted immortal ſouls in mortal bodies; and Plato, who taught that the Eternal Mind is infuſed through all the parts of this tranſitory and corruptible world: And Hermes, who, as Lactantius, lib. xii. de Divin. Pœm. witneſſes, compoſed the nature of man of ſomething mortal, and ſomething immortal, from whence is become, as it were, the horizon that joins the higheſt to the loweſt, and the earthly to the heavenly. Thus theſe men, and others too, acknowledged ſome things partly mortal, partly immortal: and indeed the extremes would otherwiſe have been without a middle, and therefore they were in the right to make ſome things mixed of mortal and immortal.

Ver. 776. The twenty-fifth argument is contained in theſe twenty-one verſes, and is to this effect: Nothing is eternal and immortal, except either by reaſon of its ſolidity, as an atom, or becauſe it is free from ſtroke, as the void, or laſtly, becauſe there is no place out of which, or from whence any bodies can come to daſh it to pieces, or into which its diſſolved or broken parts can retire, as the τὸ Πᾶν, univerſe. But the ſoul is nothing like any of thoſe three things, for it is compoſed of ſeeds, and therefore not perfectly ſolid: It is not a void, becauſe it affects the body, and in its turn is affected by it: And no man will pretend that the ſoul is the τὸ Πᾶν, univerſe; therefore it is mortal. Theſe twenty-one verſes are repeated, Book v. ver. 395.

To all the objections he brings in this argument againſt the immortality of the ſoul, we anſwer, I. That the ſoul, indeed, is not an atom, but that not an atom only is eternal. II. That the ſoul is not the void, but that not the void alone is eternal. III That indeed the ſoul is not the univerſe, but that not the univerſe only is eternal: for God is eternal and immortal, and the ſouls of men are eternal and immortal: thus, beſides the three that Lucretius mentions, there is a fourth ſort of immortal things. And Plutarch, de Nat. Deor. reaſoning according to the doctrine of Epicurus, tells us, that even he allowed four kinds of things to be free from corruption, and that under the fourth kind was included the ſoul of man.

Ver. 797. The twenty-ſixth, and laſt argument againſt the immortality of the ſoul, is contained in theſe twelve verſes. If any one pretend that the mind is either fenced from things that are contrary and deſtructive to it, or that if any ſuch things ſhould advance againſt it, they cannot reach it, or if they do reach it, they cannot hurt it, but are repelled before. This opinion is overthrown by the diſeaſes of the body, of which the mind too bears a part: to which may be added, the reſtleſs cares and anxieties of life, and the dread of puniſhments after death: but what is yet more, and worſe than all theſe, add conſcience, that inward hell: and, laſtly, add madneſs and lethargy. and thus you will be forced to confeſs, that the mind is not protected from pernicious things, but that, on the contrary, it is miſerably oppreſſed by them.

This argument is, as we ſaid before, not a proof of any defect in the ſoul, or in the mind, but argues only the weakneſs and imperfections of the body and its organs Thus Lucretius concludes his diſputation concerning the mortality of the ſoul: and to evince the inſufficiency of his arguments, and how much they fall ſhort of reaching his deſign to prove the ſoul mortal, it will not be

amiſs to take a ſhort view of them from the beginning of this book. Firſt, then, he grants the ſoul to be a ſubſtance, diſtinct from theſe viſible members, and divides it into two parts, the ſoul, properly ſo called, and the mind, which is the governing and ruling part, and takes the heart for its proper ſeat, whilſt the ſoul is diffuſed over the whole body; but theſe two are but one nature, and united, becauſe the mind can act on the ſoul, and the ſoul on the mind, and therefore both are material,

Tangere enim et tangi ſine corpore nulla poteſt res.

For nought but body can be touch'd or touch.

This ſubſtance of the ſoul is a congeries of round ſmooth atoms, and conſiſts of four parts, wind, heat, air, and a fourth nameleſs thing, which is the principle of ſenſe. This ſoul is not equal to the body, as Democritus imagined, but its parts are ſet at diſtance, and when preſſed by any external objects, meet, and jumble againſt one another, and ſo perceive. This is the deſcription of the Epicurean ſoul, and the manner of its acting; and all the arguments they propoſe againſt its immortality, endeavour likewiſe to evince it material, and that too from the mutual acting of the ſoul and body on one another.

To examine each particular, I ſhall firſt grant it material, and then conſider the validity of that conſequence; ſecondly, prove it immaterial, and ſhow that an immaterial being can act on a material, and then diſcourſe on the validity of that conſequence, which infers it to be immortal, becauſe it is immaterial.

And here I ſhall admit the diſtinction between ſoul and mind, taking one to be the principle of life, and the other of ſenſe, but cannot allow them to be one nature, becauſe of their mutual acting, unleſs the body too, on the ſame account, be but one nature with the ſoul, which Lucretius himſelf denies. This mind is ſeated in the brain, a thouſand experiments aſſuring us, that when there happens any obſtruction in the nerves, the animal feels not though you cut the part that lies below the ſtoppage, and yet the leaſt prick above it raiſes the uſual pains and convulſions. Now, ſuppoſe this mind material, and conſider, that it has been already proved, that matter is not ſelf-exiſtent, and therefore depends on another ſubſtance for its being; now I ſuppoſe any man will grant that it is as eaſy to preſerve as to make a thing, for preſervation is only a continuing that being which is already given; and therefore though the ſoul were material, yet the conſequence is weak. And thus the Stoics, though they acknowledge nothing but body, τὴν δὲ ψυχὴν γενεῖήν τε καὶ φθαρτὴν λέγουσιν, ἐκ ἐνθὺς δὲ τῷ σώματος ἀπαλλαγεῖσαν φθείρεσθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπιμένειν τινὰς χρόνους καθ' αυτὴν, τὴν μὲν τῶν σοφῶν μέχρι τῆς ἐκ πυρὸς ἀναλύσεως τῶν πάντων, τὴν δὲ τῶν ἀφρόνων πρὸς ποσοὺς τινὰς χρόνους. And affirm the ſoul to be generated and corruptible; yet it is not deſtroyed as ſoon as divided from the limbs, but remains ſome time in that ſtate; yet the ſouls of the viſcious and ignorant ſome few years, but thoſe of the wiſe and good till the general conflagration of the world.

Secondly, That the ſoul is immaterial, is evident from its operations; for when any external object preſſes on the organ, it can only move it; now, let this motion be inward, ariſing from the preſſure of the external object, or let it be an endeavour outward, proceeding from the reſiſtance of the heart, as Mr. Hobbes imagines, or elſe a little trembling of the minute parts, as the Epicureans deliver, yet what is either of theſe motions to ſenſe? For, ſtrike any piece of matter, there ariſes preſently that preſſure inward, and the endeavour outward; and yet I believe no man accounts a workman cruel for breaking a ſtone, or ſtriking a piece of timber, though, according to this opinion, he may raiſe as quick a ſenſe of pain in theſe as in a man: Nor muſt any one object the different figures and contrivances of ſtones and nerves, for thoſe only make the motion more or leſs eaſy, but cannot alter the nature of the preſſure; beſides, let us take ſeveral round little balls, and ſhake them in a bag that they may meet, ſtrike, and reflect, who can imagine that here is any perception? That theſe balls feel the motion, and know that they do ſo? And indeed the Epicureans grant what we contend for, ſince they flee to a fourth nameleſs thing, i. e. they cannot imagine any matter under any particular ſchematiſm fit to think and perceive. But grant that ſimple apprehenſion could belong to matter, yet how could it unite two things in a propoſition, and pronounce them agreeable? How, after this conjunction, conſider them again, and collect, and form a ſyllogiſm? For there is no cauſe of either of thoſe two motions, and therefore they cannot be in matter. For, ſuppoſe two things propoſed to conſideration, and let their ſimple preſſure on the organs raiſe a phantaſm, this is the only motion that can be cauſed by the objects; now, let theſe be removed, and any man will find himſelf able to conſider the nature of theſe objects, compare their properties, and view their agreement, which muſt be a diſtinct motion from the former, and this too can be done ſeveral hours, months, or years, after the firſt preſſure of the objects, and after the organs have been diſturbed with other motions, and conſequently the firſt quite loſt; and, after all this, he can join theſe two objects thus compared, with a third, and compare them again, and, after that, bring the two extremes into a concluſion, and all this by the ſtrength of his own judgment, without the help, the preſſure, or direction of any external impulſe. Beſides, the Epicureans grant they have a conception of atoms, void, and infinite, of which they could never receive any image, and conſequently no cauſe of their conception, matter being not to be moved but by material images, and thoſe too of equal bigneſs with the corpuſcles that frame the ſoul. Other reaſons may be produced from the diſproportion of the image of the object to the organ, it being impoſſible that any

thing ſhould appear bigger than the organ, if ſenſe were only the motion of it, or of ſome parts contained in it, becauſe it would be able to receive no more motion than what came from ſome part of the object of equal dimenſions to it. But I haſten to ſhow, that an immaterial being can act on a material. And here we muſt mind again, that the ſublunary matter is not ſelf-exiſtent, and therefore depends on ſomething that is ſo; now, this being cannot be matter, for all matter is diviſible, and therefore inconſiſtent with neceſſary exiſtence; now, this ſubſtance, as he created, ſo he muſt move matter, for motion is not a neceſſary mode of it, as every man's ſenſes will evince; and it is the ſame thing to create and preſerve a being, with ſuch and ſuch a mode or accident, as it is barely to create it. And this infers, that he can act on matter as much as the ſoul now does; and this action is not any thing diſtinct from his will; the ſame power that created moves it; and, that this may be eaſily conceived, every man has a ſecret witneſs in himſelf, and may be convinced from his own actions. But let us conſider a little farther, and we ſhall find motion as difficult to be conceived as this mode of action; for thoſe that define motion to be only a ſucceſſive mode of being in reſpect to place, only tell us the effect of it, when we inquire after its nature; I ſhall therefore take it for a phyſical being, and diſtinct from matter as its tranſitions out of one body into another ſufficiently evince; and any man may eaſily obſerve how full of contradictions Cartes is when he treats of this ſubject, having determined motion to be only a mode of matter. Now, all the definitions of the philoſophers prove, that we have no idea of this but from its effects, and therefore its manner of acting, of tranſition, &c. is as hard to be conceived, as the mode of action in an immaterial ſubſtance, and yet no man doubts it.

Thirdly, There is a great conteſt about brutes, ſome alluwing them perception, others aſſerting them to be nothing but machines, and as void of all ſenſe as an engine. This latter opinion is irreconcileable to their actions, and to that experience we have of their docility, and the relations of their cunning, even from thoſe mens mouths, which are great ſticklers for this fancy: and this ariſes from a common opinion, that if they grant brutes immaterial ſouls, as they muſt do if they allow them perception, the conſequence will be unavoidable, therefore they are immortal. But to ſpeak freely, I could never perceive any ſtrength in this argument; and if I had no ſtronger convictions, I could ſubſcribe to Seneca's opinion, in his epiſtle 102. "Juvabat de animæ æternitate quærere, imo meherculè credere; credebam enim facilè opinionibus magnorum virorum rem graviſſimum promittentium, magis quàm probantium." It was delightful to inquire into the eternity of the ſoul, nay even to believe it: For I eaſily gave credit to the opinions of great men, who promiſed a thing of the higheſt importance, rather than proved it. For immateriality does not infer neceſſity of exiſtence, or put the thing above the power of him that framed it; therefore immortality is a gift of the Creator, and might likewiſe have been beſtowed on matter; and thus beaſts may be allowed ſubſtances capable of perception, which may direct, and govern them, and die, and be buried in the ſame grave with their bodies. But we have ſuch great evidence for the immortality of the mind of man, both from the diſpenſations of Providence, and infallible promiſes, that I could not give a firmer aſſent, nor have a ſtronger ground for my opinion, if the proofs could be reduced to figures, and propoſed in ſquares, and triangles.

Beſides the general, he produces many particular arguments, from the different operations of the ſoul in the ſeveral ſtages of our life. He had obſerved (and who can be ignorant of it) that though both in childhood, youth, and old age, the notices of external objects are extremely clear and perfect, yet at firſt our apprehenſions and our memories are weak, our judgment and reaſon little, and very different from the accurate perception of riper years: and that decays again, and extreme old age ſlowly leads back to our ſwadling clothes and our cradles: To theſe he adds the various diſtempers that are incident to man; how ſometimes the mind is lulled into a lethargy, and then waked again into a frantic fit; and how at laſt death ſteals in upon our life, and wins inch by inch, till it becomes maſter of the whole: And hence he infers the increaſe and decay of the mind, and that it is born, and dies: Now theſe arguments cannot ſtartle any one that conſiders the immortality of the ſoul is not to be inferred from any attribute of its own ſubſtance; but the will and pleaſure of the Author of its being: and therefore did it really ſuffer all thoſe diſturbances he imagines, yet who doubts but a tormented thing may be kept in being, ſince the torment itſelf is not death: But natural philoſophy will account for theſe diſtractions, if we conſider what life is, and how the ſoul muſt depend on the body, as to its operations: If we diſtinguiſh life from ſenſe it is nothing elſe but a due motion and digeſtion of the humours; and this agrees to plants as well as ſenſibles; they are nouriſhed, grow, and live alike; and an animal dies, becauſe ſome of theſe are either loſt, or depraved, for were her habitation good and convenient, the ſoul would never leave it, ſhe has no ſuch reluctancy to matter, nor is ſo afraid of its pollutions, as the Platoniſts fancy, that ſhe ſhould be eager to be gone; but when the body fails, and is unfit for thoſe animal motions, over which it was her office to preſide, ſhe muſt retire from the lump of clay, and go to her appointed place: So that the ſoul ſuffers nothing when the limbs grow uſeleſs, as even common obſervation teſtifies; for a palſy in the arm or leg does not impair the judgment; and often when the limbs are feeble, and the body ſunk to an extremity of weakneſs, the mind is vigorous and active, and very unequal company for the decaying matter. And as for the pain and torture that accompany death, and make the tragedy more ſolemn, it is evident, that ſuppoſe the ſoul

immortal, it is impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; ſo that this can be no argument for the Epicureans, which, admit the contrary ſuppoſition, can be ſo eaſily explained: And here we muſt conceive the mind as the chief part of man, a judging ſubſtance, but free from all anticipations and ideas; a plain "raſa tabula," but fit for any impreſſions from external objects, and capable to make deductions from them; in order to this, ſhe is put into a body curiouſly contrived, fitted with nerves and veins, and all neceſſary inſtruments for animal motion; upon theſe organs external objects act by preſſure, and ſo the motion is continued to the ſeat of this ſoul, where ſhe judges according to the firſt impulſe, and that judgment is called either pain or pleaſure; ſo that the action of the ſoul is ſtill uniform and the ſame; and the various paſſions ariſe only from the variety of the objects ſhe contemplates: but now becauſe ſhe has memory, and from theſe notices once received can make deductions, ſhe is capable of all thoſe affections which are properly called paſſions, as grief, joy, &c. All which are acts of reaſon, and are compatible to brutes too, according to their degree of perception: and beſides, ſince the mind makes uſe of the body in her moſt intellectual actions, as is evident from that wearineſs that is conſequent to the moſt abſtracted ſpeculations; the diſturbance ſhe receives, proceeds from the unfitneſs of the organs, but ſhe works as rationally in a madman as in a ſober, in a fool as in the moſt wiſe; becauſe ſhe acts according to the utmoſt perfection her inſtruments will permit.

But becauſe this notion of a "raſa tabula" will not agree with thoſe who are fond of ſome. I know not what, innate, ſpeculative, and practical ideas, it will be neceſſary to conſider the inſtances they produce. The firſt is that of many geometrical figures; for inſtance a chiliagon, of which we can make perfect demonſtrations, which preſuppoſe an idea of the ſubject, though we can have no image or repreſentation of it from our fancy: but in propoſing this inſtance they do not attend, that theſe properties belong to a chiliagon, becauſe it contains ſo many triangles, which is a figure obvious enough to ſenſe: The ſecond is that of a deity, upon which Cartes's whole philoſophy depends; and here he grants this to be imperfect, i. e. really none at all, becauſe not agreeable to the object, whoſe idea it pretends to be: yet this is enough to guide us in our religion, becauſe the higheſt our minds can reach: but even this we have from ſenſe; from the conſideration of the imperfections of all things, with which we are converſant, we riſe to the knowledge of an all-perfect; ſo that all the attributes we can conceive, are juſt in oppoſition to what we diſcover here; and therefore according to the different apprehenſions that men have entertained of ſuch things, ſo various have been their notions of the Deity, as is evident from the heathen world: And this makes way to diſcover, how we got all thoſe particular notions which we call the law of nature, and are ſaid to be written in our hearts: For when man was firſt created in his perfect ſtate, without any prejudice of infancy or education, he had as much knowledge as was deſigned for that order of creatures in the univerſe; the notions of all things were clearly repreſented, and good and evil appeared naked, and in their proper ſhapes: Theſe notions have been delivered down to us, and from theſe once made plain, the mind neceſſarily infers ſuch practical rules, as are called the law of nature: And this explication will give an account of the diverſity of manners and opinions amongſt men, and of the various interchanges of barbarity and civility throughout the world.

Ver. 809. But grant the ſoul to be mortal, that it was once born, and that a time will come when it muſt die, what advantage is this to us? Lucretius anſwers in theſe eleven verſes. We, who are wholly mortal, need no longer be in dread of death, nor of the puniſhments after death, at which the generality of mankind are ſo diſmayed: For as the battles, tumults, and Carthaginian wars did not moleſt us, who were not born in thoſe days; ſo too, ſince the ſoul is mortal, as well as the body, no wars, no tumults, nor any other cares, or afflictions will vex us after death. Epicurus, in Laertius, lib. 10. ſays, Συνειδέναι δὲ ἑαυτὸν ἐν τῷ νηπιάζειν μηδὲν πρὸς ἡμᾶς εἶναι τὸν θάνατον, ἐπεὶ πᾶν ἀγαθὸν, καὶ κακὸν ἐν τῇ αἰσθήσει. στέρησις δὲ ἐστὶν αἰσθήσεως ὁ θάνατος, ὅθεν γνῶσις ὀρθὴ μηδὲν εἶναι πρὸς ἡμᾶς τὸν θάνατον. Accuſtom thyſelf to conſider that death is nothing to us, becauſe all good and ill are diſcerned by ſenſe: but death is a privation of all ſenſe, whence we truly know that death is nothing to us. This opinion Cicero, lib. 1. Tuſcul. Quæſt. has included in theſe words: "Natura vero ſic ſe habet, ut quomodo initium nobis rerum omnium ortus noſter offerat, ſic exitum mors; quæ ut nihil pertinuit ad nos ante ortum, ſic nihil poſt mortem pertinebit. In quo quid poteſt eſſe mali; cum mors nec ad vivos pertineat, nec ad mortuos? alteri nulli ſunt, alteros non attingit." Such is the nature of man, that as our birth was to us a beginning of all things, ſo death will put an end to all. And as death was nothing to us before we were born, ſo neither will it be any thing to us when we are dead. What ill then can there be in death, ſince it belongs neither to the living, nor the dead. The living feel it not, dead are not.

For when our mortal frame ſhall be diſjoin'd,
The lifeleſs lump uncoupled from the mind;
From ſenſe of grief and pain we ſhall be free;
We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not be.

Dryd.

Ver. 812. The chief city of Africa, and for a long time the rival of Rome, with whom ſhe thrice contended for the empire of the world. Scipio firſt took it, and made it tributary to Rome; and afterwards Scipio Æmilianus deſtroyed it.

Ver. 819. For as Cicero ſays, "Qui ſatis viderit id quod eſt luce clarius, animo et corpore conſumpto, totoque animante deleto, et facto interitu univerſo, id animal, quod fuerit factum

esse nihil; is plane perspiciet, inter Hippocentaurum, qui nunquam fuerit, et regem Agamemnonem, qui fuit, nihil interesse: Nec pluris nunc facere M. Camillum hoc civile bellum, quam illo vivo ego fecerim Romam captam." He who sees what is clearer than the light, that if soul and body both perish, if the whole animal die and be destroyed, that which was an animal is become nothing; he too will clearly perceive, that there is no difference between a Centaur, that never was, and king Agamemnon, who once was: And that M. Camilius is no more concerned at this civil war, than when he was alive, I was concerned that Rome was taken. M. Tull. lib. i. Tuscul. Quæst.

Ver. 820. In these twenty-one verses the poet continues and says; suppose the soul could feel, when she is separated from the body, yet what would that be to us, who are not soul only, but something made up of soul and body? Nay, let us farther suppose, that we shall return to life again, and be the same we now are, that is to say, that after a certain revolution of time, the same atoms will by chance meet again, and, joining together, compose the same body we now wear; yet all this mighty bustle will be nothing to us who now are, or to us who shall be hereafter. In like manner, as while we are now living, we take no thought for the other ourselves that we formerly were, nor for the other ourselves that we shall be in time to come: for when we shall suffer death, an interrupting pause, a gaping space comes between what we are, and what we shall be; after which no remembrance will remain of the state in which we have been; as we now feel not before hand the smarts and sorrows we shall then endure. Dryden has given another turn to this passage, and renders it thus:

Nay, ev'n suppose, when we have suffer'd fate,
The soul could feel in her divided state;
What's that to us? For we are only we,
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before;
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decay'd:
We, who are dead and gone shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom, of our matter, time shall mould anew,
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tost, and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes; 'tis easy for the mind
From thence t' infer, that seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace;
Because a pause of life, a gaping space
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wand'ring motions from the sense are fled.

Ver. 828. The meaning of these three verses is; we are not solicitous concerning those, who formerly were the very and individual beings we now are; nor are we solicitous neither for them, nor do we bear any part in their affliction, who hereafter shall be moulded out of the same matter, which now composes this frame of ours. Let us suppose, for instance, that another, yet the same poet Lucretius had lived before this of ours, certainly this Lucretius was nothing troubled concerning him; and suppose farther, that there has been since, or will be hereafter, a third Lucretius; certainly our Lucretius was not in the least concerned for him neither: so that neither they who have been, nor they who will be, even though they have been, or shall be other ourselves, neither have contributed, or will contribute, to our grief or joy.

Ver. 841. In these nine verses he explains the same argument more at large; he who hereafter shall live in misfortunes, must be, when those misfortunes fall upon him: But the dead have ceased to be, and will never return from the grave. "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Therefore the dead can in no wise be miserable.

For whose'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living only, feel and bear,
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same, as we had never been.

Dryd.

Ver. 850. In these twenty-six verses he blames those who are too solicitous concerning their sepulture, and says, that anxiety proceeds from the belief of the immortality of the soul: For why, should a man, who believes he shall feel nothing after death, trouble himself about what shall become of his dead body?

And therefore, if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mould'ring limbs shall rot:
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass:
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass:
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind;
He boasts no sense can after death remain,
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other HE could feel the pain.

Dryd.

But the poet seems in this place to allude to that trite story of Diogenes, who being asked what he would have done with his carcase after he was dead, answered, He would have it thrown away unburied: and being put in mind that the beasts, and birds of prey would then devour him, he bid them put a stick in his hand, that he might drive them away: To which it being replied, That he

would not be able to do so; because he would be deprived of motion as well as of sense: How? said he, shall I be deprived of sense? What matter then what becomes of my body?

Ver. 851. Epicurus accused Democritus of believing, that there is sense in the body after death. This we learn from Tully, in his first book of the Tuscul. Quest. and no doubt but Lucretius in this place meant to chastise that philosopher.

Ver. 870. The poet hints at the three different ways of sepulture, that were used by the ancients: Some were burnt, some buried in the earth, and some were put into stone coffins, filled up with honey; of all which you may consult Salmasius to Solinus, p. 850. But perhaps Lucretius intended to give a slight chastisement to Heraclides of Pontus, and to Democritus of whom Varro "περὶ ταφῆς; Quare Heraclides Ponticus plus sapit, qui præcepit, ut comburerent, quam Democritus, qui ut in melle servarent: quem si vulgus secutus esset, periam si centum denariis calicem Mulsi emere possimus." Heraclides, who advised to burn dead bodies, was wiser than Democritus, who would have them be kept in honey; for if his advice had been generally followed, a cup of metheglin would be worth a great deal of money. For so scrupulous a concern for their sepulture was mean, and wholly unbecoming of philosophers. Even Petronius was braver and more wise than this comes to. "Attamen fluctibus obruto non contingit sepultura: tanquam interfit perituram corpus, quæ ratio consumat, ignis, an fluctus, an mora: quicquid feceris hæc omnia eodem ventura sunt: feræ tamen corpus lacerabunt; tanquam melius ignis accipiat." But a man, whose dead body is rolled up and down in the waves, is deprived of sepulture: As if it were of any moment, by what means the body, that must perish, is consumed; whether by fire, by water, or with length of time: whatever thou dost with it, it will be the same at long run: but wild beasts will tear it to pieces? as if fire would not hurt it as much. Lucretius, therefore, justly blames this too great concern, this over-care for a senseless lump of clay, at best but the very leavings of a soul: and says,

If, while he live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf, or vulture shall devour me dead;
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body, and the man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what, when dead, he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines, that he was born to die;
Nor knows, in death there is no other he,
No living ME remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.
If, after death, 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts; then why not so to burn?
Or, drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd?
Embalm'd, at once to be preserv'd and chok'd?
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold, and heav'n's inclemency?

Ver. 874. This was rather the ancients way of embalming than of burying their dead; as we may gather from the above-cited passage of Varro, and from Xenophon, lib. v. Ἑλληνικῶν, where he relates, that Agesipolis king of the Lacedemonians, being seized with a violent distemper, of which he died the seventh day after he was taken, was put into honey, and brought to Lacedemon, where, says he, he was buried in a royal sepulchre, καὶ ἐκεῖνος μὲν ἐν μέλιτι τελεῖς, καὶ κομισθεὶς οἴκαδε, ἔτυχε τῆς βασιλικῆς ταφῆς.

Ver. 876. Because it is commonly esteemed a great misfortune to be deprived by death of the blessings we enjoy in life, and because men are apt to bewail themselves that they must die, and leave all those joys behind them! Lucretius, in these twenty verses, derides that vain anxiety, and tells the self-tormentor,

But to be snatch'd from all thy household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast;
And climbing for a kiss, prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast;
All these shall be no more: thy friends oppress
Thy care and courage now no more shall free:
Ah! wretch, thou cry'st: Ah! miserable me!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life:
Add one thing more, and all, thou say'st, is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too.
Which, well consider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief:
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again;
And quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain:
But we thy friends shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind:
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind,
The worst that can befal thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good-night.

Dryd.

Socrates, in the dialogue of Plato, inscribed Axiochus, says to the same purpose: Ἤκουσα δὲ ποτὲ τὲ τῶ Προδίκω λέγοντος, ὅτι ὁ θάνατος ὲ περὶ τὰς ζῶντας ἐστιν. ὲ περὶ τὰς μεθηλικχότας· ὅτι περὶ μὲν τὰς ζῶντας ὰκ ἐστιν. οἱ δὲ ἀποθανόντες ὰκ εἰσιν, ὅστε ὲ περὶ σὲ νῦν ἔστιν (ὲ γὰρ πάθνικας) ὅτι, εἴτι παθοις ἔσται περὶ σὲ, σὺ γὰρ ὰκ ἔση. Μάταιος ἂν ἡ λύπη περὶ τῶ μὴ ὄντος. μήτε ἐομένω περὶ Ἀξίοχον, Ἀξίοχον ὀδύρεσθαι, καὶ ὅμοιον, ὡς ἐ περὶ τῆς Σκύλλης, ἡ τῶ Κυλαύρω τὶς ὀδύροιτο, τῶν μήτε ὄντων, μήτε ὕστερον περὶ τὴν τελευτὴν ἐσομένων. Τὸ γὰρ φοβερὸν τοῖς ὄσιν ἐστιν, τοῖς δὲ ὰκ ὄσι πῶς ἂν εἴη;

Ver. 895. For as death is esteemed a perpetual sleep, so is sleep a temporary death, or at least an image of death.

Stulte, quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago?

And the general, who killed one of his soldiers, whom he found sleeping upon duty, said pleasantly enough; "Talem reliqui, qualem inveni:" I left him as I found him.

Ver 896. Weak and fooliſh are they who bewail the dead without meaſure; and they too, who repine and grieve that themſelves muſt die, but more fooliſh they, who in their feaſts and merriments,

——Would be thought the wits,
And yet diſturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh garlands on their foreheads glow.
They whine and cry; Let us make haſte to live;
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Dryd.

And thus they damp their delights with the remembrance of death, as if in the grave they were to be parched up with unquenchable thirſt, or tormented with the want of any of the enjoyments of this life.

Eternal preachers! who corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, who never thinks with thought.
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt;
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe. *Dryd.*

But Lucretius bids them call to mind, that

Ev'n in their ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.

Why then do the fools dread a want of any thing when they are dead; ſince death, more than ſleep, ſcatters the principles of the ſoul, and more deprives men of their ſenſe. For

Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the firſt atoms then, the ſeeds of breath,
Are moving near to ſenſe; we do but ſhake
And rouſe that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs can be;
For then our atoms which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away;
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of life has left an empty ſpace. *Dryd.*

Ibid. It was the cuſtom of the ancients, as well Greeks as Latins, at their feaſts and entertainments, not only to ſtrew their rooms with flowers; but themſelves, the gueſts, and even the waiters wore garlands of flowers on their heads; and this they did, ſays Pliny, to diſpel, by the fragrancy of the flowers, the vapours and heavineſs that proceeded from too much drinking. "Crapulam et gravedines capitis, impoſitis coronis, olfactione diſcutiunt," lib. 21. Nat. Hiſt. cap. 19. Nay, even the very goblets were crowned likewiſe with garlands.

Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, et vina coronant.
Virgil.

And

Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitque mero, &c.

Which cannot be interpreted as ſome do the

——Κρατῆρας ἐστεφάνωσε ποτοῖο.

of Homer. They crowned bowls with drink; and bowls, ſay they, may then be ſaid to be crowned with drink, when they are filled ſo full that the liquor riſes above the brims of the bowl; and this we call a bumper, from the wine's ſwelling higher than the brims of the glaſs. But Homer may as well be conſtrued, they crowned bowls of drink, as bowls with drink. It is evident too, from ſeveral places in ſcripture, that garlands were likewiſe in great uſe among the Jews at their feaſts, eſpecially their nuptials, Iſa. lxi. 10. The Latin reads, like a bridegroom crowned with garlands, Wiſd. ii. 8. Ezek. xii. 16. Lam. v. 25. Eccleſ. xxxii. 1. &c.

Ver. 899. We find ſomething to the ſame purpoſe in Petronius, where he deſcribes the banquet of Trimalchio, who, when a ſervant, had brought in a ſilver ſkeleton, and ſet it on the table, cried out,

Heu, heu nos miſeros! quam totus homuncio nihil eſt:
Sic erimus cuncti, poſtquam nos auferet orcus:
Ergo vivamus, dum licet eſſe benè.

And the old Epicurean epigram gives the ſame advice;

Cum te mortalem noris, præſentibus exple
Deliciis animum: poſt mortem nulla voluptas.

To which I add the following lines out of Anacreon, as they are rendered by Cowley:

Crown me with roſes whilſt I live;
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave;
Let me alive my pleaſures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

But St. Jerome, writing againſt Jovinianus, blames theſe inconſiderate revellers in theſe words: "Manduca, et bibe; et ſi tibi placet, cum Iſraele lude conſurgens, et canito; Manducemus et bibamus, cras enim moriemur. Monducet et bibat, qui poſt cibos expectat interitum; qui cum Epicuro dicit: Poſt mortem nihil eſt, et mora ipſa nihil eſt."

Ver. 916. That his diſputation againſt the fear of death may be the more efficacious, the poet, in theſe twenty-nine verſes, introduces nature ſpeaking, and thus ſtrengthens his arguments by the authority of the perſon that ſpeaks. If thou haſt met with croſſes and afflictions, if thy whole life has been one continued courſe and ſeries of adverſities, lay down thy burden, wretch, and learn at laſt to ſuffer eaſe. If thou haſt been proſperous, and led a life of joy and pleaſure, go away content with the bounteous bleſſings I have given thee. Expect no new. There is a viciſſitude of all things, as well as of times and ſeaſons; the ſame always ſucceed the ſame. If age has not yet weakened and impaired thy ſtrength and vigour, yet thou haſt enjoyed all the good things that I can give thee. And if thou art worn out with years, why doſt thou dread and delay to die? Let us ſuppoſe, ſays Lucretius,

——Great Nature's voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all:
What doſt thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh, and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For, if thy life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous bleſſings I could give,
Thou haſt enjoy'd; if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd through thee like a ſieve.
Why doſt thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feaſt, [thy reſt?
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and riſe, and take
But if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted joys paſs'd through and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end;
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To pleaſe thee, I have empty'd all my ſtore;
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before. *Dryd.*

Ver. 925. Horace has imitated this paſſage, Sat. 1. lib. i.

Unde fit ut raro, qui ſe vixiſſe beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, uti convivi ſatur, reperire queamus.

Ver. 939. Menippus in Lucian aſks Chiron the reaſon why he choſe to die, when he might have been immortal? Chiron anſwered, Becauſe in life there was nothing new, but the ſame things over and over again; which continual viciſſitude had cloyed me, and created in my mind a fatiety, and even a lothing of life.

Thus though thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame ſcene of things appears;
And would be ever, could'ſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give. *Dryd.*

Ver. 945. Hitherto nature has only gently reprimanded thoſe who are never weary of living. She now, in theſe thirty-two verſes, more ſharply rebukes thoſe who are immeaſurably greedy of life, even though it be grown a burden to them; eſpecially the aged, who are become incapable of enjoying the pleaſures of this world. As in a theatre, ſo in this life, each man has his part to play; and the old have no more right to live, than a player has to tarry on the ſtage, after he has acted his part. Be gone, ſays ſhe, decrepid fot, thou who haſt outlived content and pleaſure, and art grown covetous of pain. Thou haſt nothing more to do here; therefore, die as ſoon as thou canſt,

And leave thoſe joys, unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh comer, and reſign the ſtage.
All things, like thee, have times to riſe and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee,
'Tis giv'n to all for uſe, to none for property. *Dryd.*

What doſt thou fear? In the fables of the poets there is not one ſyllable of truth; but the living ſuffer thoſe torments which they dread in futurity.

For all the diſmal tales that poets tell,
Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell.
Conſider former ages paſt and gone,
Whoſe circles ended long ere thine begun.
Then tell me, fool, what parts in them thou haſt?
Thus may'ſt thou judge the future by the paſt;
What horror ſee'ſt thou in that quiet ſtate?
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghoſts, no goblins, that ſtill paſſage keep;
But all is there ſerene in that eternal ſleep. *Dryd.*

Ver. 957. That is, be content to leave thoſe delights of which thou haſt enjoyed thy ſhare, and art no longer able to taſte. To this purpoſe ſays Horace,

Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, decede peritis:
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atq. bibiſti;
Tempus abire tibi eſt. *Lib.* ii. *Ep.* 2.

Ver. 977. Here the poet, that he may entirely deliver the minds of men from the fear of death, endeavours to perſuade, that there are no puniſhments after this life. And to this end he employs the following forty-eight verſes to explain the fables of the poets: that of Tantalus in five verſes, of Tityus in eleven verſes, of Siſyphus in ten verſes, of the daughters of Danaus in ten verſes, of the Furies, Cerberus, &c. in twelve verſes. For thoſe fables, ſays he, are meant of the living; for Tantalus is the ſuperſtitious man; Tityus, he who is a ſlave to his luſts or inordinate deſires; Siſyphus repreſents him, who in vain aims at ſovereignty, and never attains his wiſh; the daughters of Danaus are the avaricious, whoſe thirſt of riches is never ſatisfied; as for Cerberus, the Furies, &c. we are to deem them to be the executioners that inflict the puniſhments on malefactors, or rather the conſcience of the guilty, which is the greateſt of all tormentors.

Ver. 979. In theſe five verſes, he explains the fable of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, the ſon of Jupiter, by the nymph Plote, and grandfather of Agamemnon and Menelaus. He, when he treated ſome of the gods, to make trial of their divinity, ſerved up his own ſon Pelops to the table; but all the gods, except Ceres, who eat a ſhoulder, abſtained from taſting of the diſh; and to puniſh the father for his flagitious cruelty, threw him into hell, to be tormented with eternal hunger and thirſt. For he is feigned to be ſet up to the chin in the river Eridanus, and to have apples hanging about his head; but not to be admitted either to drink of the water, or eat of the apples. The mythologiſts generally interpret this fable of the avaricious, who have not the ſoul to make uſe even of their parental eſtates. Thus Horat. lib. i. Serm. Sat. 1.

Tantalus à labris ſatiens fugientia captat
Flumina. Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur, congeſtis undique ſaccis
Indormas inhians, et tanquam parcere ſacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere Tabellis.

Which Cowley has thus rendered:

In a full flood ſtands Tantalus, his ſkin
Waſh'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within.
He catches at the ſtream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent ſlips.
You laugh? yet change the name, this fable is thy ſtory,
Thou in a flood of uſeleſs wealth doſt glory;
Which thou canſt only touch, but never taſte,
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want does laſt.

Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 10. "Antequam ſtudium Philoſophiæ circa Naturæ inquiſitionem ad tantum vigoris adoleſceret, qui per diverſas gentes auctores conſtituendis ſacris ceremoniarum fuerunt, aliud eſſe inferos negaverunt, quam ipſa corpora, quibus incluſæ animæ carcerem fœdum tenebris, horridum ſordibus, et cruore patiuntur: hoc animæ ſepulchrum, hoc Ditis concava, hoc inferos vocaverunt, et omnia, quæ illic eſſe credidit fabuloſa perſuaſio, in nobiſmetipſis, et in ipſis humanis corporibus aſſignare conati ſunt. ——Illos aiunt epulis ante ora poſitis excruciari fame, et inediâ tabeſcere, quos magis magiſque acquirendi deſiderium cogit præſentem copiam non videre: qui in affluentiâ inopes, egeſtatis mala in ubertate patiuntur; neſcientes parta reſpicere, dum egent habendis." But Lucretius repreſents the fable of Tantalus otherwiſe, and interprets it in a different manner, telling us, that

No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending rock to cruſh him from on high;
But fear of chance on earth diſturbs our eaſy hours;
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd pow'rs.
Dryd.

Where we ſee he follows their opinion, who ſay, that a ſtone is hanging over the head of Tantalus in hell, the fall of which he perpetually dreads. Thus too Euripides in Oreſtes:

Κορυφῆς ὑπερθέλλουσα δειμαίνων πέτρον
Ἀεὶ ποτᾶται, καὶ τίνει ταυτὴν δίκην.

Ver. 984 In theſe eleven verſes, he deſcribes the puniſhment, and explains the fable of Tityus, the ſon of Jupiter, by Elara, daughter of Orchomenus. He attempted to raviſh Latona, the mother of Apollo, who killed him with his arrows, and ſent him into hell, where a vulture is continually digging into his liver, and feeding upon it; which, nevertheleſs, grows as faſt as the vulture devours it. He is feigned to have been of ſo enormous a ſize, that, when he lay down, his body covered no leſs than nine acres of ground. Thus Ovid. Metam. iv. ver. 457.

Viſcera præbebat Tityus lanianda, novemque
Jugeribus diſtentus erat.———

And Virgil, Æn. vi ver. 595.

Nec non et Tityon, Terræ omniparentis Alumnum,
Cernere erat, per tota novem cui jugera corpus
Porrigitur; roſtroque immanis vultur obnunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viſcera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque ſub alto
Pectore; nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.

There Tityus was to ſee, who took his birth
From heav'n; his nurſing from the foodful earth,
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Enfold nine acres of infernal ſpace;
A rav'nous vulture in his open'd ſide,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breaſt;
His growing liver ſtill ſupply'd the feaſt;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains,
Th' immortal hunger laſts, th' immortal food remains.
Dryd.

But Lucretius teaches that this is merely a fable of the poets, and that

No Tityus, torn by vultures, lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver ſwell
To that prodigious maſs for their eternal meal;
Not though his monſtrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine ſpreading acres, or nine thouſand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.

Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corps ſufficient food ſupply;
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppreſs'd,
Or tyrant paſſion preying on his breaſt,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of reſt.
Dryd.

And this opinion of Lucretius is confirmed by Servius, who, on the above-cited paſſage of Virgil, ſays, "Sane de his omnibus rebus mire reddidit Lucretius, et confirmat in noſtrâ eſſe vitâ omnia, quæ finguntur de Inferis. Dicit enim Tityum amorem eſſe, hoc eſt Libidinem, quæ, ſecundum Phyſicos et Medicos, in jecore eſt, ut Riſus in Splene, Iracundia in Felle," &c. And Macrobius is of the ſame opinion, when he ſays, "Vulturem jecur immortale tundentem nihil aliud intelligi voluerunt (veteres) quam tormenta conſcientiæ, obnoxiæ flagitio, viſcera interiora rimantis, et ipſa vitalia indefeſſa admiſſi ſceleris admonitione laniantis, ſemperque curas, ſi forte requieſcere tentaverint, excitantis, tanquam fibris renaſcentibus inhærendo, nec ulla ſibi miſeratione parcentes; lege hâc, qua ſe judice nemo nocens abſolvitur, nec de ſe ſuam poteſt vitare ſententiam." In Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 10. And with this agrees the epigram in Petronius:

Qui vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimaſque fibras,
Non eſt quem timidi vocant Poetæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luxus.

Prometheus too is ſaid by ſome to ſuffer the like puniſhment.

Ver. 995. In theſe ten verſes, he explains the fable of Siſyphus, the ſon of Æolus, who, for infeſting Attica with his robberies, was ſlain by Theſeus, king of the Athenians; in whoſe honour the Greeks feigned that Siſyphus was condemned in hell to roll a ſtone to the top of a mountain, which, when with great labour he had forced it up, tumbled down again, ſo that he was always to begin his taſk anew. But Lucretius ſays,

The Siſyphus is he, whom noiſe and ſtrife
Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of life;

To vex the government, diſturb the laws;
Drunk with the fumes of popular applauſe,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And ſweats, and toils in vain to mount the ſov'-
reign ſeat;
For ſtill to aim at pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,
What is it but in reaſon's true account,
To heave the ſtone againſt the riſing mount;
Which, urg'd and labour'd, and forc'd up with
pain,
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and ſmokes
along the plain. *Dryd.*

And Macrobius, in the place laſt cited, agrees with Lucretius in this opinion, and ſays, "Saxum ingens volvere inefficacibus laborioſiſque conatibus, vitam terentes, atram ſilicem lapſuram ſemper et cadenti ſimilem, illorum capitibus imminere, qui arduas poteſtates, et infauſtam ambiunt Tyrannidem, nunquam ſine timore victuri, et cogentes ſubjectum vulgus odiſſe, dum metuat, ſemper ſibi videntur exitium, quod merentur excipere."

Ver. 1005. In theſe ten verſes the poet explains the fable of the Fifty Daughters of Danaus king of the Argives, who were married to the fifty ſons of their father's brother Ægyſthus; and who, all of them, except Clytemneſtra, killed their huſbands in one night. Of them the poets fabled that they were doomed in hell to fill a leaky veſſel with water. See Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 10. and Horat. Od. 2. lib. iii. But Lucretius interprets it of the luxurious, who are never filled or ſatisfied with the bleſſings of this life; and ſays,

Then ſtill to treat thy ever-craving mind
With ev'ry bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and ſeaſons vary the delight;
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore;
But ſtill the wolf within thee barks for more.
This is the fable's moral, which they tell,
Of fifty fooliſh virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky veſſels which the liquor ſpill,
To veſſels of their ſex which none could ever fill.
Dryd.

Ver. 1015. In theſe twelve verſes, he teaches, that there are no ſuch things as the Furies, Cerberus, nor any of thoſe puniſhments with which the guilty are ſaid to be tortured in hell; and, indeed, having taught that ſouls are mortal, it of neceſſity follows, that there are no puniſhments after death. He therefore interprets all thoſe things to be meant only of this life; and ſays that,

As for the dog, the furies, and their ſnakes,
The gloomy caverns and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view,
The mighty pains to mighty miſchiefs due:
Racks, priſons, poiſons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and ſuffocating ſmoke;
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horror of a conſcious mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of puniſhment and woe,
But looks for more at the laſt gaſp of breath:
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.
Dryd.

To this purpoſe, Cicero in his oration for Roſcius Amerinus, ſays admirably well. "Nolite putare, quemadmodum in Fabulis, eos, qui aliquid impiè ſceleratèque commiſerunt, agitari et perterreri Furiarum tedis ardentibus: ſua quamque fraus, ſuos terror maxime vexat, ſuum quemque ſcelus agitat, amentiaque afficit, ſuæ malæ cogitationes conſcientiaque animi terrent. Hæ ſunt impiis aſſiduæ domeſticæque Furiæ, quæ dies noctesque parentum pœnas à conſceleratiſſimis filiis repetunt." Do not fancy what the fables ſay, that men who have committed any impious or wicked action, are haunted and terrified with the flaming torches of the furies. Every man's own offences, his own terror chiefly diſturb him; every man's own wickedneſs haunts and makes him mad; his own cruel thoughts, and the conſciouſneſs of his own guilt terrify him. Theſe are to the impious thoſe aſſiduous and domeſtic furies, who day and night require and avenge the puniſhments of the parents, of their moſt flagitious ſons. And Lactantius ſays, there are three paſſions that drive men headlong into all manner of wickedneſs: anger, covetouſneſs, and luſt. Therefore, the poets ſaid there are three furies that torment the minds of men. Anger ſeeks for revenge; covetouſneſs for riches; and luſt for ſenſual delights. "Tres ſunt Affectus, qui homines in omnia facinora præcipites agunt Propterea Poetæ tres Furias eſſe dixerunt, quæ mentes hominum exagitant: ira ultionem deſiderat, cupiditas opes, libido voluptates." De vero Cultu, cap. 19.

Ibid. *The Furies*] They were three in number; the daughters of the river Acheron, and of night. The poets feigned them to have ſnakes inſtead of hair, and to be the inflictors of the torments in hell; and alſo, that they always bore flaming torches and whips in their hands. Virgil, Æneid. vi. v. 576.

Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tiſiphone quatit inſultans, torvoſque ſiniſtrâ
Intentans angues, vocat agmina ſæva ſororum.

And ver. 605.

——Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat——
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

Straight o'er the guilty ghoſts the fury ſhakes
The ſounding whip, and brandiſhes her ſnakes;
And the pale ſinner with her ſiſters takes.
The queen of furies by their ſides is ſet:
——Her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Dryd.

Ibid. *Cerberus*] He is feigned by the poets to be a dog with three heads, that guards the gates of hell. Apollodorus deſcribes him with three heads, a dragon's tail, and his back ſtuck thick with ſer-

pents heads of several sorts. Hesiod, in Theogon. gives him fifty heads, Virgil, Æneid. vi. ver. 417.

Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat, adverso recubans immanis in Antro
——Horrere videas jam colla colubris,
——tria guttura pandens.

——In his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound.
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
Op'ning his greedy grinning jaws he gapes
With three enormous mouths. *Dryd.*

Thus too Horace, Od. 2. lib. iii.

Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ
Cerberus; quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, saniesque manet
Ore trilingui.

Ver. 1018. Here our translator has changed the ancients way of punishing criminals into the more modern punishments, he takes no notice of what Lucretius calls

——Horribilis de saxo jactu, deorsum:

Which Dryden, who keeps more close, in this place, to the original, renders the Tarpeian rock, which was a precipice, from whence such as were guilty of treason against the state were thrown down. It was called Mons Tarpeius, from Tarpeia, a vestal virgin, who was buried there. This was she, who agreed with the Sabines to betray the capitol to them, provided they would give her what they wore on their left arms; which they promised to do; she meant their bracelets: but they had no sooner entered the capitol by her means, than they fell to throwing their targets upon her, which instantly pressed and smothered her to death. Horace, lib. i. sat. 6. mentions this punishment:

——————Audes
Dejicere è saxo cives; aut tradere Cadmo?

Ver 1021. Dryden, in the tragedy of Aurengezebe, has an excellent description of the tormenting terrors of a guilty mind; and which agrees very well with this passage of our author:

Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe:
But to our thoughts what edict can give law?
Ev'n you yourself to your own breast shall tell
Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell:
Amidst your train this unseen judge will wait;
Examine how you came by all your state;
Upbraid your impious pomp; and in your ear
Will hollow rebel! traitor! murderer!
Your ill-got pow'r, wan looks, and cares shall bring;
Known but by discontent to be a king:
Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit, and brood your sorrows on a throne.

And Lee, in Mithridates, says finely:

My ugly guilt flies in my conscious face;
And I am vanquish'd, slain with bosom war.

Ver. 1027. In these thirty-two verses, the poet rebukes that worthless race of men, who seem to think themselves born for no other purpose, than to indulge themselves in ease and pleasure, and to waste their days in idleness: For why should such men, who are altogether useless in their generations, repine at their being subject to the same laws and necessity of fate, to which the most potent emperors, legislators, founders of cities, the greatest wits, and the most illustrious in arts and sciences, have in all times been subject, and forced to submit. Certainly their condition ought to be worse, and yet they complain of its being equal. Ancus, says he, Xerxes, and Scipio, died long ago. All the poets, and even Homer, the prince and father of them all; Democritus, nay, Epicurus himself, the best of all philosophers, is dead: Therefore.

When thoughts of death disturb thy head,
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead:
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die:
And thou, do'st thou bewail mortality?
Dryd.

Be gone then, whosoever thou be, and learn not to deplore the inevitableness of that destiny, which such, and so great men, especially Democritus, and Epicurus, have willingly, nay, joyfully undergone.

Ver. 1028. Ancus Martius: He was the fourth king of the Romans, and grandson of Numa by a daughter. Of him Livy. "Avitæ gloriæ memor: medium erat in eo ingenium, et Numæ et Romuli memor, cuilibet superiorum regum belli pacisque et artibus et gloria par." He was emulous of the glory of his progenitors, and seemed to have inherited a mixed temper of mind, between that of Numa and of Romulus. He was equal to any of his predecessor kings in the glory and arts both of war and peace. Virgil has not omitted to make Anchises show him to Æneas among the race of his successors:

——Quem juxta sequitur jactantior Ancus,
Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.
Æn. vi. ver. 815.

For he obtained the kingdom by the favour and voice of the people, as well as of the senators.

Ver. 1029. Lucretius took this thought from Homer, who says,

Κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.

Ver. 1032. In these four verses he speaks of Xerxes, the king of the Persians, who, by laying a bridge over the Hellespont, and digging a channel round the mountain Athos, walked over the sea, and sailed upon land, as Herodotus in Polyhymn. says of him. Consider, says Lucretius,

How many monarchs, with their mighty state,
Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate?

That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whoſe ſtupendous bridge did the wild waves
reſtrain,
In vain they ſoam'd, in vain they threaten'd wreck,
While his proud legions march'd upon their back;
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame,
Nor ſpar'd his guards the more for their immortal
name.

Dryd.

Ver. 1033. "Et contempſit, aquis inſultans, murmura ponti," ſays Lucretius, alluding, in all appearance, to what the ſame Herodotus ſays of him: That hearing that his bridge over the Helleſpont was broken to pieces by a ſtorm, he commanded three hundred ſtripes to be given to the waves, and the ſea to be laſhed, and bound in chains; and that ſome of thoſe who were ordered to execute this ſentence, ſeverely chid and reproached the inſolent ſea in theſe words: "O thou ſalt and bitter water; thy lord ſends thee this greeting, and inflicts this puniſhment on thee, becauſe thou haſt baſely done an injury to him, who never gave thee any provocation. But know, that the great king Xerxes will walk over thee, in ſpite of all thou canſt do to hinder him. It is with good reaſon that no man ſacrifices to thee, ſince thou art at beſt but a bitter and deceitful ſtream." Manilius, lib. i. ver. 773.

Perfidis et victor ſtrârat qui claſſibus æquor.

Which Creech has thus paraphraſed;

Next Perſia's ſcourge, who ſtrew'd the joyful
flood
With Xerxes fleet, and check'd the growing god:
Who broke his force, when Neptune bore the
chain,
And prov'd his juſter title o'er the main.

Ver. 1036. *Scipio*] He ſpeaks of P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major, who in the year U.C. 543, when he was but 24 years of age, was, preferably to others, ſent into Spain, from whence he drove the Carthaginians. In the year 549 he was made conſul, and the year following ſent proconſul into Africa; where having overcome the Carthaginians, he obliged Hannibal to return out of Italy to the defence of his own country; having ſubdued Carthage, he impoſed a tribute on the Carthaginians, and made them give him hoſtages; for which he was ſurnamed Africanus: He was allowed a triumph at the end of the ſecond Punic war, in the year 553. Then he was made cenſor in the year 555, and again conſul in the year 560. He was thrice choſen prince, or preſident of the ſenate. He went legate, or lieutenant-general, in the expedition againſt Antiochus king of Syria, which was commanded in chief by his brother Lucius, who, for the victory he obtained over that king, was ſurnamed Aſiaticus. Our Scipio, being returned to Rome, was accuſed by the tribunes of the people, of having taken money of Antiochus to procure him a peace; and thinking it unworthy of a man like himſelf to be preſent, and plead in his own defence, he went to Liternum in Campania, and died there about the year 567. Though our tranſlator has omitted it, Lucretius in this place calls him *belli fulmen*, the thunderbolt of war! in which he ſhowed the way to Virgil, who, in Æn. vi. ver. 482, calls both the Scipios Major and Minor,

——Duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas.——

And to Cicero likewiſe, who, in his oration for Cornelius Balbus, ſpeaking of others of the Scipian family, ſays: "Cum duo fulmina noſtri imperii Cn. et P. Scipiones ſubito in Hiſpania extincti occidiſſent." And Dryden, in his tranſlation of this paſſage, was careful not to omit the giving him that appellation:

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war is dead,
And, like a common ſlave, by fate in triumph led.

The other was the ſon of Æmilius Paulus Macedonicus, who was adopted into the Cornelian family by the ſon of Scipio Africanus Major, and called Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus: He took and utterly deſtroyed Carthage, in the third and laſt Punic war, and reduced Africa into the form of a Roman province; for which he triumphed and gained the ſurname of Africanus Minor. This laſt famed for his juſtice, as well as for his great knowledge in the art of war, whence the proverb, "Scipione juſtior et militarior:" which we find in Tertullian's Apologet. chap. 2. Lucius Florus, ſpeaking of them ſays, "Fatale Africæ nomen Scipionum videbatur." See more of them in Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Oroſius, Appian. de Bello Civil. Lucius Florus, Aurelius Victor, et Eutropius.

Ver. 1040. *Homer*] Thus too Manilius, in the beginning of his ſecond book, is laviſh in the praiſe of Homer, and having mentioned the chief arguments of his poems, he concludes with a high character, and ſtyles him, "The Fountain of all Poetry:"

——Cujus ex ore profuſos
Omnis poſteritas latices in carmina duxit,
Amœnique in tenueis auſa eſt deducere rivos,
Unius fœcunda bonis.——

Which Creech thus renders:

——From whoſe abundant ſpring,
Succeeding poets draw the ſongs they ſing.
From him they take, from him adorn their
themes;
And into little channels cut his ſtreams:
Rich in his ſtore——

Ovid. Amor. lib. iii. eleg. 8, to the ſame purpoſe,

——à quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis.

And Longinus, de Sublim. ſect. 13. ſays, that not only Steſichorus and Archilochus, but Herodotus the hiſtorian, and Plato the philoſopher, owe their

chief beauties to Homer. Lucretius therefore with good reason, speaking of the inventors of arts and sciences, says;

———Quorum avus Homerus
Sceptra potitus eadem sopitu' quiete 'st.

Upon which our translator expatiates; and this thought, "What Troy," &c. is taken from Waller. Dryden keeps closer to the original, and renders this passage thus:

The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast:
Where now is Homer who possess'd the throne?
Th' immortal work remains, the mortal author's gone.

Ver. 1044. *Democritus*] Of whom says Lucretius, "Sponte sua letho caput obtulit obvius ipse." Which Hermippus in Laertius explains. When Democritus was worn out with age, and seemed to be near his death, his sister was one day complaining to him, that if he should chance to die ἐν τῇ τῶν Θεσμοφορίων ἑορτῇ (festivals in honour of Ceres), she should not be able to perform her vows to that goddess: but he bid her take heart, and bring him every day some warm loaves of bread: by smelling to which he kept himself alive till that solemnity was at end: Now it lasted three days, and when they were past ἀλυτότατα τὸν βίον ποιήσαι. Diog. Laert. lib. ix. in Vit. Democ. And thus, to use the words of Dryden,

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.

Of Democritus, see more, ver. 356 of this book; and ver. 335 of book iv.

Ver. 1048. *Epicurus*] Of whom see book i. ver. 88, and the beginning of this book. Our poet here praises him, as far excelling all the other wise: and yet, says he, even he was forced to submit to death:

That stroke, ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the mid-day sun the midnight star.
Then thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possest;
And, when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find:
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wander'st in the labyrinth of life.

Dryd.

Ver. 1059. The poet has taught before, that the fear of death is the fountain from whence proceeds all our uneasiness of mind. He now resumes that subject, and in these twenty-six verses, teaches, that the inconstancy and instability of men proceed from no other cause. Uneasy in town, they go into the country, but are restless there, and straight return to town; they wish for things, which, when obtained, they lothe. Men in all conditions are oppressed with a load of cares and anxieties of mind, because, wherever they go, they carry with them the fear of death, and all the uneasy wishes and desires that spring from it; but would they govern themselves by the precepts of true philosophy, that is to say, by the wise doctrine of Epicurus, they would learn that the soul is mortal, and every man would lay down the load that he feels so heavy.

Oh! if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within their breast,
Sure they would change their course, not live as now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow:
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down:
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load;
But straight returns; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air:
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus, ev'ry man o'erworks his weary will
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill,
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still:
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease,
Which known, would all his fruitless troubles spare,
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study nature well, and nature's laws.
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state;
That never-changing state which all must keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

Dryd.

Ver. 1085. Lastly, He tells us, in these fifteen verses, that it is a folly to fly from what we cannot avoid; and to be so fond of life, even though we are sure to meet with no new blessings, and that the longer we live the more afflictions we shall undergo:

Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save,
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same maukish joys in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possest;
A new-arising wish expells it from the breast,

The fev'riſh thirſt of life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to-morrow we ſhall try;
What dregs of life in the laſt draught may lie.
Dryd.

Ver. 1091. To this very purpoſe, Dryden, in the tragedy of Aurengezebe, after his inimitable manner:

When I conſider life 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Truſt on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falſer than the former day,
Lies more; and while it ſays we ſhall be bleſs'd
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd.
Strange coz'nage! None would live paſt years again,
Yet all hope comfort from what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Ver. 1094. Lucretius concludes this book with telling us, in theſe ſix verſes, that death is equally eternal and immortal, if it ſeize us to-day, or many ages hence: For,

Nor by the longeſt life we can attain
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign:
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread;
The man as much to all intents is dead;
Who dies to-day, and will as long be ſo,
As he who dy'd a thouſand years ago.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE THIRD BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

When Lucretius diſputes of matter and its motions, if you except only ſome of his aſſertions that are levelled againſt Providence, which of the philoſophers argues more rationally, or more pertinently to his ſubject? But when he comes to reaſon of things removed from ſenſe, of the ſoul, and its faculties, no man is more weak, none more wide from the purpoſe. Let us but conſider what a ſoul he has fabricated for himſelf: A ſubtle corporeal ſubſtance, compoſed of minute and voluble parts of wind, air, and heat, that are diffuſed through the whole body in ſuch a manner as to be ſeparated from one another by very ſmall intervals of ſpace. To theſe three he adds a fourth, I know not what nameleſs thing, extremely ſubtle, and moſt eaſy to be moved, which being ſeated in the heart, is the principle of ſenſe, and perceives the images that come from all things; and this is the perfect and conſummate ſoul of the Epicureans. Now, let us imagine a ſpider in a box, that ſhe has ſpun her web through the whole cavity of the box, and dwells herſelf in the middle of the web, then let us farther imagine, that ſome flies come into the web, and, being caught there, move the threads of it; at this motion, ſuppoſe the ſpider to be alarmed, that ſhe runs all over her web, catches the flies, and devours them: imagine all this, and you have ſo perfect a repreſentation of the Epicurean ſoul catching the εἴδωλα images, that nothing can be more like it. Are theſe diſcoveries worthy of a philoſopher?

From ver. 92 to ver. 134, he ſufficiently proves, that the ſoul is not a harmony of the whole body. From thence to ver. 161, he, to no purpoſe, joins the mind, as a maſter, to that abject ſlave, the ſoul. I confeſs, that when the mind is ſhaken by any violent fear, the ſoul is diſturbed; ſo too when the harper trembles, the harp utters not true harmony. With like ſucceſs, he goes on to ver. 178, endeavouring to evince, that the ſoul is corporeal; for he preſumes that to be certain, which he ought to prove by arguments to be ſo; and we may poſitively affirm, that there may be touch without body.

Now, ſince he has not proved the ſoul to be corporeal, why need we trouble ourſelves about what he advances to ver. 224, concerning the tenuity of it? Yet we muſt allow that the poet has evidently demonſtrated that the particles of the ſoul, granting it to be corporeal, muſt be both ſubtle and voluble; nor will we contend with him concerning the compoſition of the ſoul to ver. 309. For he may as well ſay that the ſoul is compoſed of the ſeeds of air, vapour, and heat, as of the particles of any other matter. But by adding, ver. 232, to theſe three a fourth thing, that has no name, he confeſſes, that no kind of body can be conceived or thought of, that is, or can be, the principle of ſenſe.

But he prudently commits the ſafety of this thin and ſubtle ſoul to the denſe and ſtrong body, to ver. 333: and then to ver. 355, he beſtows on the body the faculty of perception: yet what is more fooliſh? what more remote from, and even repugnant to common ſenſe? nay, what is leſs conſonant even to his own maxims and doctrine? For how can the body partake of ſenſe, ſince none of that fourth nameleſs thing helps to compoſe it? Then, to ver. 379, he diſputes ſucceſsfully againſt Democritus, at leaſt I will not contradict him, not thinking it worth the while to examine whether of their opinions is beſt, ſince both of them are abſurd. And as he but now gave the ſoul to the cuſtody of the body, ſo now to ver. 398, he interchangeably gives the guardianſhip of the body to the ſoul. And I envy neither of them their tuition. But let us examine the arguments by which he aſſaults the immortality of the ſoul itſelf.

The firſt is from ver. 407. to ver. 428. And in this he divides and diſperſes this thin and ſubtle corporeal ſubſtance, as he ſuppoſes that of the ſoul to be, and he has my leave to do ſo. Let the mind be corporeal, and though it be thick and compoſed of perplexed and intricate particles, I will allow it to be ſubject to diſſolution.

The ſecond argument, from ver. 428. to ver. 440, the third from thence to ver. 456, and the fourth from ver. 457. to ver. 469, prove nothing. For we do not in the leaſt perceive that the mind is born, grows, decays, and waxes old with the body. We perceive, indeed, that the body is born, grows and decays: but we have no experience of any increaſe or decreaſe in the mind. But, ſays he, the mind is not ſtrong in a child, and in the old it decays. And how does he prove this? Becauſe, ſays he, a child is fooliſh, and an old man doats. In like manner, place a very ſkilful workman in an engine, and let us ſuppoſe that ſome parts of that engine are too ſtiff, others too limber, ſome worn away, others clouterly, it would be fooliſh in us to expect any due and regular motions of that engine, even though that moſt ſkilful artiſt took a great deal of pains, and employed his utmoſt art in working it. Beſides, ſays he, the mind is ſuſceptible of cares and grief, and therefore muſt be ſubject to diſſolution. I ſuppoſe he means that it muſt be ſo, for I cannot at preſent think of any other reaſon for that concluſion, becauſe grief is elſewhere ſaid to be piercing, and cares devouring, "quia luctus penetrans, et curæ edaces," ſuch reaſoning is worthy of this mortal and corporeal ſoul. The ſame anſwer that ſolved the ſecond argument will ſolve the fourth.

To the three following arguments, from ver. 456. to ver. 505, let the phyſicians give an anſwer, if there be need of it. Let the legs ſtagger, the tongue faulter, and the eyes ſwim, what is all this to the ſoul? Let brawls and unmanly quarrels be the effect of drunkenneſs; what great matter is there in this either? For, though a player on the harp be ever ſo ſkilful, yet if you untune his inſtrument, if you ſcrew ſome of the ſtrings up too high, and ſlacken others too much, let him touch them ever ſo artfully, they will utter only diſcordant and unharmonious ſounds; though before they were thus diſordered and put out of tune, they made the ſweeteſt harmony. And in the epileptic diſeaſe, a foul humour diſorders and diſturbs the organs, and thence proceed thoſe boiſterous and unruly motions. But ſince the diſeaſe affects and weakens the organs only, what elſe does the phyſic relieve? The ſeventh argument, from ver. 505. to ver 524, aſſerts, that, as a man dies limb by limb, ſo the ſoul too goes away, and dies by degrees, as if the limbs could not grow cold but the ſoul muſt grow cold likewiſe. Beſides, this argument ſuppoſes the ſoul to be corporeal, and diffuſed through the whole body, which, nevertheleſs, he has not yet proved, and I dare promiſe, no man ever will.

The eighth argument, from ver. 524. to ver. 532, is of no weight: For the ſoul has not the power and faculty of underſtanding, and of reaſoning, from any exterior thing, as the ear has that of hearing, and the eye that of ſeeing; but ſhe has it in herſelf, and of herſelf, and therefore it is no wonder, nor does it follow, that though the ear, ſeparated from the body, cannot hear, nor a ſeparated eye ſee; the mind, ſeparated from the body, cannot therefore perceive, underſtand, and reaſon.

To the ninth argument, from ver. 533. to ver. 557, this anſwer may be given: In like manner, as when we ſee a ſoldier fighting with a ſword, or any other weapon, we do not ſay, that without thoſe arms he could give no wounds, for he has hands beſides to ſtrike with; ſo though the ſoul be clothed with members, as with a panoply, or complete ſuit of armour, and thus performs many functions with corporeal organs, yet we cannot pretend that when ſhe has put off, as it were, that military array, ſhe has no function either of underſtanding or perception remaining.

No man can allow any ſtrength to be in the tenth argument, from ver. 556. to ver. 567, unleſs he perceive that the ſoul is, as it were, the foundation of the whole animal, and that the body is ſeaſoned with ſoul, as with ſalt, that it may not ſtink and putrify.

The eleventh argument, from ver. 567. to ver. 581, is nothing but a ſort of quibble; for the whole ſtreſs of it conſiſts in this, that the defection of ſpirits, which we call a ſwoon, the Latins call "animi deliquium," a fainting of the mind.

The two following arguments, from ver. 581. to ver. 596, deny that the ſoul can go whole out of the body, unleſs it be expired through the jaws; nor is this in the leaſt abſurd, if the ſoul be corporeal: and they add farther, that the ſoul, fearing its future diſſolution, leaves the body unwillingly, and with regret. To this Cato anſwers in Cicero: "Quid quod ſapientiſſimus quiſque æquiſſimo animo moritur, ſtultiſſimus iniquiſſimo? Nonne vobis videtur animus is, qui plus cernit et longius, videre ſe ad meliora proficiſci? Ille autem cujus obtuſior acies, non videre? Equidem efferor ſtudio patres veſtros, quos colui et dilexi, videndi. Neque vero eos ſolum convenire aveo, ſed illos etiam de quibus audivi, et legi, et ipſe conſcripſi. Quo quidem me proficiſcentem haud ſcio quis facile retraxerit. Quod ſi quis Deus mihi largiatur; ut ex hac ætate repuereſcam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recuſem: nec vero velim, quaſi decurſo ſpatio, a calce ad carceres revocari." What is the reaſon that a wiſe man dies with a ſedate and quiet mind, and a fool with the greateſt impatience and reluctancy? Do not you think that the ſoul of the wiſe man, which ſees moſt and fartheſt, diſcovers ſhe is going to a better world? And that the ſoul of the fool is dim-ſighted, and ſees nothing of it? For my part, I burn with longing to ſee your fathers, whom I loved and honoured; nor do I deſire to meet them only, but others alſo, of whom I have heard, and read, and writ. And were I going to them, I know not who it is ſhould eaſily perſuade me back. Nay, if any god would grant me the privilege of becoming a child again, and to bawl in a cradle, I would abſolutely refuſe it for, having run my race, I would not willingly go back to the ſtarting-poſt to run it over again. In the laſt place, they affirm, that the mind, becauſe, if we may believe Epicurus, it is always ſeated in the heart of man, cannot remain ſafe and whole out of the

heart; as if birds, becauſe they are hatched in a neſt, cannot live out of it.

The fourteenth argument, from ver. 506. to ver. 606, is of the ſame piece with the others, and ſavours of vulgar ſtupidity to boot. Nor would the poet have been ſo copious in explaining the fifteenth, from ver. 606. to ver. 640, if he had rightly underſtood animal motion, and the inſtruments that ſerve to make it. To the next, from ver. 641. to ver. 649, let Plato and Pythagoras anſwer, for they only are concerned. The ſeventeenth and the eighteenth, from ver. 649. to ver. 680, ſuppoſe the corporeal ſoul to be diffuſed through the whole body, and to be annexed to all its parts, than which nothing is more falſe, nothing more abſurd. It reſides in the head, like a prince in his throne, and there it governs.

How trifling the obſervation he makes, from ver. 680. to ver. 709, is, will be obvious to every man who knows, and who has ſeen with his eyes, that worms, maggots, &c. are often bred in the earth, in plants, in cheeſe, &c. things altogether inanimate.

Let ſuch as believe the tranſmigration of ſouls ſolve the difficulties which the poet raiſes againſt them, from ver. 709. to ver. 739. And then, as to what he alleges from ver. 739. to ver. 748, I will only ſay, that the ſoul would be a fool indeed if it did not deſire a briſk and vigorous body, and fly from one that is decrepit and worn out with age. Of what he ſays, from ver. 749. to ver. 755, let them take care, if any ſuch are to be found, who think the abſurdities of Pythagoras worth a reply. And becauſe the three and twentieth argument, from ver. 755. to ver. 770 is the ſame in effect with the thirteenth, it ſhall have no other anſwer but what that has had already.

To his four and twentieth argument, from ver. 770. to ver. 776, we ſay, that the moſt excellent philoſophers hitherto have not thought it incongruous and abſurd to join together a mortal and immortal being. And in oppoſition to what he urges, from ver. 776. to ver. 797, I will eſtabliſh a fourth kind of things, viz. incorporeal, immortal ſubſtances, and Epicurus will not have the confidence to deny them an exiſtence, ſince he himſelf has beſtowed on his gods immortality, and exemption from diſſolution. Laſtly, As to his ſix and twentieth argument, which is the laſt he brings againſt the immortality of the ſoul, we do not deny but that the mind is affected with piercing grief, and vexed with devouring cares; nor but that when the body is ſeized with certain diſeaſes the mind cannot perform its due functions. But we ſtiffly deny the conſequence he draws from thence, viz. that therefore the ſoul is mortal.

I could here be more copious, and ſhow that Lucretius has to no purpoſe brought this heap of argument, ſince they are incapable of delivering us from the fear of death; for to men who abound in proſperity, and enjoy all the delights of life, what can be more calamitous than that death which is στέρησις αἰσθήσεως, a privation of ſenſe: And to propoſe to the unfortunate and miſerable ſuch a death as will utterly deſtroy them, and thus put an end at once to them and their calamities together, would be the ſame thing as to propoſe ſhipwreck to a man toſt in a violent ſtorm, that by being plunged and drowned in the waves, he may, once for all, exempt himſelf from the dangers of the raging deep. And thus behold the mighty comfort which the doctrine of Epicurus affords us! Such a relief will ever be unwelcome, and hateful to all pious and good men, and thoſe pleaſing only to the impious, whom no philoſophy ought to avail.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. Lucretius begins this fourth book, from ver. 1. to ver. 30, with the ſame compariſon he brought in the firſt book, ver. 931, to give the mind of his Memmius ſome eaſe and reſpite from the crabbedneſs of the ſubject upon which he was then diſputing; and he uſes it here again, to beſpeak as well the docility as the attention of his readers. II. He propoſes the ſubject treated of in this book, which has a manifeſt connection with the former three: For having, in the firſt and ſecond books, taught at large what the principles of things are, and what their nature, how they differ from one another in figure, how they are moved, and how they create all other things; and having, in the third book, fully explained the nature of the mind and of the ſoul, as being the chief and moſt excellent of all created bodies, he very judiciouſly, from ver. 29. to ver. 47, ſubjoins this other diſputation concerning the ſenſation of animals, as well when they are awake, as when they are ſleeping, which, to uſe the expreſſion of Lucretius, is as much as to ſay, concerning the ſenſes of the mind as well as thoſe of the body. And, to carry on this diſputation the more regularly, he begins with the images of things, and warmly inſiſts, that all ſenſation is made by them. Therefore, III. from ver. 46. to ver. 115, he teaches, that certain moſt tenuious and ſubtle images are continually flowing from the ſurfaces of all bodies, that they fly to and fro in the air, but that, nevertheleſs, they are inviſible, unleſs they be reflected upon the ſight from mirrors, or water. IV. Then, to ver. 127, he deſcribes the extreme tenuity of ſuch images, and from thence takes occaſion to confirm the doctrine he taught in the firſt book concerning the exiguity of his atoms.

V. From ver. 126. to ver. 228, he distinguishes between two kinds of images; one of those that of their own accord are bred in the clouds, which sometimes represent the images of giants, sometimes of mountains, and sometimes of huge monstrous beasts; the other, of those that fly off from the surface of things, and are, as it were, the films or membranes of them. Lucretius calls them "exuviæ rerum," and then teaches, that these "exuviæ" are continually flowing from the surface of all bodies, and that they are borne through the air with such wonderous celerity that they easily outstrip the swiftness even of the rays of the sun. VI. Forasmuch as the sight is accounted the first and chief of all the senses, he begins with it, and from ver. 227. to ver. 480, he teaches, that it proceeds from the incursion and striking of those images upon the eyes, in like manner as the other senses are caused by corpuscles that come from without to the several organs of sensation. Meanwhile, he explains all things that relate to the efficient causes of sight, and proposes several problems touching vision, of which he gives the true reasons and solutions. VII. But lest any man should take pretext, from the explication of these problems, to accuse the senses of deception or fallacy, he, at large, asserts their dignity, from ver. 479. to ver. 536, and takes occasion, by the way, to confute the sceptics, but chiefly from ver. 479. to ver. 490, and at last lays it down as an indisputable maxim, that all truth is grounded on the certainty, and on the belief of the senses. VIII. Having thus disputed of sight, he goes to work with the other senses likewise, and from ver. 535. to ver. 622, teaches, first, that voice and sound are corporeal images, which strike the ear, and are the cause of hearing. Then he explains the nature of voice, and the manner of its formation, and gives a reason why the same voice is heard by many persons at once, tells what an echo is, and what causes it. IX. From ver. 621. to ver. 722, he gives instructions concerning savour and taste, and touching odour and smell; namely, what savour and odour are, and why all do not perceive them; why the same food is sweet to some and bitter to others; why one odour is more agreeable to one than it is to another; and why the same voice strikes a terror into some, and pleases, at least does not fright others. X. From ver. 721. to ver. 832, he treats of imagination, and cogitation, which, he says, are made likewise by the same most subtle images of things presenting themselves to the mind. In the next place, he proposes and explains several problems relating to cogitation; why, for example, we seem to see, in our dreams, persons who are dead; why the images of things seem to tarry with us while we are thinking of the things whose images they are; why any man thinks on a sudden upon whatever he will; why we seem to ourselves to move in our dreams. XI. From ver. 831. to ver. 905, he teaches, that the tongue, the eyes, the nostrils, the ears, in a word, that all the organs of sensation were made before the use of them, quite contrary to what has happened in regard to all artificial things, the invention of which succeeded the foreseen want and usefulness of them. He gives the reason, likewise, why animals seek after their own meat and drink; why we move whenever we please; and tells what it is that actuates and drives forward the mass of our body. XII. From ver. 904. to ver. 1036, he treats of sleep, and of dreams; and teaches, in the first place, how sleep is caused in us, and in all other animals; then he assigns several causes of different dreams; and, falling at length upon the subject of venery, he disputes, from ver. 1029 to the end of this book, of love, of barrenness, of fruitfulness, &c. with more freedom of thought, and broadness of expression, than perhaps some will allow to be fitting. But in subjects of such nature, all philosophers have been apt to indulge themselves very much, and to assume greater liberties than it strictly becomes them to take.

I feel, I rising feel poetic heats,
And, now inspir'd, trace o'er the muses seats
Untrodden yet. 'Tis sweet to visit first [thirst:
Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my
I joy to crop fresh flow'rs, and get a crown
For new and rare inventions of my own:
So noble, great, and gen'rous the design,
That none of all the mighty tuneful nine
E'er grac'd a head of laurels like to mine.
For, first, I teach great things in lofty strains,
And loose men from religion's grievous chains.
Next, though my subject's dark, my verse is clear,
And sweet, with fancy flowing ev'ry where;
And this design'd: For as physicians use,
In giving children draughts of bitter juice,
To make them take it, tinge the cup with sweet,
To cheat the lip; this first they eager meet,
And then drink on, and take the bitter draught,
And so are harmlessly deceiv'd, not caught:
For, by such cheats, they get their strength, their ease,
Their vigour health, and baffle the disease.
So since our method of philosophy
Seems harsh to some; since most our maxims fly;
I thought it was the fittest way to dress
These rigid principles in verse might please;
With fancy sweet'ning them, to bribe thy mind
To read my book, and lead it on to find
The nature of the world, the rise of things;
And what vast profit too that knowledge brings.
Now, since 'tis shown what things first bodies are,
What diff'rent forms, what various shapes they bear; [whole;
And how they move; how join to make one
And what's the nature of the mind and soul;
Of what compos'd; how fate unlinks the chain,
And scatters it into its seeds again.
Next, for 'tis time, my muse declares and sings,
What those are we call images of things,
Which, like thin films, from bodies rise in streams,
Play in the air, and dance upon the beams:

By day theſe meet, and ſtrike our minds, and fright,
And ſhow pale ghoſts, and horrid ſhapes by night:
Theſe break our ſleep, theſe check our gay delight.
For ſure no airy ſouls get looſe, and fly,
From hell's dark ſhades, nor flutter in our ſky:
For what remains beyond the greedy urn,
Since ſoul and body to their ſeeds return?
A ſtream of forms from ev'ry ſurface flows,
Which may be call'd the film or ſhell of thoſe:
Becauſe they bear the ſhape, they ſhow the frame,
And figure of the bodies, whence they came.
The dulleſt may perceive, and know 'tis true;
For bodies, big enough for ſenſe to view,
Do often riſe: ſome more diffus'd and broke:
Thus fire, thus heated wood ſtill breathe forth ſmoke;
And ſome more cloſe, and join'd; when heats begin,
Some inſects ſeem to ſweat, and caſt their ſkin:
The heifers caſt the membranes of their horns,
Snakes leave their glitt'ring coats among the thorns,
A glitt'ring coat, each tree, each buſh adorns.
We ſee with pleaſure what we fled before,
We handle now the ſcales, and fear no more.
This proves that num'rous trains of images
(For why can theſe, and not more thin than theſe)
From ev'ry ſurface flow. For firſt they lie
Unchain'd, and looſe, and ready for our eye:
They ſoon will ſlip, and ſtill preſerve their frame,
Their ancient form, and tell from whence they came.
Nay more, they're thin, they on the ſurface play,
Therefore few chains to break, few ſtops to ſtay
Their courſe, or hinder when they fly away.
For it is certain, that a num'rous ſtore,
Not from the middle parts, as 'twas before
Obſerv'd, but even from the ſurface riſe,
As colours, often looſen'd, ſtrike our eyes.
Thus when pale curtains, or the deeper red
O'er all the ſpacious theatre are ſpread,
Which mighty maſts, and ſturdy pillars bear,
And the looſe curtains wanton in the air,
Whole ſtreams of colours from the top do flow,
The rays divide them in their paſſage through,
And ſtain the ſcenes, and men, and gods below:
The more theſe curtains ſpread, the pleaſing dye
Rides on the beams the more, and courts the eye:
The gaudy colour ſpreads o'er ev'ry thing,
All gay appear, each man a purple king.
Since curtains then their looſen'd colours ſpread,
Since they can paint the under ſcenes with red,
Then ev'ry thing can ſend forth images:
Thoſe fly from ſurfaces as well as theſe,
'Tis certain then that ſubtle forms do lie
And dance, and frolic in our lower ſky,
Which, ſingle, are too ſubtle for our eye.
But now the odours, vapours, and thin ſmoke,
Fly ſcatter'd and confus'd, their order broke,
Becauſe, whilſt they from outward parts do flow,
And through ſtrait winding pores, and turnings go,
They are diſorder'd in their paſſage through.
But now theſe ſubtle films of looſen'd dyes
What can diſorder, as from things they riſe,
Since each upon the utmoſt ſurface lies?
Thus forms, which glaſs, which limpid ſtreams reſtore,
Bearing that ſhape, that dye, the body wore,
Muſt be compos'd of fleeting images
That riſe from things: For why with greater eaſe
Can theſe forms riſe, than ſome more thin than theſe?
Then there are ſubtle ſhapes, like thoſe that ſtreams
Or glaſs reſtores on the returning beams;
In figure like; but airy, thin, and light,
And ſingle each, too ſubtle for our ſight:
Yet coming thick, and in a num'rous train,
Reflected from the poliſh'd ſpecular plain,
Can make us ſee; and that's the reaſon why
The forms return again, in ſhape and dye
So like the things, and pleaſe the curious eye.
Next learn how ſubtle, and how thin theſe are.
Firſt, then, ſince ſeeds of things are finer far
Than thoſe that firſt begin to diſappear.
But now to clear this, to confirm the more
The ſubtleneſs of ſeeds, explain'd before,
And add new reaſons to the former ſtore:
How many animals, whoſe middle part
The ſharpeſt eye, with all the help of art,
Can't ſee? Dull art may throw her glaſſes by:
How ſubtle then the guts, the heart, the eye?
How thin each little member of the whole?
How infinitely ſmall the ſeeds that frame the ſoul?
But more——
Opopanax, or rue, that ſtrikes the noſe
With ſtrongeſt ſmells, or others, like to thoſe,
If ſhaken, thouſand parts do fly from thence,
A thouſand ways: but weak, nor move the ſenſe.
And yet how ſubtle, if compar'd with theſe
How thin, what nothings are the images?
How vaſt the diſproportion 'twixt theſe two?
'Tis more than thought can think, than words can ſhow.
But now, beſides theſe ſubtle forms that rear
From bodies, thouſand new are fram'd in air,
Faſhion'd by chance; and theſe when borne on high,
Still change their ſhapes, and wanton in the ſky:
Then join'd in various forms, grow thick and move
Like clouds combin'd, and darken all above:
Hence prodigies; hence ſome gigantic war,
Marſhall'd in th' air, looks dreadful from afar,
And ſhadows all: Hence mountains ſeem to fly:
And ſcatter'd rocks cut thro' the wounded ſky:
Hence other clouds do frightful ſtreamers ſhow:
We ſtare, amaz'd, and wonder at below.
Next learn——
How ſoon theſe forms fly off, how ſwift they riſe:
For ſomething ſtill on ev'ry ſurface lies,
Juſt ready to depart, and ſtrike our eyes.
This, when on rare and thin compoſures toſt,
For inſtance, clouds, ſtrait enters, and is loſt.

It breaks on rocks and woods; they ne'er reſtore
The forms, the image then appears no more:
But if 'tis thrown on denſe, and ſmooth, as glaſs,
It muſt return; thoſe things it cannot paſs,
As clothes: nor break, becauſe the thing's polite;
Hence forms return from ſuch, and pleaſe the ſight:
And hence the poliſh'd glaſs, whate'er you place
Before, as ſwift as thought, returns the face:
Which proves that num'rous trains of forms aroſe,
And ſuch as the reflecting mirror ſhows,
Thin ſubtle images, all like to thoſe,
Each moment ſpring; and hence 'tis juſtly ſaid,
Their riſe is quick; theſe forms are quickly made;
As num'rous rays muſt ev'ry minute flow
From the ſun's orb, to keep all full of light below;
So num'rous images from things muſt rear,
Each minute riſe, and wander through the air:
Becauſe let haſty hands the mirror place,
This way, or that; yet ſtill we view the face,
The colour, ſhape, returning from the glaſs.
So often, when the heav'ns, ſerene and bright,
Look, gay, and clear, and ſmile with gaudy light;
A horrid cloud ſtraight hides its glorious face,
As if the ſhades of hell had left their place,
And fill'd the vaulted ſkies: ſo thick the night!
So dark the clouds appear, ſo much affright!
And yet how ſubtle, if compar'd with theſe,
How thin, what nothings are the images?
How vaſt the diſproportion 'twixt theſe two!
'Tis more than thought can think, than words can ſhow.
Now next, how faſt they move, how quick they fly,
Parting with ſwifteſt wings the yielding ſky:
How they outſtrip dull time where'er they go,
How quick, how ſwift they are in paſſing thro';
In few, but ſweeteſt numbers, muſe rehearſe:
My few ſhall far exceed more num'rous verſe.
Thus dying ſwans, tho' ſhort, yet tuneful voice,
Is more delightful than a world of noiſe.
Firſt, then; experience tells, that thin, and light,
And ſubtle things are fit for haſty flight:
Such is the ray, the vapour of the ſun;
How ſwift its race! 'Tis finiſh'd when begun:
For they are thin contextures: almoſt ſeed;
And cut the parted air with greateſt ſpeed;
No lets to ſtop, but when one part is gone,
Another flows and drives the former on:
The rays ſtill riſe in a continued ſtream,
The foll'wing laſhes on the lazy beam:
So far their reaſon holds: the airy race
Of images muſt paſs a mighty ſpace,
Each point of time: For firſt, ſome force behind
Still drives them on t' outſtrip the ling'ring wind;
Their texture is ſo thin, their frame ſo rare,
That they can freely enter any where,
And even penetrate the middle air.
Beſides; if theſe compoſures from above
So ſwiftly through the lower region move;
If in one point of time the glorious ray
Swiftly deſcends, and ſhows approaching day;
From heaven to earth can take its haſty flight,
And gild the diſtant globe with gaudy light;
If this ſo ſwift, than ſwifter thoſe that lay
On ſurfaces of things, which nought could ſtay;
No ſtops could hinder as they fly away:
They larger ſpace in that ſhort time muſt fly,
While the ſun's lazy beams creep through our ſky.
Another inſtance of their ſwiftneſs this.——
In bowls of water ſet abroad by night,
We know that ſtars do ſhed their feeble light;
So quick the glorious ray deſcends from far,
And we look downward to behold the ſtar:
Which ſhows the images, with eager haſte,
From heav'n reach diſtant earth; they move ſo faſt,
Before the ſingle preſent now is paſt.
Slow time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account ſo ſmall.
Thus then theſe images, that ſtrike our eyes,
And make us ſee, from real things muſt riſe.
Thus odours riſe from gums; a gentle breeze
From rivers flow; and from the neighb'ring ſeas
Sharp ſalts ariſe, and fret the ſhores around:
Thus all the air is fill'd with murm'ring ſound:
And whilſt we walk the ſtrand, and, pleas'd to view
The wanton waves, or ſqueeze, or mingle rue,
Or ſalt, or bitter taſtes our tongue ſurpriſe:
So certain 'tis that ſubtle parts ariſe
From all, and wander in the lower ſkies:
Theſe never ceaſe to flow, becauſe the ear,
And eyes, and noſe, ſtill ſmell, or ſee, or hear.
So feel by night, our touch will ſoon betray
The ſhape, like that the ſight beheld by day.
Thus then the cauſe, whence touch and ſight muſt riſe
Is one; the ſame affects the hands and eyes.
For, thus, if, when 'tis dark, we feel a ſquare,
The touch informs what ſhape the thing does bear;
What is it makes us ſee the like by day,
But the ſquare image riding on the ray.
Therefore theſe images are cauſe of ſight:
All would be dark without them, and all hid in night.
But now theſe images, theſe ſubtle ſtreams
Are ſcatter'd all around, on all the beams:
And therefore whereſoe'er we turn our eye,
(In that alone the pow'r of ſight does lie)
Theſe images appear, and quickly ſhow
The colour, ſhape, and tell the diſtance too.
For theſe ariſing from the object ſeen,
Drive forward all the air that lies between:
This ſtream of air unto the eyes does flow,
And gently grates the ball, and paſſes thro':
This ſhows the diſtance——
For as the ſtream of air, that paſſes by,
Is long, or ſhort; as that does ſtrike the eye,
So far, or near, the objects ſeem to lie.
All this is quickly done; at once we view
The diſtant thing, and know the diſtance too.
But more; no wonder that the eye deſcries
The things themſelves, altho' the forms that riſe,
Are ſingle; far too ſubtle for our eyes.
For winds moleſt, cold makes the members ſmart;
And yet what ſenſe perceives each ſingle part?

What ſenſe each atom of the cold and wind?
None feel the ſingle force, but all conjoin'd:
Then we perceive the ſtroke, when pains commence;
As if external force did wound the ſenſe;
In flints we preſs the utmoſt parts alone,
Yet feel not that: that is to touch unknown;
We feel the inward hardneſs of the ſtone.
Now learn; I'll ſing why each reflected face
Is ſeen, as if remov'd beyond the glaſs;
For ſo it ſeems: As when the hind'ring door
Impriſons up the longing eye no more;
But, open'd wide, permits the eager ſight,
O'er objects, plac'd without, to take its flight,
View all around, and revel with delight.
The object then by double air is ſhown;
The air, that lies within the gate, is one:
And then the gate itſelf is plac'd between,
Then th' outward air, and then the object ſeen.
Thus when the image of the glaſs does riſe,
And makes its paſſage forward to our eyes,
It drives before it all the air between;
So that is felt before the glaſs is ſeen:
And when we ſee the poliſh'd ſpecular plain;
Our form flies to it, and returns again;
Still driving on the air that lies between;
So that is felt before the face is ſeen:
And that's the cauſe, why each returning face
Seems far remov'd, and plac'd beyond the glaſs.
But more; returning forms, that reach the ſight,
Tranſpoſe the parts, and turn the left to right.
Becauſe the forms, that ſtrike the poliſh'd plain
Are not reſtor'd the ſame, unchang'd again;
But ſtriking ſtrong, are turn'd a diff'rent way.
This inſtance clears it: Take a form of clay
Not yet grown dry, and daſh it on a ſeat;
Now if the form's entire, the front retreat,
And come behind, the parts preſerve their ſite;
The right will ſeem the left, the left the right.
Beſides; returning forms do often paſs,
And fly from one into another glaſs.
Thus from one ſingle thing theſe plains reſtore
Six images, and often ten, or more.
Thus let the thing be hid i' the fartheſt cell;
Yet place the plains by art, and ſet them well,
The flitting images to all will come,
And all the thing appear in ev'ry room. [plain,
But more; the ſhapes tranſpos'd by th' former
Which paſs to others, there are turn'd again.
But convex glaſſes ſhow the bodies ſite,
Reſtoring left as left, and right as right:
Becauſe the image is reflected twice,
From glaſs to glaſs, and after ſtrikes our eyes:
Or elſe 'tis turn'd about; for that the face
Is turn'd about as it does backward paſs,
We learn ev'n from the figure of the glaſs.
But farther on: the image ſeems to wait
On all our ſteps, and imitate our gait.
For when we move and leave ſome parts o' th' glaſs,
The parts thus left no more return the face;
For nature does by ſteady laws ordain,
That when a form comes on, and turns again,
The lines make equal angles with the plain.

The ſight a fulgid object hates, and flies:
The ſun ev'n blinds the bold and prying eyes,
Becauſe the rays are ſtrong, and ſwiftly fly,
And with repeated ſtrokes diſturb the eye.
Through pure and unreſiſting air they fall,
And break the texture of the injur'd ball.
Beſides, all objects that are glaring bright,
Do hurt and burn the eye, and ſpoil the ſight;
For flames a thouſand hurtful parts contain,
Which ſtrike the tender eye, and raiſe a pain.
Beſides, whatever jaundice eyes do view,
Look pale as well as thoſe, and yellow too.
For lurid parts fly off with nimble wings,
And meet the diſtant coming forms of things;
And others lurk within the eyes, and ſeize,
And ſtain with pale the ent'ring images.
More: though our eyes are all enclos'd in night,
They ſee thoſe objects that are plac'd in light;
Becauſe, though firſt the nearer darker air
Creeps ev'n into the eyes, and ſettles there;
Straight comes with vig'rous force the ſhining ray,
Cleanſes the pores, and drives the ſhades away;
For, 'tis more ſubtle, and more ſtrong than they.
When this has cleans'd and open'd ev'ry pore,
Which the dark heavy air had ſtopp'd before,
The forms of things come in: they ſwiftly fly,
And ſtrike, and raiſe a motion in the eye.
But now, when we ourſelves are in the light,
The objects in the dark ne'er move our ſight;
Becauſe a thicker air does ſtill come on;
A darker as the former dark is gone,
And ſtops the pores; and thus no forms can riſe,
None move and find a paſſage to our eyes.
Now farther: 'tis by ſure experience found,
A ſquare when ſeen at diſtance ſeems a round;
Becauſe all angles ſeem when ſeen from far,
Obtuſe, or rather not at all appear.
For through the flitting air all forms that fly
Are ſtruck and blunted in the lower ſky,
And ſo grow weak, and never move the eye:
So all the angles hid, the things appear
All round, though each may be a perfect ſquare;
Yet not like perfect rounds, and ſeen when near.
And ſhadows ſeem to move, to turn and ſtay
As bodies do; and ſervilely obey.
Now how can air, only depriv'd of light,
(For ſhadow is no more; a ſudden night)
On all the members various motions wait,
And turn, and imitate her body's gait?
But thus it happens, when we walk by day,
Our bodies ſtop the paſſage of the ray;
But when we leave the place, they further flow,
And their warm kiſſes on the earth beſtow.
And thus the ſhadow ſeems to move, to bend.
As bodies do, and all their walk attend;
For ſtill new rays ſpring from the glorious ſun,
The former dying when their race is run:
And, therefore, earth is ſoon depriv'd of light,
And rays as ſoon come on and chaſe the night;
The negro darkneſs waſh'd becomes a white.
And yet, here's no deception of the eye,
For 'tis its office only to deſcry,
Or how, or in what place the ſhadow is;
It muſt not paſs the narrow bounds of this

But if the shadows are the same or no;
Whether they die; or as the body go,
'Tis not the office of the eye to know:
'Tis reason's office that; for that's design'd
Things nature, and philosophy to find;
Then fix not on the eye the failures of the mind.
Thus ships, though driv'n by a prosperous gale,
Seem fix'd to sailors; those seem under sail
That lie at anchor safe; and all admire,
As they row by, to see the rocks retire.
Thus stars seem fasten'd to the steady pole,
Though all with daily constant motion roll;
Yet they, when they have climb'd the tedious east,
Pass through the sky, and headlong fall to west.
And so the sun and moon seem fix'd above,
Yet sure experience tells us that they move.
And rocks in seas that proudly raise their head,
Though far disjoin'd, though royal navies spread
Their sails between; yet, if from distance shown,
They seem an island all combin'd in one.
So boys that whirl around, then cease to move,
Think all the pillars dance and roofs above:
So strong the thought, they dread the tott'ring wall,
And fear the roof will crush them with the fall.
Thus when kind nature shows her infant-day,
And the new sun peeps forth with trembling ray,
And loth or fearful to begin the race,
Looks o'er the mountains with a blushing face;
That hill o'er which the humble beams appear
Scorching with neighb'ring flames is often near,
And we might touch the sun if we were there.
When yet the real space is vastly wide
Great tracts of land, and many a swelling tide,
The distant sun and that near hill divide.
Thus little puddles that in streets do lie,
Though scarce inch deep, admit the searching eye,
To view as large a space as earth from sky.
Thus when in rapid streams my horse has stood,
And I look'd downward on the rolling flood;
Though he stood still, I thought he did divide
The headlong streams, and strive against the tide;
And all things seem'd to move on ev'ry side.
Thus courts, though equal wide, yet seem to bend,
And grow more narrow at the distant end:
The roof depress'd, the sides seem join'd in one,
The weary'd sight lost in a darksome cone.
The sun to sailors seems from sea to rise,
And set; for they see only seas and skies.
All which does seem t' oppose, and to commence
Strong proofs against the certainty of sense.
Thus ignorants, when plac'd on steady shores,
Think feeble ships are row'd with broken oars.
The rudder's shatter'd, and the planks appear,
And they are loth to trust their safety there;
Because that part which lies above the flood,
Seems firm and straight, and regular, and good,
But that below seems broke; and, turning up,
Ascends again and reaches near the top.
And when by night the clouds are whirl'd above,
The moon and glitt'ring stars do seem to move,
As driven forward by a secret force,
A diff'rent way from their own nat'ral course.
If any presses underneath his eyes,
Straight all the objects doubled seem to rise!
Two lamps appear when only one is brought,
His wealth seems doubled, and he's rich in thought;
Each man appears increas'd in form and grace,
Almost Geryon, with a double face.
And, lastly, when the eyes with sleep oppress,
And all the body lies dissolv'd in rest;
The members seem awake and vig'rous still,
Now o'er a plain, now flood, or shady hill,
They seem to move; and, ev'n in darkest night,
They think they see the sun diffuse his light.
They see him chase the frighted shades away,
And clear a passage for approaching day:
They seem to hear a voice, though all around
Deep silence stands, nor bears the weakest sound.
Ten thousand such appear; ten thousand foes
To certainty of sense, and all oppose
In vain; not sense, but judgment 'tis mistakes,
And fancy'd things for real objects takes.
He that says nothing can be known, o'erthrows
His own opinion; for he nothing knows.
So knows not that: what need of long dispute!
These maxims kill themselves, themselves confute.
But grant this might be known, and that he knew;
Yet since he has discover'd nothing true,
What mark or what criterion then can show,
Or tell what 'tis to know, or not to know?
Or how could he, what truth, what falsehood learn?
How, what was doubt, what certainty, discern?
From sense all truth and certainty infer;
In vain some strive to prove that sense can err:
For that which would convince, which would oppose
The senses, must be surer far than those.
Now, what is more to be believ'd than sense?
Is false and erring reason rais'd from thence?
Errors in parent sense can reason show?
Errors which she from sense alone can know?
And thus if sense be false, then reason too is so.
What, can the ears convince the eyes? Can those
Convince the hand, the palate, or the nose?
Tell them, whene'er they err, whene'er they miss,
And give false notions? A fond fancy this!
For each a proper use and pow'r enjoys;
A proper object ev'ry sense employs.
Thus heat and cold and other qualities
Affect the touch, while colours strike the eyes,
Odours the smell, savours the taste; but none
Invades another's right, usurps his throne,
All live at peace, contented with their own;
Therefore, from what the other senses show,
In vain we seek to prove one sense untrue;
Or from itself——
For still we must an equal credit give
To each; and all must equally believe.
'Tis truth whate'er the senses do declare;
Though reason cannot tell thee why a square
Should seem a perfect round when seen from far.
Better assign a false, than this pretence
Should overthrow the certainty of sense;
Question its truth, rather than that should fall,
On which depends our safety, life, our all.

For now, not only reaſon is o'erthrown,
Unleſs we truſt our ſenſe, but life is gone.
For how can man avoid the bad, or chooſe
What's good for life, unleſs they follow thoſe?
Therefore, thoſe pompous reaſons ſome afford
Againſt our ſenſe, are empty and abſurd.
But, laſtly, as in building, if the line
Be not exact and ſtraight, the rule decline;
Or level falſe, how vain is the deſign!
Uneven, an ill-ſhap'd, and tott'ring wall
Muſt riſe, this part muſt ſink, that part muſt fall;
Becauſe the rules were falſe, that faſhion'd all.
Thus reaſon's rules are falſe, if all commence,
And riſe from failing and from erring ſenſe.
But now my muſe, how proper objects pleaſe
The other ſenſes, ſing, 'tis told with eaſe:
Firſt then, we ſounds, and voice, and noiſes hear,
When ſeeds of ſound come in and ſtrike the ear,
All ſound is body; for with painful force
It moves the ſenſe, when with an eager courſe
It ſcrapes the jaws, and makes the ſpeaker hoarſe.
The crowding ſeeds of ſound that ſtrive to go
Through narrow nerves, grate them in paſſing through:
'Tis certain then that voice which thus can wound,
Is all material; body ev'ry ſound.
Beſides, 'tis known to talk a tedious day,
How much it weakens, what it takes away
From all the nerves; how all the powers decay;
But chiefly, if 'tis loud, and ſpoke with noiſe;
And, therefore, little bodies frame the voice,
Becauſe the ſpeaker loſes of his own,
His weakneſs tells him many parts are gone.
But more; the harſhneſs in a voice proceeds
From rough; the ſweetneſs from the ſmoother ſeeds.
Nor are the figures of the ſeeds alike,
Which from the grave and murm'ring trumpet ſtrike,
To thoſe of dying ſwans, whoſe lateſt breath
In mournful ſtrains laments approaching death.
Thus voice, when riſing from the lungs, it breaks
Through jaws and lips, and all the paſſion ſpeaks,
The tongue forms into words with curious art;
The tongue and lips do faſhion ev'ry part.
And therefore, if the ſpeaker be but near,
If diſtance fit, you may diſtinctly hear
Each word, each air; becauſe it keeps the frame
It firſt receiv'd; its figure ſtill the ſame.
But if the ſpace be great, through all the air
The ſound may fly diffus'd, and periſh there:
And therefore, though we hear a murm'ring noiſe,
No words: the air confounds and breaks the voice.
Beſides, one ſentence when pronounc'd aloud
By ſtrong-lung'd criers, fills the liſt'ning crowd,
Breaks into many, for it ſtrikes them all,
To ev'ry ſingle ear it tells the tale.
But ſome parts of the voice that miſs the ear,
Fly through the air diffus'd, and periſh there.
Some ſtrike on ſolid buildings; and reſtor'd,
Bring back again the image of the word:
This ſhows thee why, whilſt men through caves and groves,
Call their loſt friends, or mourn unhappy loves,
The pitying rocks, the groaning caves return
Their ſad complaints again, and ſeem to mourn.
This all obſerve, and I myſelf have known
Both rocks and hills return ſix words for one.
The dancing words from hill to hill rebound,
They all receive, and all reſtore the ſound.
The vulgar and the neighbours think, and tell
That there the nymphs and fauns and ſatyrs dwell;
And that their wanton ſport, their loud delight
Breaks through the quiet ſilence of the night:
There muſic's ſofteſt airs fill all the plains,
And mighty Pan delights the liſt'ning ſwains:
The goat-fac'd Pan, whoſe flocks ſecurely feed,
With long-hung lip he blows his oaten reed.
The horn'd, the half-beaſt god, when briſk and gay, [play.
With pine-leaſs crown'd, provokes the ſwains to
Ten thouſand ſuch romants the vulgar tell,
Perhaps leſt men ſhould think the gods will dwell
In towns alone, and ſcorn their plains and cell:
Or ſomewhat; for man, credulous and vain,
Delights to hear ſtrange things, delights to feign.
Nor is it ſtrange, that things which ſtill deny
An eaſy paſſage to the ſharpeſt eye, [come,
Through ſuch the ſmalleſt voice and ſound can
As when we whiſper in a well clos'd room;
Voice can paſs crooked pores; but rays reflect,
Unleſs the pores be open; all direct,
And ev'ry paſſage ſtrait as 'tis in glaſs,
Through which all ſorts of ſpecies freely paſs.
Beſides, we know voices and ſounds divide,
And ſcatter through the air on ev'ry ſide;
One breaks to many, as in darkeſt nights,
One ſhaken ſpark will make a thouſand lights.
And therefore, all the num'rous voids around
Receive the voice, and each is fill'd with ſound:
But now the viſive rays ſcarce e'er decline,
They ſtill proceed by the exacteſt line;
So ſounds can paſs where never ray can ſhine.
But yet ſuch ſounds before they reach the ear,
Grow weak, and we for words ſoft murmurs hear.
We taſte, that's ſoon explain'd, when ſavours wrung [tongue;
From meats by cruſhing teeth, immerſe the
When juices flowing from the tender meat
(The tender food oppreſs'd does ſeem to ſweat)
Bedew the palate; when they ſpread all o'er
The ſpongy tongue, and ſtand in ev'ry pore.
Theſe juices, if their ſeeds be round and ſmooth,
Tickle, ſeem ſweet and pleaſing to the mouth;
But if the ſeeds be rough as they deſcend,
They hurt the nerves, ſeem bitter and offend.
The ſavours pleaſe within the mouth alone;
For when the food's deſcended farther down,
We taſte no more, and all the pleaſure's gone.
So when 'tis in the veins, when ev'ry pore
Is fill'd, we feel not, we are pleas'd no more,
And thus it matters not what ſorts of food
Increaſe the limbs, and make the fleſh and blood,
If 'tis digeſtive, if for ſtomach good.
Now I'll explain why different ſorts of meat
Pleaſe diff'rent men. Why that which one will eat,
Another loathes. Why things yield ſweet repaſt
To one, but bitter to another taſte.

Nay more: so vast the difference is, what proves
Srong poison unto one, another loves,
And eats, and lives. Thus hemlock juice prevails,
And kills a man; but fattens goats and quails.
To know the cause of this, come search thy mind,
Some scatter'd notions must remain behind,
And look how strongly former reasons show,
That things, that bodies are compos'd and grow
From various seeds, their mixture various too.
Besides, as animals in outward size
And frame are various; seeds from whence they rise,
Have various shapes; from diff'rent shapes there springs
An equal difference in the pores of things;
So some are great, some small, and others square,
Or round, or polygons, or angular;
For as the shapes are various that compose
The frame, so are the pores; their shapes depend on those.
It follows then,——
That when one object yields a sweet repast
To one, but bitter to another taste;
He that accounts it sweet, perceives the smooth
Round parts that tickle, and that please the mouth;
But he that thinks it bitter, rough alone
And hooks does feel: the smooth glide gently down:
But those with pointed hooks as they descend,
Strike through, and lance the organ, and offend.
These rules apply'd, each single case explain:
For instance; when a man is torn with pain,
Whether from inbred gall the fever came,
Or putrid air begot the hurtful flame;
The organ's chang'd, so those which pleas'd before,
Are lothsome now, now they delight no more;
Their figures disagree with ev'ry pore.
But those do most agree, those fit the part
Which fret the injur'd nerves, and cause a smart:
For, as I said before, seeds rough and smooth
Lie hid in ev'ry thing, in honey both,
Or to offend, or to delight the mouth.
Now next for smell.——
First, then, 'tis certain streams of odours rise
From ev'ry thing; but for their diff'rent size
And figures, they do diff'rently agree
To animals. Thus honey strikes the bee;
Though far remov'd, the vulture smells the slain;
The hound with faithful nose pursues the train;
And geese, Rome's saviours once, perceive a man.
Thus beasts preserve their lives, they know their food
By smell; and fly the bad, and choose the good.
Odours are dull, and those of swiftest wings,
Not to propose the images of things,
Scarce fly so far as feeble sounds; but tos's'd
By angry winds, in flitting air are lost.
For first, the pleasing odour slowly flows
From inmost parts: for that it comes from those,
Ev'n common sense assures; for heat, or press,
Or bruise, or break the gums, the smells increase.
In parts are greater far than parts of voice,
(This makes its flight more slow and short than noise),
Because through walls it cannot freely go,
Though sounds can find an easy passage through.
And thus 'tis hard to find an object out
By smell alone, but we must trace about,
Because the odours, wand'ring in the air,
Grow dull and weak, and lose their briskness there,
Nor quickly lead us to the thing that's sought;
And therefore hounds are often at a fault.
Not only sounds and tastes, but images
And colours, diff'rent eyes offend and please.
Thus when the cocks call forth the morning light,
The fiercest lions cannot bear the fight,
Their courage sinks, and they prepare for flight,
For subtle pointed particles that lie
In cocks, sent forth, offend the lion's eye;
These pains straight force him turn his head and fly.
Yet these hurt not our eyes, they cause no pain;
For they ne'er enter, or return again
Through proper pores; and so the skin preserves
Her texture whole; they never lance the nerves.
Now farther (my delight), my muse will show
What things do move the mind, and whence they flow.
First, then, thin images fill all the air,
Thousands on ev'ry side, and wander there.
These, as they meet, in various dance will twine,
As threads of gold, or subtle spider's line:
For they are thin; for they are subtler far
Than finest things that to the sight appear.
These pass the limbs; no narrow pores controul;
They enter through, and strike the airy soul.
Hence 'tis, we think we see, and hence we dread
Centaurs and Scyllas, Cerberus' monstrous head,
And many empty shadows of the dead.
For various images fly ev'ry where; [air
Some rise from things; and some are form'd in
By chance; and some from these combin'd appear.
The image of a centaur never flew
From living centaurs; never nature knew,
Nor bred such animals. But, when by chance
An image of a man in various dance,
Did meet a horse, they both combin'd in one:
And thus all monstrous images are shown.
These airy images, extremely thin,
Pass through the limbs, and strike the soul within;
They move with ease, the soul is apt to move
And take impression from the weakest shove.
That thus 'tis done is certain:——
Because the objects still appear the same
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame;
But now the eye receives some thin refin'd
And subtle forms: so likewise must the mind;
For 'twixt these two this only diff'rence lies,
The mind sees finer objects than the eyes.
Thus often while the body lies oppress'd
With heavy sleep, the mind seems loos'd from rest;
Because those images do strike and shake
The airy soul, as when we were awake:
The stroke's so lively, that we think we view
The absent dead, and think the image true:

This cheat must be, because the sense is gone,
Bound up by sleep; for by the sense alone,
Fancy'd from real, true from false is known.
Besides, the mem'ry sleeps, and rest does seize
That ruling pow'r, and charms it into ease;
It lies unactive, dull, nor can controul
The errors of the mind, nor tell the soul [lieve,
That they are dead, whom her vain thoughts be-
From cheating images to see alive. [seem
Besides, no wonder that these forms should
To move, as often as in vig'rous dream
They seem to dance; for when the first is gone,
And straight another rises, straight comes on,
The former's site seems chang'd, 'tis quickly done.
So swift, so num'rous are the forms that rise,
So quickly come, so vast the new supplies!
A thousand weighty queries more remain,
Ten thousand more, all which we must explain,
Ten thousand more, or else our search is vain.
First, then: 'tis ask'd, why men with so much ease,
Can think on any object what they please?
For what? Are still th' obedient forms at hand,
And wait on our imperious will's command?
And straight present whate'er the will desires,
Whether 'tis heav'n, or earth, or sea, or fires,
Wars, senates, battles, fights, of pomp, and state?
Does nature these, as she commands, create?
Since fix'd in one, one constant place, the mind
Can think on various things of diff'rent kind.
And why the images, with wanton pace,
Can seem to move and dance? Why's ev'ry grace
And measure kept? Why do they clasp their arms,
And toss their legs, and show a thousand charms?
What, have these wantons skill, they thus delight
To show their fairy tricks, and dance by night?
The reason is, each part, each single now
Of running time, as reason seems to show,
Has num'rous parts; and so, in shortest space,
Ten thousand forms may fly through ev'ry place,
Diff'rent and various; here and there may rove,
So num'rous are they, and so swift they move.
But since these forms are subtle and refin'd,
They are too thin to be perceiv'd by mind;
Unless she set herself to think and pry,
Contracting close her intellectual eye.
But this not done, the fleeting images,
Unseen, unthought on, and unheeded, cease:
And when she seeks to know, contracted close,
She pries upon the thing, and therefore knows.
Thus when the curious eye designs to view
An object subtle, and refin'd, and new,
Unless contracted close she strictly pries;
In vain she strives, the object 'scapes the eyes.
Nay, ev'n in plainest things, unless the mind
Takes heed, unless she sets herself to find;
The thing no more is seen, no more belov'd,
Than if the most obscure and far remov'd.
What wonder, then, if mind the rest should lose,
And only what she strives to know she knows?
(Besides, the mind oft thinks small objects great,
And thus she leads herself into a cheat).
And often too, a form of diff'rent kind
From what it seem'd before, affects the mind,
And strikes the fancy. Thus the form that came
A man before, is chang'd; in diff'rent frame
Presents a woman now to our embrace;
Or shows some other change in age or face.
Yet 'tis not strange, that monstrous forms commence
In fancy, when soft sleep has lull'd the sense
And mem'ry, so that neither can controul
The erring thoughts; neither direct the soul.
But now avoid their gross mistake, who teach
The limbs were made for work; a use for each.
The eyes design'd to see, the tongue to talk,
The legs made strong, and knit to feet to walk;
The arms fram'd long and firm, the servile hands
To work, as health requires, or life commands;
And so of all the rest, whate'er they feign,
Whate'er they teach is nonsense all, and vain.
For proper uses were design'd for none;
But all the members fram'd, each made his own.
No light before the eye, no speech was found
Before the tongue, before the ears no sound;
In short, the working seeds each limb create
Before its use, so 'tis not fram'd for that.
We knew to fight before the help of art,
To bruise and wound before we fram'd a dart;
And nature taught us to avoid a wound,
Before the use of arms and shields was found.
Before beds were, ev'n nature threw us down
To rest: we drank before a cup was known.
These various things convenience did produce,
We thought them fit, and made them for our use.
Thus these, and thus our limbs, and senses too,
Were form'd before that any mind did know
What office 'twas that they were fit to do.
Therefore, 'tis fond to think that these began,
For proper uses made, bestow'd on man.
What wonder is't that bodies ask for meat?
That nature prompts an animal to eat?
For I have taught before, how thousand ways
Small parts fly off, and ev'ry thing decays:
But more from lab'ring animals retreat,
More inward parts fly off in breath and sweat;
And so the body wastes, and nature fails,
The strength decays, and grief and pain prevails.
And therefore, meat's requir'd, a new supply,
To fill the places of the parts that die,
Recruit the strength, allay the furious pain,
And stop each gaping nerve, each hungry vein.
The cooling drink to ev'ry part retreats,
That wants the moisture, and the num'rous heats
That burn and fire the stomach, fly before
The coming cold, and we are scorch'd no more.
Thus drinks descend, and thus they wash away
Fierce thirst. Thus meats do hunger's force allay.
And next I'll sing, why men can move, can run
Whene'er they please; what force the members on;
What move the dull unactive weight, and bear
The load about: you with attention hear.
First then, the subtle form's extremely thin,
Pass through the limbs, and strike the mind within:
That makes the will; for none pretends to do,
None strives to act but what the mind does know;
Now what the mind perceives, it only sees
By thin and very subtle images.

So when the active mind designs to move
From place to place, it gives the soul a shove;
The soul spread o'er the limbs, ('tis quickly done,
For soul and mind are join'd, and make up one)
That strikes the limbs, so all is carry'd on.
But more than this; the body then grows rare,
The pores are open, and the flitting air,
As 'tis in motion still, must enter there:
This spreads o'er all, and both these things combin'd,
Force on the limbs, as ships both oars and wind.
Nor is it strange such little parts should shove
The heavy mass of limbs, and make them move,
And turn them; for unseen and subtle gales
Drive forward heavy ships with lab'ring sails;
And yet, when these rush on with mighty force,
One hand may turn the helm and change the course:
And engines, pullies too, with ease can rear
The greatest weights, and shake them in the air.
Next, how soft sleep o'er all spreads thoughtless rest,
And frees from anxious cares the troubled breast;
In few, but sweetest numbers, muse, rehearse,
My few shall far exceed more num'rous verse.
Thus dying swans, though short, yet tuneful voice,
Is more delightful than a world of noise.
You entertain my words with willing mind,
And list'ning ears; lest what my muse design'd
Should seem absurd, impossible to be,
And truth be slighted, while the fault's in thee,
And wilful blindness will not let thee see.
When the divided soul flies part abroad,
And part oppress'd with an unusual load,
Retiring backward, closely lurks within,
Then sleep comes on, and slumbers then begin:
For then the limbs grow weak, soft rest does seize
On all the nerves, they lie dissolv'd in ease.
For since sense rises from the mind alone,
And all the sense is lost as sleep comes on:
Since heavy sleep can stop, dull rest controul
The sense, it must divide and break the soul.
Some parts must fly away, but some must keep
Their seats within; else 'twould be death, not sleep.
For then no subtle atoms of the mind,
No little substance would be left behind;
As sparks in ashes, which might well compose,
The sense restor'd as flames arise from those,
But now I'll sing what 'tis that breaks the soul,
What spreads enfeebling rest o'er all the whole;
And why the bodies lie dissolv'd in ease:
Great things! You carefully attend to these.
First, then, the surfaces of things must bear
The constant impulse of the neighb'ring air,
Still vex'd, still troubled with external blows,
And, therefore, shells, or rinds, or films enclose,
Or skin, or hair, on ev'ry body grows:
Besides, our breath when drawn in that short stay,
Grates off some inward parts, and bears away,
In its return again, its conquer'd prey.
Since, then, our limbs receive, and since they bear
These strokes within, without, and ev'ry where;
Since some creep through the pores, and strive to breed
Confusion there, and disunite the seed;
The body's strength must fail, by just degrees,
Its vigour weaken'd by enfeebling ease:
Some souls they drive away, and some they press,
Drive deeper in, and shut in close recess:
Some parts, spread o'er the limbs, no more combine.
Nor with the rest in friendly motion join:
For nature stops the passages between.
Now since the atoms diff'rent ways are tost,
And lose their usual course, their sense is lost:
And when that prop is gone, the lids must fall,
The limbs grow dull, and weakness spread o'er all.
Thus after meals we sleep, because the food,
Spread through the veins, and mingled with the blood,
Does only what the air was wont to do;
For that does press the soul, and break it too.
So, after labour, or with toil oppress'd,
Or bellies full, we take the sounder rest:
For then the atoms of the mind retreat
The farther in, and take the deeper seat:
And more fly off, more substance of the soul,
And those within to distant spaces roll
More scatter'd, and divided o'er the whole.
But more; what studies please, what most delight,
And fill mens thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.
The lawyers plead, make laws, the soldiers fight,
The merchants dream of storms, they hear them roar,
And often shipwreck'd, leap or swim to shore:
I think of nature's pow'rs, my mind pursues
Her works; and, ev'n in sleep, invokes a muse:
And other studies too, which entertain [gain.
Mens waking thoughts, they dream them o'er a-
Thus they, who with continued sport and play,
Make the dull troublesome time haste away,
The objects, though remov'd, yet leave behind
Some secret tracts, and passage through the mind,
And fit for images of the same kind:
Before their waking eyes those sports appear;
They see the wantons dance, and seem to hear
The speaking strings breathe forth the softest air.
The same companions still, the same delight,
And the same painted scenes still please the sight:
So strong is use, such custom's pow'r confess'd,
And not in thoughtful man alone, but beast:
For often sleeping racers pant and sweat,
Breathe short, as if they ran their second heat;
As if, the barrier down, with eager pace
They stretch'd, and were contending for the race:
And often hounds, when sleep has clos'd their eyes,
Will toss and tumble, and attempt to rise:
They open often, often snuff the air,
As if they press'd the footsteps of the deer;
And, sometimes wak'd, pursue their fancy'd prey,
The fancy'd deer, that seems to run away,
Till quite awak'd, the follow'd shapes decay.

And softer curs, that lie and sleep at home,
Will often rouse, and walk about the room,
And bark, as if they saw some strangers come.
But now from images, whose forms comprise
Rough principles, the frightful dreams arise:
Thus birds will start, and seek the woods by night,
Whene'er the fancy'd hawk appears in sight,
Whene'er they see his wing, or hear him fight.
But seeds that raise heroic thoughts in men,
Ev'n such are often rais'd in dreams; for then
They fight, are taken captive, and rebel;
They shout and groan, as if the victor fell:
Some strive, some weep, some sigh; and oft afraid,
Pursu'd or torn by beasts, cry out for aid:
Some talk of state affairs, and some betray
The plots their treach'rous minds had form'd by day:
Some fly from following death; and others, thrown
From lofty pinnacles, sink headlong down;
But waking, though they know themselves abus'd,
Yet are their pow'rs, their spirits so confus'd,
They lie half-dead in deep amaze, remain
Thoughtless, and scarce recover sense again.
Others, when thirsty, fancy purling streams,
Sit down, and quaff the river off in dreams.
[The youth, by Morpheus chain'd with vessels full,
Dreaming he's near some sink, or lazy pool,
A briny flood discharges from his veins,
And the rich Asian quilt and bedding stains.]
And those whose blood boils high, whom vig'rous age
Has fill'd with seed, and fir'd with lustful rage,
If pleasing dreams present a beauteous face,
How hot his blood, how eager to embrace;
Nay oft, as in the fury of the joy,
The flowing seed pollutes the am'rous boy.
[Then first our seed begins its busy rage,
When strength confirms our limbs with rip'ning age:
For other matters other things do move;
But human seed, the object which we love:
This, when prepar'd, at first does bear fresh grace
From ev'ry limb, as it the whole does trace,
To certain fibres, still it does obtain
About the procreative parts to reign:
Enrag'd the region swells; a will does breed,
Where lust directs, there to project the seed:
The mind provokes the turgid nerves to move
Tow'rds that dear idol, whence she drank her love:
For mostly all receive the wound; and there
The blood beats high, from whence our smart we bear,
And rosy streams gush on the charming foe, if near.]
Love rises then, when, from a beauteous face,
Some pleasing forms provoke us to embrace;
Those bawds to lust, when with a tickling art
They gather turgent seed from ev'ry part,
And then provoke it: Then rise fierce desires;
The lover burns with strong, but pleasing fires;
Which often are pursu'd by following care,
Distracting thoughts, and often deep despair.
Nay, though the pleasing object is remov'd,
Though we no longer view the thing belov'd,
Yet forms attend: or if we chance to hear
Her name, love enters with it at the ear.
But 'twill be wise and prudent to remove
And banish all incentives unto love:
And let thy age, thy vig'rous youth, be thrown
On all in common, not reserv'd for one:
For that breeds cares and fears; that fond disease,
Those raging pains, if nourish'd, will increase:
Unless you fancy ev'ry one you view,
Revel in love, and cure old wounds by new.
Nor do they miss the joy who love disdain,
But rather take the sweet without the pain:
Nay, they have greater sweets, while lovers arms
Shall clasp their dears, while they behold their charms.
Straight doubts arise, their careless mind's employ'd,
Which sweets must first be rifl'd, which enjoy'd:
What they desir'd they hurt, and 'midst the bliss
Raise pain; and often, with a furious kiss,
They wound the balmy lip: this they endure,
Because the joy's not perfect, 'tis not pure.
But still some sting remains, some fierce desire
To hurt whatever 'twas that rais'd the fire:
But yet the pains are few, they quickly cease;
The mix'd delight does make the hurt the less.
Perhaps they hope that she that struck, the same
Can heal; that she that rais'd, can stop the flame.
Fond fancy this in love! We ne'er give o'er;
The more we know and have, we wish the more.
'Tis true, because the meat and drink's convey'd
To proper vessels; thirst and hunger's stay'd.
But now from beauty, now from forms that please,
What comes, but thin and empty images?
Ev'n such as he enjoys, that drinks in dreams;
His thirst increases 'midst the fancy'd streams.
So love deludes poor men; their cov'tous eye,
What long, what frequent sights can satisfy?
What from the tender limbs, with wanton play,
And am'rous touch, poor lovers bring away?
Nay, ev'n in the embrace, whilst both employ
Their strength; and bodies feel the coming joy;
Though then they twine, and bill like loving doves,
Though ardent breathings fire each other's loves;
In vain! fond fools, they cannot mix their souls,
Although they seem to try, in am'rous rolls;
So strictly twin'd, till all their pow'rs decay,
And the loose airy pleasure slips away:
Then a short pause between, and then returns
The same fierce lust, the same fierce fury burns;
Whilst they both seek, whilst they both wish to have
Whate'er their wanton fancies, wanton wishes crave;
For this no cure, for this no help is found;
They waste and perish by a secret wound.
Besides, they waste their strength, their vigour kill,
And live poor slaves unto another's will;

Debts they contract apace, their money flies:
Their fame, their honour too, grows sick, and dies.
Rich shoes, and jewels, set in gold, adorn
The feet; the richest purple vests are worn.
The wealth, their fathers toil'd, and fought to gain,
Now buys a coat, a mitre, or a chain.
Great shows and sports are made, and royal feasts,
Where choicest meats and wines provoke the guests:
Where gawdy tapestry, and odours spread
O'er all the room, and crowns grace ev'ry head:
In vain: for still some bitter thought destroys
His fancy'd mirth, and poisons all his joys.
[First, guilty conscience does the mirror bring;
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting;
And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mis-spent luxurious life.]
Perhaps some doubtful word torments his mind,
Sinks deep, and wounds, and leaves a sting behind.
Perhaps he thinks his mistress' wanton eyes
Gloat on his friend, perhaps faint smiles he spies.
Such mischiefs happen ev'n in prosp'rous love:
But those, that cross and adverse passion prove,
Those wretched lovers met ten thousand more,
Ten thousand scarce can measure the vast store,
So obvious all, that with the strictest care
'Tis good to keep my rules, and shun the snare;
'Tis easier to avoid, than break the chain,
When once entrapp'd, or be redeem'd again;
The nets are strong, and we may strive in vain.
Yet, though securely caught, you may be free
Again, unless you are resolv'd to be
A trifling slave; and from your thoughts remove
The faults in mind and face of her you love:
For often men, quite blind by fond desire,
First think their loves great beauties, then admire;
Their pow'rful working fancy still supplies
With borrow'd shapes, and flattering disguise,
The meaner beauties great necessities.
Hence 'tis, that ugly things, in fancy'd dress,
Seem gay, look fair to lovers eyes, and please.
The black seems brown, the nasty, negligent;
Owl-ey'd, like Pallas, and my heart's content:
The little dwarf is pretty, grace all o'er;
The vast, surprising; and we must adore;
The stamm'ring lisps; the lover thinks he hears
The broken sounds breath'd forth in softest airs:
She's modest if she's dumb, and nought can say;
The fierce and prattling thing is brisk and gay;
She's thin, if hectic, and but one remove
From death; the meagre is my slender love:
The great and swelling breast like Ceres is;
The big and hanging lip, a very kiss.
Ten thousand such: But grant the sweetest face,
Grant each part lovely, grant each part a grace,
Yet others equal beauties do enjoy,
Yet we have liv'd before without this toy;
Yet she is base; yet she perfumes, to hide
Her nat'ral smell, her maids on ev'ry side
Stand off, and smile, and waggishly deride.
Nay, though a lover, when deny'd the bliss,
Stands long, and waits, and warms with soft'ning kiss
The less obdurate gate; though then he pours
His ointments on, and crowns the gates with flow'rs;
Yet, when admitted; when no longer coy,
The Miss provokes the eager fool to joy:
Then ev'ry thing offends, he fancies none;
But seeks some fit excuses to be gone:
Then he forgets the stories he design'd;
Nor tells how much her coldness vex'd his mind,
Nor sighs, and why, my dear, was you unkind?
Then grieves he gave to her that awful love,
He only vow'd to the great pow'rs above.
And this our Misses know, and strive to hide
Their faults from those (the cov'ring's decent pride)
Whom they would cheat, and bind to an amour;
Though foul behind, they look all bright before;
In vain; for thou canst understand the cheat,
Discover, know their wiles and gross deceit.
Nay, if she's free, if not designs to vex,
Nor cross thy courtship, or thy thoughts perplex,
She'll show the common failures of her sex.
[Nor always do they feign the sweets of love,
When round the panting youth their pliant limbs they move;
And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss;
They often share, and more than share the bliss;
From ev'ry part, even to their inmost soul,
They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour to the goal,
Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire,
Birds, beasts, and herds, and mares their males require;
Because the throbbing nature in their veins
Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains:
The lusty leap th' expecting female stands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor shouting boys, nor blows, their union can divide:
At either end they strive the link to loose;
In vain; for stronger Venus holds the noose.
Which never would those wretched lovers do,
But that the common heats of love they know;
The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common too.]
The child still bears the form, whose seed prevails,
If mother's, her's, if father's, then the male's:
But those, that show a part of either face,
Are made of seed, whose friendly pow'rs embrace; [the mass,
When neither this nor that prevails, and forms
And oft with joy indulgent father's view'd
The grandsire's image in their sons renew'd:
Because the little mass of seed remains
Entire, and whole within the father's veins,
Which from the grandsire fell: this Venus takes,
Of this a likeness in the shapes she makes;
She imitates the grandsire's voice, or hair,
His smile or some peculiar grace, and air:
For these on proper seeds depend, and rise
From proper shapes, as well as hands or eyes,

The male's, and female's ſeed agree to make
The tender young, of both the young partake;
But yet that ſex the young reſembles moſt,
That has more pow'rful ſeed, more vig'rous luſt.
Nor do the gods decree, nor thoughts employ,
Which mortal ſhall, which ſhall not get a boy,
As ſome believe; and therefore ſacrifice,
While clouds of incenſe from the altars riſe;
Make vows, and pray'rs, temples and altars build,
To pleaſe the angry gods, and beg a child:
Fond fooling this, to court the pow'rs above,
They ſit at eaſe, and never mind our love.
But male and female, though they oft embrace,
In vain endeavour to increaſe their race,
If either's ſeeds too ſubtle, thin, and fine;
Or elſe too groſs, and dull for that deſign;
For if too thin, the veſſels ne'er retain
The ſeed receiv'd; it ſtraight flows out again,
And all the kind endeavour is in vain.
But if too groſs and dull, it moves but ſlow,
And little pores refuſe to let it through:
Or it lies ſullen there, unfit to breed,
Nor kindly mixes with the female ſeed;
For all not fit with all: Thus ſome do prove
Unfruitful, after many years of love;
Though they have often prov'd the nuptial joy,
And ſtrove but all in vain to get a boy:
Yet by a ſecond huſband's apt embrace,
They quickly bear a fair and num'rous race,
And the decaying families increaſe.
They ſee their ſons grow ſtrong with youthful rage,
The joy and comfort of their feeble age.
[So much it does impart, that ſeed with ſeed
Should of the kindly mixture make the breed;
And thick with thin, and thin with thick ſhould join,
So to produce and propagate the line.
Of ſuch concernment too is drink and food,
T' incraſſate or attenuate the blood.
Of like importance is the poſture too,
In which the genial feat of love we do:
For as the females of the four-foot kind
Receive the leapings of their males behind,
So the good wives with loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands, the fruitful ſtroke may try:
For in that poſture they will beſt conceive;
Not when, ſupinely laid, they friſk and heave:
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of ſtrumpets than of wives they ſhow:
When anſw'ring ſtroke with ſtroke the mingled liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too briſk a bound
Throw off the ploughſhare from the furrow'd ground:
But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Becauſe 'tis leſs their buſineſs to conceive,
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honeſt wives but little need.
Nor is it from the gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart;
But wives, well-humour'd, dutiful and chaſte,
And clean, will hold their wand'ring huſbands faſt;
Such are the links of love, and ſuch a love will laſt.
For what remains, long habitude and uſe
Will kindneſs in domeſtic bands produce:
For cuſtom will a ſtrong impreſſion leave;
Hard bodies, which the lighteſt ſtroke receive,
In length of time will moulder and decay;
And ſtones with drops of rain are waſh'd away.

NOTES ON BOOK IV.

Ver. 1. The firſt twenty-nine verſes of this book, in which the poet invites the attention of his Memmius, or any other reader, are in Book I. v. 931. where you may conſult our notes upon them. Some blame Lucretius for this long repetition: Nor indeed have we one ſingle inſtance of the like battology in any of the ancient poets. Moreover, we may obſerve, that our tranſlator has employed the two whole verſes, which begin this book, to render only theſe four words of his author: "Avia pieridum peragro loca:" Now the muſes were called Pierides, either from Pierius, a mountain of Theſſalia, in which they are ſaid to be born of Jupiter and Mnemoſyne: or from the victory they gained over the nine daughters of Pieros the Macedonian, who had challenged the muſes to ſing with them, and being overcome, were by the ſame muſes changed into ſo many magpies. This fable is related at large by Ovid, Metamor. 5. v. 677. where, ſpeaking of them after their transformation, he ſays,

Nunc quoque in alitibus facundia priſca remanſit,
Raucaque garrulitas, ſtudiumque immane loquendi.

Ver. 19. "Deceptaque, non capiatur," ſays Lucretius. The rhetoricians call this an oxymoron; a figure frequently uſed by the Latin poets: Of the like nature is this in Terence:

At enim cave, ne priuſquam acceperis, amittas.

Thus too Ennius, wittily enough, ſpeaking of the Pergama, the caſtle of Troy, upon mount Ida:

Quæ neque Dardaniis campis potuere perire,
Nec cum capta, capi, nec cum combuſta cremari.

Which Virgil would be ſure not to omit in his Æneis; but thought it worthy of the mouth even of Juno herſelf:

———Num ſiegeis occumbere campis,
Num capti potuere capi? Num incenſa cremavit
Troja viros?——— *Æneid. 7. v. 294.*

Of this nature too is the Ἐχθρῶν ἄδορα δῶρα, in the Ajax of Sophocles: and if a man would, he might ſoon collect a pedantic heap of them from the ancient as well as modern poets.

Ver. 26. To this purpoſe Waller ſays finely,

Well-ſounding verſes are the charms we uſe,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold;
But they move more, in lofty numbers told.

Ver. 36. In the ſix firſt of theſe ſeventeen verſes, the poet briefly recites the ſubjects of his diſputations in the preceding books: In the firſt and ſecond, he has treated of the nature of atoms, of their properties, motions, and coalitions: in the third, of the principles of the ſoul; and has conſidered the ſoul itſelf, as well when united to the body, as when ſeparated from it; and then in the following eleven verſes, he includes the argument of this book, and ſays that he will now treat of the images, which, like films and membranes of bodies, are perpetually flowing from the ſurface of things, and preſenting their ſpecies and figures to us: If they come whole, and without mixture, we then perceive things that truly have a being: if they come maimed, inverted, or joined to one another, from thence proceed the phantaſms of Centaurs and the like monſters; and ſometimes, too, the ſpectres of the dead: for the ſoul, we know, dies with the body. And thus the poet performs the promiſe he made us, Book I. v. 163. where ſpeaking of the ſoul, he ſaid he would ſing,

What frights her waking thoughts, what cheats her eyes,
When ſleeping or diſeas'd, ſhe thinks ſhe ſpies
Thin ghoſts in various ſhapes about the bed,
And ſeems to hear the voices of the dead?

Moreover, the four firſt of theſe verſes, in the original, are repeated verbatim, from Book III. v. 31. though our interpreter, in this place, has varied in his tranſlation of them.

Ver. 37. He means the ſpecies, or forms of things, that are commonly called intentional. Democritus, and after him Epicurus, called them εἴδωλα, τύπους, and ὑμένας, idols, images, and membranes: Cicero, *imagines:* Quintillian, *figuras:* Catius, *ſpectra:* Lucretius, *effigies, imagines, ſpecies, formas, exuvias, ſpolia:* and, *quaſi membranas*, or *Cortices*, &c. "Quorum incurſu," ſays Cicero, "non modo videmus, ſed etiam cogitamus:" By whoſe incurſion, that is, by whoſe preſenting or ſhowing of themſelves to the mind, or to the ſenſe, we not only ſee, but think likewiſe.

Ver. 41, 42. Lucretius, after having copiouſly diſcourſed of the nature of the ſoul, and endeavoured to prove it mortal, goes on here, and pretends to ſolve one argument, which ſtill ſeemed to preſs his opinion, and that is drawn from the various apparitions that ſometimes preſent the images of our deceaſed friends, and make ſo lively and vigorous an impreſſion on the fancy, that we cannot but think them real, and ſomething beſide naked imagination: but becauſe he intermixes this with his diſcourſe of the ſenſes, and makes it depend on the Epicurean explication of viſion, I ſhall be obliged briefly to conſider his doctrine, and that being overthrown, diſcourſe of the ſtrength of the argument. Well then, not to trouble him about his other ſenſes, concerning viſion, he delivers this: Thin ſubtle images conſtantly riſe from the ſurfaces of all bodies, which make an impreſſion on our organs, and then the notice is communicated to the ſoul. To confute this, we need look no farther than his own principles, and conſider that he has made weight a property of matter, and an endeavour downward a neceſſary adjunct: And, therefore, all motion upward is violent, and proceeds from external preſſure or impulſe.

Now any man knows, that the ſpecies are propagated any way with equal eaſe, and we ſee as well when the object is placed below our eye, as when above it: But there is no force to make theſe images riſe, and therefore it is impoſſible they ſhould. Their own nature oppoſes the air (as all muſt grant) that lies behind the object, is unfit to give the impulſe to the ſolid parts of the upper ſurface, that on the ſide, to drive it upward: and I believe none will think theſe images are raiſed by the air that is perpendicular to the ſuperficies; and this argument more ſtrongly concludes, if we conſider his explication of diſtance, for there he requires, that theſe images ſhould drive on all the air between the object and the eye, though it often reſiſts and beats furiouſly againſt them, which cannot be done but by a conſiderable force, and a greater ſtrength than can be allowed theſe ſubtle forms, though riſing from any body, in the moſt convenient poſition, and when their weight can aſſiſt their motion: But more; if ſuch images aroſe, it muſt be granted, that the object muſt ſeem changed every minute, and it would be impoſſible to look upon a cherry for the ſpace of an hour, and ſtill perceive it bluſh with the ſame colour; becauſe every image that moves our eye, cannot be above one hundred times thinner than the ſkin of that fruit; for I believe any man will freely grant, that this ſkin ſo divided, will be too tranſparent to be perceived; or if it may ſtill be ſeen, let the diviſion proceed, and at laſt the abſurdity will preſs, and follow too faſt and too cloſely to be avoided: I ſhall not mention, that contrary winds muſt diſturb theſe images, break their looſe order, and hinder their paſſage; but only take notice, that it is impoſſible ſuch images ſhould enter at the eye, and repreſent an object as great as we perceive it: for theſe images riſing from the ſurface, muſt proceed by parallel lines; and their parts maintain as great a diſtance as the parts of the body whence they ſprung; becauſe they come from every part of

the object, and are commenſurate to it: and therefore cannot be preſſed cloſer without penetration or confuſion.

But ſuppoſe viſion might be thus explained, giant every one, like the man in Seneca, had his own image ſtill walking before him, yet imagination and thought have their peculiar difficulties.

Ver. 42. Thus the ghoſt of Anchiſes appeared to Æneas, and frighted him in his ſleep:

Me patris Anchiſæ, quoties humentibus umbris
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis et turbida terret imago.
Æn. 4. *v.* 361.

And Dryden calls them,

Forms without body and impaſſive air:
The ſqualid ſpectres, that in dead of night
Break our ſhort ſleep, and ſkim before our ſight.

Macrobius obſerves, that the words of this paſſage "ſimulacraque luce carentum," which we here find in Lucretius, are tranſcribed by Virgil, in Georg. 4. v. 472. where we read,

Umbre ibant tenues, ſimulacraque luce carentum.

Ver. 43. We may obſerve, that Lucretius paſſed this over very ſlightly: for Epicurus did not approve of any farther inquiry into τὰ φυσικὰ, natural things, than barely what might contribute more eaſily to deliver the minds of men from the ſlavery of religion. The words of this paſſage, in the original, are,

——ne forte animas Acheronte reamur
Effugere, aut umbras inter vivos volitare.

Where the word Acheron, the name of one of the rivers of hell, is taken for hell itſelf: for the ancient Greeks held, that there were five rivers in the infernal abodes; namely Acheron, Cocytus, Styx, Phlegethon or Pyriphlegethon, and Lethe: Now theſe names were taken from ſeveral fountains and rivers in Greece, which by reaſon of their noxious natures and qualities, were feigned to be in hell likewiſe. There were two rivers called by the name of Acheron; one in Elis, a maritime country in the weſt of Peloponneſus, and this river flows into Alpheus, near the place where ſtood a famous temple dedicated to Pluto and to Proſerpine, as we find in Strabo, lib. viii. The other in Theſprotia, a country of Epirus, and flows out of the lake Acheruſia to the town of Cithyrus, according to the ſame Strabo, lib. viii. and Pauſanias in Atices. Cocythus, as the ſame Pauſanias tells us, was a river of the ſame country, not far from Acheron, and whoſe waters were extremely bitter. Styx was a fountain of Arcadia, that ſprung out of a high rock, near the city Nonacres, and fell into the river Crathis: its waters were ſo venomous, that whoever but taſted of them died immediately: This we learn from Pauſanias in Arcadicis. And Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. ſays, that they not only killed thoſe that drunk of them, but produced likewiſe poiſonous fiſh. This was the river which the gods held in ſo great veneration, that they were wont to ſwear by it; and if they violated their oath, they were deprived of their divinity, and interdicted the uſe of nectar for a hundred years: Hence Virgil Æn. vi. v. 323.

——vides Stygiamque paludem,
Dii cujus jurare timent, et fallere numen.

And Heſiod in Theog. tells us, that this honour came to be granted to this river, becauſe her daughters Victoria, Vis Robur, and Zelus, had aſſiſted the gods againſt the Titans. There were ſeveral rivers called by the name of Lethe, or, as Caſaubon would rather have it, "fluvius Lethes," the river of Lethe, or oblivion, in the genitive caſe, or elſe "Lethæus fluvius," the Lethæan river. One in Portugal, according to Strabo and Mela, and now called Lima, another in Africa, about the Syrtis Major, and not far from the city Berenice, according to Lucan: a third in Bœotia, near the town Libadia, according to Pauſanias in Bœoticis: and Strabo, lib. xiv. reckons up many other rivers of the ſame name. To Phlegethon, or Pyriphlegethon, there is not, that I know of, any particular place aſſigned, except the hot fountains about Avernus, as Strabo reports out of Homer. Now every one of theſe names ſignifies ſomething mournful and diſaſtrous: Acheron is derived from ἄχος, ſorrow, and ῥέω, I flow: Cocytus from κωκύω, I lament: Styx from στυγέω, I purſue with haſte: Phlegethon, or Pyriphlegethon, from πῦρ, fire, and φλέγω, I burn: Lethe from λήθη, oblivion, becauſe to drink of its waters, cauſes a forgetfulneſs of all things. All which is finely deſcribed by our Engliſh Homer, in his Paradiſe Loſt, Book II. where he calls them,

——th' infernal rivers that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of ſorrow black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud,
Heard on the rueful ſtream, fierce Phlegethon,
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.

Virgil, beſides theſe, places likewiſe Eridanus, the Po, in the Elyſian fields:

Plurimus Eridani per ſylvam volvitur amnis.
Æneid. vi. *v.* 659.

Ver. 47. In theſe twenty-four verſes, he firſt aſſerts, that theſe images, which are as it were the films and membranes of things, are continually flying off from the ſurfaces of them; and then he proves this aſſertion thus: The very eyes teſtify that many things emit bodies out of themſelves; ſome rare and ſubtle, as ſmoke from wood, and heat from fire; others more denſe and cloſely joined: Thus graſhoppers and ſnakes drop their ſkins; then who can doubt but that tenuious and ſubtle images fly off from the ſurfaces of things,

ſince they they caſt off forms that are more ſolid and condenſed, eſpecially ſince there are minute corpuſcles placed in the ſurface, or outmoſt front of things, that can eaſily diſengage themſelves and fly away. Epicurus, in Laertius, ſays, theſe images come, ἀπὸ τῆς σωμάτων ἐπιπολῆς, from the ſurface of bodies. And again: καὶ μὲν καὶ τύποι ὁμοιοσχήμονες τοῖς στερεμνίοις εἰσι λεπτότησεν ἀπέχοντες μακρὰν τῶν φαινομένων, τούτους δὲ τοὺς τύπους εἴδωλα προσαγορεύομεν, Laert. lib. x.

Ver. 57. The words in the original are,

Et vituli cum membranas de corpore ſummo
Naſcentes mittunt.

The new-born calves drop the pellicules in which they are wrapped up. How well our tranſlator has here followed the ſenſe of his author, the reader is left to judge.

Ver. 58. See the note on ver. 590 Book III.

Ver. 60. This and the following verſe are not ſo much as hinted at in Lucretius.

Ver. 67. This is the image of their form; for form according to Epicurus, is that which continually remains in the ſurface of the body, while the image, as a ſpoil, is continually flying away. For this we have the teſtimony of Empiricus, who ſays, Epicurus taught that ſome colour, for example, always inheres in a ſolid body, but that ſomething gets looſe from it, and this is its image.

Ver. 71. In theſe nineteen verſes, he confirms what he aſſumed in the preceding argument, and proves it by an example, which demonſtrates, that colours get looſe, and are reflected from the ſurfaces of things, in ſuch a manner as argues likewiſe the direption and getting off of images. For the curtains, ſays he, that are hung up in a theatre, reflect their colours on all the decorations of the ſtage, and on the ſpectators,

Ver. 75. That tapeſtry hangings were hung up over the Roman theatres to ſhade the ſpectators from the rays of the ſun, we learn from many of the ancients. Virgil, Georg. III. v. 24.

Vel ſcena ut verſis diſcedat frontibus, utque
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.

Now theſe hangings were called "Aulæa, ab aulâ Attali," from the court or palace of Attalus, the wealthy king of Pergamus, who, having no children, made the commonwealth of Rome his heir. He firſt found out the art of inweaving and embroidering with gold; and to this invention, the Babylonians added ſeveral colours, as we learn from Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 58. Hence The Attalic and Babylonian garments and hangings were in great eſteem among the ancients, Sil. Ital. lib. 14.

Læta Tyrus, quæque Attalicis variata per artem
Aulæis ſcribuntur acu——

They were likewiſe called "peripet aſmata," from περιπεταζειν, "ab extendendo," by reaſon of the largeneſs of them. Lucretius, in this place, calls them, "vel magnis intenta theatris," and the colours he gives them are the *luteus*, *ruſſus* and *ferruginus*. The colour which the ancients called *luteus*, was a yellow colour, and had its name from the herb *lutea*, willow-herb, or looſe-ſtrife, which helped to dye it. This is the colour of the yolk of an egg, and of the flower, which the Latins called *caltha*, in Engliſh turn-ſole, or ſun-flower, to which Virgil therefore gives the epithet luteola:

Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calthâ.

Eclog. ii.

The brides uſed to dreſs themſelves in this colour, Plin. l. xxi. cap. 8. "Lutei video honorem antiquiſſimum in nuptialibus flammeis totum fœminis conceſſum." Hence Catullus gives that colour to the ſock of Hymen the god of marriage:

Huc veni niveo gerens
Luteum pede ſoccum.

Thus Seneca, in Hipp. of Hercules, marrying as a woman:

Crura diſtincto religavit auro,
Luteo plantas cohibente ſocco.

The colour they called *ruſſus* was a deep red, or fleſh colour. Catull. in Egnat.

Quod quiſque minxit, hoc ſibi ſolet mane
Dentes atque ruſſam provocare gingivam.

The colour *ferruginus*, of which our tranſlator makes no mention, is not the colour of ruſty iron, as ſome will have it to be, but of ſmooth and poliſhed iron, after it has been heated in the fire, and is grown cold again, as the buckles we wear in mourning. This is not what we call the bright brown, as the London edition of the Dauphin's Virgil, on the eighteenth verſe of the ſecond eclogue erroneouſly interprets it, but rather a violet colour, and ſeems to be a mixture of red, black, and cerulean, whence it is frequently uſed for thoſe three colours. For red, Æn. xi. v. 772.

———Ferrugine clarus et oſtro.

For black, Æn. vi. v. 303, ſpeaking of Charon.

Et ferrugineâ ſubvectat corpora cymbâ.

And Georg. i. ver. 467, of an eclipſe of the ſun,

Cum caput obſcurâ nitidum ferrugine tinxit.

For cerulean in Plautus. Mil. Glor. 4. 43.

Facito ut venias huc ornatu naucleriaco; cauſiam
Habeas ferrugineam, culturam ad oculos lineam:
Palliolum habeas ferrugineum: nam is color thalaſſicus.

That is to ſay, cerulean, or the colour of the water of the ſea.

Ver. 81. He means the images of the gods that were in the theatres; for games and plays were a part of the Pagan religion.

Ver. 82. What Lucretius here ſays, and his tranſlator means, is this, the more the walls of the theatre are darkened, ſo that no place be open on

the sides to let in the light, the more, &c. The words in the original are,

Et quantò circùm magè sunt inclusa theatri,
Mœnia, tam magis hæc intús perfusa lepore
Omnia conrident conrepta luce diei.

Ver. 90. In these three verses, he concludes from what he has hitherto been arguing, and from what he has proved, that there are such things as the images of which he is speaking.

Ver. 93. He has already taught, ver. 66, that these images

———Still preserve their frame,
Their ancient form, and show from whence they came.

And now, in these eight verses, he shows that he did not teach that without cause; for the reason why they retain the same form is, because they fly away from the surfaces of bodies, from which every individual part of the images gets away with equal facility, and those parts are not conveyed from thence through any mazes or involutions, as odour, smoke, vapour, and other things of the like nature are, because they flow from the interior parts of bodies; and for that reason fly away confused and dispersed.

Ver. 101. Lastly, he proves, in these fourteen verses, that there are such things as these images, which get loose, and fly away from the surfaces of bodies; and that the images that we see in mirrors, in water, or in any smooth and polished body, are exactly like the things whose images they are; therefore those forms must necessarily be composed of the images that flow from the substances of the things themselves; for no other reason of that so exact similitude can be given, but that the very utmost film, which before adhered to the whole thing, is separated from it, as it were a membrane, and strikes into the glass or water. And you ought to take notice, that the image of each thing that is seen in the glass, or in water, is not single and one only, but many; which, nevertheless, by being reflected to the eyes by a continual and never-ceasing reverbation, seem not to be many, but only one image. Experience indeed shows that the images are transmitted into the glass from the very bodies whose images they are; since when those bodies are present the images strike into the glass; but if any thing interpose, their progress into the glass is intercepted: besides, if the bodies move, they move in like manner; if the bodies are inverted, they too are inverted: if the bodies depart, the images go away; and when the bodies are absent, there remain no images at all.

Ver 115, 116. Having hitherto proved the existence of these images, and being now going to explain their properties, he first teaches, in these twelve verses, that the most extreme tenuity, even such as can scarce be conceived, must be allowed them. To comprehend this aright, imagine, that the images are nothing else but the most subtle contextures of atoms in the nature of pellicles. And how prodigious is the subtleness of atoms, since innumerable myriads of them are necessary to compact the smallest animal, a mite, for example, or even the least member of it? Hence we may gather, that if an image consist of such atoms as do not cohere and stick together, κατὰ βαθὸς, "secundum profunditatem," which is Epicurus's own expression, it must be more subtle and thin by many myriads of myriads, than the thickness of one single mite, or of any particle of it. Epicurus himself says, ὅτι τὰ εἴδωλα ταῖς λεπτότησιν ἀναπερβλήτως κέχρηται, οὐδὲν ἀντιμαρτύρα τῶν φαινομένων. And Lucretius is of the same opinion with him. That images are nothing else than, ἀποῤῥοίας, effluviums or emanations of the most subtle and tenuious contextures of the outmost atoms, that are continually flowing from bodies into the ambient space; in which Epicurus follows the opinion chiefly of Plato and Empedocles, who held images to be certain, material, or substantial effluviums. But Aristotle taught that they are mere accidents, that have no substance whatever; but that, nevertheless, they are produced from visible bodies, and that, passing through the air, they affect the sense of sight, and are reflected from mirrors, and other things of like nature. But others of the learned are of opinion, that images are nothing but light, either directed from lucid bodies, or reflected from others, and striking upon the eye. But as to the opinion of Epicurus and Lucretius, there is this difficulty: How it is possible, since so many particles are continually flowing from the surface of things, that every visible body should not be at length quite wasted and consumed away? St. Augustin, in Epist. lvi. to Diosc. starts the same question. To which this answer may be given, that those visible things may be repaired by other corpuscles that are continually flowing to them, so that as much as they lose of their substance by the particles that flow from them to other things, so much may, on the other hand, come to them from elsewhere, and repair that loss. Nor is it to be feared, what some allege, that the thing itself would in this case change its figure, since the particles that come to it are of the same figure with those that go from it. It may farther be answered, that images are so very subtle that nothing perceptible can appear to be wanting on the surface of things, though these images do flow from them. And this Lucretius himself explains in the following argument.

Ver. 116. In these two verses, our interpreter but obscurely, if at all, expresses the sense of his author, who instances, in the principles of which all things are made, and by way of similitude, endeavours to prove, that these images are of a most tenuious nature. For, says he, they consist of atoms which are invisible to our sight and more minute than all those things that the eyes can scarce, nay, not at all perceive: it is therefore no wonder that our senses cannot perceive the images of things, while flowing from the bodies they glide through the air, unless they are reflected from the smoothness of mirrors, or of any other smooth and polished bodies, since they cannot perceive even the atoms of which they are

compoſed. And thus, ſince they are imperceptible to the ſight, they muſt of neceſſity be of a very tenuious nature.

Ver. 127. In theſe eight verſes, the poet argues to this effect: Since ſo great a quantity of little bodies exhales from theſe ſtrong ſmelling herbs, as to fill with odour all the ambient neighbouring air, it cannot be expreſſed how ſmall each part is that comes off from the ſurface; and conſequently, ſince an image conſiſts only of thoſe particles that fly away from the ſurface of bodies, and have analogy with the ſenſorium of the ſight, it ſurpaſſes all belief how ſubtle and tenuious an image muſt be, eſpecially ſince, in a great length of time, nothing can be perceived to be exhaled or worn away. Certainly the ſubtleneſs of an odoriferous ſteam or vapour is altogether wonderful, and conſequently ſo too muſt be that of the particles of which ſuch vapours conſiſt; of thoſe, for example, that exhale from an apple for ſeveral months together; and yet the apple cannot be perceived to be waſted or diminiſhed. Conſider, beſides, how thick that vapour is in reſpect of an image, and you will eaſily believe, that if all the images which flow from a body, for the ſpace of many years together, were compacted into one, they would not make ſo great a maſs as that of a vapour which flows out in a moment of time.

The juice of the herb *panax*, or *panacea*, ſo called ἀπὸ τῦ πανταὰκᾶν, from healing all diſeaſes. See Pliny, lib. xxv. cap. 3. and Columel. lib. xi. cap. 3. We call it in Engliſh, all-heal. The other herbs which Lucretius here mentions, are,

——Abſynthia tetra,
Abrotonique graves, et triſtia centaurea.

Abſynthium is the herb wormwood, of which there are ſeveral ſorts: I. *Seriphium*, or *marinum*, ſea wormwood, which produces the ſeed that we commonly uſe againſt worms in the belly. II. *Sanconicum*, French wormwood, almoſt like the former in its tender and jagged leaves, but its colour is whiter, and its ſmell not ſo rank. III. *Ponticum*, or *Romanum*, which has a leſs leaf, and ſweeter odour; and is by ſome called wormwood-gentle. See Pliny, lib. xxvii. cap. 7. IV. *Lacifolium*, our common wormwood. *Abrotonum* is the herb we call ſouthern-wood: and of this too there are ſeveral ſorts: I. *Abrotonum mas*, the ſouthern-wood, or ſmall ſouthern-wood, which grows in the fields. II. *Abrotonum fœmina*, ſhe or great ſouthern-wood, which grows in the woods, and upon mountains. III. *Abrotonum ſiculum*, which is a kind of ſmall ſouthern-wood, and has a very ſweet ſmell. It is probable this laſt is the ſort Lucretius ſpeaks of. Of *centaurea*, *centaury*, ſee Book ii. ver. 384.

Ver. 135. Having explained this uſual and general manner of the generation of the images, which Epicurus calls ἀποῤῥοὰς, and ὠποῤῥοίας, becauſe they are made by a continual direption and avolation of tenuious, as it were, membranes, from the ſurface of bodies; he now, in theſe twelve verſes, explains another ſort of images, which the ſame Epicurus calls σύστασεις, becauſe they are, as it were, certain conglutinations and coagmentations that are formed in the air of their own accord, as ſo many clouds, and do not indeed flow from the things which they repreſent. Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. relates, that in the regions of Africa, that lie beyond the Syrtes and Cyrene, prodigious ſpectres are often formed of their own accord: περὶ γὰρ τίνας καίρους καὶ μάλιϛα καϑὰ τὰς ἡρεμίας, Συϛάσεις ὁρᾶνϑαι καϑὰ τὸν ἀέρα παντοίων ζώων ἰδίας ἰμφαίνυσας τυπῶν δὲ αἱ μὲν ἠρεμᾶσιν, αἱ δὲ κίνησιν λαμβάνυσι, καὶ ποτὲ μὲν ὑποφευγυσι. ποτὲ δὲ διώκυσι. Sometimes, and even when the weather is calm, there are ſeen in the air certain compoſitions or coagmentations, repreſenting the figures of all ſorts of animals; ſome of theſe are quite without motion, and ſome are moved; ſometimes they fly the purſuers, and then again purſue thoſe that fly. Diodorus, who was himſelf an Epicurean, makes uſe of Epicurus's own term, Συστάσεις. The like too is confirmed by Pomponius Mela, to happen in that part of Mauritania that lies behind mount Atlas. Pliny alſo ſays, that ſomething of the ſame nature is frequently ſeen in the countries of Scythia, that lie within Imaus. And what Kircherus publiſhed, not long ago, of the Morgana, or amazing prodigy, that was ſeen at Rhegium, now Rezzo, in Italy, is very well known. In ſhort, in moſt countries many ſee ſuch ſpectres and images, or at leaſt think they ſee them.

Ver. 141. Of theſe battles in the air, of which, by the way, Lucretius makes no mention, Milton gives us this deſcription:

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their ſpears,
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either ſide of heav'n the welkin burns.

Moreover, Faber believes this paſſage of Lucretius to be ſhadowed from the clouds of Ariſtophanes.

Ver. 147. In theſe eighteen verſes, he proves, by an argument drawn from a mirror, that images are every moment emitted from things in a perpetual, ceaſeleſs flow. Bring a mirror, and the image of any thing that is placed before it immediately appears, which would not be, unleſs the image of that thing flowed from the very body of it, and were reflected from that mirror. If it be aſked, why other things do not reverberate images, he anſwers, becauſe ſome other things are rare, and the images pierce through them; others, either porous or rough, and that theſe cut and diſſipate the images: but let them ſtrike on a poliſhed and flat body, like a looking-glaſs, and they are reflected to the eyes in an inſtant of time. Epicurus himſelf in Laertius, ſays, ἡ γένεσις τῶν εἰδώλων ἅμα τῷ νοήματι συμβαίνει, τὸ γὰρ ῥεῦσις ἀπὸ τῆς σωμάτων ἐκπυπολῆς συνεχὴς συμβαίνει, σώζεται

τὴν ἐπὶ τῶ στερεμένω θήσιν, καὶ τάξιν τεῖν ἀτόμων ἐπὶ πολὺν Χρόνον, εἰτὲ ἐνίοτε συνχειμένη ὑπάρχει.

Ver. 156. That is to say, the smoothness of the mirror preserves the image. And here it will not be improper to observe, that all men agree that two things are chiefly requisite in the nature of mirrors: Smoothness, which never is without splendour or shining, and density of body: Nor can one of these suffice without the other; for if the body be smooth and shining, but of such a nature that the image may pass through it, it will not be a mirror, nor restore the images. Hence it is evident, that Plato in Timæus is mistaken, where he does not require density as necessary in a mirror, but only splendour and smoothness. Now there are two opinions concerning the cause of the reflection that is made by mirrors. Some hold, that the images of the bodies placed against mirrors are seen in them, not because the images which we see are in the glass, but because the sight of the eyes, being darted upon the mirror in a straight line, is reflected upon itself from the mirror in another straight line. This was the opinion of the Pythagoreans, and is still of the mathematicians. But others, of whom Epicurus seems to have been the first, will have the images to be transmitted from the bodies into the glass, or any other smooth and dense body, and to be actually in it; and that they are seen in the same manner, and for the same reason that all other things are, and are seen. But we shall have occasion to say more of this by and by, when the poet comes to argue particularly of mirrors.

Ver. 163. For Lucretius believes with Epicurus and Plato, that the image we regard in a mirror is not one constant, fixed, certain, and same thing, but image after image, still succeeding in the place of each other in an instant of time, and without any interval or interruption.

Ver. 165. In these seven verses he illustrates, and confirms the perpetual and never-ceasing flux of images, that all things may be full of light, rays must be continually emitted from the sun. For the same reason, images likewise must be perpetually flying away from things; for which way soever you turn the mirror, the images of the opposite things appear; nor do they ever disappear so long as those things keep their places.

To confirm yet more this argument of Lucretius, we may add to the instance he brings of the beams of the sun two other examples: I. The flame of a candle neither is, nor appears to be always one and the same flame, but only by reason of the never-ceasing substitution of like and equivalent little flames. II. A river is one and the same river, only because of the equivalence of the waters that are incessantly succeeding and driving one another away. Hence it is, that the parts of an image that proceed from hollow parts, are more slowly cast upon the mirror, and reflected more slowly likewise upon the eyes, than the parts that are gibbous and jut out. And, therefore, though the image be seen imprinted on a flat thing, yet it makes an impression of a hollow or round thing on the eye. But Macrobius, lib. vii. Saturn. 14. endeavours to overthrow this opinion of Epicurus.

Ver. 172. These ten verses contain another argument, but of less weight than the former. We see the serene unclouded sky often overcast on a sudden with thick and darkening clouds. But these clouds rise up from the earth, or from the sea; they are thick and heavy bodies: what then can stop thin and light images?

Ver. 180. This and the following verses are repeated from above, ver. 125. as they are likewise in the original.

Ver. 182. In these eight verses, Lucretius tells us, that he is going to dispute of the swiftness of these images; and that indeed there will be no need of a long disputation, since mirrors demonstrate that images move with the greatest celerity that the mind of man can conceive.

Ver. 188. These two verses in the original run thus:

Parvus ut est cycni melior canor; ille gruum quam
Clamor in ætheriis dispersus nubibus austri.

And we find them almost word for word in Antipater, in Errin. lib. iii. Epigram.

Λωΐτερος κύκνου μικρὸς θρέος, ἤε, κολοῖων,
Κράγμος ἐν ἐκριναῖς κιδνάμενος νεφέλαις.

To what is already said of the singing of swans, Book II. ver. 479. and Book III. ver. 5. I will here add, that the ancient poets gave to one another the title of swans. Virgil. Ecl. ix. ver. 27.

Vare, tuum nomen———
Cantantes sublime ferens ad sidera cycni.

i. e. "Poetæ," according to Servius and all the annotators. Thus too Horace, Od. ii. lib. iv. ver. 25.

Multa dircæum levat aura cycnum.

that is, Pindar the Theban poet. Nor was it the poets only who believed the singing of swans, for even Cicero tells us, that swans are sacred to Apollo, because they seem to have from him the gift of divination, inasmuch as foreseeing the good there is in death, they die singing, and with joy: "Cycni Apollini dicati sunt, quod ab eo habere divinationem videantur; qui prævidentes quid in morte sit boni, cum cantu et voluptate moriuntur." Tuscul. 2. 73. Nevertheless, their singing is a mere fiction; and, indeed, both living and dying, they are mute, or at best make only a harsh unpleasing sound: Therefore it is the more surprising, that there is such agreement of opinion among the Greeks and Latins concerning the melodious singing of swans. Nazianzenus, Orat. 34. believes their singing to be only this, that when they spread and clap their wings, the wind gets in, and whistles between their feathers. Of the cranes here mentioned by Lucretius, our translator takes no notice. The Latins called them *grues*, from the crunkling noise they make. They have a very long neck and beak, and are very common about the river Strymon in Macedonia,

on the confines of Thrace. They are ſaid to foreſee the ſtormy weather, nay even a ſhower of rain, and to fly from it in great numbers together. Hence Virgil Georg. i. ver. 374.

——Aut illum (ſcil. imbrem) ſurgentem vallibus imis
Aeriæ fugere grues.——————

And for this reaſon Milton gives them the epithet, prudent: when ſpeaking of birds, he ſays:

Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe,
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way.
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan, high over ſeas.
Flying, and over lands, eaſing their wings
With mutual flight: ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage borne on winds; the air
Floats as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.

Theſe are the birds that are ſaid to make war with the Pigmies; a people of Ethiopia, who inhabit the fens of the Nile, and exceed not three ſpans in ſtature, as Pliny witneſſes. Of their wars with the cranes Juvenal pleaſantly enough,

Ad ſubitas thracum volucres, nubemque ſonoram;
Pygmæus parvis currit bellator in armis:
Mox impar hoſti, raptuſque per aëra curvis
Unguibus à fæva fertur grue.——————
Sat. xiii. *ver.* 168.

Which our Creech has thus rendered,

When cranes invade, his little ſword and ſhield
The Pigmy takes, and ſtraight attends the field:
The fight's ſoon o'er; the cranes deſcend, and bear
The ſprawling warriors through the liquid air.

Ver. 190. In theſe ſeventeen verſes, he explains the ſwiftneſs of images, by making a compariſon between their motion and that of the rays of the ſun, which reach from heaven to earth in an imperceptible ſpace of time. But from whence proceeds this velocity of the ſun-beams? They are ſmall and ſubtle bodies: They are eaſily emitted from the body of the ſun: They are inceſſantly in purſuit of one another, and therefore the following urges on the foregoing ray; and the interjacent air can be no hindrance to bodies of ſo thin a texture. If theſe are the reaſons that the rays of the ſun move ſo ſwiftly, the ſame reaſons likewiſe will evince the extreme celerity of images.

Ver. 193. This is taken from Cowley. See the note, Book ii. ver. 141.

Ver. 204. That is, their ſubtle nature; for an image, though it be corporeal, has not any dimenſion of profundity, but is all ſurface; as Epicurus ſays in Laertius, lib. 10.

Ver. 207. In the laſt argument, he proved that images move as ſwiftly as the rays of the ſun; but now, in theſe eleven verſes, he makes them much ſwifter: for, ſays he, the images are more ſubtle; and what conduces very much to their celerity, they flow from the ſurface of things, and eaſily diſengage and ſet themſelves free: but heat and light are emitted from the inward parts of the ſun.

Ver. 216. This and the following verſe are repeated from Book ii. ver. 156. as well in the original as here.

Ver. 218. In theſe ten verſes he calls experience to his aſſiſtance. All ſight is made by images: now, ſet a mirror, or a bowel of water abroad in a clear night, and the images of all the ſtars will be reflected from the mirror or the water, and meet the eyes in a moment of time. Judge then, how ſwift muſt be the paſſage of thoſe images.

Ver. 219. Faber, in his note on this place, ſays, that it is more ſurpriſing to conſider, how many different ſpecies of itſelf water reflects all around, by its trembling motion; which Virgil deſcribes in the following verſes:

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis,
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique fert laquearia tecti.
Æn. viii. *ver.* 22.

Which Dryden thus tranſlates:

So when the ſun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the poliſh'd glaſs their trembling light;
The glitt'ring ſpecies here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious beams from ſide to ſide:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flaſh the glaring day.

Ver. 226. This and the following verſe our tranſlator has tranſcribed out of the firſt book of Cowley's Davideis.

Ver. 228. But this flux or ſtreaming of the images into the eyes, muſt be granted, ſays the poet in theſe thirteen verſes, becauſe certain effluviums from other things inſinuate themſelves into all the other ſenſes. Epicurus too made uſe of the ſame argument, as Macrobius witneſſes Lib. vii. Saturn. 14. in theſe words: "In propatulo eſt quod decepit Epicurum: à vero enim lapſus eſt aliorum quatuor ſenſuum ſecutus exemplum: Quia in audiendo guſtando, et odorando, atque tangendo nihil è nobis emittimus, ſed extrinſecus accipimus quod ſenſum moveat: Quippe et vox ad aures ultro venit, et auræ in nares influunt, et palato ingeritur quod gignit ſaporem, et corpori noſtro applicantur tactu ſentienda. Hinc putavit et ex oculis noſtris nihil foras proficiſci, ſed imagines rerum ultro in oculis meare." It is manifeſt what deceived Epicurus: for he was led into his error by following the example of the four other ſenſes. And becauſe, in hearing, ſmelling, taſting, and touching, we emit nothing out of ourſelves, but receive from without what moves and affects the ſenſe. Thus ſounds come to the ears of their own accord, and odours flow into the noſtrils. Thus the taſte is produced by things that are received into the mouth; and whatever we perceive by touch is applied to the body. Hence he believed, that nothing goes out from the eyes, neither; but that the images of things come of their own accord into the eyes.

Ver. 241. Theſe ten verſes contain another argument. When we handle any thing in the dark, for example, a body that is quadrangular, how do we know it to be a ſquare, but by its quadrangular figure? And if we place the ſame body before our eyes in the light, how do we then know it to be a ſquare, but by its quadrangular image?

Ver. 249. In theſe two verſes Lucretius concludes, that images alone are the cauſe of ſight: this too was the opinion of Epicurus, who held, that viſion is cauſed by images that perpetually flow from things, and ſtrike our eyes; and that this was his opinion, is affirmed by Aulus Gellius, in theſe words: "Epicurus autem affluere ſemper ex corporibus ſimulacra quædam corporum ipſorum, eaque ſeſe in oculos inferre, atque ita fieri ſenſum videndi putat" Noct. Attic. lib. v. c. 16. Epicurus believed, that from all bodies ſome images of theſe bodies are perpetually flowing; that they convey themſelves into the eyes; and that thus is produced the ſenſe of ſight. And Macrobius, lib. vii. Sat. c. 14. ſays the ſame thing. "Cenſet Epicurus ab omnibus corporibus jugi fluore quædam ſimulacra manare, nec unquam tantulam moram intervenire, quin ultro ferantur inani figurâ cohærentes corporum Exuviæ quarum receptacula in noſtris ſunt oculis, et ideo ad deputatam ſibi à naturâ ſedem proprii ſenſus recurrunt." Epicurus believed that certain images are perpetually flowing from all bodies, and that without the leaſt interval of time, the exuviæ of bodies, compoſed of mere empty figures, are of their own accord conveyed to our eyes, which are their proper receptacles; and that therefore they are continually haſtening to the proper ſeat of ſenſe that nature has aſſigned them. Epicurus himſelf in Laertius, teaches, that theſe images ἐπεισιέναι. And in Plutarch we find εἰδώλων εἴσκρισις, the inſinuation of images, and in Cicero εἰδώλων ἐμβάσεις.

Thus we ſee what was the opinion of Epicurus concerning the cauſe of ſight. But Plato held, that ſeeing is produced from the conjunction and affinity of two fires or lights; of one that goes out of our eyes, and of another that flows from the ſun, or from the light. But the main diſpute formerly was, whether viſion be performed by the emiſſion or reception of the rays of light. The mathematicians were perſuaded, that certain rays that ſtream from the eyes, and reach to the object ſeen, enlighten and render it viſible or apparent to the ſight, and conſequently are the cauſe of that ſenſe. And this belief they grounded on obſervations, that would by no means juſtify their opinion; for they had taken notice that ſeveral animals which can ſee by night, as cats, owls, &c have eyes that ſparkle in the dark; and from thence they inferred, that the light which is obſerved to be in their eyes, when it is night, is the cauſe they ſee, when other creatures, whoſe eyes are not ſo radiant, have no ſight at all. But this opinion has been long ſince exploded: and Ariſtotle retorted very well, that viſion cannot be performed by emiſſion of the rays; becauſe in that caſe it would follow, that we ſhould have as clear a ſight of things, and diſcern them as diſtinctly in the dark as by day: That philoſopher, therefore, lib. ii. De Anim. teaches, that ſight is not made by the emiſſion of rays from the eyes, but from the function and act of the objects that come within the reach of ſight, being often repeated, and coming into the eyes. The Stoics held, that rays come forth from within, even to the ſurface of the eyes, and drive the air to the thing ſeen, in ſuch a manner, as to make as it were a cone, the point of which is in the ſurface of the eye, and the baſis in the thing itſelf that is ſeen: and they explain this their opinion by the following example. As when the hand feels any thing with a ſtick, it perceives by the ſtreſs, and according to the degree of reſiſtance it meets with, whatever the ſtick touches, that is to ſay, whether it be hard, ſoft, ſmooth, rough, dirt, ſtone, wood, cloth, &c. So the eye perceives every thing by the protended air; ſuppoſe a white, black, yellow, deformed, beautiful, &c. object. Moſt of the followers of Ariſtotle, how differently ſoever they interpret his opinion in this matter, uſe this very compariſon, but place the colour as the hand, the light of perſpicuity as the ſtick, and the eye as the thing touched. But the Stoics ſuppoſe the eye to be as the hand, the air as the ſtick, and the object ſeen as the object touched. Pythagoras and his followers believe, that the ſenſe of ſeeing is cauſed by the reflection of the ſight; when the rays that ſtream and extend themſelves from the eyes to the thing ſeen, are ſo reflected from it to the eyes, that they do, as it were, bring word back what ſort of thing it is. Empedocles, though he admitted an effluence from things into the eyes, yet he believed at the ſame time, that ſome fiery ſpirits are emitted from the eyes to the objects; and would have the eyes to be as it were a lantern. And theſe were the chief opinions concerning the cauſe of ſight. But the now uncontroverted opinion is, that ſight is formed by reception of the rays, and that the eye emits not any light to enlighten objects; but that viſion proceeds from the immiſſion of the rays of light into the humours of the eye; and is formed by the rays proceeding from various points of a viſible object; inſomuch, that all the rays from one point of an object, are ſo inflected in the tunicles and humours of the eye, that they join again into one point at its bottom, and there paint the diſtinct idea of the object: but to ſhow how it there cauſes ſight would be too long a digreſſion in this place.

Ver. 251. In theſe ſix verſes, the poet farther teaches, that the images that are continually flowing from the ſurface of things, are preſent in all places, and ſtanding all around us, ſo that nothing hinders us to ſee on their part, if we but turn our eyes, that are deſigned for no other uſe than to ſee them. Epicurus himſelf writes to the ſame purpoſe, in the epiſtle to Herodotus: Δεῖ δὲ καὶ νομίζειν ἐπεισίου[ς] τινὸς ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔξωθεν τὰς μορφὰς ὁρᾶν ἡμᾶς, καὶ διανοεῖσθαι· ἢ γὰρ ἐν ἀποσφραγίσαι[ς] τὰ ἴζοντ τὴν ἑαυ[τῶν φύσιν τοῦ τῆς χρώματο[ς], καὶ τῆς μορφῆς, διὰ τοῦ ἀέρος τοῦ με[ταξὺ ἡμῶν τῆς κατεῖνων ἕδρας διὰ τῶν ἀκ[τίνων, ἢ οἷον δήπο[τε ῥευμάτ[ων ἀφ' ἡμῶν πρὸς ἐκεῖνα πε[ραγινομένων· ἤτοι, ὡς τύπων τινῶν ἐπεισιόν[των ἡμῖν ἀπὸ

τῶν τραχμάλων ὁμοχροώντε καὶ ὁμοιομόρφων κατὰ τὸ ἐνάεμπτον μέγεθος εἰς τὴν ὄψιν ἢ τὴν διάνοιαν, ὡκέως τὸν φορὰν χωμένων.

Ver. 256. These are the very words Epicurus himself makes use of; and Lucretius after him believed, that an image is as it were a shadow or type, which coming from the thing itself, brings with it the figure and colour of it; and which striking upon the eyes, exhibits and imprints in them the same figure and colour. Thus Epicurus seems to have meant that impression and representation of the image, which, by reason of the smoothness of the eye, appears in the surface of it; and which may be seen in the pupil of any man's eye, if we look narrowly upon it. And this seems to have been the opinion of Democritus, as we find in Aristotle, lib. de Sens. et Sens. cap 2. where Democritus saying τὸ ὁρᾶν εἶναι ἔμφασιν, that seeing is an apparition, Aristotle blames him for it; and objects that that apparition is caused only, ὅτι τὸ ὄμμα λεῖον, because the eye is smooth and glossy. Moreover, Lucretius himself, as we have seen in the third book, condemns their opinion, who, contrary to the doctrine of Epicurus, believe that the mind and soul see from within through the eyes as through a window; and asserts, that it is not the mind, nor the soul, but the eyes themselves that see, because they are endowed with soul, as well as all the other parts of the body. See book iii. ver. 130. et seq.

Ver. 257. There are many problems, and those too very curious, concerning vision. Some of these Lucretius proposes and explains. 1. It is certain that we not only see the colours and figures of things, but understand, at the same time, how far the objects seen are distant from us: but how can the images that flow from the surface of things, be the cause of this? The poet answers in these ten verses. The image, striving to get to the eyes, drives forward all the air before it; now, this stream of air is longer or shorter, as the object is more or less distant. But the longer or shorter that stream of air is, which, produced by the image, strikes the eye, so much longer or shorter the interval of space between the object and the eye must be allowed to be. But Lucretius and Epicurus are mistaken in this; for the distance is not known by the eye, but by the superior faculty, the intellect, which compares and judges between the eye and the thing seen.

We may judge of the distance of an object by the disposition of the "axis visionis:" for the soul, always attending to the various and different perceptions, easily determines the length of the "axis opticus," by the force it imparts to the fibres of the retina: insomuch that the colour of the object being first known, for the impressions vary according to the difference of the colours, it is easily judged, that the body is more or less distant. Thus, though a black body causes not so great an impression as a white; yet, if we look at a black ten yards from us, and at a white twenty, though the impression of this last be much the stronger, yet we judge the former to be the nearest to us, because the soul first discerns between, and knows the difference of those colours: and we know for certain, that men, who have been long accustomed to judge of distances, are not so subject to mistake in that affair, as others who have had no experience therein; and the reason of this is, because their souls have formed a more perfect idea of the length of the optic axis, by means of the force it imparts. The particular disposition of the eye conduces likewise very much to the forming a right judgment of the distance of objects: for we widen our eye when we are to regard an object distant from us; and lengthen it when we look at one that is very near us: and, therefore, in all probable appearance, the eye is proportionably and gradually changed, as we view a nearer or more distant object. For example, if I look at an object very near me, my eye is lengthened by the contraction of the oblique surrounding muscles: but if the same object be carried by degrees farther off from me, those muscles are gradually relaxed, proportionably as the object removes; and, at length, the right muscles begin to widen the eye, the object drawing farther from it: this any man may observe to be true, when he looks at a bird, for instance, first rising very near him, and then flying from him by degrees, till at length it arrive at a great distance from him. Some attribute this appearance to the knowledge of the conjunction of the two "axes visionis," which may indeed be some help towards the distinguishing the distance of objects; and this is the reason why we cannot so well judge of the distance of an object, when we regard it only with one eye, as when we look on it with both. Moreover, the farther distant an object is from us, the more subject we are to be deceived in our judgment of its distance, as any man will readily conceive.

Ver. 267. In these twelve verses is contained the second problem. Why, since the objects themselves are seen, the images that strike the eyes one by one, and are the cause of our seeing them, can be seen themselves? To this Lucretius answers, after his usual manner, by bringing like instances 1. We feel not the single parts of wind or of cold: but of all the wind, or all the cold, we are very sensible. 2. When we touch with our fingers the surface, or outmost colour of a stone, we feel not that surface and outmost colour; but only the interior hardness of the stone. Now, suppose the images to be as the single parts of the wind and cold, and the objects themselves to be as the whole wind and cold, and this difficulty is easily solved. In like manner, suppose the stone to be as the object, and the surface and outmost colour of it as the image. Thus atoms, the wind, and images are invisible themselves, though visible things are made of them, and though by their means other things are seen.

Ver. 277. He means what Lucretius here calls "Summum colorem," the utmost colour. For even by the doctrine of Lucretius, colour cannot be touched.

Ver. 279. Third problem. Why the images of things reflected from the surface of a glass mirror, are not seen in that surface, but as it were

within, or beyond it? The reaſon of this the poet gives us in theſe twenty-one verſes. The eye knows the diſtance of the thing ſeen, by means of the air that is driven by the image to the eye. Now, when two airs are driven, the interval muſt of neceſſity be more extended, and even doubled. But the image of the glaſs (for we ſee the glaſs itſelf as well as the thing, whoſe image is reflected) protrudes one air, and the image reflected another. And this is the reaſon why the image appears to be not in the ſurface of the glaſs, but as if it were within and beyond it. He alſo illuſtrates this explication, by bringing an example of things that are ſeen in a ſtraight line, and at a diſtance from a place within a building: in which caſe the images drive the air forward, as well through the ſpace without doors to the very threſhold, as through the ſpace within doors from the threſhold to the very eye. This reaſon, though it ſeems probable, is nevertheleſs not true; for as I ſaid before, it belongs not to the eyes, but to the ſuperior faculty, to diſcern and judge of diſtance.

Lucretius here affords us an opportunity to give a ſhort account of the looking-glaſſes that are moſt common among us, and of which there are three ſorts: viz. The plain, the concave, and the convex. The ſurface of the plain is an exact level, and theſe are the moſt general, and eſteemed the beſt, becauſe they reflect the object exactly the ſame, in ſite, diſtance, and magnitude, as it is repreſented to them. But the other two ſorts, the concave and the convex, return the objects differing now in ſite, now in diſtance, now in magnitude, according to the ſite of the objects, and as the eye receives the reflection. Plain glaſſes, as I ſaid before, cauſe no alteration either in the ſite, diſtance, or magnitude of the objects they repreſent. The reaſon of which is, becauſe, being ſmooth and level, they give no other modifications to the rays, but only that of ſimple reflection, according as they fall on it. Firſt, As to the ſite, it will be repreſented the ſame as it is out of the glaſs: that is to ſay, in the ſame line of attitude: and the object ſeems ſo much beyond the glaſs as it is on this ſide, becauſe the rays reflected from the glaſs, run the ſame lines, and make the ſame impreſſion on the retina, as they would do if the object were really on that ſide where it is repreſented: for the ſite of an object is diſtinguiſhed by the impulſe of the rays from a determinate region. Secondly, In regard to the diſtance, the object is repreſented as far beyond the glaſs as it is on this ſide of it, becauſe the impreſſion of the rays is altogether as ſtrong after as before the reflection. For a clearer idea of this, ſee the note on ver. 257. where we have treated of the manner how to judge the true diſtance of an object from the eye. Thirdly, We ſee the magnitude of an object exactly the ſame as it really is, becauſe the line of reflection from the glaſs being exactly equal with that of incidence from the object, the rays from the remoter points of the object will be as far diſtant from each other then, as they would be if the very object itſelf were really in the place where it is only repreſented. Nor, indeed, can we err in the magnitude, ſo long as we are right in our judgment concerning the diſtance of the object.

But before I cloſe this note, I muſt not forget to obſerve, that our tranſlator has omitted the three laſt verſes of this argument, which in Lucretius runs thus:

Quare etiam atque etiam minime mirarier eſt par
Illis, quæ reddunt ſpeculorum ex æquore viſum.
Aeribus binis, quoniam res confit utroque.

Lambinus abſolutely rejects this; and Creech, in his Latin edition ſays, that he ſees no cauſe why he need ever be aſhamed of, or revoke that cenſure: becauſe the verſes are altogether uſeleſs, and have nothing to do in this place: and for that reaſon I have avoided to give them in this tranſlation.

Ver. 290. Not the image that is emitted from the object placed before the glaſs, and that ſtrikes into the glaſs; but the image that flows from the glaſs itſelf: for all things emit images, even mirrors themſelves.

Ver. 299. For the image appears as far beyond the glaſs, as the object of which it is the image is diſtant from the glaſs.

Ver. 300. It is repugnant to the foregoing opinion of Epicurus, that the image in the glaſs ſhould be turned towards the perſon whoſe image it is, and look back upon him. For, ſince the image flows from us, and goes ſtraight forward, it ought, as it goes away, to ſhow us its hinder parts, ſo that the right may anſwer to the right, and the left to the left. In like manner, as a player, when his maſk is taken off, regards that part of it which he wore next him, that is to ſay, not the face, but the hollow behind it. To this purpoſe Macrobius, who, by this argument, endeavours to overthrow the opinion of Epicurus, that the images of things come into our eyes of their own accord. His words, ſpeaking of that belief, are theſe: "Cujus opinioni repugnat, quod in ſpeculis imago adverſa contemplatorem ſuum reſpicit: cum debeat, ſiquidem à nobis orta recto meatu proficiſcitur, poſteram ſui partem, cum diſcedit, oſtendere, ut læva lævam, dextera dexteram reſpiciat: Nam et hiſtrio perſonam ſibi detractum ex eâ parte videt, quâ induit; ſcilicet non faciem, ſed poſteriorem cavernam." Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 14. This, therefore, is the fourth problem: and to ſolve the difficulty of it, Lucretius defends his opinion by the example which his adverſaries allege to weaken it. Take, ſays he, a form or maſk made of clay, not hardened; but while it is yet moiſt, and daſh it againſt a beam or pillar, ſo as to invert it backwards, that the face may fill up the hollow; and you will then ſee that brought to paſs in the maſk, which you are now aſtoniſhed to ſee in the mirror. And, therefore, you ought not to doubt in the leaſt, but that images, being, as they are, very tenuious ſubſtances, may, by daſhing againſt the glaſs, be inverted backwards in like manner. For an image has no depth, nor profundity whatever. This ſolution of this problem agrees not ill, but is almoſt the

ſame with what Plato delivers in his Timæus, where he ſays, that in mirrors the right appears to be the left, becauſe the contrary parts of the mirror are regarded by the contrary parts of the ſight, as it happens in all things that are applied to, or placed againſt one another; as if, for inſtance, any man were placed in the room of the looking-glaſs, and had his face turned towards us; for in that caſe his right would be oppoſite our left; and ſo on the contrary. But the mathematicians in Euclid, Θεωρ. 19. explains this matter otherwiſe, and demonſtrate their opinions by ſeveral arguments. I. They teach, that the angle of reflection is alike, and equal to that angle which is made by the line of incidence into the glaſs from the point of the object ſeen: whence there will always be a reflection to the part that is oppoſite to that part of the glaſs upon which the line of incidence that is produced from the point of the things ſeen, happens to ſtrike. II. They teach, that the images which are ſeen in glaſſes, are contained in the very ſhorteſt lines poſſible: therefore, when the right part of the thing ſeen anſwers, and is oppoſite to the left line of reflection rather than to the right, and ſo on the contrary; it cauſes the line of reflection which is moſt on the right, to fall on the right part of the image, and in like manner on the contrary: For which reaſon the left part of the object ſeen is oppoſed to the right part of the image; and on the contrary, the right to the left. III. They teach, that the image of the thing ſeen, and the very thing ſeen, are to one another in the nature of the two gladiators, who are contending face to face: for the right eye of the one anſwers to the left eye of the other. But obſerve, that this happens only in plain and convex glaſſes, for it is otherwiſe in the concave, in which the right parts anſwer to the right, and the left to the left: Of which Plato and Euclid give the reaſon, which is too long to be here inſerted, though we ſhall have occaſion to ſay ſomething concerning concave glaſſes, below in the note on ver. 320.

Ver. 305. "Cretea Perſona:" for the maſks, which the actors wore at Rome, were made of chalk, or of potters clay. Therefore, "cerea perſona," as ſome copies read it, is rejected. Lambinus is fond of "Creſſa," or "Cretea Perſona," pretending they were made of plaſter that came from the iſland Crete, now called Candy, and ſituate in the Ægean Sea. All the old copies that Heinſius ſaw, read "cretea;" and in the Catalects of Petronius we find,

Dum ſumit creteam faciem Sertoria, cretam
Perdidit illa ſimul, perdidit et faciem.

which ſufficiently proves they were made of chalk, or ſomething of that nature: and renders the opinion of Lambinus liable to ſuſpicion.

Ver. 306. "Allidat pilæve trabive." Pila ſignifies a column or pillar, which the Greeks call πίλη. Apuleius 3. Metamorph. "Pila media quæ ſtabuli trabes ſuſtinebat. Feſtus, Pila, quæ parietem ſuſtentat, ab opponendo dicitur." Budæus likewiſe ſays, that the "pilæ lapidæ" in buildings, are pillars or ſtructures of hewn ſtone, which are as the thighs of edifices; "quaſi quædam ædificiorum femora." Pila ſignifies the moles that are built in water, ſuch as are at this day to be ſeen at Geneva. Virg. Æn. ix. ver. 710.

Qualis in Euboico Baiarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, &c.

See likewiſe Vitruvius. lib. v.

Ver. 310. In theſe ten verſes is contained the fifth problem, which he propoſes and ſolves. Why the ſame image is reflected from mirror to mirror, and ſeen in ſeveral at once, inſomuch that five or ſix images are reflected; or that the ſame image may be repreſented five or ſix times by as many glaſſes; the left part of which image will be inverted to the right, and the right to the left alternately? For whatever things are in the remoteſt parts of a building, the image of them may, by the means of ſeveral looking glaſſes, rightly and duly placed, be, as it were, brought out and conveyed through windings and turnings into any part of the houſe. Nay, it may be ſo ordered, that you may ſee your own back. For, take two plain glaſſes, and place one of them behind you in a ſhelving poſture, ſo that it may neither lie flat upon the ground, nor ſtand directly upright: Hang the other over your head in ſuch a manner, that it may be directly oppoſite to our eyes, and in a bending poſture likewiſe: you muſt of neceſſity ſee your own back in the glaſs that hangs up. Of which Lucretius gives this reaſon; becauſe the image of the thing that ſtrikes upon the glaſs, being returned from that glaſs, is reflected upon, and received into the oppoſite glaſs. But though all this be certain, yet it may be inquired, whether it be the ſame image that is multiplied ſo often; or whether a-new exuvies do not fly from off every image, as at firſt, the firſt image flew off from the body? Lucretius anſwers, That each image flies away from the object, and that the departure of the firſt is ſupplied by the coming of a ſecond, in a perpetual and never-ceaſing flux; for the image behind impels the image before; and thus they run in a ſucceſſive courſe, and urge on their predeceſſor images; inſomuch that the very image, which we this moment ſee in the laſt glaſs, was but juſt now in the firſt; and that a new ſucceeds in the room of that which went laſt away; and thus a perpetual ſucceſſion of images is made from glaſs to glaſs. This I take to be the ſenſe of Lucretius in this paſſage, which Creech has rendered but obſcurely and imperfectly.

Ver. 318, 319. Theſe two verſes run thus in the original:

Uſque adeo è ſpeculo in ſpeculum tralucet imago
Et cùm læva data eſt, ſit rurſum ut dextera fiat;
Inde retrorſum reddit ſe, et convertit eodem.

The meaning of which is, when the image is tranſferred from one glaſs to another glaſs, it changes its left part into its right; but when it is again reflected from the ſecond glaſs into the third, it reſumes the ſame order and ſite it had in the firſt glaſs; and will continue to change in like manner, as it paſſes into the other following glaſſes.

Ver. 320. In these seven verses is contained problem sixth. Why in those glasses, whose plains or faces are, as if they were several glasses opposed to one another to the right and left, the site of the image reflected is returned, so that the right part of the image answers to the right of the object, or thing seen, and the left in like manner to the left? The answer is: Because the plains or faces of that glass supply the place of glasses placed apart from one another, and are the cause that as in them the image is reflected from glass to glass, so it is reflected in these upon the same glass: and this indeed happens in concave glasses; of which, for that reason, Lucretius seems here to speak. And thus Gassendus himself interprets this passage: But Lambinus is of opinion, that the poet is speaking of many glasses joined together in the convex figure of a pillar. Now, we generally reckon seven sorts of glasses that restore the image after the same usual manner. I. The plain. II. The pillared convex. III. The pillared concave. IV. The convex made in the shape of a pyramid. V. The concave made likewise in the figure of a pyramid. VI. The globous convex. VII. The globous concave. By what means the reflection is made from plain glasses the poet has taught already: but seems to have omitted the reason of the several sorts of reflection from all the other glasses; for in these seven verses he seems to speak only of convex and concave glasses, though some think that even here he argues only of the other.

Ver. 327. In these seven verses is contained problem seventh, viz. Why our images that are seen in the glass, seem to move forward or backward, &c. as we ourselves do, and to imitate our actions? Of this he gives the following reason: Because, from whatever part of the glass we retire, and withdraw ourselves, the image cannot, from that moment, be reflected from that part: for all the images that are emitted from bodies, are reflected by equal and like angles. This, therefore, is appositely and truly ascribed to the variations of the image in the parts of the glass; which variations are caused by the several motions of the object; and these being different, the reflection likewise on the eye, and consequently the image, must differ in like manner. For, as the mathematicians truly assert, it is not the same image that remains seen; but when all the points, that is to say, all the parts of the object seen, are reflected, now from these, now from other parts, a new image is made of the whole object. Whence it follows, that, when the thing seen is moved, the image must of necessity seem to move likewise; since the parts of the thing seen continually answer to the parts of the image. And yet the image is not actually moved, but a new one is rather produced by the mutation of the sight of the object seen; but this happens by reason of the continual reflection of the parts of the image, which is made in the utmost cesure of the glass. Hence it is evident, that if, whilst you are looking on your own image in a glass, there be others, who, either from the right, left, above or below you, regard the same image of your own person, they will each of them see it in different places of the glass, and none of them in the place where you do; insomuch, that you cannot take any of their places, but you will see the image in another place than it was in before; from whence it is farther evident, that it is not only one image of yourself that you see in the glass, but innumerable images: and those too mutually mixing together in such a manner, that in the very place where you see your own nose, another may be so placed as to see your chin, another your forehead, a third your eye, a fourth your mouth, &c. and, nevertheless, not one of them sees any thing but one simple and distinct image.

Ver. 334. Hitherto of mirrors. He now proposes the eighth problem: Why glaring objects hurt the eyes, and why the sun even causes blindness? Of which, in these ten verses, he gives this reason: Because a splendid object sends forth many seeds of fire that burn the eyes; or is a sensible too strong for the organ of sense; and spoils, and renders it useless for this reason: because, by loosening its texture, it so perverts and destroys its due temper and commensuration, that it renders it incapable of receiving any longer any other sensibles. Aristotle, lib. iii. de Anim. says, it is common to all the senses, that if the things that fall under the sphere of their perception be too excessive, and surpass their due measure, they destroy the senses themselves. Thus, too much noise makes men deaf, too much splendour blind; and in like manner of the rest. For each sense is a certain proportion, and all proportion is destroyed by whatever is too much: for example, if the strings of an instrument be screwed too high, all the symphony is ruined.

Ver. 335. It is said of Democritus, that he made himself blind by staring on the glare of a brazen buckler that he placed in the sun; and this he did, that the view of external objects might no longer divert his mind from meditation. Laberius in Gellius, lib. x. c. 17.

Democritus Abderites, physicus philosophus,
Clypeum constituit contra exortum Hyperionis,
Oculos ut possit effodere splendore æreo:
Ita radiis solis aciem effodit luminis.

Ver. 344. These six verses contain the ninth problem: Why all objects appear pale and lucid to those who have the jaundice? Because, says Lucretius, many lurid seeds flow from the icterical person, and stain the images as they come to him; at least, which is more probable, they dye those that are entering into his eyes.

"Quæcunque tuentur Arquati," That is, says Nonius, persons whose eyes are stained with the likeness of the colours, "Arqui, quem poetæ Irim vocant," of the bow, which the poets call Iris, the rainbow: For the ancient Latins writ *arquus*, not *arcus*. Lucretius, lib. vi. ver. 525.

Tum color in nigris existit nubis arqui.

This disease, the yellow jaundice, was likewise called *ictcros*, and *morbus regius*. It was called

Icterus from the Greek, Ἴκτερος, a kite, becauſe the eyes of thoſe who labour under that diſeaſe, ſeem in colour like the eyes of a kite; *regius morbus*, as Ovid obſerves,

Molliter excelſu quoniam curetur in aulâ.

Arquatus, as I hinted before, becauſe their eyes are dyed with ſeveral colours, like the rainbow. It was alſo heretofore called "Aurigo, à colore auri," from the colour of gold, which the bile, diffuſed through the body, reſembles: and perſons, troubled with the diſeaſe, are called *aurigino ſi*. Sipontin.

Ver. 346 Lurid is yellowiſh colour, drawing towards a blue.

Ver. 350. The tenth problem is in theſe ſeventeen verſes. Why, when we are in the dark, we can ſee objects that are in light: though when we are in the light we cannot ſee objects that are in the dark? This, ſays he, is cauſed by the protruſion of the different air; for when the lucid air follows the dark, it purges and cleanſes the pores of the eye, and makes room for the images of things to enter. For the bright and lucid air is more ſubtle than the duſky; at leaſt, it has more ſtrength, and is much eaſier to move. But when the dark air follows the bright, the paſſages of the eye are ſo cloſed and choked up by that dull and heavy air, that it becomes incapable to receive the images of things that offer themſelves to it.

This was the opinion of Lucretius; but Ariſtotle and the mathematicians explain this matter in a few words: They ſay, that nothing can be ſeen of itſelf but, and that there are no other objects of ſight than light and colour; therefore, whatever is ſeen, is ſeen by the help and means of thoſe two things. Now the ſenſe of ſeeing is made by contact, that is to ſay, by the form or image of the object ſeen coming to the eyes. But the things that are in the dark cannot ſend their images to the eyes, for want of light and colour, by which they no ſooner come to be enlightened, than they inſtantly emit their forms. Therefore, when we ourſelves are in the dark, we may well ſee objects that are in the light, but not on the contrary.

Ver. 367. In theſe ten verſes is contained the eleventh problem: Why things that are ſquare ſeem round if beheld at diſtance? Square towers, for example, ſeem round, if we regard them from afar: the reaſon of which is, ſays Lucretius, becauſe the image of a ſquare tower, as it flies to us, is often ſtruck by the air in its paſſage, by which means its angles are worn off, at leaſt are ſo blunted, that when it comes to us, it ſtrikes our eyes under a round or circular figure; yet that roundneſs is not ſo diſtinct and perfect, as if the object itſelf were round, and ſeen at a little diſtance.

Ver. 368. What I am here going to obſerve concerning the ſight, holds good likewiſe as to all the other ſenſes. When a ſquare tower is ſeen from afar, and appears round, we muſt diſtinguiſh between theſe two things: Firſt, That it ſeems round; and, ſecond, that it is reputed and believed to be ſo. For that it appears round is moſt true; but that it is believed to be round, becauſe it ſeems to be ſo, is falſe. Now the firſt belongs to the ſight, or to the eye, which receives the appearance, repreſentation or image, as Lucretius and Empiricus term it, of the object ſeen: the other belongs to the mind, or intellectual faculty, which forms a judgment from that appearance. For the eye only reports as I may ſay, to the underſtanding, the object it has ſeen therefore it neither deceives, nor is deceived, but repreſents the thing as it received it; but it is the office of the mind to judge, whether the thing be, or be not ſuch, as it appears to the eye and ſight; ſo that the mind only deceives or is deceived, or neither deceives nor is deceived, in the judgment it makes. But Lucretius will argue more at large of theſe things hereafter, ver. 394 and 490 &c. where he ſays, that the ſenſes are true and certain, and that their deception proceeds from the judgment of the mind. Petronius very pertinently to this purpoſe, and elegantly too, ſays,

Fallunt nos oculi, vagique ſenſus
Oppreſſâ ratione mentiuntur:
Nam turris, prope quæ quadrata ſurgit,
Attritis procul angulis rotatur.

And Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 14. "Hâc (ratione) ceſſante viſus inefficax eſt; adeo ut quod remus in aquâ fractus videtur, vel quod turris eminus viſa, cum ſit anguloſa, rotunda exiſtimatur, faciat rationis negligentia; quæ, ſi ſe intenderit, agnoſcit in turre angulos, et in remo integritatem; et omnia illa diſcernit, quæ academicis damnandorum ſenſuum occaſionem dederunt: Cum ſenſus unus inter certiſſimas res habendus ſit, comitante ratione."

But it may be inquired, how and by what means the mind judges and diſcerns betwixt the different figures of objects: The anſwer to this is, That the figures of objects may be known, partly from their different colours, partly from their different reflections, and wholly from the knowledge of the divers parts of an object, its diſtance, and magnitude. Yet ſome give another reaſon, and ſay, that we know the figures of bodies from the particular impreſſions they make on the eye: For the rays that proceed from all the parts of an object, paint all its parts on the retina, in the fibres of which they cauſe an impreſſion, in the ſame order in which they received their reflection: inſomuch that we know ſuch a body to be ſquare, becauſe its image, formed by the impreſſion of the rays on the retina, is ſquare: For the rays from all the points of a ſquare body, are collected by the humours, and form a quadrangular or ſquare impreſſion. The ſame may be conceived of all other figures of objects.

Ver. 377. In theſe ſeventeen verſes is contained the twelfth problem. Why the ſhadow of our body, no leſs than the image of it in the glaſs, ſeems to walk with us, and imitates our poſtures? The thing itſelf is notorious, but the reaſon of it not ſo plain. Lucretius ſays it is this, becauſe ſhade is only air deprived of light by ſome denſe

body interposing between any place and the sun, and when this happens, that place is in some measure darkened and deprived of light; and therefore, as that dense body is moved, as it bows itself down, or raises itself up, the shadow too must of necessity vary its figure; because several figures of the air are deprived of light, in as many several manners as the body moves upright, bending forward, backward, &c. Dryden seems to have borrowed from this passage of Lucretius, that excellent description of shadows, which we find in a copy of verses of his to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet when we walk, they shoot before our sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.

Ver. 389. This and the following verse run thus in the original:

Semper enim nova se radiorum lumina fundunt,
Primaque dispereunt, quasi in ignem lana trahatur.

Our translator takes no notice of the last words "quasi in ignem lana trahatur," and indeed they are variously explained. The poet illustrates, and teaches by an example, in what manner new rays are continually flowing from the sun's orb; and how they supply the place of the former that vanish away; viz. as it were like wool drawn through a flame; for then the wool that is first drawn would be consumed by the fire; whilst other wool is in the mean time drawing through it. Thus Lambinus, on the authority of several copies reads, and then interprets this passage; and Fayus approves of his interpretation. But Scaliger, in his observations on Catullus, corrects this lection, and reads *carmine* for *in ignem*: "quasi carmine lana trahatur;" taking *carmen* for the instrument used in the wool-manufacture, and which is likewise called *pecten*, in English a card. From whence *carminare* signifies the same as *pectinare*. "Varro de ling. Latin. Carminari lana tum dicitur, cùm caret eo, quod in eâ hæret." And Pliny, lib. ix. cap 38. & lib. xix. cap. 1. uses the same word. In which sense we may interpret the meaning of Lucretius in this manner: That new beams flow from the sun as fast as the first vanish, as from a heap of wool new threads are drawn in the card, so that when the first are drawn and taken away, new ones may still be drawing in the same card. But this interpretation seems not so natural as the former. Faber retains the first reading, and observes it to be a Greek proverb, ξαίνειν εἰς ὕδωρ, and that it is used by Plato and Lucian, when they speak of a useless piece of work, and that never can be ended. "Dicitur de re inutili, ἀνύτῳ, et quæ absolvi non possit." Creech in his Latin edition adheres to this interpretation; and says, it agrees very well with the meaning of the poet, and expresses properly enough that perpetual destruction of the rays of the sun. Nardius, for *in ignem*, reads *margine*, and others *imagine* erroneously, and without reason.

Ver. 393. *Nigras umbras*, the black shadows. A shadow seems black, because, as I said before, it is nothing but air deprived of light, or a privation of light; but light is white and clear, therefore shadow is black and dark.

Ver. 394. Having finished his disputation concerning sight and vision, he takes occasion from the two last problems, to assert and defend the certainty of the senses, which not those problems only, but several others that he enumerates as examples, to verse 489, seem to weaken and contradict. Now he insists that the senses are infallible, because they receive the images of things, just as they are brought to them. They understand not the nature of things, nor do they judge or determine any thing concerning it. Therefore there is no fallacy in them, but all errors proceed from the judgment of the mind. For example; though we may be deceived in seeing light or shade, yet that deception is not the fault of the eyes, but of the mind. For the office of the eyes is only to see the light and the shade; but it belongs not to them to determine what light and shade are, but to the mind; therefore, notwithstanding that a shadow seems to move, though it do not move, it being only a privation of light; yet our eyes are not deceived, for they see what it is their business to see; they see the shadows now in one place, now in another. Cicero, lib. iv. Arcad. Quæst. ascribes certainty to the senses, provided they be found and strong, and that all things be removed that might be any obstacle to them. And Lactantius, lib. de Opificio Dei, cap. 9. is of the same opinion.

Ver. 404. In these four verses, Lucretius brings his first example to confirm his assertion, that neither the eyes, nor any of the other senses, are either false or fallacious, but that they are true and certain: as also, that the mind only deceives, and is deceived, in judging of things amiss, and otherwise than they are. For it is not the office of the eyes, to judge whether the ship be moved, or not, but of the mind only: from whence it follows, that not the eyes, but the judgment only errs, and is mistaken.

Ver. 407. Thus too Virg. Æneid. iii. ver. 72.

Provehimur portu, terræque urbesque recedunt.

Which Sir R. Blackmore seems to have imitated,

They spoom'd away before the shoving wind,
And left retreating towns and cliffs behind.

Ver. 408. In these six verses is contained example second, of the stars, the sun, and the moon, which seem to us to stand still, though they are whirled about in a perpetual and swift motion. Whence the poet argues, that the eyes are not deceived, because they see the sun, the moon, and the stars, in the places where they are; but that the mind errs in not discerning those to be several places, and imagining all those places, in which the sun, moon, and stars are, to be one and the same place.

The ſteady Pole.] The end or point of the axle-tree, on which aſtronomers imagined the heavens to be turned. There are two of them; one in the north, noted by a ſtar, called *polus arcticus*, the north pole; the other in the ſouth, but inviſible to us, called *polus antarcticus*, the ſouth pole.

Ver. 414. Theſe four verſes contain Example III. in which the poet brings an inſtance of mountains, ſtanding at ſome diſtance from one another in the midſt of the ſea; which nevertheleſs, when ſeen from afar, ſeem contiguous, and ſo like a continent, that they appear like one huge mountain only, or like one vaſt iſland: In which the eyes are not deceived neither, it being not their office to judge of the diſtance of objects: but the mind alone deceives, who imagines there is no ſpace between the mountains, becauſe there appears none.

Ver. 418. In theſe four verſes, he propoſes Example IV. When boys, ſays he, turn themſelves often around, or are turned about by others, a giddineſs enſues, and the walls and ceilings of the houſes ſeem to them to move round, and be whirled about, even though they themſelves ſtand ſtill, and have ceaſed to run round. In which the eyes are not deceived, but the mind itſelf, which ſuppoſes, that the ſenſorium, in which the agitation continues, receives the images of things that ſtand ſtill in the ſame manner, as it would receive the image of a thing in motion, if itſelf were at reſt. The reaſon of this is, becauſe the ſpirits that belong to the ſight, being ſhaken and diſturbed by the whirling motion of the body that runs round, fly about in a circular motion likewiſe, and ceaſe not to move ſo ſoon as the body ſtands ſtill; in like manner as a wheel that has been turned about with violence, ceaſes not its motion ſo ſoon as the moving hand is retired, but whirls ſeveral rounds afterwards.

Ver. 422. In theſe ten verſes he brings Example V. of the ſun, that ſeems to riſe very near to mountains, though between the ſun and thoſe mountains there be an immenſe interval of ſpace. For when the ſun is ſeen to riſe over mountains, he ſeems almoſt to touch them with his fires, and yet thoſe mountains are ſcarce two thouſand bow ſhot diſtant from us: nay, perhaps not five-hundred caſts of a dart. The reaſon is, becauſe the eye does not perceive the diſtance of objects, and therefore we ſuppoſe there is no diſtance at all. "Rubrum tremulis Jubar ignibus," ſays Lucretius, "Varro de ling." Latin. lib. 5. ſays, that the ſtar which appears before ſun-riſing is called Jubar, "quia in ſummo habet diffuſum lumen, ut leo in capite jubar:" And Feſtus: "Jubar ſtella quam Græci φωσφόρον, id eſt, Luciferum appellant, quod ſplendor ejus diffunditur in modum jubæ leonis." And Servius on this verſe of Virgil,

It portis jubare exorto delecta juventus.

Æn. 4. *v.* 130.

ſays, "Jubare exorto, i. e. orto Lucifero Nam proprie Luciſer Jubar dicitur, quod jubar lucis effundat." Lambinus too follows theſe ancients; and others take Jubar in this place to ſignify the ſplendor or light, that foreruns the riſing ſun, that is to ſay Aurora, or the morning itſelf: which laſt opinion is not without reaſon, ſince Jubar is ſometimes taken for the brightneſs or ſplendor of any thing whatever: Statius Thebaid. ix. v. 895. "Et pictum gemmis galeæ jubar." Yet notwithſtanding all theſe authorities, Creech in his Latin edition of Lucretius ſays, that nothing is more certain, than that Jubar here ſignifies the ſun: "Nihil certius quam unam eandemque rem in hoc verſu jubar," and verſe 408. "Solem appellari." Creech. in loc.

Ver. 432. In theſe three verſes he produces Example VI. and alleges, that even in the ſhalloweſt waters is ſeen no leſs a ſpace, than the diſtance between heaven and earth. For if any one looks down into water, not above an inch deep, he will ſeem to ſee the ſky in it, lying as much below the earth as the ſky is diſtant from it. The reaſon of which is, becauſe the eye always ſees the object on the ſide from which the ray comes laſt of all directly to it; and therefore ſees the ſky, or the ſun and ſtars, in the place where the water is: and that by means of the ray, which, being between the water and the ſky, or the ſun and ſtars, is directly joined with that, which is between the eye and the water. In which caſe the mind itſelf, perceiving nothing between the directed and the reflected image, judges that the ſky, or the ſun and ſtars are really in that place, and tranſfers to beneath, all the ſpace and diſtance that is above. And hence it is not the error of the eye, but of the mind.

Ver. 435. In theſe five verſes is contained Example VII. of a man on horſeback, ſtanding ſtill in the midſt of a river, and looking down upon the water: for then ſome force ſeems to carry the body of the horſe, even though he ſtand ſtill, up againſt the ſtream: And on which ſide ſoever he caſts his eyes, all things ſeem to flow and move in the ſame manner. In which not the eye, but the mind is miſtaken; for, whereas the eye obſerves the waves ſucceeding one another in time, the mind apprehends beſides, that they ſucceed one another in place; and thus judges one and the ſame place, to be as many places behind, as waves on that part have beat againſt the horſe.

Ver. 440. What our tranſlator here calls courts, Lucretius calls *porticus*. Now the moſt wealthy among the ancient Romans had ſtately walks both for fair and rainy weather: The firſt were in the ſhade of trees, and ſometimes planted with box or roſemary, as Pliny witneſſes in an epiſtle to Gallus. The ſecond were under magnificent roofs, ſupported from one end to the other on pillars of an equal height, and placed at equal diſtances: The roof too was of an equal height, and the ſide-walls exactly alike, nor was the portico broader in any one place than in another. We may judge of the length of them from Juvenal, Sat. iv. v. 5. where, ſpeaking of the luxurious Criſpinus, he ſays,

Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget
Porticibus?——

And Sat. vii. ver. 178.

Balnea ſexcentis, et pluris porticus, in quâ
Geſtetor Dominus, quoties pluit.——

Whence we may gather, that in theſe porticos they were ſometimes carried in their coaches, for ſo we may call them, for the likeneſs of the uſe of them, and ſometimes in their chairs on mens ſhoulders: Beſides, that they ſometimes walked on foot in them, either for their health or pleaſure, is certain beyond all diſpute: and for theſe ſeveral reaſons theſe places were called *geſtationis*, *Viridaria*, *deambulationes*, and *porticus*. In theſe walks they uſed ſometimes to walk, or be carried a certain number of paces, as Plutarch reports of Cicero in his life. And this cuſtom appears from the following ancient inſcription which we find in Pignorius, de Servis, p 141. and by which they knew when they had been carried, or had walked a mile.

IN HOC
POMARIO
GESTATIONIS
PER CIRCUITUM
ITUMETREDITUM
QUINQUIENS
EFFICIT PASSUS
MILLE.

Theſe large places of recreation, theſe covered walks, were but ſuitable to their other magnificence: For their houſes were for largeneſs like cities, as Seneca witneſſes, Epiſt. 90. and 114. ſo that, according to the ſeveral ſeaſons of the year, they ſometimes uſed one part of their houſe, ſometimes another. In theſe were their "Cœnationes, Veſtibula, Atria, Periſtylia, Bibliothecæ, Pinacothecæ, Baſilicæ," and ſuch ſtructures, according to the ſtate of public works. But to return to Lucretius, who in theſe four verſes brings Example VIII. of ſuch a porticus, as is above deſcribed: and ſays, that if we look into ſuch a building at one end, eſpecially ſtanding at ſome diſtance from it, it will ſeem ſo to contract itſelf by degrees from the roof, the pavement, and on either ſide, that the proſpect will end in a ſharp point or cone. Of which the mathematicians give this reaſon: becauſe thoſe parts of parallel lines that are fartheſt removed from the ſight, ſeem almoſt to meet at the end: which they demonſtrate in this manner: In the firſt place, parallel lines muſt of neceſſity take up the ſame ſpace and extent of ground. Let us ſuppoſe two parallel lines of a hundred feet long, to be ten feet diſtant from one another: Let ten traverſe lines be made from one parallel to the other: Theſe ten lines will be all alike, and each of them ten feet long: Let the eye be placed exactly on a level with that part of the ground or plain, where the firſt traverſe line is drawn; the ſecond line (I do not reckon that firſt which is next the eye) will ſeem longer than the third, the third than the fourth, the fourth than the fifth, the fifth than the ſixth, the ſixth than the ſeventh, the ſeventh than the eighth, and the eighth than the ninth: ſo that the tenth or laſt will ſeem ſhorter than the others, becauſe it is the moſt remote from the eye: The reaſon of which is: becauſe the farther any magnitude is from us, the leſs it makes the angle that falls under the ſight: And, on the contrary, the nearer any magnitude is to us, the bigger it makes that angle. Hence it comes to paſs, that the moſt remote and topmoſt part of the portico may ſeem to end in a very little cone, and even to touch the ground or ſurface of the earth, and that the fartheſt parts of the two ſide walls ſeem to touch one another.

Ver. 443. For when the roof ſeems to deſcend, the floor to riſe up, and the ſides to meet together, the proſpect muſt neceſſarily end in a ſharp angle or point.

Ver. 444. In theſe four verſes, he brings Example IX. and ſays, that to men at ſea the ſun ſeems to riſe out of the water, and at his ſetting, to be plunged again into the waves. But this is a deception likewiſe of the mind, which, becauſe the eyes ſee nothing that intervenes between the ſun and the ſea, erroneouſly ſuppoſes that nothing does intervene between them. Virgil deſcribes finely the ſun riſing out of the ſea;

Poſtera vix ſummos ſpargebat lumine montes
Orta dies, cum primùm alto ſe gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, lucemque elatis narribus efflant.
Æn. 12. ver. 113.

Thus as finely rendered by our Engliſh Maro,

The morn, enſuing from the mountain's height,
Had ſcarcely ſpread the ſkies with roſy light;
Th' ethereal courſers, bounding from the ſea,
From out their flaming noſtrils breath'd the day.
Dryd.

Ver. 448. Theſe eight verſes contain Example X. of oars, which in the ſea appear bent and broken: for that part of the oar, which in rowing is dipt in the water ſeems crooked or broken; but the part above the water is ſtraight. Now, this too is an error of the mind, who does not obſerve, that the part of the oar, which is beneath the water, is ſeen by refracted rays, and does not appear to the eyes in the place and ſite, in which it indeed is, but beyond the ſurface of the water, from whence the rays tend directly into the eyes. Of which the mathematicians give us this reaſon: In ſeeing every thing, either the viſual rays from the eyes ſtrike upon the object ſeen, or are reflected back upon the eyes, or elſe they are broken: They ſtrike or fall upon the object ſeen, when we ſee, for example, a horſe, or any other body; or when we ſee colour in a body not denſe, but ſmooth: They are reflected when we ſee, for example, a mirror, or any other body both denſe and ſmooth: But they are broken when we ſee any thing through pellucid bodies; for example, through air and water, or through air and glaſs: Now the oars in a veſſel ſeem broken becauſe they are ſeen in this laſt manner, that is to ſay, through two tranſparent bodies; i. e.

through air and water; one of which is more tranſparent than the other; that is to ſay, the air than the water; but water is more denſe than air: and this is the reaſon that the rays, projected from the eyes upon the oars, that are plunged in water, are broken; for when we ſee that part of the oar that is dipt in the water, we ſee it not directly, but obliquely; nor do we indeed ſee it in the water, which is a denſer body than the air, but only its ſhadow or image; becauſe the line from the thing ſeen is not reflected in a ſtraight line to the eye, but is broken on the ſurface of the water. Hence it is, that the eye ſees not the thing in the due place, but in another: nay, ſees not the thing itſelf, which is ſtraight; but the ſhadow of it, which is bent and crooked.

Ver. 449. "Clauda navigia," ſays Lucretius: where the epithet *clauda* ſeems ſo properly applied, that I wiſh our interpreter had retained it in its natural ſignification. For let us ſuppoſe the oars to be the feet and legs of the veſſels, by the help of which they walk through the water; and when theſe oars are broken, the veſſels may well be ſaid to be lame and crippled. The two firſt verſes of this paſſage in Lucretius run thus:

At maris ignaris in portu clauda videntur
Navigia, apluſtris fractis, obnitier undis.

In which Creech, in his Latin edition, has made an excellent emendation. For *in portu*, he reads *in ponto*; and indeed how can a ſhip in harbour be ſaid to ſtruggle with the waves? Had he been aware of this when he tranſlated this paſſage, he would not have placed his ignorants upon the ſhores, becauſe they could hardly diſcern, from ſuch a diſtance, whether the oars of a veſſel at ſea ſeem broken or not: and he might have ſpared the next verſe ſave one, And they are loth, &c. for which he has no authority from his author; who, by *maris ignaris*, means men unaccuſtomed to the ſea, raw ſeamen.

Ver. 456. In theſe four verſes is contained Example XI. of the ſtars, which by night ſeem to fly by the clouds, and to be hurried in a contrary motion: in which not the eye but the mind itſelf is deceived: For while the eye beholds the clouds, and perceives them in different places, the mind itſelf believes them unmoved from their place; and while the ſight remains fixed upon them, the mind ſuppoſes, that it is not they that move along the ſky, but the ſtars that fly over, and paſs by them.

Ver. 460. Theſe ſix verſes contain Example XII. concerning things that appear double, by reaſon of the pupil of the eyes being ever ſo little diſtorted; ſo that, for inſtance, we ſeem to ſee two candles for one, two faces of one man, for one face, &c. In which the mind itſelf is deceived, not conſidering that the eyes, in that diſtorted ſite, do not regard the objects ſeen with their uſual and conjoined, but with unwonted and ſeparated rays: and for that reaſon we perceive the object ſeen to be double. As if, for example, in like manner, we touch one round ball with the middle and forefinger tranſpoſed, we ſhall ſeem to feel two balls. Ariſtotle, Problem, ſect. 3. giving the reaſon of this example, ſays, That the ſame thing happens, as does to men drunk, who ſee two for one: For the principle of ſight is moved in ſuch a manner, that both eyes ſee not alike: There is this only difference, that the motion in men who are drunk, is made inwardly: but another reaſon may be given of it: When one of the eyes is preſſed by the hand, the ſight is bent and crooked, and the nerves are moved up and down, and diſtorted this way and that; and hence it is that the objects are doubled. But Cicero in Lucullus, ſays: "Timagoras Epicureus negat ſibi unquam, cum oculos torſiſſet, duas ex lucernâ flamulas eſſe viſas: Opinionis enim eſt mendacium, non oculorum." Timagoras the Epicurean, denies, that when he diſtorted his eyes, he ever ſaw two flames from one candle; for it is a lie of the opinion, not of the eyes.

Ver. 463. I am ſorry it is neceſſary to acquaint the reader, that Creech has put this poor thought in the mouth of his author.

Ver. 465. "Et duplicis hominum facies," ſays Lucretius. Geryon was a king of Spain, and ſaid to have three bodies; therefore the word almoſt was requiſite. See the note, Book V. ver. 30.

Ver. 466. In theſe ten verſes, the poet brings his thirteenth and laſt example, concerning thoſe things that we ſeem to ſee in our dreams, as if we were awake. For ſometimes when we are ſound aſleep, we ſeem to ſee the ſun, the light, the ſky, the ſea, rivers, mountains, fields, &c. And all theſe things appear ſometimes to move and change their places. Nay, we ſeem to hear ſounds, and to ſpeak, when all is in the deepeſt ſilence. This happens becauſe the mind raſhly and erroneouſly interpoſes her judgment concerning theſe things, and ſuppoſes they are indeed as they really appear to be. The like happens alſo in deliriums, in folly, and in madneſs. Thus Pentheus ſeemed to ſee two ſuns, two Thebes, and the furies too, as well as Oreſtes. Virgil. Æn. iv. ver. 469.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus
Et ſolem geminum, et duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,
Armatum facibus matrem, et ſerpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultriciſque ſedent in limine Diræ.

But we ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more at large of dreams towards the end of this book.

Ver. 476. It is certain we are deceived in things, in which the ſenſes are employed, but how does that argue the ſenſes themſelves to be fallible? The poet, in theſe four verſes, ſhows the unreaſonableneſs of this pretence; the ſenſes receive the images of things, juſt as they are preſented to them: they know not the nature of them, nor do they judge or determine in the leaſt concerning them: therefore there is no error on their part; but all miſtakes proceed from the judgment of the mind. The ſenſes repreſent and make their report; according to which their reaſon judges, but often raſhly, and inconſiderate-

ly. Epicurus himſelf writes to the ſame purpoſe to Herodotus; Καὶ πᾶσα μὲν φαντασία εἴτε διάνοια, εἴτε αἴσθησει κατλαμβανομένη ὐ μὲν τοι διαλαμβανομένη, ἐςὶν ἀληθὴς τὸ δὲ ψεῦδος, καὶ τὸ δὲ διήμαρτημένον ἐν τῷ προσδοξαζομενω αἰεί ἐςιν· κατὰ τὴν κίνησιν ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς συνημμένην μέν τινι φανταςικῇ ἐπιβολῇ, διάληψιν δὲ ἔχεισαν, καθ' ἓν τὸ ψεῦδος γίνεται, &c. Beſides, we may gather the opinion of Epicurus concerning the certainty of the ſenſes, from ſeveral of the ancients: Cicero in Lucullus ſays: "Eo rem dimittit Epicurus, ſi unus è ſenſibus ſemel in vitâ mentitus ſit, nulli unquam eſſe credendum:" Epicurus went ſo far as to ſay, That if any one of the ſenſes had but once miſtaken, no credit ought ever to be given to any of them. And in the firſt book, de Finibus: "Judicia rerum in ſenſibus ponis [Epicurus] quibus ſi ſemel aliquid falſi pro vero probatum eſt; ſublatum eſſe omne judicium veri et falſi putat." Empiricus explains this opinion of Epicurus to this purpoſe. They are miſtaken, who ſay, that ſome of the images are true, ſome falſe; inaſmuch as they cannot diſtinguiſh that opinion from certainty: For, as to what relates to Oreſtes, when he ſeemed to himſelf to ſee the furies, the ſenſe itſelf, that was moved by the images, was true: for the images were really preſent: But the mind was deceived in believing them to be real furies. Thus Tertullian, lib. de Animâ, cap. 17. ſays, "Epicurei conſtantius parem omnibus atque perpetuam defendunt veritatem, ſed aliâ viâ: non enim ſenſum mentire, ſed opinatum; ſenſum enim pati, non opinari." Thus Gregor. Nyſſenus, lib. iv. de Phil. c. 3. ſpeaking of the ſight, after he has mentioned thoſe examples of the oars that ſeem broken in the water, and of a ſquare tower that appears round, adds: "neque eſt hic error viſûs ſed mentis: nam ille videt et renunciat quidem: verum mens ad ea quæ exhibentur non attendit:" Nor is this an error of the ſight, but of the mind; for the ſight indeed ſees, and makes its report, but the mind does not give due attention to the things that are repreſented to her. You may conſult farther Empr. adv. Logic. but above all Macrob. Saturn. lib. vii. c. 14. where he argues admirably well of all theſe matters. Our tranſlator has omitted the two laſt verſes of this paſſage, which run thus in the original:

Nam nihil egregius, quam res ſecernere apertas
A dubiis, animus quas ab ſe protinus abdit.

The meaning of which ſeems to be this: For nothing is more excellent, than to diſtinguiſh things that are clear and plain from ſuch as are doubtful, which the mind immediately hides from herſelf, that is, from her own knowledge. However, ſeveral of the interpreters, as Lambinus, Faber, and ſome others, abſolutely reject them, as fooliſh and unworthy of Lucretius. But Creech, in his Latin edition, blames their ſeverity, and ſays, that ſome copies, and that truly too, read "Nam nihil ægrius eſt," &c. and that, if inſtead of *abdit*, we read *addit*, the ſenſe will be plain and eaſy. He goes on, that the poet has taught, ver. 467, "non addere opinatus animi," not to add the judgment of the mind: For we are deceived in all thoſe examples which he but now enumerated; and that too, even though we were forewarned of it: For it is indeed difficult not to add the opinion and aſſent of the mind to things imparted to us by the ſenſes.

Ver. 478. "Opinatus animi," the opinion of the mind, of which Epicurus, writing to Herodotus, gives this definition, κίνησις ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς συνημμένη ἐμέν τινι φανταςικῇ ἐπιβολῇ διάληψιν δὲ ἔχουσα

Ver. 480. In theſe ten verſes, the poet takes occaſion to fall upon the modern academics, of whom Arceſilas was author, and introduced, ſays Lactantius, an incoherent kind of philoſophy; for ſomething muſt of neceſſity be known, otherwiſe it could not be known that nothing can be known: For if you know nothing at all, then how can you know that nothing can be known? But if it be known that nothing can be known, then it is falſe to ſay that nothing can be known. "Arceſilas introduxit genus philoſophiæ ἀσύςατον, quod Latinè inſtabile ſive inconſtans poſſumus dicere. Ut enim nihil ſciendum ſit, aliquid ſcire neceſſe eſt. Nam ſi omnino nihil ſcias, idipſum nihil ſciri poſſe tolletur. Itaque qui velut ſententiæ loco pronunciat, nihil ſciri, tanquam perceptum profitetur et cognitum: ergo aliquid ſciri poteſt." Lactantius, lib. iii. de falſâ ſapientiâ, cap. 6. And for this reaſon Metrodorus of Chios, in the Lucullus of Cicero, ſays, "Nego ſcire nos, ſciamus ne aliquid an nihil ſciamus; ne id ipſum quidem neſcire, aut ſcire nos nec omnino ſitne aliquid, an nihil ſit:" I deny that we know whether we know any thing, or know nothing; nay, that we either know, or not know even this, whether any thing be, or nothing be. But ſuch men cannot be diſputed with who know not what is true, what falſe, what certain, what doubtful, nor what it is to know, or not to know; and who glory in their ignorance. But Lucretius overthrows this ſophiſm at firſt attack; for, ſays he, if you know for certain that nothing can be known, you know at leaſt that you know nothing. Socrates, whom the ancient academics followed, was more wary, and ſaid only: This one thing I know, that I know nothing.

Ver. 482. This may perhaps in ſome meaſure expreſs the implied meaning of Lucretius, though the words of the text be very different:

Hunc igitur contra mittam contendere cauſam,
Qui capite ipſe ſuo inſtituit veſtigia retro.

All the copies acknowledge theſe two verſes: But Lambinus ſuſpects them not to be genuine, and at length reads,

Hunc igitur contra quidnam contendere curem?

Faber, however, is of another opinion, and ſays, this paſſage is very plain and elegant. They who walk on their hands, with their head prone to the earth, as moſt mountebank's boys do, can go no otherwiſe than backwards; which you may eaſily apply to explain the meaning of Lucretius. Thus Faber. Let us then apply it to that purpoſe, and

let his meaning be this. There is no disputing with a man who perverts all things, as it is certain the new academics did.

Ver. 490. In these twenty-five verses, he attacks the ancient academics, and establishes the senses as the sole arbitrators and judges of truth. For, says he, whatever can correct and confute what is false, must of necessity be the criterion of truth: And this is done by the senses only. But what can correct and confute the senses? Can reason? Reason itself entirely depends upon the senses: Shall one sense convince and confute another? This can never be; for each sense has its proper objects: nor does it care, or know what the other senses do: Shall the same sense then correct itself: Impossible: For we must alway give equal, or no credit at all to the senses. Therefore we ought to believe the senses infallible, and to trust only to what they represent and lay before us. Now the ancient academics held the mind to be the sole arbiter and judge of all things; but that the senses are dull and heavy, and cannot thoroughly perceive the things that are subject to them; for some are so small, as not to be visible to the eye, others so swift, as never to seem the same, nor like what they were before. But Epicurus taught, Κριτήρια ἀληθείας εἶναι τὰς αἰσθήσεις, οὐδ' εἶναι δυνάμενον αὐτὰς διελέγξαι· That the senses are the criterions of truth, and that it is not possible to confute them.

But he that would establish a criterion, is certain to have the sceptic for his enemy; and, what is more uncomfortable, to be unable to confute him. He is an animal incapable of conviction; his folly may be exposed; but to endeavour to bring him to sense and reason is as wild a design,

——ut siquis asellum
In campum doceat parentem curere frœnis.

As would be his who went to train an ass
T' obey the bridle, and to run a race.

Pyrrho would venture on a precipice in spite of his senses; and though the more sober are careful of their lives, yet they are as proof against convictions; a perverse sort of creatures, born to contradict, and instructed in all the studied methods of foolery. Scepticism, according to their own definition, is, δύναμις ἀντιθητική φαινομένων καὶ νοουμένων· its effect is freedom from assent, and its end serenity. The principle of the sect is, παντὶ λόγῳ λόγον ἴσον ἀντικεῖσθαι, yet this is not proposed as a dogma, for that is an assent, τινὶ πράγματι τῶν κατὰ τὰς ἐπιστήμας ζητουμένων· nor is it laid down as so in itself, and a real truth, but only in appearance; and therefore Empiricus prefaces his discourse with these words: προείπων ὅτι περὶ οὐδενὸς τῶν λεχθησομένων διαβεβαίεται ὡς οὕτως ἔχοντος πάντως· Καθάπερ λέγω. And yet they follow their natural appetite for their preservation, seek the good and profitable, and fly the bad and hurtful according to appearance: for they do not deny but that they may be warm and cool, and are capable of pain and pleasure; yet none, like a dogmatist, affirms it is as ὑπάρχον, but τὸ ἑαυτῶν φαινόμενον καὶ πάθος ἀπαγγέλλει τὸ ἐυντοῦ ἀδοξάστως. The law of their country is the rule of just and right, and the custom of the nation determines their religion.

This is the face of a sceptic, as it is drawn by his own hand; and since we find him condemned to diffidence, there are some reasons sure of this unsettledness, this ἐποχὴ and some propose ten, others fifteen, and others increase the number; but one will comprehend them all, and that is enough to ruin every science in the world. It is taken from the variety of opinions about the same thing; for there can be no appeal for a decision, because he that would judge acts by the same faculties that those do, that are at strife, and so he that loses the cause will be still dissatisfied: And to invert Seneca, "Citius inter horologia quam philosophos convenit," clocks will agree sooner than philosophers. This difference rises from the various tempers of mens bodies, the dispositions of their organs, and situation of the object: Thus melancholy and sanguine take different notices from the same impression, young and old, sick and healthy, drunk and sober, do not agree; nor is it enough to answer, that some of these are indisposed, whilst the others are in order; for, since that change is nothing but an alteration of the humours, they demand a reason why such and such a disposition should be more capable of receiving impresses from objects that are agreeable to the nature of the things than another: Besides, they observe, that the complexions of animals are various, and the texture of their organs different; so that there cannot be the same refractions in their eyes, the same windings in their ears, and therefore not the same notices from the same objects: And, indeed, did the sceptics proceed no farther than sensible qualities, we must acknowledge them to be very happy in the discovery; for it is certain, that those are phantasms alone; and they that think honey sweet, and they that think it bitter, have equally true representations of the object, because the little parts of honey act upon both their organs, according to their figure.

Hence they proceed to deny all first principles, and so are put beyond all possibility of conviction; for still demanding proof after proof, they must reel on to eternity without satsfaction: But this is too long a journey, and too fruitless a trouble to pursue, and so we must take our leaves of these contradicting animals, who have no other reason to deny the clear light of science, but because some mens eyes are too weak to look steady upon it.

Ver. 495. Thus too Epicurus in Laertius, Πᾶς γὰρ λόγος ἀπὸ τῶν αἰσθήσεων ἤρτηται, πᾶσα δὲ αἴσθησις ἄλογος ἐστὶν· For all reason depends upon the senses; but every sense is void of reason.

Ver. 499. Epicurus in Laertius says, Οὔτε ἡ ὁμοιογενὴς αἴσθησις ὁμοιογενῆ διελέγξαι δύναται διὰ τὴν ἰσοσθένειαν, οὔτε ἡ ἀνομοιογενὴς τὴν ἀνομοιογενῆ, οὐ γὰρ τῶν αὐτῶν κριτικαί. For it is not possible that a sense of the same kind should confute a sense of the like kind with itself, because of the

equality of their ſtrength and power: Neither can one of an unlike kind confute another of an unlike kind Becauſe the ſenſes of a different kind have not the power nor means to judge of them.

Ver. 515. But ſince we are often deceived by the ſenſes; for example, a ſquare tower, ſeen at a great diſtance, ſeems round, what are we to do? Lucretius anſwers, in theſe twelve verſes, that it is better to have nothing to do with thoſe problems, nor concern ourſelves about them: Or to aſſign any cauſe of them, rather than diſtruſt the certainty of the ſenſes, on which our ſafety, our all, our life depends: For without the ſenſes we could not chooſe nor diſcern good things from bad, nor healthful from hurtful: Nay, nor avoid precipices, flames, or other things of the like nature. But here the poet chiefly laſhes the ſceptics, of whoſe founder, Pyrrho, Diogenes Laertius ſays, Μηδὲν ἐκβρατόμενος, μηδὲν φυλαττόμενος ἦν, ἅπαντα ὑφιστάμενος, ἀμάξας, εἰ τύχοι, καὶ κρημνὺς, καὶ κύνας, καὶ ὅσα τοιαῦτα, μειδὲν ταῖς αἰσθήσεσιν ἐπιρέπων.

Ver. 528. In theſe eight verſes, he concludes this long diſputation concerning ſight. We examine all things, ſays he, by the truth of the ſenſes, and therefore if they are erroneous, farewell to all certainty and knowledge. Nor ſhould we err leſs than a carpenter, who works by a falſe rule, line, and level.

Ver. 536. Hitherto he has been arguing of ſight and of images Now; to ver. 621. he treats of ſound, and of hearing, which certainly, next to ſight, deſerves the preference before any of the other ſenſes; ſince the ear, the inſtrument of hearing, is the entrance or inlet of voice and ſound, and conſequently of knowledge and diſcipline. Firſt, therefore, in theſe eleven verſes, he teaches what hearing is. Now we hear, ſays he, when any ſound reaches the ears, and, by means of its body, moves and affects that ſenſe, which is appointed to perceive it. But now it is manifeſt, that even voice is a body, becauſe it ſcrapes and rakes the jaws, makes them rough, and hurts them: Therefore it muſt of neceſſity touch them: And whatever touches, or is touched, is a body. This is his firſt argument. Epicurus, writing to Herodotus, ſays, Ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ τὸ ἀκούειν γίνεσθαι ῥεύματός τινος φερομένου ἀπὸ τοῦ φωνοῦντος, ἢ ἠχοῦντος, ἢ ψοφοῦντος, ἢ ὅπως δήποτε ἀκουστικοῦ πάθους παρασκευάζοντος. And in Plutarch de Placitis Philoſoph. lib. iv. cap. 19. he teaches to the ſame purpoſe, that voice or ſound is a flux emitted from things either ſpeaking, ſounding, or making a noiſe by any means, or in any manner whatſoever; and that that flux conſiſts of minute fragments figured alike; or, as he teaches in Laertius, this effluxion is like little drops of water, and that, therefore, it is no wonder that the ſame voice or ſound ſtrikes the ears of ſeveral perſons at once, becauſe the ſounds or voices they receive are exactly like little drops of water that reſemble one another.

But not Epicurus only held the voice to be a body, for the Stoics too were of the ſame opinion, and held every thing to be a body that either acts or ſuffers: Now the voice both acts and ſuffers: It acts when it ſtrikes the ears, and the air that is in the head, and imprints hearing, as the ſeal marks the wax: It ſuffers, when falling upon ſmooth and ſolid places, it is reflected and repelled. But Pythagoras and Plato held voice and ſound to be incorporeal: For, ſay they, every ſtroke of the air is not a voice; for the wagging of a finger ſtrikes the air, and yet makes neither voice nor ſound. Therefore they took voice and ſound abſtractedly, as they call it, for the figure only in the ſurface of the air, which is evidently incorporeal, becauſe it is void of all profundity. Plato in A. Gellius, lib. v. cap. 15. defines ſound and voice, an air and ſtrong percuſſion of the air. Ariſtotle too ſeems to incline to the ſame opinion; for he defines ſound to be a local motion of ſome bodies, and the medium which is applied to the organ of hearing. This definition ſome of his followers have endeavoured to interpret otherwiſe than the words will bear, and imagine ſound to be different from local motion. And theſe are the chief opinions of the ancients concerning ſound, which is the undoubted object of hearing, and generally believed to conſiſt in, and to be cauſed by a tremulous motion of the air, vibrated and forced on by a motion produced in other bodies; which motion of the air muſt neceſſarily be made in an undulatory manner, that being the ſole motion the air is capable of receiving: For, ſince all places are replete and filled with air, no particle of air can receive any motion, without immediately imparting that motion to its adjoining particle, and that again to the next, and ſo on ſucceſſively: And this motion muſt be granted, unleſs we could ſuppoſe that the particles of air were able to penetrate into one another, which is the greateſt abſurdity imagioable: Now that this undulation of the particles of air is cauſed by the motion of bodies, is evident, becauſe of themſelves they tend to reſt.

Moreover, ſound may be taken in two different acceptations: I. For the ſenſation we have when ſonorous bodies make their impreſſion on our organs. II. We may conſider it as a power peculiar to ſonorous bodies, of producing in us this ſenſation. If we underſtand it in the firſt ſignification, experience will be our beſt inſtructor, and explain it beſt to us: But we may obſerve, that all are not alike moved and affected with the ſame ſounds; and that one hears perfectly what another cannot, or at leaſt does but faintly perceive. If we conſider ſound in the ſecond meaning, that is to ſay, as a power peculiar for example, to a bell, a cannon, or the like, of exciting in us the ſenſation of hearing, we ſhall find it comprehended under the deſcription given above. Beſides, that all ſound is produced by motion, reaſon and experience both evince: For ſound conſiſts in that, the exiſtence of which being granted, ſound exiſts, and without whoſe exiſtence ſound can have no being: Now, grant a motion of the air, ſound exiſts; but without that motion there can be no ſound: For daily experience teaches, that motion alone is capable of cauſing ſound, and by the ſame experience we are as cer-

tain, that where there is no motion there is no ſound: for we may eaſily obſerve a ſound cauſed by many bodies, that have received no other modification than that of motion; as if a man, for inſtance, moves the inſide of his ear, he inſtantly perceives a ſound; beſides, hold a hat in your hand, near a bell that is ringing, you will perceive the motion the bell gives the ambient air, by the motion of the hat, which motion ceaſes when the bell ceaſes to ring. And many other experiments are produced of the like nature.

Sound, therefore, is cauſed by motion. Let us now conſider how, and by what means, it affects our organs, and cauſes in us the ſenſation of hearing. I. When ſolid bodies are ſtruck againſt one another, they cauſe a ſound, by ſtirring up a trembling motion in the air, which is moved around the ſurface in manner of an orb: For the air being forced from that ſide the bodies move on, drives naturally to another, where it meets leſs reſiſtance; but it finds leſs reſiſtance on that ſide the bodies come from, therefore it goes that way; and there it ſtill receives more motion from the air that ruſhes in on all ſides to fill the void ſpaces which the bodies left: And therefore the air is moved in an orbicular or vortigenous motion. II. From this motion of the air, next the ſurface of the agitated bodies, the air is vibrated by its undulatory motion, as far as the moving force, the *vis movens* carries it. III. This agitated air, meeting with an ear in its paſſage, inſinuates itſelf into the *meatus auditorius*, auditory duct or channel, and impels the *tympanum*, or drum of the ear; which being thus moved, moves the innate air, and the three little bones that are in the cavity of the drum (called the hammer, the anvil, and the ſtirrup; in Latin, "maleolus, incus, ſtapes"), and they the auditory nerve. IV. This nerve being compreſſed, excites a reflux of the ſpirits contained in it; and theſe moving the fibres of the brain, do, by that motion, give the ſoul occaſion to perceive ſounds, and to judge of them. And this is the general belief of the nature of ſound, of its manner of formation, and how it moves and affects our organs, and cauſes in us the ſenſe of hearing.

Ver. 547. Theſe ſeven verſes contain the ſecond argument, which is taken from experience. Let a man ſpeak loud, and with great earneſtneſs, he becomes faint and weary: Who then can doubt but that voice is material, ſince it diſcompoſes the body, and even takes away ſome part of it?

Ver. 554. Theſe ſix verſes contain his third argument, which he has taken from the pleaſure, or the pain with which we are affected by ſounds, as they are either grateful or diſpleaſing: Now Epicurus held, that the little bodies which enter into the ear, and affect the organ of it, are of different figures; and that the ſweetneſs and harſhneſs of ſounds proceeds only from the ſmoothneſs or roughneſs of theſe corpuſcles, which, as they enter into the organ, either touch it gently, or rudely grate and ſcrape it, according to their different configurations, either of roughneſs or ſmoothneſs.

This was the opinion of Epicurus: but indeed the wondrous variety of ſounds proceeds from the great diverſity of ſonorous objects. The higher the ſtrings of an inſtrument are ſcrewed up, they cauſe the ſharper ſound; and, on the contrary, the more they are relaxed, the flatter. The reaſon of which is, becauſe the more the ſtrings are extended, the ſhorter the interruptions will be between each ſtroke, and they ſtrike the air the more ſuddenly, and with greater violence. Thus an acute ſound is cauſed by the quick and uninterrupted motion of the air, continually imparting its vibrations to the organ of the ear. A flat or dull ſound is made when the ear is not ſo frequently impelled, or receives but ſlow impreſſions from the vibrations of the air: whence it follows, that the more or leſs equal the vibrations are, the more or leſs pleaſant will the ſounds from thence reſulting be; for if the vibrations of the air be equal, the impreſſions they make on the organ will be all alike; and conſequently the reflux of the ſpirits to the brain will be ſo too, from whence always proceeds a grateful ſenſation and harmony: but if the motion of the air be uneven and ill-timed, it cauſes, for the contrary reaſon, a harſh ſound, and an ungrateful ſenſation. Beſides, a ſound from a rough ſurface is harſh and unpleaſing, becauſe the air does not come at the ſame time from all the parts of the object, and therefore excites a grating impreſſion by its reiterated and unequal impulſes: and ſo much for the harſhneſs and ſoftneſs of ſounds. To which I add, that the more or leſs violent the force of the impelled air happens to be, the ſound will proportionably be more or leſs loud, by reaſon of the ſtronger or weaker impreſſion of the vibrated air on our organs of hearing.

Ver. 557. This and the two following verſes run thus in the original:

Cum tuba depreſſo graviter ſub murmure mugit,
Et reboant raucum retrocita cornua bombum:
Vallibus et cycni gelidis orti ex Heliconis
Cum liquidam tollunt lugubri voce querelam.

Which verſes have not a little puzzled the interpreters. Some in the ſecond of them, read *barbara* inſtead of *cornua*; but Lambinus is for expunging it altogether: Upon which Faber ſays, that if Lucretius were living, he would appeal to ſome other judge; for that interpreter, as well as many others, did not comprehend the meaning of *retrocita barbara*, or *cornua*: but I, continues he, think I can prove it to be a muſical inſtrument, firſt invented in Syria, which the French call Sacbute, or Saquebout (in Engliſh Sackbut), from the old French words *Saquer*, which ſignifies to draw, and *bouter*, to beat. They who are acquainted with that inſtrument, will readily underſtand why Lucretius calls it *retrocita*: thus far Faber. Yet Voſſius on theſe verſes of Catullus, "de Nupt. Pelei et Thetid."

Multaque rauciſonos efflabant cornua bombos,
Barbaraque horribili ſtridebant cornua cantu.

takes occaſion to cite this verſe of Lucretius; and

says, that the common lection *retrocita* is foolish and erroneous; and he reads

Et reboat raucum Berecynthia barbara bombum:

Then he interprets "Berecynthia barbara," to be the Phrygian pipe, αὐλὸς Βερεκύνθιος, as Hesychius has it in βερεκύνθιαι, &c. In other copies nevertheless it is read.

Et reflexa retro dant cornua barbara bombum:

This, at least, is certain, that the *tuba* was straight; the *buccina* crooked; like the French post-horn that is made of brass, and by them called *Une cornette*; and that the *cornu* was a very bugle-horn. See Vegetius, lib. iii. c. 5. The next verse Vallibus, &c. has yet a greater variety of reading. Some copies have,

Vallibus et valida ne tortis ex Heliconis,

Which, whoever understands, says Faber, I will hold him to be an Œdipus, or a Tiresias. In others it is read,

Et gelida cycni nece torti ex antro Heliconis.

In others,

Vallibus et cycni nece torti ex Heliconis.

In others,

Vallibus et cycni nece detorti ex Heliconis.

Lambinus,

Vallibus et cycni gelidis orti ex Heliconis.

All which several readings are condemned, for reasons too tedious to repeat. Faber corrects Lambine's reading; and in the place of *orti* substitutes *corti* for *coorti*. Lastly, Vossius, on the before cited passage of Cattullus, reads it thus,

Et validis, cycni torrentibus ex Heliconis.

For several streams, as well as the river Helicon, flowed from the mountain of that name. Creech having summed up all these various readings, gives sentence as follows: In a word, "nece torti," or "nece detorti." must be absolutely rejected; for the meaning of those words, if they have any, is contained in the following verse; but follow Faber or Vossius, no matter which of the two. Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, sacred to the muses, had its name, according to Plutarch, de Nomin. Fluvior. et Mont. from Helicon, brother of, Cythæron, a sordid, covetous wretch, who, having killed his own father, a miserably poor old man, precipitated himself from the mountain; dragging his brother Helicon, because he had nourished his father, down with him. Thus Plutarch: but Casaubon, on the prologue to Persius, judges, that this mountain had its name from the Hebrew word, Halike, i. e. "ambulatio," because the ancients used to take their walks, and to confer and discourse there of natural and divine matters: and Athenæus, l. 14. Deipnosoph. reports, on the authority of Amphion Thespiensis, that there was a college on that hill, instituted for all musical exercises, in which the young men in those days were carefully instructed. But Bocharus conjectures the name to be derived from the Arabic, Halic, or Halics, which, in that tongue, signifies, a high mountain: for such it is described to be by Strabo, lib. viii. & ix. Of the singing of swans before their death. See book ii. ver. 479. Book iii. ver. 5. and above, ver 188.

Ver. 560. In these four verses, he teaches, that the tongue forms and articulates this corporeal voice; and thence proceed words: he says, indeed, that the palate and the lips help the tongue in making the illisions Nor ought we to look on this as a very contemptible opinion; since we find in Plutarch de Plac. Philos. lib. 4. cap. 20. that both Plato and Aristotle approve of it, by asserting τὸ σχῆμα, that the figure which is in the air and in the surface of it, does, by a certain stroke, καλὰ ποιὰν πλῆξιν, become a voice. And Aristotle, second problem, 33. et 52. yet more plainly asks the reason why the voice, since it is a certain figurated air, that in its motion for the most part loses its figure, does nevertheless preserve it safe and unchanged, when it is reverberated from any solid body? Cicero, in the second book of the Nature of the Gods, says, "Deinde in ore sita lingua est, finita dentibus: ea vocem immoderatè profusam fingit, et terminat: Sonosque vocis distinctos et pressos efficit, cum et ad dentes et ad alias partes pellit oris. Itaque Plectro similem linguam nostri solent dicere, chordarum dentes, nares cornibus iis, quæ ad nervos resonant in cantibus." The tongue is placed in the mouth, and circumscribed by the teeth: this tongue fashions and proportions the voice immoderately uttered, and renders the sounds of it distinct and articulate, while it strikes against the teeth, and against the other parts of the mouth. Therefore, some have compared the tongue to the bow of a musical instrument, the teeth to the strings, and the nostrils to those pipes that sound in consort with the strings.

Most, if not all animals, have the faculty of causing a sound, or a trembling motion in the air, by modifying it whilst it is breathing from the lungs: and from the difference of these modifications proceed all the several sounds observable in animals. Thus the lion roars, the dog barks, the sheep bleats, the ox bellows, &c. But among all animals, man alone has the faculty of articulating his words, and of modifying each breath of air, in such a manner as is necessary for the forming an intelligible language, by which he communicates his thoughts to others of his own species. Moreover, the voice of animals is nothing but a sound, caused like other sounds, by the undulatory motion of the air; for the air, by the falling of the lungs, and by the contraction of the diaphragm, being expelled from the place it was in, does, by driving forward the external air, put it into motion; and, therefore, even when we but fetch our breath, we cause some sort of noise, which grows louder, the greater is the expiration, or the inspiration. Now, voice is only sound articulated, and this articulation is caused by the air's being more peculiarly modified in speech than in other sounds. And the tongue is the chief instrument in this modification; which, nevertheless, the tongue alone could not perform, without

the assistance of the motion of the lips, and of the whole mouth; insomuch that the tongue is moved sometimes upwards to the palate of the mouth, sometimes downwards, other times another way, and others another, according as the letters, syllables, and other accidents of the word to be articulated, require. For one motion of the air necessarily causes one certain sound; and one certain sound causes one certain perception. And this assertion is so infallible, that many people born deaf, have learnt to speak, by being made to observe the motions of the mouth and tongue, and by knowing the motions for such words, to know when they were uttered.

The several distinctions of one voice from another proceed, either from the various structure of the subservient parts, according as they are more or less relaxed or firm, and from their particular formation and configuration, in regard to the proportion they bear to one another. Besides, there is a certain motion of the parts that cause the voice: which motion is peculiar and natural to each of us, even from our infancy, from whence proceeds a difference in voices: sometimes too, certain affectations that may be observed in several persons, alter the natural sound of the voice, for some have an affected way of speaking through the nose, others in the throat, &c. Lastly, The voice is higher or lower, louder or softer, according as the contraction or extension of the lungs and of the diaphragm are more or less strong or weak: for a violent expulsion of the air causes a violent motion of it, and by consequence a great or loud sound; and, in like manner, on the contrary: and this is the reason why such as have a quicker and livelier spring in those parts, have a stronger voice than others.

Ver. 564. He subjoins several problems; the first in these eight verses. The voice, by going far, grows weak; and though it was distinct, when first uttered, it becomes confused; because the small parts, or little voices of which it was composed, are disordered by the air, and lose the form and figure which they had received from the tongue and lips. And hence the voice comes to be either distinct or confused.

Ver. 572. In these four verses, he teaches the reason, why if but one man speaks, the ears of many who are present hear the voice. You are to know, says he, that there is one whole, or rather general voice, which, being pronounced from the mouth, divides itself into innumerable little voices, which are wholly like one another. Thus when the voice is uttered by the speaker, the formation of the bodies that burst out of the mouth, is compressed, broken, and as it were, ground to pieces in such a manner, that it divides and goes away into minute parts, or little voices, altogether alike, and of a like figure, which instantly leap abroad, and diffuse themselves through the air or ambient space, and still preserve that likeness, till they reach the ears of all that are within hearing. And thus the same voice is at once heard by many, even as all drink of the same water who drink out of the same river. This, too, was the opinion of Democritus, as Plutarch witnesses, lib. iv. de Placitis Philosoph. cap. 20.

Ver. 576. In these twenty-seven verses, he says, that all the little voices that reach the ears are heard; the others are diffused through the air, and vanish away. Some strike on very porous bodies, which afford them a passage through: some on very rough, where they are broken and dispersed And others striking upon solid, and in some measure smooth bodies, are reverberated from them, and thus are the cause that the same voice is heard again: and this is an echo. Hence, too, proceed, says he, those sounds by night, which the superstitious impute to rural deities.

Ver. 579. An echo, which is only a restoring, rejection, or repercussion of the voice, which is made in smooth, tortuous, and hollow places; as in valleys, caves, and walls, especially in old vaulted buildings. Hence Virgil, Georg. iv. ver. 50.

——Aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat Imago.

And Horace to Aug. l. 1. Od. 12.

——Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen Imago,
Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo.

We have an admirable description of an echo translated by Mr. Addison, from the third book of Ovid's Metamorph. where see the fable at length.

Echo in others words her silence breaks;
Speechless herself, but when another speaks,
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch the voice and to return the sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and speeches, not her own.

Ver. 585. An echo is formed by the reverberation of the vibrated air when it meets with a smooth and solid body. For the air, as well as other mediums, must glance and reflect from objects if it cannot pass through them. Thus it changes its first determination, and is variously reflected, according to the various situation of the object upon which it strikes. Therefore if the object be situated opposite to the place from whence the sound proceeded, the sound will be heard twice in that place; because, being carried from the centre to the circumference, the trepidations of the air meeting the solid body, must be restored and sent back, according to the rules of reflection, which it must of necessity observe: and for this reason, if the object from whence it is reverberated, stands directly opposite to the moved air, that air will be reflected again to the centre. But if the object stand sideways, the echo will not be again heard in the place where it was first formed; because the air will, in that case, receive a side reflection, and consequently glance another way. But the reason why the same sound is several times reflected, is, because there sometimes happens to be several places disposed among themselves in such a manner, and at such distances,

one beyond the other, that the circular undulations of the air in different places, and at different diſtances, meeting with bodies ſolid and impenetrable, the ſame ſound will be often rebounded, according to the number and ſite of the objects; inſomuch, that after we have received the ſound reflected from the neareſt, we receive it returned likewiſe from thoſe that are more remote from us: and this ſometimes happens when the places are oppoſite to one another, and reflect the voice by turns. Of this nature there was one formerly at Athens, which, as Pauſanias witneſſes, returned the voice ſeven times, whence the place itſelf was called Ἐπτάφωνος. And not long ago at Charenton, a village near Paris, in a ruinous building, and without any roof, where the monaſtery of the Carmelites now ſtands, it was obſerved that the ſame ſyllable pronounced at either end of it, was returned no leſs than ſeventeen times; and when pronounced in the middle, as often from each end: nay more it would return a very ſtrong voice, no leſs than ſix and twenty times, the reflected ſound ſtill growing weaker, before it quite ceaſed to be heard. This was more wonderful than what Plutarch relates of the pyramids of Egypt, where the voice was returned four or five times; or of the Portico at Olympia, where it was reflected ſeven. There are ſome who write, that in the great hall of the palace at Pavia, the image of the voice is repeated thirteen times. Moreover, you may obſerve, that no echo will be made, or at leaſt not perceived, if you ſtand too near the reflecting body. The reaſon of which is, becauſe the voice pronounced, and the image of it that is reſtored, enter into the ears of both of them at the ſame time: and in this caſe it only happens, if the repercuſſion be made from hollow and vaulted bodies, that a certain confuſed and humming ſound follows after the voice, becauſe many reflections of it are reiterated one upon another. Such is the ſound of a bell when it firſt ceaſes to ring. But if you ſtand at a good diſtance from the reflecting body, you will diſtinctly hear the reflection of the voice; and the nearer you ſtand (but ſtill at ſuch a diſtance, that the reflected voice may be diſcerned from the pronounced), the fewer ſyllables you will diſtinctly hear returned: and the farther you are off, the more you will hear: becauſe the interval of time between the ceſſation of the ſpeaker, and the perception of the reflected voice, is leſs in the firſt caſe, and greater in the laſt. Hence, it is no wonder that an entire hexameter verſe is ſometimes returned: but then the voice muſt be very ſtrong, that it may be able, from a great diſtance, to reach the reflecting body, and to return from it. It has been ſometimes obſerved, that more notes of a trumpet have been diſtinctly returned, than would have been neceſſary ſyllables, to compoſe an hexameter verſe, if a human voice could have been pronounced from that inſtrument. But the reaſon we hear only the latter part of the ſound echoed, may be becauſe the air that was moved by the firſt part of the ſound, arriving firſt at the ſolid body, is firſt reflected from it, ſo that in its reflection, it muſt meet with the air that was put in motion by the latter part of the ſound; and conſequently, not being ſtrong enough to reſiſt its motion, muſt communicate its own to it. And for this reaſon, beſides the echo of the end of the ſound is as loud as, nay, ſometimes louder than when it was firſt formed; becauſe it has a double force, i. e. its own, and that with which it was repelled by the forerunning circles.

Ver. 589, Nympha, as it were νέα φαίνυσα, and the word ſignified as well a bride, or new married woman, as thoſe female deities, who, according to Pauſanias, were not held to be immortal, but to live extremely long, almoſt an innumerable ſucceſſion of years. The poets gave them ſeveral names: I. The Naiades, or Naides, from ναίειν, to flow, who preſided over fountains and rivers. II. The Nereides, who were daughters of Nereus and Doris: and were ſet over the waters of the ſea. III. The Oreades nymphs, or goddeſſes of the mountains, from ὄρος, a mountain. IV. The nymphs of the woods, who were called Dryades, from δρῦς, a tree, or rather an oak. V. The Hamadryades, who preſided over each tree, from ἅμα, together with, and δρῦς, a tree, becauſe they fell and died with their trees. VI. The Napeæ, the nymphs of the groves, gardens, valleys, and pleaſant abodes, ſo called from νάπη, a grove. VII. The Limoniades, or nymphs of the meadows, from λειμών, a meadow. And, VIII. Limniades, the nymphs of the ponds, and ſtanding waters, from λίμνη, a pond.

Theſe were a ſort of rural gods, ſo called from Faunus, king of Italy, the father of king Latinus; and who, for having been the firſt who introduced agriculture into his country, was recorded in the number of their gods: though others ſay, they had their name *a fando*, from ſpeaking, becauſe in woody places they were wont to ſpeak and converſe with men. An inſtance of which they allege in the voice that was heard from out the woods, during the battle between the Etrurians and the Romans, for the reſtoration of the Tarquins, and which bid the Romans take heart. Now the peaſants, to make theſe gods of theirs more terrible, gave them horns on their heads, hoofs inſtead of feet, prick-ears, and the ſhape of a goat.

The ſatyrs were believed to be gods of the woods; like the ſylvans and fauns, with a human head, but horned; with the feet of a goat, their bodies all hairy, and to delight in the coverts of woods. They were part of the train of Bacchus, and notorious for their laſciviouſneſs. Horat. lib. ii. Od. 19.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (crediti poſteri),
Nymphaſque diſcentes, et aures
Capripedum ſatyrorum acutus.

Plutarch, in the life of Sylla, relates, that a ſatyr was brought to Sylla. And St. Jerome, in the life of Paul the Hermit, ſays, that St. Anthony had ſeen one of them likewiſe: And that another was ſeen by all the people of Alexandria in the

days of Conſtantine. He ſays, beſides, that there are indeed in Ethiopia, a ſort of quadrupedal animals, with the feet of goats, but a human ſhape of body, except only that they have horns on their heads; and that when he aſked them what they were, they anſwered, that they were men doomed to wear thoſe bodies, as a puniſhment for the crimes of which they had been guilty. But others reckon them among ſpectres, and the monſters of nature, and believe the whole race of ſatyrs to be merely fabulous. They were called *ſatyri*, as Ælian ſays, ἀπὸ τῦ σιτήρειναι, which ſignifies, to have a mouth like a dog when he grins. Caſaubon derives it from the Doric word, σατεῖν, to be merry; and others from σάθη, "quod ſignificat membrum virile, quia ad libidinem proni ſunt ſatyri."

Ver. 593, 594. Thus the goatherd in Theocritus:

Οὐ Σίμις, ὦ ποιμὰν. τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, ὦ Σίμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδειν, τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες· ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγας
Τανίνα κεμμακὼς ἀμπαύεται' ἐντ. γε πικρὸς;
Καὶ οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

Pan was the chief of the rural gods, and preſided chiefly over paſtoral affairs; therefore ſaid to be the god of the ſhepherds. "Pan curat oves oviumque magiſtros." *Virg.* He was repreſented with a garland of pine leaves on his head, upon which there grew a goodly pair of horns, and his feet were like thoſe of goats: In one hand he bears a pipe made of ſeven reeds, joined together with wax, of which he was the firſt inventor. Virg. Eclog. ii. ver. 32.

Pan primus calames cerâ conjungere plures
Inſtituit————

In the other a ſhepherd's crook: He was believed to delight in ſolitary places, and to frequent chiefly near the ſea, whence the Greeks call him, ἁλίπλαγκλας· And he was thought to be in love with Echo. Whether he was ſon of Mercury or not, is uncertain: but the name of Pan, Πὰν, all, was given him, according to Homer in Hymn. Becauſe, when he was but newly born, he touched the harp ſo artfully, that he delighted all the gods with the harmony; but, according to others, becauſe he repreſented the whole nature of things. By his horns, the beams of the ſun, and horns of the moon, by his jolly red face, the air, by his goats feet, the ſolidity of the earth, by his briſtly hair, the trees of the earth, and the beaſts, &c.

Ver. 595. The pipe, which the ancients called *fiſtula*, was made of ſeven unequal reeds joined together with wax; (Theocritus, Idyl. viii. mentions one made of nine) that it might imitate ſo many different notes of the voice. Virg. Ecl. ii. ver. 36.

Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
Fiſtula.————

Now the reeds, that were joined together, decreaſed in this proportion; at the top, where they received the breath, they were all of the ſame height; but at the bottom, where the breath went out, they were all gradually one ſhorter than the other. Scaliger, on the verſe of Virgil above cited, will have the *cicuta* to be hemlock, the venomous plant, with the juice of which the Athenians were wont to puniſh criminals with death, and ſays, that of the hollow ſtalk of it they made their inſtruments of wind muſic. Servius, but without authority, ſays, the pipe was made of the joints of any reed or ſtalk whatever. But the muſical inſtruments of the ſhepherds, were firſt made of the ſtalks of oats or wheat, compacted together with wax; next of reeds, and joints of box made hollow; then of the legs of cranes, of the horns of animals, of metals, &c. Whence the words, "avena, ſtipula, calamus, arundo, fiſtula, buxus, tibia, cornu, æs," &c. were uſed for muſical inſtruments.

Ver. 598. *Genus agricolûm.*] The peaſants, who were wont to boaſt of their converſation with the gods. "Jactant miracula dictis." *Lucret.*

Ver. 603. Since, therefore, we receive the ſounds of the voice, expreſſed and formed by him that ſpeaks, even as we do the images that flow from the ſurface of things, how comes it to paſs that we hear him whom we cannot ſee? Why are things pervious to ſounds, and not to images? This Lucretius anſwers in theſe nineteen verſes. The voices or ſounds, ſays he, that are formed in ſpeaking, paſs whole and unhurt through the oblique paſſages, and tortuous pores and holes of bodies, by which the images, as he taught before, are broken. Or rather, goes he on, the reaſon of it is, becauſe the voice divides itſelf, and leaps abroad into little voices, which diffuſe and ſcatter themſelves on all ſides round, upwards, downwards, forwards, backwards, to the right, to the left, in ſhort, in all manner of obliquities, as many little ſparkles leap abroad from one ſhaken ſpark; and thus they light into the ears that are all around, and not only into thoſe that are placed in a direct line from the ſpeaker. But no ſuch thing can happen to the images. Yet the voice itſelf, by penetrating through ſuch mazes and windings, becomes weak, indiſtinct, and breaks into murmurs.

Ver. 607. Here our tranſlator ſeems to me to have miſtaken the ſenſe of his author, who ſays,

————Vox per flexa foramina rerum
Incolumis tranſire poteſt, ſimulacra renutant.

that is to ſay, voice or ſound, that ſtrikes the ears, can paſs whole and uncharged through the crooked and tortuous pores of bodies; but *ſimulacra renutant*, the images of things that ſtrike the eyes cannot. This is conſonant to the doctrine of Lucretius, who poſitively aſſerts that we ſee by the incurſion of images into the eyes, not by the emiſſion of rays from them. Nor, indeed, will the word *ſimulacra* bear that interpretation; and yet, he renders it again, ver. 617. viſive rays; erroneouſly in both places, and even contrary to the doctrine, as well as expreſs words of his author.

Ver. 609. This inſtance is not true; for in the firſt place, there are oblique pores or paſſages in glaſs, by which the images of things are refring-

ed, becauſe the things ſeen do not appear to be in their places; and even when the refraction is made, the images ceaſe not nevertheleſs to tend directly into the eye: Beſides, the whole or entire image does not fly through the glaſs; for of the rays that conſtitute the image, they only paſs through, that happen to fall into the pores or void ſpaces of the glaſs: but the others, that chance to light upon the ſolid parts of the glaſs, are reflected. In this, therefore, conſiſts not the difference between an image and a voice.

Ver. 622. The problems, relating to the taſte, are not in greater number, nor more difficult to explain, than thoſe that concern the ſight and hearing: For we taſte, ſays the poet, when the juice that is ſqueezed out of ſapid bodies, like water out of a ſponge, penetrates the palate and the tongue. Which juice, if it conſiſt of ſeeds figured in ſuch a manner, that when they are poured upon the organ of the taſte, and enter into the pores of it, they exactly fit thoſe little pores, and thus gently tickle, and pleaſingly affect the organ, ſeems ſweet: But if the figuration of the ſeeds be ſuch, that when they come to enter into the little pores of the organ, they bear no due proportion and commenſuration with them, they then prick, hurt, tear, offend, and roughly move and affect the organ; and then the juice ſeems not ſweet to the taſte, but either bitter, ſalt, acid, ſour, harſh, biting, &c. Epicurus took this opinion, as well as many others, from Democritus, who gave to every ſort of taſte or ſavour, its particular figure: as may be ſeen in Theophraſtus de cauſis Plant. lib. vi. cap. 2. in theſe words: Ἀκμόκριος δὲ χῆμα περιηλεὲς ἐικάπω γλυκὺν μὲν τὸν στρόγγυλον, δὲ ἐυμεγέθη ποιεῖ, Στρυφνὸν δὲ τὸν μεγαλόχημον, Τραχὺν δὲ τὸν πολυγώνιον καὶ ἀπεριφερῆ· Δριμὺν δὲ τὸν περιφερῆ, δὲ λεπτὸν, καὶ γωνοειδῆ, δὲ καμπύλον· Ἁλμυρὸν δὲ τὸν γωνοειδῆ, δὲ σκόλιον, δὲ ἰσοσκελῆ· πικρὸν δὲ τὸν περιφερῆ, καὶ λεῖαν ἔχοντα σκολιότητα, μέγεθος δὲ μικρόν· Αὐσηρὸν δὲ τὸν λεπτὸν, καὶ στρόγγυλον, δὲ μικρόν.

Ver. 632. For this reaſon Nigrinus, in Lucian, makes a ſcoff at thoſe who were too curious in the ſauces of their meat; and accuſed them of giving themſelves a great deal of trouble, for the ſake only of a very ſhort and tranſient pleaſure; ſince the throat, through which the meat ſliding down, would move them with any delight, is not above four inches in length: Nor did they find any pleaſure in dreſſing the meat, nor could they, after it was ſwallowed; but only in that inſtant of time, while the meat is paſſing through the throat. This made the voluptuous Polixenus aſk of the gods to make his neck like a crane's, that he might receive the greater pleaſure in eating, by the longer ſtay of the food in the jaws and throat.

Ver. 637. To this, and the two following verſes, we may join what Epicurus writes to Menœceus in theſe words: Τὸ συνεθίζειν ἓν ἐν ταῖς ἀπλαῖς, καὶ ἃ πολυτέλεισι διαίταις καὶ ὑγιείας ἐστὶ συμπληρωτικὸν, καὶ πρὸς ἀναγκαίας τῇ βιῷ χρήσεις ἕοικνον ποιεῖ τὸν ἄνθρωπον.

Ver. 640. In theſe forty-two verſes the poet explains the reaſon, why the ſame meat is not only pleaſant, but healthful alſo to one: and not only nauſeous, but hurtful to another. The organ of the taſte is different in ſome men, and in ſome animals, from what it is in others; either in its texture, or configuration of the atoms; or of the ſpaces that intervene between them: even as the other parts of men or animals are different, eſpecially the outward. But the different paſſages or pores muſt neceſſarily admit, and receive different corpuſcles of juice: and every thing, out of which juice is ſqueezed, contains ſeeds of different figures: and the corpuſcles of all juices, by reaſon of their various figuration, do not agree with, and fit the organs of all animals. Hence it is, that what is nouriſhment to one animal, is poiſon to another; and what is grateful to this, is diſtaſteful to that. Nay, when by age, or by reaſon of any diſeaſe, the temper, or the frame of the organ is changed, the ſame thing ſeems to have changed its taſte, even though nothing be changed in it. Thus a man in a fever thinks thoſe things bitter, which a man in health takes to be ſweet; becauſe the texture of the organ being altered, thoſe corpuſcles, that ſuited it before, are no longer fit for it; and therefore tear and hurt the organ.

Ver. 645. Of this aſſertion our tranſlator has omitted an inſtance, which Lucretius expreſſes in theſe words:

Eſt utique, ut ſerpens hominis contracta ſalivâ
Diſperit, at ſeſe mandendo conficit ipſa.

And that ſerpents cannot ſuffer, but fly from the ſpittle of a man, we have the authority of Pliny, lib. vii cap. 2. who there ſays, "Et tamen omnibus hominibus contra ſerpentes ineſt venenum: feruntque eas ictum ſalivæ, tanquam aquæ ferventis contactum, fugere." But that it makes them ſo furious, as to eat their own bodies, we have only the authority of Lucretius, that I know of: And Faber ſays, it is commonly reported, and believed by many; but that, having often made the experiment of it, he could never find it to be true.

Ver. 646. *Veratrum*, in the original, ſignifies the plant which the Greeks call hellebore, as Pliny witneſſes, lib. v. c. 14. where he ſays, there are two ſorts of hellebore, one white which the Latins call *veratrum album*, white hellebore; the other black, by ſome called *polyrhizon*, by others, *entomon*, and by others *melampodium*, either from Melampos, a ſhepherd, the ſon of Amythaon, and who was the firſt that diſcovered the virtues of that plant, by which he cured of madneſs the daughters of Prœtus, king of the Argives, having firſt obſerved that goats uſed to purge themſelves with it; or from its black root; the root of a plant may, not very improperly, be called the foot of it; whence the Latins call it, *veratrum nigrum*, black hellebore; Mart. will have it to be called ſo, becauſe it is *verè atrum*, truly black: Scaliger derives it, *à verare*, to ſpeak the truth, or to foretel, "quod eo purgarentur veratores et veratrices, qui pro inſanis habebantur." The fame Pliny, lib. x cap. 12. ſays, that the taking of either of them is dangerous to men: though both

of them fatten goats and quails; which is again confirmed by Lucretius, lib. v. ver. 897.

Quippe videre licet pinguescere sæpe cicutâ
Barbigeras pecudes, homini quæ est acre venenum.

Where we see the word, *cicuta*, is taken for hellebore: In which sense too Horat. lib. ii. epist. 2. ver. 53.

Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare cicutæ.

And Avicenna calls the herb, *cicuta*, black hellebore: whence it is probable, that our hemlock is neither the *veratrum* nor the *cicuta* of the ancients. Therefore, instead of hemlock-juice, we may read hellebore.

Ver. 657. For the different formations of the intervals of the pores answer to the various figurations of the atoms, of which they are composed: so that as some atoms are trigonical, others quadrangular, others polygonical, &c. in like manner, some of the intervals of the pores are trigonical, others quadrangular, others polygonical, &c.

Ver. 661. The meaning is: since what is sweet to some, is bitter to others, it is credible, and so far true, that the most sleek and smoothest atoms, which are in the meat and drink, that affect the tongue and palate with sweetness, do, as they enter into the pores, sooth and tickle them: And, that, on the contrary, the rough atoms exasperate the tongue and palate of those, to whom the meat is bitter; but that the same meat is sweet to some, and bitter to others, proceeds from the disturbed or altered contexture of the atoms.

Ver. 670. In these twelve verses, he confirms the foregoing doctrine by an example. He has taught, that the bitterness of the same meat and drink to some, and the sweetness of it to others, proceed from the perturbation of the atoms in the bodies of animals: which perturbation or commutation is caused in sick persons by the predominating bile, or some other cause, be it this or that, no matter. But then the whole body is disturbed and disordered; the fire and position of the atoms is changed; whence those, that before produced a sensation of sweetness in the taste, now produce a bitterness, by reason of the change that is made in their site and order; and so on the contrary.

Ver. 682. Having finished his disputation of taste and savours, he now enters upon the subject of smell and odours. And first, in these ten verses, he teaches, that as images flow as sound is emitted, and as savoury juices are squeezed out of things, so odours are breathed from things likewise. Now, the variety and dissimilitude of the figures (see Book ii. ver. 398.) which do not move and affect the organs of all animals alike, are the cause that all animals do not equally perceive these odours that are continually exhaled and sent from bodies. Thus bees smell from far the odour of honey; vultures of dead bodies; dogs of wild beasts; and geese of a man. And yet these odours affect very weakly, or not at all, the nostrils of human kind. Epicurus, writing to Herodotus, delivers the same doctrine in these words, ἡ ὀσμὴ ἐκ ἂν ποτε πάθος ἐδὲν ἐργάζεται, εἰ μὴ ὄγκοι τινὲς ἦσαν ἀπὸ τῶ πράγματος ἀποφερόμενοι σύμμειροι πρὸς τὸ τῶτο τὸ αἰσθητήριον κινῆν, οἱ μὲν τοῖσι τεταραγμένως, καὶ ἀλλοτρίως, οἱ δὲ τοῖσι ἀταράχως καὶ οἰκείως ἔχοντες. Thus both Epicurus and Lucretius ascribe the sole cause why some odours are grateful to some men, or to some of the other animals, and nauseous to others, to the various figurations and contextures of the organs that compose the sensorium of smell. Plutarch, too, is of the same opinion, lib. i. adverse. Color. where he makes mention of two women, Berenice and another Spartan, who had an equal aversion, one of them for the smell of butter, the other for that of ointment.

Ver. 686. All creatures have an innate fondness for things with which they support their life: and nature has bestowed on each of them an instinct and sagacity, to go in search of, and readily to find their nourishment. Thus the bee, more easily than other animals, discovers the hordes of honey, that her fellow-bees have gathered and laid up for their support, and so eager is she in pursuit of it, that she avoids no danger to come at it. This is excellently described by Virg. Georg. iv. ver. 203.

Sæpe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
Attrivêre, ultroque animam sub fasce dederê,
Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis.

Thus rendered by Dryden:

Oft on the rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burden which they bear,
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets.

Ver. 687. Pliny, lib. x. cap. 46. says, that vultures fly three days before to the place where dead bodies are to be, as if they perceived long before the odour of the carcases. Thus Plutus in Trucul. "Jam quasi vulturii triduo prius prædivinabant, quo die esuriturî essent." In which they are both mistaken; for the vultures do not assemble themselves together to the places where any great slaughters are to be made by any natural and prophetic instinct; and, in all appearance, this tradition took rise from their having been observed to follow and keep with marching armies; not as foreseeing the day of battle, but because in the march of an army, there are always some men, some horses, and other beasts that drop here and there by the way. Job says the same thing of the eagle, chap. ix. ver. 30. And where the slain are, there is she. The vultures, from their devouring of dead bodies, were called τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, living sepulchres.

Ver. 688. This is neither better nor worse than a downright barbarism. We say not the train of a stag, but the trail, to trail the stag, &c. This our huntsmen know. Mr. Addison has given us so fine a description of a hound in pursuit of a deer, that it well deserves to be transcribed.

So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews;

The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.

Ver. 689, 690. In the year, U. C. 364. when the Gauls, under their leader Brennus had beaten the Romans at the river Allia, taken the city of Rome, and laid ſiege to the capitol, as they were one night climbing up the precipices in order to ſcale the walls, ſome geeſe, that were conſecrated to Juno, and which, for that reaſon, they had ſpared during the famine they had ſuffered in the ſiege, fell a gaggling, and waked the ſoldiers, who, under Marcus Manlius, repulſed the Gauls: and theſe laſt, after a ſiege of ſeven months, were at length forced to buy their peace with a great weight of gold, and were all ſlain, or driven out of the city by M. Camillus, who was afterwards dictator. For this ſervice which the geeſe had rendered the republic, the cenſors ordered them to be nouriſhed at the public expence. This is atteſted by Pliny, lib. x. in theſe words: "Eſt et anſeris vigil cura Capitolio teſtata defenſo, per id temporis canum ſilentio proditis rebus: Quamobrem cibaria anſerum Cenſores imprimis locant." Cicero takes notice of this ſtory in his oration for Roſcius Amœrinus. And T. Liv. lib. v. in theſe words: "Galli nocte fubluſtri tanto ſilentio in ſummum evaſêre, ut non cuſtodes ſolum fallerent, ſed ne canes quidem, ſollicitum animal ad nocturnes ſtrepitus, excitarent: anſeres non fefellêre," &c.

Ver. 690. In theſe two verſes, the poet teaches, that odour is of a twofold advantage to man, and to the other animals: For, I. We diſcern by their odours, the aliments that are fit and proper for us. II. By the ſame means of odour, we avoid thoſe that are hurtful to us. But were this generally true, poiſon would not have made the havoc that it has done in the world.

Ver. 692. In theſe eighteen verſes, he treats of the motion of odours, and affirms, that it moves more ſlowly through the air than ſound, that it is more eaſily divided and diſſipated, and that it is not diffuſed and ſpread ſo far: the reaſon of which is, becauſe it flows from the moſt inward parts of an odorous body, or from the loweſt profundity of the ſubject (for odorous bodies, the more they are bruiſed, broken, &c. ſmell the more), and alſo becauſe the principles of which it is compoſed, are larger than the principles of ſound: ſince thoſe paſſages, through which ſound penetrates, are too narrow for odours, and will not allow them a way. And, therefore, odour muſt neceſſarily move more ſlow, and be more eaſily diſſipated by the air it meets in its paſſage. And this too is the reaſon why, though we can eaſily judge from what part a ſound comes to us, we cannot, with like facility, diſtinguiſh on what ſide of us the body is that diffuſes an odour.

Plato, in his Timæus, teaches, that odours are ſmoke and miſt: that that part of odours which is changed from air into water, becomes miſt; but that which is changed from water into air, turns into ſmoke: whence he argues, that odour is more rare than water; but more denſe than air. One proof of which is, that if any one ſtops his noſtrils, he will, together with his breath, draw in air, but not odour. Ariſtotle, lib. ii. de Anim. teaches, that the power and quality of odour is hot; and that the power and faculty of ſmelling is placed in hot and dry. Hence it is not ſtrange, that cold and froſt render odours dull and ſpiritleſs. And he farther teaches, that, for that reaſon, odours contribute nothing to the nouriſhment of the body, nor ever excite an appetite of eating and drinking, but rather create a lothing of food: but that ſweet odours are conducive to health, becauſe they temper and dry the brain, which, of itſelf, and from the vapours of our food and nouriſhment, is moiſt and humid.

Ver. 710. It is not in the leaſt to be doubted, but that the ſame taſte, and the ſame ſmell is pleaſing to ſome, and ungrateful to others. Now Lucretius, in theſe twelve verſes, teaches, that even the very images of things make different impreſſions on the eyes of the beholders. The lion himſelf is terrified at the ſight of a cock (for Lucretius does not mean what ſome interpreters make him ſay, that it is the crowing of the cock that terrifies that wild animal), becauſe the image of the cock is compoſed of ſeeds that pierce into, and wound the eyes of the lion, ſo that he is not able to fix his ſight againſt them. Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. viii. cap. 18 ſays, that it is the comb of a cock that chiefly frights the lion.

Ver. 712. It is certain that cocks generally crow at certain hours of the night, chiefly between midnight and break of day. Dryden ſays,

More certain was the crowing of this cock,
To number hours, than is an abbey clock;
And ſooner than the mattin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his rooſt, and ſung.

The naturaliſts aſſign ſeveral reaſons of this, but none that are convincing: the ſafeſt is to ſay, that the cock, like other animals, has certain times of ſleeping and waking; and that when he is waked, either of himſelf, or by the crow of another, or by the noiſe of any thing, he fixes himſelf that he may not drop off his perch, claps his wings, and falls a crowing, which is natural and familiar to him, as well at certain hours of the night, as often likewiſe of the day. Shakſpeare calls this animal,

——— The trumpet of the morn,
Who with his loſty and ſhrill ſounding throat,
Awakes the God of day. [*Hamlet.*

And Milton,

——— The creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours. ———

And the Romans, who began their natural day of twenty-four hours at midnight, named and diſtinguiſhed ſome parts of it by the crowing of the cock. The firſt part they called, "Media nox," which, as Cenſorinus calls it, was indeed "Principium et Poſtremum Dici Romani:" the ſecond, "de mediâ nocte:" the third, "Gallicinium," when the cocks began to crow: the fourth, "Conicinium," when they left off crowing: the fifth,

"ante lucem;" the fixth, "diluculum:" the feventh, "mane," &c. But in this computation there is but one cock-crowing mentioned in all; but Juvenal mentions different times of it, Sat. ix. ver. 106.

Quod tamen ad cantum Galli facit ille fecundi.

And, indeed, experience teaches us, that the cocks naturally crow at three particular times in the night efpecially: of which three feafons, one is about an hour before day, as our old Tuffer obferves in his Poetical Hufbandry, page 123. where he particularly diftinguifhes the feveral feafons of the cock's crowing in the night, in thefe old faſhioned verfes:

Cock croweth at midnight tinres few above fix,
With pauſe to his fellow to anſwer betwixt:
At three a clock thicker, and then as you know,
Like all into mattins, near day they do crow.
At midnight, at three, and an hour yet day,
They utter their language as well as they may.

Ver. 722. Thus he has concluded his diſputation concerning the fenſes: but fince, when the fenſes are aſleep, we imagine many things, imagination is a fubject not unworthy a philofopher to treat of: He, therefore, to ver. 829. explains what imagination is, and the cauſe of it. And firſt, in thefe twenty-fix verſes, he aſſerts, that many moſt fubtle images, fome flowing from bodies, others formed in the air of their own accord, and others differently mixed of different things, are wandering up and down on all fides in the air: That thefe images penetrate into the mind; and, gently moving it, are the cauſe of imagination. Hence we think we fee Centaurs, Scyllas, and other monſtrous things that never had a being; and likewiſe the ghoſts and ſhadows of the dead. Cicero, in the fifteenth book of his Epiſtles, ad Familiar, writing to Caſſius, who had newly embraced the Epicurean doctrine, tells him, "Fit neſcio quid, ut coram, adeſſe videaris, cum ſcribo aliquid ad te, neque id καὶ εἰδώλων φαντασίας, ut dicunt amici tui novi, qui putant etiam τὰς διανοητικὰς φαντασίας, ſpectris Catianis excitari.

Ver. 730. Fully, examining this opinion, ſays, "Tota res, Velleï, nugatoria eſt." This whole affair, "Velleius," is a trifle: and adds farther, "Quid eſt quod minus probari poteſt, quam omnium in me incidere imagines, Homeri, Archilochi, Romuli, Numæ, Pythagoræ, Platonis, nec eâ formâ quâ illi fuerint? quomodo ergo illi?" What is there that can leſs be proved, than that the images of all men offer themſelves to me, of Homer, Archilochus, Romulus, Numa, Pythagoras, Plato, and yet not in the form in which they were? How then was it they? Let us conſider our dreams, where the powers of fancy and imagination are moſt obſervable. Theſe our poet explains, by entering images which paſs through the body, and ſtrike the ſoul. How deficient this is, any one may be ſatisfied from his own obſervation; for that will tell him that he dreams of things at a vaſt diſtance, and not thought on for ſome months. What then? Can the image paſs through thoſe large tracts of air whole and undiſturbed? Are they not as thin a ſubſtance as the Epicurean ſoul, and as eaſily diſſolved? Can they enter the pores of the body, and ſtill preſerve their order, and the mind be accounted mortal for the ſame way of paſſage, and this be uſed as an argument againſt its infuſion? Strange power of prejudice! that can blind the ſharpeſt eyes, make them dull and unfit to be moved by theſe thick and almoſt palpable errors: but, perchance, there is no image of an abſurdity, and therefore we muſt excuſe the Epicurean: Beſide, ſome things are preſented to our imaginations, of which there can be no image; a harp ſeems to ſound, when it lies ſilent in the caſe, when there is no briſk vibration of the ſtrings to impel the ambient air, and create a ſound; for ſound does not conſiſt of parts that fly from the body (as Lucretius imagines); it is only an agitation of the rigid parts of the air, as a thouſand experiments can evince; but two may ſuffice. One is taken from common obſervation. For, touch the ſounding wire of virginals at one end, and the noiſe ceaſes, though the touch cannot hinder the flux of atoms from any part but that which it immediately preſſes. The other is known to all who have heard, that a bell will not ſound in the exhauſted receiver, though the parts might there fly off with greater eaſe, they being not troubled with any ambient reſiſting air.

Ver. 732. That is to ſay, in our dreams we ſee with the mind, and when awake, we believe the viſion true: Yet never any Centaur, Scylla, Cerberus, or any monſter of the like nature, had a being: But the images of ſuch things come and ſhow themſelves to our minds, from the ſeveral images of ſeveral things joined in one image.

Ver. 733. The Centaurs were feigned to be monſters with a human face, and the body of a horſe. They were indeed, as ſome ſay, people of Theſſalia, that inhabited the mountain Pelion, and the firſt that fought on horſeback; which gave riſe to the fable. Hence they were called *ſemiferi* and *bimembres*; and *nubigenæ*, cloud-begotten, becauſe they were begot by Ixion on a cloud. See more of them, Book V. ver. 930.

Scylla was feigned to be a monſter, whoſe upper parts reſembled a woman, and her lower a company of dogs. Now Scylla was the daughter of Phorcus, with whom Glaucus fell in love: and, being deſpiſed by her, he applied himſelf to the witch Circe, to procure a ſpell to make her love him. But Circe, who was herſelf in love with Glaucus, and enraged that he preferred Scylla before her, infected a fountain in which Scylla uſed to bathe, with poiſon of ſo noxious a nature, that Scylla, going into it, inſtantly found all the lower parts of her body transformed into the mouths of barking dogs: Scared at this deformity, ſhe immediately threw herſelf into the neighbouring ſea, on the oppoſite coaſt, of which they likewiſe feigned Charybdis to be changed into a rock. And there are now two dangerous whirlpools in the Sicilian ſea, called by the name of theſe two fabulous monſters. See Book i. ver. 740. But

there was another Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, who betrayed her father, having first cut off his fatal hair to his enemy Minos, with whom she was in love: and was changed into a heron. And Virgil says, that it was she who was transformed into this monster.

Quid loquar? aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris,
Dulichias vexâsse rates, et gurgite in alto,
Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerâsse marinis.
Eclog. vi.

But many accuses Virgil of confounding the two fables, and for giving to the Scylla of Nisus what belongs to the Scylla of Phorcus, and read, "quid loquar? aut Scyllam Nisi, aut quam," &c. But Cerdanus justifies the common reading, by the example and authority of Ovid, who, Amor. lib. iii. Eleg. xii. ver. 18. gives dogs likewise to the Scylla of Nisus:

Per nos, Scylla patri cano furata capillos,
Pube promit rabidos inguinibusque canes.

And of Propertius, L. iv. El. iv. v. 4.

Quid mirum in patrios Scyllam fæviisse capillos,
Candidaque in fœvos inguina versa canes?

This too was feigned to be a monstrous dog with three heads, who guarded the gates of hell; from whence Hercules is said to have dragged him, having first bound him in chains. See Book III. ver. 1015.

Ver. 736. The poet here mentions three sorts of images. I. Those that fly from real things: Such are the images of a man, of a lion, of a horse, of a house, in a word, of all things that strike our eyes, and are the cause of sight. II. Those which of their own accord are bred in the air and clouds: as the images of giants, mountains, huge beasts, and the like, which sometimes appear to us in the clouds. III. Those that are composed of the conjoined figures of these images: And such are the images of Centaurs, Scyllas, Cerberus's, and the like. Of the two first sorts he has already treated at large in the beginning of this book, and is going to treat of the third.

Ver. 740. Here the poet teaches how the third sort of image is made, that is to say, those that are composed of several images of things, joined in one image. For never Centaurs, Chimæras, or monsters of like nature lived, or had a being. But the image of a Centaur is made partly of the image of a man, partly of the image of a horse. The image of a Chimæra is made of the image partly of a man, partly of a goat, partly of a lion. And in like manner of all other monsters.

Ver. 748. In these seven verses, he proves, that imagination is caused by images; because a lion, for example, which we think we see, is exactly like a lion that we see with our eyes: And as sight is made by images, so too is imagination, which is equal to sight, and differs from it in this only, that the mind sees objects that are invisible to the eye. Though our translator has in this passage fully enough expressed the doctrine of Lucretius, yet he has omitted the example the poet brings to illustrate his argument: Let us fancy, says he, that we see a lion rather than any other animal. Certainly a lion is not seen by the eyes any otherwise than by his image: But cogitation is made in the same manner as sight is: Therefore cogitation is made by the appulsion of an image, which image, nevertheless, is indeed of a more tenuious nature, by reason of the more tenuious nature of the mind.

Ver. 755. In these fifteen verses, he observes, that the images of the dead seldom offer themselves to men who are awake, but generally to those who sleep: The reason of which, he tells us, is, because the images that are continually wandering to and fro in all places, rush with such violence upon the sleeper, that, penetrating into his very mind, they shake and disturb it to such a degree, as begets in it an imagination of the very things whose images they are. And the reason why we believe persons long since dead to be actually present with us, is, because the senses, by which alone we distinguish between true and false, being lulled and stupified in sleep, cannot perform their functions: Besides, the memory too is stupified, and we do not at that time even recollect that the person who seems to be present with us is dead.

Ver. 770. But these images which appear to us in our sleep, run, leap, and dance up and down; of which the poet, in these ten verses, gives this reason: Because, since we continue some time in the same imagination, it is not all that while the same image that is before our mind; but many images that offer themselves successively, image after image, in a never-ceasing and continual flow. Now, if all these images remain in the same posture, the thing we imagine with ourselves to see will seem without motion, but if the posture of the images vary, it must of necessity seem to move.

Ver. 775. This and the following verse are rendered from three verses, which some copies have, but the interpreters generally reject them. They are these:

Tanta est mobilitas, et rerum copia tanta,
Tantaque sensibili quovis est tempore in uno
Copia particularum, ut possit suppeditare.

Creech has omitted them in the text of his Latin edition, but says, nevertheless, that a probable meaning, and such a one too as is very proper to this passage, may be drawn from them. The first of them, "Tanta est," &c. is a little below in the original, ver. 800. and in this translation, ver. 802.

Ver. 788. From hence to ver. 831, the poet proposes and explains some difficulties that may be started against this doctrine of thinking, by the means of images. The first difficulty is contained in ten verses, to this effect. Since the mind perceives by images, how comes it to pass that we can think on any object we please? For it seems ridiculous to pretend that the images ob-

ſerve our will, and are always ready at hand to obey it. The ſecond is in ſix verſes, to this purpoſe. Since the images ſeem to move with gracefulneſs, and even to obſerve time and meaſure in their motions, are we to believe that they have learned to dance? A thought truly worthy of a philoſopher! To theſe two objections, Lucretius anſwers, in twenty-four verſes, that what we take to be one ſingle moment of time, is indeed many moments; ſo that the images being, as they are extremely ſubject to motion, a multitude of them preſent themſelves to us every moment, and among them the image of the thing, of which we pleaſe to think. Beſides, though all kinds of images are continually at hand, yet they being moſt tenuious and ſubtle, the mind cannot perceive them, unleſs ſhe watch with great diligence, and endeavour to do ſo: for ſubtle things will eſcape unheeded from a negligent mind, even as they do from a careleſs and unwatchful eye. Thus Cicero Tuſcul. Quæſt. lib. i. ſays admirably well, "Itaque ſæpè aut cogitatione, aut aliquâ vi morbi impediti, apertis atque integris oculis et auribus, nec videmus, nec audimus." But the ſame author derides and confutes this opinion of Epicurus concerning images, and the cauſe of thinking by their appulſion, Epiſt. lib. ad Caſſ. Epiſt. xv. De Natur. Deor. lib i. And de Divinat. lib ii.

Ver. 804. It being demanded, why any man could think on what he pleaſed? The anſwer is, That images are conſtantly at hand, but being very thin and ſubtle, they cannot be perceived, unleſs the mind endeavours, which, though preſſed by all the difficulties propoſed concerning images, yet may receive a farther examination. For, firſt, the mind muſt think on the object before this endeavour, elſe why ſhould ſhe ſtrive, why apply herſelf particularly to that? And that this argument is ſtrong againſt the Epicureans, is evident from that queſtion which Lucretius propoſeth in his fifth book, about the beginning of ideas in his deities, which I have already reflected on. But more: This endeavour of the mind is a motion, nothing being to be admitted in the Epicurean hypotheſis but what may be explained by matter variouſly figured and agitated: Now Epicurus hath ſettled but three kinds of motion, καῖὰ ῥάθμην, καῖὰ παῤέγκλισιν, and καῖὰ πληγήν, by weight, by declination, and by ſtroke; and the two latter neceſſarily ſuppoſe the former, and therefore if that καῖὰ ῥάθμην, by weight, cannot belong to the ſoul, it is abſurd to conclude this endeavour to be either of the latter: And here it muſt be conſidered, that the Epicurean ſoul is material, and therefore weight is a property of all its parts, which will neceſſitate this ſoul to ſubſide in all the veſſels of the body, as low as poſſible; and therefore it cannot actually enjoy this motion, and conſequently no endeavour.

Here I might be copious (for it is an eaſy taſk) in laying open the weakneſs of the arguments, by which he endeavours to prove, that our limbs were not made and deſigned for proper offices and employments; it would be an endleſs trouble to purſue him through all the abſurdities which lie in his opinions concerning ſleep, and ſpontaneous motion: for every man hath his own conſtant experience to confute them, and therefore, as Lactantius thinks a loud laughter the only ſuitable reply to the former, let the others be contented with the ſame anſwer, nor hinder me in the proſecution of the propoſed argument.

And here it muſt be confeſſed, that a thouſand of theſe ſtories are the genuine productions of fear and fancy: Melancholy and inadvertency have not been unfruitful; and we owe many of them to ſuperſtition, intereſt, and deſign: But to believe all counterfeit, becauſe ſome are ſo, is unreaſonable, and ſhows a perverſeneſs as faulty as the greateſt credulity. For when ſuch are atteſted by multitudes of excellent men, free from all vanity, deſign, or ſuperſtition, who had the teſtimony of their ſenſes for their aſſurance, and would not believe it till after curious ſearch and trial; we muſt aſſent, or ſink below ſcepticiſm itſelf: for Pyrrho would fly a threatening dog, and make his excuſe, χαλεπὸν, μὲν ὅλον τὸν ἀνθρωπον ἐκδῦναι· It is hard to put off the whole man. And that there are ſuch ſtories delivered, with all the marks of credibility, I appeal to the Collection of Mr. Glanvil. Let any one look on that which is recorded by the learned Dr. Gale, in his notes upon the fifth chapter of the third ſection of Jamblichus de Myſteriis, and then I ſhall give him leave to uſe his atoms and his motion to the greateſt advantage, but for ever deſpair of an explication. The ſtory ſpeaks thus in Engliſh:

'In Lambeth lives one Francis Culham, an honeſt 'man, and of good credit; this man lay in a 'very ſad condition four years and five months: 'The firſt ſymptom was unuſual drowſineſs, and 'a numbneſs for three days, which forced him 'to take his bed: In the firſt month, he took 'little or no meat or drink; the ſecond, he faſted 'ten days, and often afterward five or ſeven, 'He fed on raw and boiled meat with equal 'greedineſs; never moved himſelf in the bed, 'and waked conſtantly for the firſt years, at leaſt 'never cloſed his eyes, but kept them fixed and 'ſteady. He made no articulate ſound, nor took 'any notice of his wife and children, nor ſeemed 'to feel the knives and lances of the chirurgeons. 'At laſt, given over by all, he thus unexpectedly 'recovered: In the Whitſun. week, 1675, he 'ſeemed to be wakened out of a very ſound 'ſleep, and (as he relates it) his heart and bowels 'grew warm, and his breaſt freed from that 'weight which before oppreſt it, and he heard a 'voice which bid him go to prayers, and then he 'ſhould be well. Paper and ink being brought, 'with a trembling hand, he writ theſe words: "I deſire that prayers be made for me." Two 'miniſters came, and when they had ſufficiently 'examined the matter, and found it free from 'all cheat, they began thoſe prayers which the 'Engliſh liturgy appoints for the ſick, and when 'they were come to "Glory be to the Fa-"ther," &c. the ſick man ſpake with a loud voice, "Glory be to God on high." And in two days 'time, his feet, hands, and other limbs, were

'perfectly reſtored; but he could not remember 'any thing that was done to him during all the 'four years. And this relation I aſſert to be very 'true.' Now, though ſuch as theſe do not directly prove the immortality of the ſoul, yet they ſufficiently take off all pretenſions of the Epicureans againſt it; ſince they evidently prove, that there are ſome ſubtle unſeen ſubſtances permanent and durable, and conſequently immaterial; for they cannot imagine that any material ſubſtance, thinner than ſmoke or air, can be leſs ſubject to diſſolution than thoſe, though they contradict themſelves, and grant the eternal bodies of their deities to be ſuch.

Ver. 820. Theſe two verſes our tranſlator has omitted. They run thus in the original:

Deinde deopinamur de ſignis maxima parvis:
Ac nos in fraudem induimus, fruſtramur et ipſi.

In theſe two verſes the poet adds a third difficulty, concerning the diſtraction or abſence of the mind: for often, even when we are awake, we lead ourſelves into errors and deceptions: as when we conceive a ſmall object to be a great one. Thus Ariſtotle lib. de Inſomn. ſays: That we are eaſily deceived in matters relating to the ſenſes, eſpecially when our mind is any ways moved and diſturbed: as men in love have always in their mind, and ſeem to ſee the likeneſs of the object of their flame: Thus cowards fancy to themſelves that the enemy is coming to attack them, &c. Of which Cæſar gives us an inſtance in his Commentaries, de Bello Gall. lib. i. where he relates of one Conſidius, a man otherwiſe very expert and knowing in military affairs, that being ſent to get intelligence of the motions of the enemy, he was ſtruck with ſuch a terror, that when he came back, he reported he had ſeen things that he never ſaw.

Ver. 822. A fourth difficulty, if it be another from the former, is contained in theſe ten verſes. Why the ſame image appears to us in our ſleep, in different kinds and forms: for example, now a male, now a female, now young, now old, &c. But he anſwers, That we ought not to admire at this, ſince a man who ſleeps is deprived of the uſe of his external ſenſes, nay, even of his memory; inſomuch that he forgets the greateſt part of his dreams.

Ver. 832. To the foregoing diſputation, he ſubjoins, in theſe twenty-ſeven verſes, another of Epicurus's opinions: viz. The eyes were not made to ſee, nor the ears to hear, nor the tongue to ſpeak, nor the feet to walk, &c. becauſe theſe members were prior to ſeeing, hearing, ſpeaking, walking, &c. For Epicurus taught, that the members of our body were not made deſignedly for proper uſes, but being made by chance, the uſe that firſt offered itſelf, was laid hold of by each member: For if any thing was made for a certain future uſe, that uſe muſt have been known before; or ſomething muſt have pre-exiſted, that ſignified, that ſuch a uſe would be convenient or neceſſary: For example, if there had not been a previous uſe of fighting, ſleeping and quenching the thirſt, armour, beds, cups had never been thought of. Thus the eye could not be made for the ſake of ſeeing, ſince nothing had been ſeen before there was an eye to ſee with, nor was it known what ſight was to be; nor the ear for the ſake of hearing, ſince nothing had been heard, and it was unknown what hearing was to be. And in like manner of the other members of the body.

This was the opinion of the Epicureans concerning the members of the bodies of animals. And certainly if there be any thing in the Phyſics of Epicurus, that can be ſaid to be moſt improbable, not to uſe a harſher term, it is what Lucretius in this place aſſerts. But why was Epicurus of this opinion? The reaſon is as evident as the opinion is extravagant: becauſe he ſaw that otherwiſe he muſt have allowed a Providence, which is not more viſible in any thing than in the wonderful mechaniſm of the parts of a human body. But all the ancient philoſophers were not of this wild opinion; and Ariſtotle blames Anaxagoras for this belief, when at the ſame time he owned, that man was the moſt prudent of all animals, becauſe of all of them, he alone had hands: ſince his hands were evidently given him, that he might uſe them. The Stoics too were of a contrary opinion; witneſs Cicero, lib. 3. de Finibus, where we find theſe words: "Jam membrorum, id eſt, partium corporis alia videntur propter uſum à naturâ eſſe donata, ut manus, crura, pedes, et ea, quæ ſunt intus in corpore, quorum utilitas quanta ſit à medicis diſputatur; alia autem nullam ob utilitatem, quaſi ad quemdam ornatum, ut cauda pavoni, plumæ verſicolorus columbis, viris mammæ atque Barba." Of the members, that is, of the parts of the body, ſome ſeem to be given us by nature for uſe, as the hands, the legs, the feet, and thoſe that are within the body, of which how great is the utility the phyſicians are ſtill in diſpute: Others for no ſervice, but rather for ornament as the tail to the peacock, the changeable feathers to pigeons, and the nipples and beard to man. Galen proves by a long diſcourſe, and many examples in his excellent treatiſe, De uſu Partium, that every animal, without the help of any teacher, preconceives the faculties of his own ſoul, and to what uſe to put the parts of his body; as for example, the harp taught not the muſician, nor a pair of tongs the ſmith to make them. And Lactantius too confutes this doctrine of Epicurus, in his book De Opificio Dei, cap. vi. where he argues in theſe words: "Quid ais, Epicure? Non ſunt ad videndum oculi nati? Cur igitur vident? Poſtea, inquit, uſus eorum apparuit. Videndi ergo cauſâ nati ſunt; ſiquidem nihil poſſunt aliud quam videre: Item membra cætera cujus rei cauſâ nata ſint, ipſe uſus oſtendit: Qui utique nullo modo poſſet exiſtere, niſi eſſent membra omnia tam ordinatè ac providenter effecta, ut uſum poſſent habere. Quid enim ſi dicas, aves non ad volandum eſſe natas, neque feras ad fæviendum, neque piſces ad natandum, neque hominis ad ſapiendum, cum appareat ei naturæ officioque ſervire animantes, ad quod eſt quæque generata. Sed videlicit qui ſum-

mam veritates amsit, semper erret necesse est. Si enim non Providentiâ, sed fortuitis Atomorum concursionibus nascuntur omnia, cur nunquam fortuito accidit, sic coire illa principia, ut efficerent animal ejusmodi, quod naribus potius audiret, oderetur oculis, auribus cerneret?" &c.

Ver. 842. This has been the constant reading of all the former editions, and therefore I would not alter it in this: Lucretius says,

Non fuit ante videre oculorum lumina nata.

where I take *videre* to mean not the light by which we see, but the use of seeing: which is better expressed by, No sight before the eye, than by, No light, &c.

Ver. 852. "Ex usa quæ sunt vitâque repertâ," says Lucretius: upon which Faber observes, that the word *vita* is used in the same sense as the Greeks use τὸν βίον, not ζωὴν that is to say, for experience, and παράξεσι τῶν ἐν τῷ βίῳ. which the word convenience does not fully express. Manilius, lib. i. v. 61.

Per varios usus, artem experientia fecit,
Exemplo monstrante viam.

Ver. 859. If any one start any difficulty concerning hunger and thirst, Lucretius fully solves it in these eighteen verses. Many bodies, says he, exhale and flow from all things; but most of all from animals, many through the pores of the body, many through the mouth: now these parts being withdrawn, and gone away, the rest cleave not so close and firm together, and therefore the whole body must, of necessity, be the weaker. To fill up these intervals and empty spaces, we take in meat and drink, which repair the decays of the body, and make it whole again: and thus it recovers its strength. Drink too serves to refresh us, and cools that heat, which, for want of it, would dry too much, and parch up all the inward parts of the body.

Hunger and thirst are by many ranked among the number of senses: and indeed it cannot easily be conceived, how a sensible appetite can be incited and stirred up to a desire unless some object be presented to it, on which it may settle and fix its desire: And in this case, it will be hard to deny, that they are senses as well as appetites: For certainly if hunger and thirst induce a desire of meat and drink, they doubtless suppose beforehand a sense of the want of them: And thus, when we have once conceived a sense of those things, and reflected on the good they will do us, we are necessarily induced to a desire of having them, in order to remove the troublesome sensation, that the want of them has brought upon us.

Ver. 869. This and the five next verses are so excellent, that I cannot but bespeak the readers particular attention. Where can hunger with his wide-gaping jaws be more properly lodged, than in the almost parched up veins? And what can be more aptly expressed, than that panting and inert-winded thirst is washed from the body by the infusion of moisture? Thus Lucretius believes that thirst is caused by hot vapours that kindle a flame in the bowels, and all philosophers agree that thirst is an appetite of cold and moisture.

Ver. 877. In these twenty-eight verses, he briefly inquires into the cause of the voluntary motion of animals, which he explains in this manner. Certain seeds, by which the will to move may be stirred up in the mind, strike the mind: This causes the mind to will; and that she may execute what she wills, she rouses up the soul that is annexed to her, and diffused through the whole body, (see Book II. v. 249.) And hence the whole frame is moved and thrust forward: But because the soul, that thin and subtle substance, may seem insufficient to move so great a weight, he tell us, that the air from without comes to her assistance; and entering into the pores of the body, as it is rarefied by motion (for bodies exercised with motion, become rare), helps to drive on the burden: And thus the body is moved and shoved forward by the soul labouring within, and by the air that enters from without, even as a ship is driven with sails and oars: These indeed seem to be but weak instruments: but so too is a gentle gale that drives the stoutest vessel before it; and weak too is the hand that governs the rudder, yet it twists the ship about, and makes it change its course, even in its full career: Thus too there are small engines that will heave up mighty weights.

Ver. 883. In like manner, Book II. v. 249. he taught, that the will is the principle of motion,

In animals the will moves first, and thence
The motions spread to the circumference,
And vig'rous action through the limbs dispense.

And ver. 258. That the beginning of all motion is within the heart,

———All motions rise within the heart,
Beginning by the will, then run through ev'ry part.

Thus too Aristotle, lib. v. de Animal. asserts, that the will and the mind are the two causes of motion.

Ver. 892. The body of animals, who are exercised with motion, grows rare. See the reason, ver. 863.

Ver. 895. *Both these things*, &c.] i. e. The will to move, and the air that enters into the rarefied body: which is as much as to say, the first cause of motion, and the cause that advances and helps on that motion. For the poet says, that not only an internal but an external cause likewise contributes to animal motion.

Ver. 896. "Lucret. Ut navis velis ventoque." But Creech has followed the judicious conjecture of Gassendus, who thinks it ought to be read, "remis ventoque;" For sails and wind are in effect but one and the same thing.

Ver. 899. But because it may seem strange, that the minute corpuscles of images should move the whole body, he confirms the truth of his assertion, by an example. Now Aristotle, Mechan. cap. 7. gives the reason, why the higher the sail-

yard is, the ſhip ſails the faſter, even with the ſame ſheet, and the ſame wind. But to comprehend the reaſon of it aright, it will do well to know in the firſt place, why a lever will move a weight of ſo great a burden as we daily ſee it does. A lever is a bar of iron, or of wood, a little crooked at one end: The Greeks call it *μοχλος*, the Latins, *vectis*, and the crooked end *roſtrum*: from whence perhaps comes our roſtle, by which name it is known in ſome places, though it be generally called a lever. Vitruvius, lib. 8. cap. 10. teaches, That if we put the *roſtrum* of a lever under a weight, which a multitude of hands cannot move; if but one man weigh down, or depreſs the handle, or other end of the lever, it will eaſily lift up the burden: The reaſon of which is, becauſe the foremoſt part, or *roſtrum* of the lever, which is ſhorter from that preſſion, that is in the place of the centre, undergoes and bears the burdens; and becauſe the head or handle of the lever, being farther diſtant from that preſſion or centre, does, when it is weighed and preſſed downward, make a motion of circination, as they call it; and by that motion cauſes the preſſion by a few hands to heave up a weight of the greateſt burden. For always, by how much more the hindmoſt part of the lever, that is to ſay, the part from the centre to the lever's handle, which is weighed down by the mover, is longer than the foremoſt, that is to ſay, than that part, which, from the centre, belongs to the *roſtrum* of the lever; ſo much the more eaſily will the burden be moved.

This being premiſed, it is eaſy to underſtand why a ſail, ſwelled with wind, makes a veſſel move very ſwiftly, though the ſail-yard be not far diſtant from the top of the maſt: For the maſt is, as the lever; the foot or bottom of the maſt ſupplies the place of the preſſion or rowler; and the wind which fills the ſail, is as the mover. Therefore the farther diſtant the ſail-yard is from the foot of the maſt, the faſter the ſhip will be driven: For the line, that is fartheſt removed from the centre draws the largeſt circle: and the larger each circle is, the ſwifter it is moved.

Ver. 902. Of this Vitruvius, lib. viii. cap. 10. and Ariſtotle 6. Mechan. gives this reaſon: Becauſe the rudder ſupplies the place of the lever; the ſhip, of the burden, the pilot, of the mover, and the hinges on, and to which the rudder hangs and is faſtened, the place of the preſſion or roller.

Ver. 905. Lucretius having made his animal perform all the operations of the ſenſes, puts him to bed; yet leaves him not even there, but conſiders him while he is aſleep; and diſputes of ſleep to ver. 970. and from thence to ver. 1031. of dreams. In the firſt place he tells us, that ſleep is cauſed by the ſoul's being grown ſo weary and feeble, that ſhe can no longer ſupport the limbs (for the ſoul is the foundation of the body); and thence proceeds a weakneſs of the joints, and a remiſſion of the ſenſes. Now the reaſon why the ſoul is thus oppreſſed, is evident: For the body is inceſſantly weakened by the external air, and by that which it inſpires and draws in: for that air does not only bruſh and rake the ſurface of the body, but entering into the pores and paſſages, is admitted and received into the inmoſt parts, and ſtrikes and grates them likewiſe: This cauſes a disjunction or ſeparation, of the firſt bodies, and the diſſolution of the ſoul itſelf of neceſſity follows that ſeparation, inſomuch, that part of it is thrown out, part, to uſe the words of Pliny, recedes into the middle, and the remaining part, that is overmuch disjoined, is diſperſed and ſcattered through the members: And from hence we may underſtand, why a moſt profound ſleep enſues after labour and eating: For food chokes up and ſtuffs the paſſages through which the ſoul ought to move freely: and thence proceeds a greater diſſipation, or a greater conſtipation of the ſoul: And by wearineſs and laſſitude the body grows weaker, and that weakneſs produces the ſame effects as repletion. Ὑπνός τε γίνεται πονουμένων τῶν τὴν ψυχῆς μηρῶν, τῶν κατ' ὅλην τὴν σύγκρισιν παρεσπαρμένων, ἢ ἐγκατεχορένων, ἢ διαφορουμένων, ἤτε καὶ συρπιπτόντων τινῶν τοῖς ἐσπαρμένοις, τὰ μὲν ἐξωθούντων, τὰ δὲ συνταραττόντων. Epicurus ad Herodotum.

Ovid. Metam. 11. v. 625.

Somne quies rerum, placidiſſime ſomne Deorum,
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Feſſa miniſteriis mulces, reparaſque labori.

——O ſacred reſt!
Sweet pleaſing ſleep! of all the powers the beſt!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whoſe balms renew the limbs to labours of the day;
Care ſhuns thy ſoft approach, and ſullen flies away.

Dryd.

And Shakeſpeare deſerves to be here remembered,

Sleep, that locks up the ſenſes from their care:
The death of each day's life: tir'd nature's bath!
Balm of hurt minds! Great nature's ſecond courſe,
And her beſt nurſe: Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt:
Death's counterfeit!

And Sir. W. Davenant in Gondibert.

——The weary world's beſt med'cine, ſleep!
Sleep ſhuts thoſe wounds where injur'd lovers weep,
And flies th' oppreſſors to relieve th' oppreſs'd.
Sleep loves the cottage, and from court abſtains;
It ſtills the ſeamen, though the ſtorm be high;
Frees the griev'd captive in his cloſeſt chains,
Stops want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach'rous ſpy.

Ver. 907. Theſe four verſes we have had already in this book, v. 186. See there the notes upon them.

Ver. 916. Firſt in theſe ſixteen verſes he teaches, that ſleep is cauſed in us, when by reaſon of the power of the ſoul's being impaired and weakened, the members of the body are, in a manner, looſened and diſſolved. Our ſenſes, ſays he, are

locked up, and hindered by ſleep from performing their functions: But our ſenſes proceed from the operation of the ſoul: Therefore it neceſſarily follows, that when the animal is aſleep, his ſoul muſt partly be gone out of him, partly be retired into the inmoſt receſſes of the body, and partly be diſperſed through the members. But he will not allow, that when the animal ſleeps, the ſoul is entirely retreated from the body; for unleſs ſome part of it remained alive, neither the animal, nor his ſenſes could awake, or revive again after his ſleep. This he illuſtrates by an example: For as fire, buried in aſhes, is not wholly extinguiſhed; ſo neither is the whole ſoul extinct in a ſleeping animal.

Ver. 918. Ariſtotle almoſt to the ſame purpoſe, in his book de Somn. where he ſays, that ſleep is a coition of heat in the inmoſt parts of the body, and a natural compreſſion of it, by the circumfuſion of its contrary, cold; becauſe the humidity of the exhalation repels and drives the heat into the interior region of the body.

Ver. 932. In theſe four verſes, he ſays, that he will now tell what cauſes this change and alteration of the ſoul: How it is poſſible that ſhe can be divided in ſuch a manner as to be ejected partly out of the body, as to retire partly into the inmoſt parts of it, and as to be partly diſperſed through the members, and to languiſh and become dull and ſtupified together with the whole body.

Ver. 936. In theſe twenty-three verſes, he explains the cauſes of the body's growing weary, and falling into ſlumber. He begins by the air, as well that which externally ſtrikes the body on all ſides, as that which is drawn in and breathed by animals in their reſpiration. For the firſt muſt neceſſarily very often ſtrike the utmoſt parts of bodies, which it always ſurrounds: and the air that is inſpired or drawn into the body muſt likewiſe ſtrike the interior parts of it: Now theſe twofold ſtrokes are the cauſe that diſturbs the ſites and orders of the atoms, and of the enſuing weakneſs of the whole body and ſoul: For part of the ſoul is forced out of the body, part of it retreats inwardly, and part of it is diſperſed through the limbs; ſo that its parts being thus diſjoined and diſunited, it can no longer perform its due functions: And, therefore, the motions of ſenſe being changed, the ſenſe too goes away. And thus what was the body's prop and ſupport being abſent, the body muſt neceſſarily grow weak and fall.

Ver. 939. That is, that things may be ſafe and the better protected from the injuries of the air, they are covered with ſkins, barks, &c. Cicero, lib. ii. de Nat. Deor. purſues this yet farther: "Animantium," ſays he, "aliæ coriis tectæ ſunt, aliæ villis veſtitæ, aliæ ſpinis hirſutæ: plumâ alias, alias ſquamâ videmus obductus," &c. Some animals are covered with hides, ſome clothed with hair, and ſome are horrid with briſtles: We ſee others wrapt up in feathers, others in ſcales, others in ſhells, &c. Thus Pliny, lib. vii. in Proœm. "Ante omnia unum animantium cunctorum alienis velat opibus: Cæteris vero tegumenta tribuit, teſtas, cortices, coria, ſpinas, villos, ſetas, pilos, plumam, pennas, ſquamas, vellera, &c.

Ver. 951. Thus Pliny, lib. xi. cap. ult. ſays, "Somnum eſſe animi in ſeſe medium receſſum."

Ver. 957. Milton, in Paradiſe Loſt:

——The timely dew of ſleep
Now falling, with ſoft ſlumb'rer weight, inclines
My eyelids——

And again:

Then gentle ſleep with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowſed ſenſe.——

Ver. 959. In theſe eleven verſes, the poet gives a reaſon why we are moſt inclined to ſleep, and ſleep moſt ſoundly after eating or labour. Becauſe, ſays he, the aliment, as it diſtributes itſelf through the body, affects it in the ſame manner as the two ſorts of air mentioned in the foregoing argument: Nay, the ſtrokes it gives are the greater, becauſe its body is more firm and ſolid than that of air. And we ſleep the ſounder after labour, becauſe more atoms being agitated and put into motion by the hard labour of the wearied body, they mutually diſturb and diſorder one another: And thence it proceeds, that the ſoul retires farther into the interior parts; that a greater part of it is thrown out; and that the particles of the ſoul that remain within, are the more ſeparated, and the farther diſjoined from one another. Ariſtotle, lib. de Somn. et expergef. ſays to the ſame purpoſe, that the humid vapours of meat and drink aſcend, and are borne upwards; that when they are mounted as high as they can go, they then, becauſe they are heavy and corporeal, fall down again; and drag along with them, and detrude into the interior parts, the native vital heat, which of its own accord is borne upwards; by which means ſleep is produced: And, therefore, after meat ſleep is generally the moſt profound. Likewiſe after labour, becauſe labour diſſolves, and in a manner corrupts the body. But that which wears off from a waſting body, is as meat undigeſted. Thus Ariſtotle: But our phyſicians give us another reaſon: They tell us, that we are diſpoſed to ſleep after we have eaten, becauſe the ventricle being then full, the blood has not ſo free and open a paſſage down the aorta, which, ſince it lies behind the ſtomach, muſt therefore be compreſſed by it, when it is filled and turgid with aliments: Thus this repletion of the ventricle hinders the blood from deſcending in the ſame quantity as it did before when the ſtomach was empty: Nay, on the contrary, it forces it to aſcend in greater plenty toward the head, which, for this reaſon, ſeems more ſtuffed after a plentiful meal than it was before, and the face too grows redder and hotter, as do likewiſe the hands: And this any man may diſcern by experience in his own perſon: Now, the blood thus ruſhing to the head, compreſſes the glands of the brain, and hinders the free ſeparation of the animal ſpirits by them: To this we may add the

mixture of the thick chyle with the blood; which mixture intricates the volatile parts of it, that otherwiſe would be ſecerned by the glands of the brains. We are inclined to ſleep after hard labour, walking, and the like; for this reaſon: There is a certain quantity of ſpirits neceſſary for every muſcular motion; now all motion diſſipates the ſpirits, and conſequently the more violent the motion is, the greater will be the diſſipation; and this diſſipation muſt of neceſſity produce a relaxation of the parts and members of the body: Among the reſt, of the brain, which then, according to ſome, ſubſides, and thus hinders animal ſecretion. For the ſame reaſon too, we are ſleepy after having been long awake; as alſo, becauſe the brain being relaxed for want of ſpirits, which, keeping the fibres turgid, are the cauſe of all the ſtiffneſs and ſtraitneſs of the body, the dull and heavy ſerum inundates in the brain.

Sleep, therefore, is a thing which the frailty of human nature makes neceſſary: and ſince all our motions and actions depend on parts that are ſo eaſily diſſipated as the ſpirits are, it is of abſolute neceſſity that we allow ſome time to recruit, by ſleeping, what we loſe by being awake. Thus ſleep may properly be defined, a certain ſeriation of the external ſenſes, that is to ſay, a total ceſſation of all ſenſation and voluntary motion, proceeding from a defect of, or an impaired and diminiſhed motion in the animal ſpirits, not from any fault in the blood, or in the brain: Or otherwiſe: Sleep is a ſuſpenſion of action, and an impotence in which the ſoul is in a manner disjoined from the body, at leaſt ſo far as not to perceive or know any thing that paſſes in it: And thus the cauſe of ſleep muſt be the defect or fault of that part by which the ſoul is united to the body, i. e. of the animal ſpirits, which, by their motion to the brain, excite in the ſoul the perception of all ſuch things as occaſioned their reflux to the brain: For the operations of the exterior ſenſes are performed when we are awake, and in this manner: The nerves of the organs of ſenſation being extended and turgid with ſpirits, that are tranſmitted to them from the brain, are ſtruck by the ſpecies of things; then the ſpirits themſelves, by a certain reſilition towards the brain, make an impreſſion on the faculty that reſides within it: Whence it follows, that unleſs the interior faculty be moved, and perceive, there can be no ſenſation. This being granted, it neceſſarily follows, that the ſeriation of the exterior ſenſes, of which we were ſpeaking, therefore happens, becauſe the orifices of the nerves grow weak and flag; and by that means are ſtopped up: And thus the nerves being no longer turgid by the afflux of the ſpirits, but rather relaxed, the members begin to fail, the ſpirits no longer reſult towards the brain, nor can propagate or carry on to the interior faculty the ſtrokes they receive from exterior objects. But theſe things require a longer diſputation than this interpretation will permit.

Ver. 970. Here the poet begins to treat of dreams. Now Epicurus, as was ſaid before, was of opinion, that the minds of ſleeping animals are ſtruck and moved by external and adventitious images, and that theſe are the cauſes of dreams. And the reaſon, ſays Lucretius, why we chiefly dream of thoſe things about which we are moſtly taken up and buſied in the day, notwithſtanding that images of all kinds are conſtantly at hand, is, becauſe the paſſages through which the images had ſo often entered, are not cloſed up, and therefore more eaſily receive and admit the images that belong to the actions in which we have been employed, than thoſe that appertain to other things. And not only the dreams of men, but of other animals, may be explained in this manner. Nor is it to be wondered at, that ſome dreams fright us more than others; for they whoſe images are compoſed of rough ſeeds, that rudely grate and wound the mind upon which they ſtrike, muſt of neceſſity be the moſt frightful. This is the account Lucretius gives of the cauſe of dreams in general; and he enumerates ſeveral dreams that are moſt uſual to men, and aſcribes the chief cauſe of them to the various deſires, employments, and diverſions with which they have been taken up and buſied when they were awake, and in which their thoughts were principally employed. Ariſtotle ſays, that dreams are the relics of thoſe things which the ſenſes, when awake, perceive; and that, ſince the objects of our waking ſenſes do not immediately vaniſh, as ſoon as the ſenſes ceaſe to be affected with them, but remain ſome ſmall time, and at leaſt leave behind them a ſtrong impreſſion on our thoughts, it is nothing ſtrange that the images of thoſe things which, when we were awake, we either did or ſpoke of, or thought of, ſhould offer themſelves to us when we are aſleep: Macrobius, in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. iii. enumerates five ſeveral ſorts of dreams which the ancients had obſerved, and diſtinguiſhed by as many ſeveral names. The Greeks called them, ὄνειρος, ὅραμα, χρηματισμὸς, ἐνύπνιον, and φάντασμα. The Latins, "Somnium, viſio, oraculum, inſomnium," and "viſus," which laſt is the word Cicero always uſes when he has occaſion to expreſs the φάντασμα of the Greeks. It would be too tedious to give an account of each of them, and of the ſuperſtitious credulity of the ancients concerning dreams: We therefore refer the reader to Macrobius, in the place above cited; where he will abundantly find wherewith to ſatisfy his curioſity. Chaucer, in his tale of the Cock and the Fox, gives us a phyſical reaſon of dreams: We will be obliged to Dryden for his thoughts, which, as he has tranſlated them into modern words, are as follows:

——All dreams
Are from repletion and complexion bred,
From riſing fumes of undigeſted food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the families of red:
Red dragons, and red beaſts, in ſleep we view;
For humours are diſtinguiſh'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of war, and warlike things,
And waſps, and hornets, with their double ſtings,

Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;
Then black bulls tofs us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound:
With rheums oppress'd, we sink in rivers drown'd:
The dominating humour makes the dream.

And the same author, in another part of the same poem, sums up the whole affair of dreams in a few lines, which are likewise thus rendered by Dryden:

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings.
Light fumes are merry; grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous things in dreams we see,
That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play:
The night restores our actions done by day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward to the brain, and come to mind:
The nurses legends are for truth receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd:
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece;
Chimæras all, and more absurd, or less.

Ver. 979. The meaning is, that they who go to see plays for some days together, are apt to dream of them at night, and in their dreams fancy they see the actors, hear them repeating their parts, and the music playing; as also that they see the audience and the decorations of the stage. This is the sense of Lucretius, which I the rather take notice of, because the words sport and play, in the first line of this paragraph, express but ill the comedies and tragedies of which the poet is speaking.

Ver. 1005. Here the poet begins to treat of frightful dreams, and teaches, that they are caused by images that flow from things which are composed of rough seeds.

Ver. 1007. The words of the text are,

At variæ fugiunt volucres, pennisque repentè
Sollicitant divûm nocturno tempore lucos, &c.

In which we may observe a scoff even worthy of Lucretius: Lucus, a grove, is thus described by the Scholiast upon Homer: *τὰς τόπος συνδένδρος ὕδωρ ἔχων, καὶ θεὸς ἀφιερώμενος.* Every place planted with trees, having water, and consecrated to the gods. Now Lucretius impiously insinuates, that the gods cannot protect their inmate birds from the image of a hawk.

Ver. 1012. Dreams of this nature, which are of the sort the ancients called *insomnia*, are elegantly described by Petronius, in these verses:

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt, volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra Deûm, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sibi quisque facit. Nam quum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit,
Quicquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: oppida bello
Qui quatit, et flammis miserandas sævit in urbes,
Tela videt, versasque acies, et funera regum,
Atque exundantes perfuso sanguine campos, &c.

To which I add these two excellent verses of the author of the Dispensary, in a description of night:

The slumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme.

Ver. 1026, 1027. These four verses are omitted by Creech.

He was, according to some, the son, according to others, the servant of Somnus, the god of sleep, and father of dreams. Morpheus was so called, because his province was to imitate *τὰς μόρφας*, the looks and forms of men. He is described by Ovid, Metam. xi. ver. 364, where, speaking of Somnus the god of sleep, he says, that

Excitat artificem, simulatoremque figuræ
Morphea. Non illo jussus solertior alter
Exprimit incessus, vultumque, modumque loquendi:
Adjicit et vestes, et consuetissima cuique
Verba: sed hic solos homines imitatur——

Thus rendered by Dryden:

——Somnus, the drowsy god,
Excited Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus, of all his num'rous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best:
The walk, the words, the gestures could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely:
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.

But Mr. Rowe, in his Ulysses, extends his power much farther, nay, even makes him a god, but, I think, without authority: However, the passage is well worth the transcribing:

Still, when the golden sun withdraws his beams,
And drowsy night invades the weary world,
Forth flies the god of dreams, fantastic Morpheus:
Ten thousand mimic fancies fleet around him,
Subtle as air, and various in their natures:
Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent forms,
In which they dance, confus'd, before the sleeper;
While the vain god laughs to behold what pain
Imaginary evils give mankind.

This Morpheus had two brothers, or fellow-servants, Phobetor or Icelos, and Phantasus, who likewise had their peculiar offices allotted them: This too we learn from Ovid, in the place above cited. I omit the original, and will give it only as translated by Dryden:

Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster-shapes:
This demon, Icelos, in heav'n's high hall,
The gods have nam'd, but men Phobetor call:
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul:
Earth, fruits, and flow'rs, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams.

According to this distinction of their several offices, this last, Phantasus, would, if the translator of these verses had thought fit, have been more proper to represent his sink, or lazy pool.

Ver. 1027. "Lacum ac dolia curta." For it was the custom at Rome, to set tubs, or earthen pots, in the corners of the streets, for the passengers to make water in. This we learn from C. Titius, who lived in the same age with Lucilius, and who, in an oration he made in behalf of the Fannian law, has this passage, as we find it cited by Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. ii. cap. 12. "Inde ad comitium vadunt, ut litem suam faciant: dum eunt, nulla est in angiporto amphora, quam non impleant, quippe qui vesicam plenam vini habeant." Faber says, positively, that these vessels were not of wood, but of earth, and made by the potters; yet *dolium*, I think, always signifies a wooden vessel.

Ver. 1029. "Babylonica magnifico splendore." Babylon was a city of Asia, and the making of hangings, carpets, &c. with figures, and of divers colours, was first invented there, and from thence they were called *Babylonica*. Plin. lib. viii. cap. 48. "Colores diversos picturæ intertexere Babylon maxime celebravit, et nomen imposuit." See above, ver. 25. Plautus in Sticho.

Tum Babylonica peristromata consutaque tepetia
Advexit minimum bonæ rei.

And in Pseud. he calls them,

Alexandria belluata conchyliata peristromata.

Martial lib. viii. Epig. xxviii.

Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbè
Texta Semiramiâ quæ variantur acu.

For Semiramis reigned at Babylon. And Cowley, David. iii.

The room with golden tap'stry glitter'd bright,
At once to please, and to confound the sight.
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands.

But purple coverlets or counterpoints seem to have been anciently most in use, especially among great persons. Homer, Il. ix.

Εἶσιν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισι.

And Virgil, Georg. ii. ver. 506.

——Et sarrano indormiat ostro.

That is, Tyrian purple. Thus too Stat. Thebaid. i.

——Pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros.——

And Plato the comedian, in Athen. ii. says, they lie ἐν κλίναις ἐλεφαντόποσι καὶ ῥώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις, &c.

Ver. 1030. Some accuse Lucretius of immodesty in this passage; but I, says Creech, discover a great deal of art. For he would never have treated of dreams of this nature, unless the explication of them had been absolutely necessary, in order to the natural introduction and connection of the subsequent disputation of lust, and of love.

Ver. 1034. "Quasi transactis omnibus rebus," says Lucretius; that is, τὴν Ἀφροδίτην τελέσαντες, as I, says Faber, know an excellent author, who is very skilful in these matters, expresses himself. But Theocritus expresses it otherwise,

Ἐπράχθη τὰ μέγιστα. Idyl. ii.

Ver. 1036. Here Creech has omitted fourteen verses of his author, which these fifteen supply. In them the poet gives us a lively image of all manner of concupiscence, and explains the whole affair of lustful love, as well in regard to the mind as to the body. Beautiful images, saye he, move the mind; the mind brings the seed from all the members of the body into the genitals, which parts swell to an erection, and after that the action is consummated.

Ver. 1039. Lucretius says,

Ex homine humanum semen ciet una hominis
vis:

Creech interprets the last words, "una hominis vis," to mean either the image of a beautiful body moving the mind, or the mind itself bringing the seed from all the parts of the body.

Ver. 1040. Lucretius,

Quod simulatque suis ejectum sedibus exit,
Per membra, atque artus decedit corpore toto
In loca, &c.

Upon which Faber observes, that the word *toto* is not used without reason, but means an entire body, that has not lost any of its members; for it often happens, that mutilated parents get mutilated children; which is confirmed by many indisputable examples: therefore the seed comes from all the members. It is certain too that Tertullian was of the same opinion, when he said, that in the fury of the act, when the seed is ejected, something seems to go out even from the very soul. "Denique, ut adhuc verecundia magis periculiter quam probatione, in illo ipso ultimo voluptatis æstu, quo genitale virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de animâ quoque sentimus exire." Tertull. de Animâ. All this is true, says Creech; but Lucretius meant something else, which others may better conjecture than I express.

Ver. 1048. This and the two following verses run thus in the original?

Namque omnes plerumque cadunt in vulnus, et
illam
Emicat in partem sanguis, unde icimur ictu:
Et, si comminus est, hostem ruber occupat humor.

These verses, Lambinus, Faber, &c. expunge; yet they seem to carry a meaning very proper to the matter in hand, and not to be unworthy of Lucretius. Lambinus confesses, that he could not see any connection between them and the foregoing verses, and therefore was for rejecting them: And this is the point I am going to examine. The verses that precede them, run thus:

Inritata tument loca femin-, sitque voluntas
Ejicere id, quo se contendit dira libido;

Idque petit corpus mens, unde 'ſt ſaucia amore:
Namque omnes, &c.

Which I thus interpret: Thoſe parts being enraged by the ſeed, ſwell; and thence ariſes a deſire of ejecting the ſeed on that part to which the raging luſt is ſtriving to attain: and the mind tends to that body from which ſhe received her wound of love. "Namque omnes," &c. For all men, for the moſt part, fall upon their wound; and the blood guſhes with violence towards the part from whence we are wounded; and if the murderer be near us, the red liquor will ſpout upon him. What follows, makes the connection appear yet more plain:

Sic igitur veneris qui telis accipit ictum,
Unde feritur, eo tendit.———

That is to ſay, in like manner, he who is wounded by the darts of Venus, tends to the place from whence he was ſtruck. But Nardius gives another interpretation to the laſt of theſe verſes, and ſays, the poet ſpeaks of a dead body that bleeds afreſh if the murderer approach it; of which I the rather diſapprove, becauſe even he himſelf will not allow the fact to be true; but that the wounded fall upon the ſide on which they are wounded, is not only confirmed by experience, but a natural reaſon may be given, why, in all probability, it cannot be otherwiſe: for all things bend, and incline to fall on the ſide on which is their imbecility, and whatever is ſupported by a certain force, when that force comes to be impaired, from whatever cauſe it happens to be ſo, muſt of neceſſity incline to the ſide on which is its weakneſs; and when the weak part gives way, it drags along with it into ruin the parts that are annexed to it, and which, together with it, make the whole. This we may obſerve daily of buildings, and of cripples. Now, the wounded part muſt grow weak, not ſo much by reaſon of the diſſolution of its contexture, as becauſe of the loſs of blood and animal ſpirits, which Hippocrates himſelf, lib. de Aliment. allows to be the cauſes of ſtrength; therefore wounded animals muſt naturally fall on the ſide on which they receive their wound. "Coruit in vulnus," ſays Virgil of Pallas, whom Turnus ſlew. Æn. x. ver 488. And this I preſume ſufficient to juſtify the retaining theſe verſes, notwithſtanding the cenſure of thoſe learned interpreters who have abſolutely rejected them, ſince it proves them to have a viſible and natural connection, not only with what went before, but likewiſe with what follows, which Dryden has thus rendered:

So likewiſe he who feels the fiery dart
Of ſtrong deſire transfix his am'rous heart;
Whether ſome beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unreſiſted grace,
From her each part the winged arrow ſends,
And whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends:
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly ſeed.

For, ſtung with inward rage, he flings around;
And ſtrives t' avenge the ſmart on that which gave the wound.

Ver. 1057. Some copies read *frigida*, others *fervida cura:* Creech, in this place, takes notice of neither. Faber is abſolutely for *fervida*, and ſays, every man will approve that reading, who can truly ſay from his heart, "Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor——." The care that is cauſed by love, is hot, it glows, it burns: *μαλερὸν βέλος, πυροέντα βέλεμνα, πυρὶ πάντα βέβαπται.* Creech alſo, in his Latin edition, is of the ſame opinion, and ſays, he too will approve of it, who obſerves, that Lucretius is explaining the riſe and increaſe, or progreſs of love: Firſt, A drop of it diſtills upon the heart, thence proceeds a vehement deſire, which is nouriſhed by the images that are continually preſenting themſelves to the wounded lover, inſomuch, that though the object of his flame be abſent, yet her name is always ſounding in his ears. But Dryden ſeems to approve of *frigida cura*, as we may judge by his tranſlation of this paſſage:

For fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love aſſures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtil upon the heart:
The fever of the ſoul ſhot from the fair,
And the cold ague of ſucceeding care.
If abſent, her idea ſtill appears,
And her ſweet name is chiming in your ears.

Ver. 1063. In all the Latin authors, ſays Faber, numerous as they are, there is not, in my opinion, any thing that equally ought, or deſerves to be read, as the following verſes. And yet there have been ſome men heretofore, and at this day many of the ſame ſort are to be found, who ſtrenuouſly contend, that they ought, if poſſible, to be concealed from the eyes of mankind, as abounding with manifeſt abominable impurities. Hard fate of our poet! whoſe ſo uſeful counſels, whoſe ſo ſalutary advices have been thus ill received, and met with ſo improſperous ſucceſs: For though he cry out with all his might,

Sirenas, hilarem navigantium pœnam,
Blandaſque mortes, gaudiumque crudele,
Effugete, ô miſeri, tortumque ab littore funem
Rumpite;———

Though he prove, by many arguments, that luſt incontinence, and debauchery, are the directeſt roads that lead to inevitable ruin and perdition, and that we ought therefore to have in abomination, and to avoid and fly from, more than we would from the jaws of devouring ſerpents and wild beaſts, thoſe infamous proſtitutes, who lead by the noſe their inconſiderate admirers: though he ſhows, that eſtates, reputation, and the health and welfare, both of the mind and body, are ruined that way, notwithſtanding all this, I ſay, there are ſome ſo ſuperciliouſly tender of their own and other's modeſty, as to exclaim againſt, and as to give us warning to avoid theſe obſcene expreſ-

ſions, theſe bawdy verſes, that are not fit to be read, nor worthy to be remembered. I, for my part, confeſs, that I diſcover in this diſputation nothing of impurity, nothing obſcene, nothing unfit to be read, or unworthy to remember: and if any thing of ſuch nature appear to others, the reader is in fault, not the poet. If nothing of this kind may be read, phyſicians muſt leave off to ſtudy nature, and anatomies muſt no longer be expoſed to view. At leaſt, this I think I may affirm for a truth not to be controverted, that, if what Lucretius has here written muſt be deemed impure and obſcene, yet expreſſions, far more impure and obſcene, may be found in a certain book which no man will dare to blame. I know it will be objected, that that holy writer, whom it is no matter to name in this place, handled that ſubject, even though it be of a moſt filthy nature, ſo plainly, and with ſuch open broadneſs, that he might, by the perſpicuous turpitude of the deſcription, create the greater abhorrence of that vice, and render it the more deteſtable. I own it; nor was I ever of another opinion. But to what end, or in what deſign did Lucretius write in this manner? Was it that he might inſtruct in the art of playing the bawd, and thus make his fortune by the vileſt commerce? Other poets have, indeed, in many ages, followed that trade, and found their account by it; and perhaps too ſome do ſo at this day: But the integrity of his life, the ſeverity of his manners, and the many moſt ſalutary precepts that are ſcattered here and there throughout this whole poem, leave us no room to ſuſpect any ſuch baſe deſign in Lucretius. Let us ſee at one view the wholeſome advice he gives us in the affair of love.

Sed fugitare decet ſimulacra et pabula amoris,
Abſterrere ſibi, atque aliò convertere mentem,
Nam certa et pura eſt ſanis magis inde voluptas,
Quam miſeris: Etenim potiundi tempore in ipſo
Fluctuat incertis erroribus ardor amantûm;
Nec reperire malum id poſſunt quæ machina vincat.
Uſque adeo incerti tabeſcunt vulnere cæco.
Adde quod abſumunt vires, pereuntque labore:
Adde quod alterius ſub nutu degitur ætas.
Labitur interea res, et vademonia fiunt;
Languent officio, atque ægrotat fama vacillans.
Si neſcis, etiam medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat:
Aut quod conſcius ipſe animus ſe forte remordet,
Deſidioſè agere ætatem, luſtriſque perire;
Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod cupido affixum cordi viveſcit ut ignis:
Uti ſit, ut melius multo vigilare ſit ante,
Quâ docui ratione, cavereque ne inlaqueeris.

Of which the Engliſh reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee Dryden's interpretation.

But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing phantoms to remove,
And ſhun th' aërial images of love,
That feed the flame———
For on one object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay;
Force then the tide of thought ſome other way:
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And leſs affect the ſickly than the ſound.
When love its utmoſt vigour does employ,
Ev'n then 'tis but a reſtleſs wand'ring joy.
All ways they try, ſucceſsleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret ſore of ling'ring love.
Beſides———
They waſte their ſtrength in the venereal ſtriſe,
And to a woman's will enſlave their life.
Th' eſtate runs out, and mortgages are made;
All offices of friendſhip are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd;
And in the fountain where the ſweets are fought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the draught.
For guilty conſcience does the mirror bring,
And ſharp remorſe ſhoots out her angry ſting:
And various thoughts within themſelves at ſtrife,
Upbraid the long miſ-ſpent luxurious life.
Perhaps the fickle fair one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealouſy behind.
Therefore, far better is it to prevent,
Than flatter the diſeaſe, and late repent:
Becauſe to ſhun th' allurement is not hard
To minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:
But wondrous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle through the ſtreights, and break th' involving net. *Dryd.*

Is this the language of a man, who intended to corrupt his readers, or rather of one who deſigned uſefully to inſtruct and adviſe them: Thus Faber, concerning the poet's intention in this diſcourſe of love. Creech, too, ſubſcribes to his opinion, and adds, that the poet has in this place been as careful of his diction, and that it is at leaſt as pure and correct as in any other part of the whole poem; and ſo plain and ſignificant likewiſe, as not to need an interpreter.

Ver. 1065. Dryden has rendered this paſſage otherwiſe; and, indeed, more cloſe to the ſenſe of Lucretius than our tranſlator.

———When one moleſts thy mind,
Diſcharge thy loins on all the leaky kind:
For that's a wiſer way than to reſtrain
Within thy ſwelling nerves that horde of pain:
For every hour ſome deadlier ſymptom ſhows,
And by delay the gathering venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd:
The ſcorpion love muſt on the wound be bruis'd;
On that one object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay,
But force the tide of thought ſome other way:
The ſquander'd ſpirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of nature ſow.

Ver. 1075. Dryden.

Nor knows the lover in that wild exceſs,
With hands or eyes, what firſt he would poſſeſs;
But ſtrains at all, and faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantic pains.
With biting kiſſes hurts the twining fair;
Which ſhows his joys imperfect, inſincere;
For, ſtung with inward rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t' avenge the ſmart on that which gave the wound.

Ver. 1078. Dryden, in All for Love:

But when I have you faſt, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and tumultuous ſighs,
I'll ſay you were unkind, and puniſh you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiſs.

Ver. 1087 Dryden.

For ardent hope ſtill flatters anxious grief,
And ſends him to his foe to ſeek relief:
Which ſtill the nature of the thing denies,
For love, and love alone, of all our joys,
By full poſſeſſion does but fan the fire;
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.

And, to the ſame purpoſe, in the Tragedy of All for Love, he ſays finely,

There's no ſatiety of love in thee!
Enjoy'd thou ſtill art new: perpetual ſpring
Is in thy arms: the ripen'd fruit but falls,
And bloſſoms riſe to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

And in Amphitryo.

Your fruits of love are like eternal ſpring
In happy climes, where ſome are in the bud,
Some green, and ripening ſome, while others fall.

Ver. 1089 Here the poet teaches how the appetites of hunger and thirſt come to be ſatisfied, though that of love can never be ſo. Meat and drink, ſays he, go down into the ſtomach, where they fill certain places, whoſe emptineſs excited the deſire of them. And

Hence thirſt and hunger may be ſatisfy'd:
But this repletion is to love deny'd.
Form, feature, colour, whatſoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endleſs appetite,
Theſe fill no ſpace, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our inſtruments of love.
In our deluded graſp we nothing find,
But thin aërial ſhapes that fleet before the mind.
As he, who in a dream with drought is curs'd,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirſt,
Runs to imagin'd lakes his heat to ſteep;
And vainly ſwills, and labours in his ſleep:
So love with phantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they ſtrain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain.

Ver. 1099. Dryden.

And when the youthful pair more cloſely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs they twine:
Juſt in the raging foam of full deſire,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire:
They gripe, they ſqueeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each would force their way to t'other's heart.
In vain: they only cruize about the coaſt;
For bodies cannot pierce, and be in bodies loſt:
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage.
So tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man diſſolves in that exceſs of joy:
Then when the gather'd bag has burſt its way,
And ebbing tides the ſlacken'd nerves betray,
A pauſe enſues; and nature nods a while,
Till with recruited rage new ſpirits boil,
And then the ſelf-ſame violence returns:
With flames renew'd, th' erected furnace burns:
Again they in each other would be loſt,
But ſtill by adamantine bars are croſt.
All ways they try, ſucceſsleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret ſore of ling'ring love.

Ver. 1113. Here the poet enumerates the many inconveniences that are the inſeparable attendants of love; which, at beſt, is a wretched ſlavery obnoxious to ſuſpicions, and fantaſtical ſurmiſes: In a word, an uneaſy paſſion, which all but downright madmen will avoid.

They waſte their ſtrength, &c.] This is moſt certainly true, if we may give credit to ſome phyſicians, mentioned by Dr. Brown in his Pſeudodox. Epidemic. lib. iii c. 9. and who, though they agree in the generally received opinion, that the ſeed is only a more perfect concoction and preparation of the blood; yet aſſert that it receives ſo great a quantity of ſpirits by that preparation, that to loſe but one drachm of it weakens a man as much as the loſs of ſixty ounces of blood. And hence perſons addicted to venery are generally pale: whence Juvenal, Sat. i. ver. 41.

Accipiat ſanè mercedem ſanguinis, et ſic
Palleat, ut nudis preſſit qui calcibus anguem.

Where *ſanguis* is taken for the ſeed itſelf; and in that ſenſe too, Plautus likewiſe uſes it. "Apage à me iſtas ſorores, quæ hominum ſorbent ſanguinem."

Ver. 1117, 1118. "Lucret. Pulchra in pedibus Sicyonia rident." Sicyon was a city of Peloponneſus, whoſe inhabitants are often repreſented by Cicero to be very effeminate; and lib. i. de Oratore, he particularly mentions their ſhoes. "Si mihi calceos Sicyonis attuliſſet, non uterer, quamvis eſſent habiles, et apti ad pedes, quia non eſſent viriles." Athenæus, lib. iv. and Lucian in Rhetore, mention them likewiſe. See alſo Julius Pollux.

Ver. 1118. Lucret.

———Teriturque Thalaſſina veſtis
Aſſiduè, et Veneris ſudorem exercita potat,

Which Dryden has rendered more fully than our tranſlator,

And the blue coat that with embroidery ſhines,
Is drunk with ſweat of their o'erlabour'd loins.

Moreover, the colour which the Romans called Thalaſſinus, was a Cerulean, and had a caſt of green. See above, ver. 75.

Ver. 1119. Lucretius.

Et benè parta patrum fiunt anademata, mitræ,
Interdum in pallam, ac Melitenſia, Ceaque vertunt.

The *anadema* was an ornament that women wore on their heads, made of ribbands, and almoſt like a coronet. The *mitra* was a cap which women likewiſe wore; it was ſet with pearls, and tied

under their chin with ribbands and chains. Virg. Æn. iv. ver. 216.

Mœoniâ mentum mitra crinemque madentem
Subnexus.————

Melitenſia and *Cea*, were garments ſo called from the iſlands Melita and Cea, whence they were brought. Melita lay in the African Sea, between Sicily and Africa. Heſychius Μελίτεια ἱμάτια τίνα διάφορα ἐκ Μελίτης τῆς νήσου. Cicero in 2 cont. Verr. often mentions the Melitenſian garments: And in 4 cont. Verr. he ſays, that Melita, the town where Verres was born, "Textrinum per biennium ad muliebrem veſtem conficiendam fuiſſe." And of all the artiſans of Melita Diodorus Siculus chiefly commends τὰς ὑθόνια ποικίλας τῇ τέχνῃ λεπτοῖς τῇ μαλακότητι διαφερούσας. Cea was an iſland in the Ægean Sea of which Pliny, lib. iv. cap. 9. ſays, "Ex hâc profectam delicatiorem fœminis veſtem auctor eſt Varro. Propert." lib. i. Eleg. 2.

Et tenues Ceâ veſte movere ſinus:

Ver. 1123. The cuſtom of the ancients, both Greeks and Latins, to adorn their heads with chaplets of flowers, and to anoint themſelves with fragrant ointments, when they ſet down to drink and be merry, is frequently mentioned in the authors of theſe days. See Book iii. ver. 896. It is thought by ſome, that this cuſtom came originally from the Hebrews: They ground their conjecture on Ezekial, chap. xxiii. where Samaria and Jeruſalem are deſcribed under the metaphor of whores: Incenſe and oil are mentioned ver. 41.; and in ver. 42. it is ſaid, that their lovers put beautiful ornaments on their heads: Which Fortunatus Scacchus, in his Myrothecium, lib. i. cap. 26. underſtands in this ſenſe of garlands of flowers, and of ointments: Moreover, they arrived at length to an exceſs of curioſity in regard to their ointments, that was indeed wonderful: For Athenæus, lib. xv. cap. 11. reports out of an old poet, that they grew ſo nice as to require ſeveral ſorts of ointments for one ſingle unction, namely, Egyptian for the feet and thighs, Phœnician for the cheeks and breaſts, Syſimbrian for the arms, Amaracine for the eyebrows and hair, and Serpylline for the neck and knees; but, above all the reſt, we may obſerve, that the ancients made uſe of one ſort of oil, or ointment, of great value and ſingular excellency: it was called *oleum ſuſinum*, and made of lilies, which, in the Phrygian tongue, are called *σύσα*, but chiefly of that ſort of lily which the Greeks call *χείνον*. and to which, it is believed, alluſion is made, Cantic. iv. ver. 13. where the church ſays of Chriſt, his lips are like lilies; which would ſeem a ſtrange compariſon, according to the common acceptation of that flower; I mean, if we ſhould underſtand in that place the white lily; eſpecially ſince the beauty of the lips conſiſts in being red: And therefore our Saviour, deſcribing his ſpouſe the church, according to that notion of a beautiful lip, ſays, "Thy lips are like a thread of ſcarlet," Cantic. iv. 3. Wherefore we may conclude, that there were ſeveral ſorts of lilies: And Pliny deſcribes the lily that is called *χείνον*, to be of a ruddy colour: "Eſt et rubens lilium quod Græci *χείνον* vocant," ſays the author in his Natural Hiſt. lib. xxi. cap. 5. and which, as Athenæus, lib. ii. cap. 2. ſays was the ſame with *σύσας*. And of this ſort of lily was made that admirable *oleum ſuſinum*, mentioned by the ſame Pliny, lib. xiii. cap. 1. Scacchus, in the book before cited, chap. xxvii. takes this to be the ſame oil which the prophet calls the oil of gladneſs; but that critic might better have called it the figure of this, which, as he himſelf ſays, ſignifies the high grace of the hypoſtatical union. Beſides, what is ſomewhat ſtrange, we may obſerve that the learned Cordus makes no mention of this *oleum ſuſinum* in his Diſpenſatorium, though p. 301 of that book he deſcribes the *olenum lilinum*: But it is evident that he means only the oil of the white lily.

Ver. 1125. The original of this paſſage deſerves to be tranſcribed.

Nequicquam: quoniam medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat.

where, by "in ipſis floribus," the poet means, ſays Creech, then chiefly when love reaches to lovers his vaſt delight: when he gives them to drink of his nectar: Dryden has tranſlated it finely:

In vain:————
For in the fountain where the ſweets are ſought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the draught.

The two next verſes of Lucretius, our tranſlator has taken no notice of. They are theſe:

Aut quòd conſcius ipſe animus ſe forte remordet;
Deſidioſe agere ætatem, luſtriſque perire:

But I have inſerted them, as tranſlated by Dryden in four verſes.

Ver. 1135. This Lucretius calls "amor proprius:" which is, ſays Faber, when a man is ſo well beloved by the perſon on whom he has fixed his paſſion, that ſhe forſakes all company for his: To which the poet oppoſes, the love which he calls "amor adverſus," that is to ſay, diſaſtrous love, in which a man meets with many croſſes, and above all, with a miſtreſs that neglects and ſcorns him.

Ver. 1144. But the wretch is already caught, and lies ſtruggling in the ſnare: Who will deliver and ſet him free? This our poet pretends to do in the following fifty-two verſes.

Ver. 1154. In this place, Creech has omitted the three next verſes of his author, which are theſe:

Atque alios alii inrident, veneremque ſuadent
Ut placent quoniam fœdo adflictantur amore:
Nec ſua reſpiciunt miſeri mala maxima ſæpe.

Lambinus is for having them expunged, yet Faber will not give his conſent: On the contrary, he ſays, they are truly Lucretian, and carry a very good ſenſe; then he explains them as fol-

lows: Some lovers perſuade their friend, who is in love with a deformed dowdy, to appeaſe Venus, and render her propitious to him in his amours, becauſe it is ſhe has ſent him ſo ugly a miſtreſs: Meanwhile they themſelves are in love with others, who are leſs lovely and leſs beautiful. Dryden too has omitted them: And, indeed, allowing of the interpretation that Faber has given them, I cannot well ſee what they have to do in this place. Creech, in his Latin notes, has tranſcribed Faber's opinion, but ſays nothing of his own; however, having printed the interpretation of them in a different character, I am apt to believe he rather inclined to the opinion of Lambinus.

Ver. 1156. Lucret. Cæſia *γαλλαδίων*. "Cæſii occuli," are the blueiſh gray eyes, ſuch as cats have; or rather, ſuch as owls, which have a reddiſh caſt. Theſe animals can ſee by night, and their eyes generally look very fierce. Now ſuch eyes were never eſteemed; and therefore the lover called his miſtreſs, who had ſuch eyes, a little Pallas. Pallas was the goddeſs of wiſdom, and Homer often calls her *γλαυκῶπις*, which ſignifies, having eyes that ſparkle, or that are of a fiery redneſs, like the eyes of a lion.

Ver. 1157. *Χαρίτωνα*, one of the graces, who were three in number, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphroſyne the daughters of Jupiter and Auronoe, or of Jupiter and Eurynome. They are ſaid to be very beautiful, extremely witty, and always gay and merry.

Ver. 1159. "Balba, loqui non quit," *τραυλίζει*. If any ſtammer to that degree that ſhe cannot ſpeak, they ſay ſhe liſps; for liſping is but a ſlight imperfection in ſpeaking, in compariſon of ſtammering: The firſt faulters only in the pronunciation of a letter, and chiefly of *r*, as *aulola* for *aurora*: And Ariſtophanes, and Plutarch, tell us, Alcibiades had ſuch an impediment. But he that ſtammers often murders whole ſyllables: Moreover, the laſt part of this verſe, and all the next, is an addition to Lucretius.

Ver. 1163. "*Radim* vero eſt, jam mortua tuſſi:" Becauſe a cough, when it is become a habit, or at leaſt continues for ſome time, waſtes the body, and brings it, as we ſay, to nothing but ſkin and bone; therefore, that they might extenuate this fault, they called the conſumptive girls *ῥαδίνας*, thin or ſlender. Theocritus too ſays of the Cypariſſians, that they are *ῥαδίναι*, which the Scholiaſt interprets, *ἰσχνάκεις, λίχνας*, which ſignify likewiſe thin and ſlender. Ovid had this expreſſion of Lucretius in his mind, when he ſaid,

Sit gracilis, macie quæ modo viva fuâ eſt.

And this of Lucilius is ſomething like it: "Vix vivo homine ac monogrammo."

Ver. 1165. Ceres, the goddeſs of corn, of whom ſee Book ii. ver. 516, and Book v. ver. 16. She was always painted with large ſwelling breaſts, and therefore the epithet *τρόφος*, well fed, is commonly given her. "Ceres eſt ipſa ab Iaccho," ſays Lucretius: which expreſſion Arnobius, lib. iii. "contra gentes," thus explains: "Ceres ab Iaccho, id eſt, Ceres *ἡ τοῦ Ἰάκχου*," that is to ſay, Ceres, whom Iacchus or Bacchus loved. For Bacchus was called Iacchus, from *ἰαχὴ*, a clamour, becauſe of the bawling drunken women that were in his train. But let us ſee how Dryden has rendered this paſſage:

For thus the bedlam train of lovers uſe
T' inhance the value, and the faults excuſe:
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we ſee
They doat on dowdies and deformity:
Ev'n what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The ſallow ſkin is for the ſwarthy put,
And love can make a flattern of a ſlut:
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their love:
If freckled, ſhe's a party-colour'd dove:
If little, then ſhe's life and ſoul all o'er;
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore:
She ſtammers? Oh what grace in liſping lies!
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe:
If ſhrill, and with a voice to drown a choir,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire:
The lean conſumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender maid:
Th' o'ergrown, a goodly Ceres expreſs'd,
A bed-fellow for Bacchus at the leaſt:
Flat-noſe the name of ſatyr never miſſes;
And hanging blubber lips but pout for kiſſes.

Where, among many other things well worth taking notice of, we may obſerve, the laſt verſe ſave one, "Flat-noſe," &c. which Creech has totally omitted: "Simula, *σιλανὴ*, ac Satyra 'ſt." *Lucret.* For the Sileni and the Satyrs, who were the companions of Bacchus, were generally painted with flat noſes. The Sileni were the oldeſt, and maſters of the Satyrs, as we learn from Pauſanias in Attic. See Caſaubon, lib. de Satyricâ, &c. See alſo above, ver. 589. Moreover, Cowley ſeems to have had this paſſage of Lucretius in his mind, when he ſaid,

Colour or ſhape; good limbs or face;
Goodneſs or wit in all I find;
In motion, or in ſpeech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind:
If tall, the name of proper ſlays;
If fair, ſhe's pleaſant as the light;
If low, her prettineſs does pleaſe;
If black, what lover loves not night:
The fat with plenty fills my heart;
The lean with love makes me too ſo;
If ſtrait, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Ver. 1171. This in nowiſe expreſſes the thought of Lucretius, who ſays,

Nemque eadem facit, et ſcimus facere omnia, turpi.

Dryden much more to the purpoſe,

She does no more in that for which you woe,
Than homelier women full as well can do.

Ver. 1184. This is not in Lucretius, nor do I think he would have said it. Neither has our translator any authority for ver. 1190. I take such thoughts to be unworthy of his author.

Ver. 1193. Lucretius.

Et si bello animo 'st, et non odiosa viciſſim,
Prætermittet te humanis conſedere rebus.

Which Faber thus explains: And unleſs ſhe be downright moroſe and untoward, you will eaſily be able to diſcover her failings and defects: Nay, ſhe will not ſo much as endeavour to conceal them from you, hoping you will not be offended at them, ſince they are not peculiar to one woman only, but common to the whole ſex.

For common ſenſe brings all their cheats to view,
And the falſe light diſcovers by the true:
Which a wiſe harlot knows, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run through all the kind. *Dryd.*

Ver. 1196. Here Creech had ſkipped over ſeventeen verſes of Lucretius, which are ſupplied by theſe nineteen verſes taken from Dryden. The poet ſuppoſes he has ſaid enough to create in his readers a lothing of thoſe common harlots, who proſtitute themſelves only for gain, and who do all they can to hinder conception. And, therefore, being now going to ſhow how it comes to paſs that children are ſometimes like their fathers, ſometimes like their mothers, and ſometimes like both their parents; nay, that they ſometimes too reſemble their grandfathers, and more remote progenitors; he premiſes theſe nineteen verſes, in which he teaches, that ſome women do it with all their heart, for the ſake of the pleaſure, of which they are no leſs ſenſible than the males: For, that the joys of coition are common to both ſexes, the copulations of brute animals abundantly evince.

Ver. 1202. Thus too Virg. Georg. iii. ver. 242.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque;
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias, ignemque ruunt: Amor omnibus idem.

Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind,
The ſecret joys of ſweet coition find;
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or ſkim the ſea,
Or haunt the deſart, ruſh into the flame:
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.
Dryd.

Ver. 1215. In theſe nineteen verſes Lucretius teaches, that if, when the ſeed of both parents mixes and incorporates into one maſs, the ſeed of the male prevails, the child, whether male or female, will reſemble the father; and, on the contrary, that if the ſeed of the female prevail, the child, be it of either ſex, will reſemble the mother. And from this prevailing power of the ſeed, it moſt frequently happens, that the child reſembles but one of its parents. But if there be an equal mixture of the ſeed of both parents, and neither of them prevail, in that caſe the child's figure and features too are mingled; inſomuch, that that common offspring may ſeem to favour, either neither of them both, becauſe it derives not its all from any one of them; or elſe it may ſeem to reſemble both of them, becauſe it has borrowed a part from each. But the reaſon, why children ſometimes reſemble their grandfathers, or any other of their more remote anceſtors, is becauſe the ſeed conſiſts, and is compoſed, of many moleculæ, or very minute particles, which not being always all of them diſſolved into atoms, neither in the firſt generation or deſcent next to them, nor in the other next to that, come afterwards in one of the ſucceeding generations, to diſcover themſelves in ſuch a manner, that what they might have done in the next, or firſt generation, they do only in one that is more remote. Lactantius, lib. de Opificio Dei. cap. 12. ſeems to be of the ſame opinion, and tells us beſides, that the reaſon why the ſeed of the male ſometimes prevails, and ſometimes that of the female, is, becauſe there is a greater quantity, ſometimes of the ſeed of one of them, ſometimes of that of the other: By which means the prevailing ſeed comes in a manner to ſurround and ſhut up the other. His words are as follows: "Similitudines autem in corporibus filiorum ſic fieri putant. [Varro ſcilicet et Ariſtoteles] cum ſemina inter ſe permixta coaleſcunt, ſi virile ſuperaverit, patri ſimilem provenire, ſeu marem, ſeu fœminam. Si muliebre prævaluerit, progeniem cujuſque ſexus ad imaginem reſpondere maternam. Id autem prævalet è duobus, quo idfuerit uberius: alterum enim quodammodo amplectitur ac includit. Hinc plerumque fieri ſolet, ut unius tantum lineamenta prætendant. Si vero æqua fueris ex pari ſemente permixtio, figuras quoque miſceri, ut ſoboles illa communis aut neutrum referre videatur, quia totum ex altero non habet; aut utrumque, quia partem de ſingulis mutuata eſt. Nam in corporibus animalium videmus, aut confundi parentum colores, ac fieri tertium neutri generantium ſimilem: aut utriuſque ſic exprimi, ut diſcoloribus membris per omne corpus concors mixtura varietur." All which is ſo exactly the doctrine of Lucretius, that Dryden's tranſlation of this paſſage of the poet ſhall ſerve to explain the ſenſe of that father.

Now when the woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce
The mother's likeneſs; when the man's prevails,
His own reſemblance in the ſeed he ſeals.
But when we ſee the new begotten race
Reflect the features of each parent's face,
Then of the father's and the mother's blood,
The juſtly temper'd ſeed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardour bent,
From ev'ry limb the due proportion ſent,
When neither party foils, when neither's foil'd,
This gives the blendid features of the child.
Sometimes the boy the grandſire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote progenitor he ſhares;
Becauſe the genial atoms of the ſeed
Lie long conceal'd, e'er they exert the breed:

And, after ſundry ages paſt, produce
The tardy likeneſs of the latent juice.
Hence families ſuch diff'rent figures take,
And repreſent their anceſtors in face and hair, and make.
Becauſe of the ſame ſeed, the voice, and hair,
And ſhape, and face, and other members are;
And the ſame antic mould the likeneſs does prepare.
Thus oft the father's likeneſs does prevail
In females, and the mother's in the male.
For, ſince the ſeed is of a double kind,
From that whence we the moſt reſemblance find,
We muſt conclude the ſtrongeſt tincture ſent,
And that was in conception prevalent.

Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 16. defines the ſeed of all animals in theſe words: "Semen generatio eſt ad ejus ex quo et ſimilitudinem pergens.

Ver. 1230. The words in Lucretius are,

Et muliebre oritur patrio de ſemine ſæculum,
Maternoque mares exiſtunt corpore creti.

It is not ſo great a paradox, ſays the poet, that the child ſhould chiefly reſemble in face, hair, voice, &c. either its father or its mother, according as the ſeed of either moſt prevails; as it is, that a child of the female ſex ſhould ſpring from the ſeed of the father, and a male child from that of the mother: However, he aſcribes this effect to the ſame cauſe, viz. to the prevalence of the ſeed. But Lactantius, in the place above cited, gives another reaſon of it: and after having deſcribed the interior parts of the womb, and ſaid, that the right part is the male, and the left the female, he continues, that if the ſeed of the male happen to fall into the left part of the womb, then indeed a male child is begot; but becauſe it is conceived in the female part of the womb, it will have ſomething more womaniſh than the manly comelineſs requires; as a beautiful face, too fair a complexion, a weak ſhrill voice, &c. In like manner, if the ſeed of the female flow into the right part of the womb, then indeed a female child is begot; but becauſe it is conceived in the male part, it will have ſomething manly in it, more than properly belongs to the female ſex; as ſtrong limbs, a ſwarthy complexion, a robuſt voice, &c. But if the male ſeed happens to lodge in the right, and the female in the left, then the fruit of either is brought forth as it ought to be; inſomuch that the female offspring will have all the tenderneſs and beauty that are natural to their ſex, and the male all the manlineſs and ſtrength both of body and mind. "Diſpares quoque naturæ hoc modo fieri putantur: cum forte in lævam uteri partem maſculinæ ſtirpis ſemen inciderit, marem quidem gigni opinatio eſt: ſed quia ſit in fœmininá parte conceptus, aliquid in ſe habere fœmineum, ſuprà quam virile decus patiatur: vel formam inſignem, vel nimium candorem, vel corporis lævitatem, vel artus delicatos, vel ſtaturam brevem, vel vocem gracilem, vel animum imbecillum, vel ex his plura. Item ſi in dextram partem ſemen fœminini ſexûs influxerit, fœminam quidem procreari: ſed quoniam in maſculinâ parte concepta ſit, habere in ſe aliquid virilitatis, ultrà quam ſexus ratio permittat: aut valida membra, aut immoderatam longitudinem aut ſuſcum colorem, aut hiſpidam faciem, aut vultum indecorum, aut vocem robuſtam, aut animum audacem, aut ex his plura. Si vero maſculinum in dexterum, fœminam in ſiniſtram pervenerit, utroſque fœtus rectè provenire, ut et fœminis per omnia naturæ ſuæ decus conſtet et maribus, tam mente, quam corpore, robur virile ſervetur. Lact. de Opif. Dei, cap. 12.

Ver. 1234. The poet being now going to diſpute of the cauſes of barrenneſs, he firſt in theſe eight verſes, according to his uſual cuſtom, falls foul upon the gods, and tells us, it is to no purpoſe to make ſupplications to them to give us children: becauſe they never curſe with barrenneſs, either the man or the woman. Nor does it deſerve our admiration, that he excludes the gods from concerning themſelves with the nuptial bed, ſince according to the doctrine of Epicurus, he places them in the intermundia, the ſpaces between his many worlds, where they indulge themſelves in uninterrupted repoſe, and have no manner of concern for the affairs here below: It is in vain, therefore, to importune them with prayers, to fly to their oracles, or to have recourſe to magic numbers: as if we believed that

————The vain decrees of pow'rs above
Deny production to the act of love;
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron ſhame;
As many think, who ſtain with victim's blood
The mournful altars, and with incenſe load,
To bleſs the ſhow'ry ſeed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd wife.

Ver. 1242. The cauſes of ſterility, which Lucretius in theſe twenty-ſix verſes aſcribes to the temperament and quality of the ſeeed, are true, and related as modeſtly as the nature of the ſubject would permit. He tells us,

That barrenneſs of ſexes will proceed
Either from too condens'd, or wat'ry ſeed:
The wat'ry juice too ſoon diſſolves away,
And in the parts projected, will not ſtay.
The too condens'd, unfoul'd, unwieldy maſs,
Drops ſhort, nor carries to the deſtin'd place,
Nor pierces to the parts; nor though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moiſture of the womb:

Then he tells us, that this undue quality and difference of the ſeed is the reaſon why ſome women, who are barren to a firſt huſband, have children by a ſecond; and on the contrary, why ſome men, who had no children by a firſt wife, when they are married to another, come to have many:

For nuptials are unlike in their ſucceſs:
Some men with fruitful ſeed ſome women bleſs:
And from ſome men ſome women fruitful are,
Juſt as their conſtitutions join or jar;

And many ſeeming barren wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolific men,
Have fill'd a family with prattling boys:
And many, not ſupply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad to eaſe their ſmart,
And to perform the ſapleſs huſband's part.

Ver. 1266. In theſe two verſes he tells us, that what we eat and drink is of great moment, either to promote or hinder barrenneſs: becauſe ſome ſorts of food produce ſeed, while others diminiſh and waſte it. And to this opinion of the poet our phyſicians ſubſcribe.

Ver. 1268. The cauſe of ſterility, alleged in theſe ſeventeen verſes, from the wanton motions of females in the act of generation, can neither be accuſed of abſurdity, nor of chaſtity. Whoever would ſee this paſſage of our poet explained at large, may conſult Donatus, ad Eunuchum Terentii, Act v. Sc. 1. Martial. lib. 1. Epig. 68. et Schioppius ad Priapeia, Ep. 18.

Ver. 1285. Laſtly; ſince love is cauſed by images; and ſince the images, that flow from beautiful perſons, chiefly excite that paſſion, how comes it to paſs that ſome men doat on dowdies and deformity? Take care how you ſay that this comes from above; for the proverb lies: No marriages are made in heaven, nor do the gods any more concern themſelves about them, than men who have been long ſince dead. No, but it is good nature, eaſineſs of temper, modeſty, and cleanlineſs, that renders homely women charming; and ſometimes too a long acquaintance and familiarity beget love. Epicurus to Herodotus: ἡ συνουσία ὤνης μὲν οὐδέποτε, ἀγαπητὸν δὶ, εἰ τὲ μὴ ἔβλαψε.

Cupid, the god of love, ſo called *à cupiendo*. Some feign two of them; one honeſt, the other baſe. The honeſt was born of Jupiter and Venus; but ſome aſſign Mercury for his father; the baſe was the ſon of Erebus and Nox. Cupid is painted blind, and armed with two darts or arrows, one tipped with gold, the other with lead: that cauſes love, and this drives it away. Ovid Metam. i. ver. 568.

Eque ſagittiferâ promſit duo tela pharetrâ
Diverſorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem: [cutâ;
Quod facit, auratum eſt, et cuſpide fulget a-
Quod fugat, obtuſum eſt, et habet ſub arundine plumbum.

Dryden, from the Knight's Tale of Chaucer, deſcribing the Temple of Venus, ſays of Cupid,

Hard by his mother ſtood an infant love;
With wings diſplay'd; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly ſtore.

Ver. 1293. See the note on book i. ver. 363. And thus Lucretius concludes his diſcourſe concerning the nature of love; ſome whole paſſages of which I have purpoſely avoided to explain: not for the reaſon which ſome perhaps may imagine; but rather, becauſe I take the ſubject itſelf to be of ſuch a nature, that ſcarce the dulleſt capacity needs an interpreter to underſtand it.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

In this book are contained but very few aſſertions that a philoſopher will approve of: For within the whole extent of philoſophy, there is not a weaker, or more trifling opinion than that of Epicurus concerning images: For let it be granted, That ſuch ſubtle *exuviæ*, or minute membranes are continually getting looſe, and flying off from the ſurface of things, yet, when they fly to and fro on all ſides, they muſt of neceſſity mutually break and tear one another, till at length they will be ſo mixed and blended together, that we ſhould not be able to ſee or imagine any thing, but Centaurs, Scyllas, and ſuch like monſters.

Nevertheleſs we muſt confeſs, that Lucretius has to ver. 480. diſputed of theſe ſpectres and images with great ſharpneſs of wit, and elegancy of ſtyle, and that he has adorned the fable with all the embelliſhments of art.

From thence to ver. 556. the poet treats the ſceptics with the ſcorn, ſeverity, and indignation, which they juſtly merit: for thoſe animals ought to be contemned and ſuppreſſed: Nor would I blame his great indulgence for the ſenſes, had he not allotted them a more extenſive authority than they are well able to execute: I acknowledge the ſenſes not to be fallacious; but am I therefore to meaſure and determine the magnitude of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, by my eyes? This opinion, to ſay no worſe of it, ſavours too much of ruſticity.

What Lucretius urges to ver. 722. that ſound, ſavour, and odour are corporeal, and that all ſenſation is made and performed by bodies, none will offer to deny, except ſuch only as are ſeduced into error by the qualities and other unwarrantable opinions of brain ſick Ariſtotle.

In the next place, as to what he aſſerts to ver. 832. concerning imagination, why need we give our opinion, ſince there are no ſuch things as images? And his fooliſh aſſertion to ver. 859. which teaches, That our ſeveral members, which are ſo artfully, and with ſo great wiſdom compoſed, and compacted together, were not made to the end we might uſe them; but that when they were already made, they laid hold of that office and function, which firſt offered and preſented itſelf to each of them, deſerves no other anſwer, than a moſt profound laughter and deriſion.

We may bear with what he advances to ver. 877. concerning hunger and thirſt: but from thence to ver. 905. in which is contained the Epicurean doctrine of the motion of animals, we

discover nothing but what is weak and foolish. And since sleep, according to Lucretius, is occasioned by a dispersion of the soul, why do not we, who are endowed with a soul that is immortal, wake eternally? All that he says of dreams, to ver. 1036. is downright trifling. We have given our thoughts of the rest of this book in the note on v. 1063.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

Having in the preface to the first volume given the public so full and ample an account of my design in publishing these notes and animadversions on this English translation of Lucretius, as likewise of the helps I made use of, and of the method I have observed in this undertaking, which I take to be the chief business of a Prefacer, I shall not long detain my reader by way of introduction to this second volume, that contains only the two last books of my author; who, having in these two books treated of a great variety of noble subjects, has afforded me a just occasion of swelling this volume to almost an equal number of sheets with the former, though computing the number of verses, it contains but little more than one third of the whole poem of Lucretius: The length, however, if I may judge of the readers satisfaction in the perusal, by my own in the compiling, will not, I hope, seem tedious to him; and I flatter myself, that I shall not weary and grow irksome to those whom it has been my principal study and design at once to instruct and divert.

When the subject of which my author was treating was naturally crabbed and abstruse, as in the two first books, in which he disputes chiefly of the nature and properties of his atoms; I thought it not convenient to dwell too long upon it; but endeavoured only to render it plain and intelligible with as much brevity as the province of an interpreter, which I had undertaken, would allow: But when he came to treat of things, which I judged would be more entertaining, as of the origin of the world; of the motion of the heavens; of the sun, moon, and stars; of the first men, and of their manners and way of life; of the first institution of kings, magistrates and laws; of the first invention of arts and sciences; of the things we call meteors, as thunder, lightning, whirlwinds, earthquakes, &c. Of the causes of rain, wind, hail, snow, and frost; of the flames that are ejected from the bowels of Mount Ætna; of the annual increase of the river Nile; of the Averni; of certain miraculous fountains; of the loadstone; and of the cause and origin of plagues and diseases; of all which, as well as of many other subjects of the like nature, Lucretius has disputed in these two last books; when he came, I say, to treat of these matters, he afforded me a wider field to enlarge and expatiate upon; and I have laid hold of the opportunity he gave me, to illustrate all those several subjects, with the opinions of all the most celebrated, as well ancient, as modern philosophers, concerning them: In which I presume I shall not be deemed to have transgressed the bounds, which were formerly prescribed to an interpreter, who, as Ammonius allows, "Neque benevolentia ductus conari debet, quæ perperàm dicuntur consentanea facere, eaque veluti a tripode excipere, neque rectè prodita pravo sensu per odium carpere sed eorum esse incorruptus judex, atque auctores sensum aperire imprimis, illiusque placita interpretari; tum quod alii, et ipse sentiat afferre." Besides, I cannot apprehend, but that it will be acceptable to the public to see at one view the different opinions of the learned men in all ages, on the above subjects; and this is what I have endeavoured to oblige my readers with in the following sheets.

I will conclude this preface with a few lines in my own vindication, and then take my leave.

I foresee that I have rendered myself liable to be carped at, and that I shall be censured by some critics, on account of some particular words, and certain ways of expression, which I have constantly observed and made use of through the whole course of this work; contrary to the generally received custom and practice of many, nay, perhaps of most of our present writers.

I need not be told, that, in matter of speech, when custom has once prevailed, we are absolutely obliged to submit to whatever it has imposed upon us; and that it is not lawful, on any pretence whatsoever, to resist the laws of that sovereign, I had almost said tyrant of languages.

Cui pendet arbitrium est et jus norma loquendi.
Horat.

But on the other hand, in language, as in most things else, there is a good custom and a bad; the good ought to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech; and the bad ought carefully to be avoided, as the corrupter of it: so that the main difficulty lies in discerning rightly between them: But how this may be done is not our present business to inquire.

Dr. Swift, in his letter to the Lord High Treasurer, with good reason complains, that our language is extremely imperfect, that its daily improvements are by no means in proportion to its daily corruptions, and that the pretenders to polish and refine it have chiefly multiplied abuses and absurdities; and so far he is certainly in the

right: but I cannot agree with him when he goes on, and says, That in many instances it offends against every part of grammar. He seems to impute to the language itself the faults of our uncorrect writers. All languages, but more especially the modern, and ours amongst the rest, have certain idioms and properties of speech peculiar to each of them, in which nevertheless they offend against the general rules of grammar. Of this so many instances might be given, that it is needless to give any.

Modern and living languages are not to be fixed by the standard, nor ascertained by the maxims and rules of the ancient and the dead; and their chief beauties consist in frequent emancipations from the servile laws of ancient grammar. A man may write ungrammatically, and yet write very good English; according to this excellent saying of Quintillian, "Aliud est grammaticè, aliud Latinè loqui."

I now return to what gave occasion to these reflections, and, among several other instances that my readers may observe, will mention only one or two, in which I have varied from some other writers of these days. Phenomenon is a word that has been introduced into our language: Necessity brought it in to avoid a circumlocution: For it is originally Greek, and signifies an appearance in the heaven, or in the air. Now, some instead of phenomenon, leaving out the two final letters, make it phenomen, and say in the plural, phenomens; both which I take to be altogether absurd: Others who write phenomenon in the singular number, when they have occasion to use it in the plural, say phenomena, which, in my opinion, is contrary to the analogy of our language; and others again, in the same number, phenomena's, which I almost dare pronounce to be a monster in speech: For my own part, whenever I have been obliged to use it in the plural, I have not stuck to say, phenomenons, rather than the phenomena, as it is the original; and this I am sure is more conformable to the analogy of our language, in which the difference between the singular and the plural number, even in the words borrowed from the learned languages, consists not in any variation of the final syllable, but in the addition of the letter *s* to the singular number. Thus, in the following words, idea, anathema, chimera, compendium, epithalamium, which, together with many other, we have taken from the learned languages, and naturalized in our own, we say not in the plural, ideæ, anathemata, chimeræ, compendia, epithalamia, even though we have retained their original terminations in the singular, but ideas, anathemas, chimeras, compendiums, epithalamiums. Besides, since there is no method yet proposed, nor any rules yet agreed upon, and settled among us, for the ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, why has not every man an equal share of liberty, not only to introduce and set up a new word, if there be occasion for it, but even to use one that is already introduced, in a different manner from the rest of his contemporary writers, especially since they themselves use it differently from one another? "Licuit, semperque licebit." This, I hope, is sufficient to excuse, if not to justify, my having used the word phenomenons in the plural number; at least it will make it appear to be an error, not of ignorance, but of judgment, and which I declare myself always ready to recant and rectify, whenever I can be better informed, and convinced by good reasons that I am in the wrong.

Again: nothing is more frequent with our present writers than the following way of expression: They greedily embrace that doctrine, be it never so erroneous. This example is taken from one of our most celebrated authors for correctness of style: nevertheless I take the word never in that place to be a barbarism in speech: It ought to be ever; be it ever so erroneous: This way of expression is an idiom of our language; partly elliptic, partly a transposition of the words; which, when placed in due order, and without any word understood, will run as follows: How erroneous soever it be. I have not room in this place to undertake the disquisition of this doubt, nor to give my reasons at large, why, whenever I have had occasion to make use of the like expression, I have differed from most of our other writers, and employed the word ever, rather than never: But this, together with some hundreds of observations, relating to our native language, and which I have been many years digesting in my thoughts, I intend to publish in a short time, as an essay towards the correcting, improving, and ascertaining of it, under this title, Remarks upon the English Tongue.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The beginning of this book, to ver. 60. contains, I. The praise of Epicurus, who, because he was the first that instructed mortal men in the art of true wisdom, the poet says, ought deservedly to be reckoned among the number of the gods, rather than either Ceres, or Bacchus, or Hercules, whose inventions were less beneficial to human life, than that true and wise philosophy, which Epicurus taught. II. From ver. 59. to ver. 100. he proposes the argument of this book, and shows the connection between these subjects he is now going to handle, and those of which he has already disputed.

in the four preceding books; and being now about to treat of the firſt riſe, and future diſſolution of the world, he teaches, III. That the earth, the ſea, the heavens, the ſtars, the ſun and the moon, are mortal; and that they are not animated, nor endowed with a divine body, nor are parts of God himſelf, as the Stoic philoſophers believed them to be: then he aſſerts, that neither the heavens, as the general opinion is, nor indeed any part or parts of the world, are the manſions or abodes of the gods. IV. From ver. 99. to ver. 266. That none may believe that the world was made by the gods, and is therefore immortal; he heaps up ſeveral reaſons, drawn as well from the nature of the gods, as from the defectiveneſs and ill contrivance of this vaſt frame of the univerſe, by which he endeavours to prove, that it was not the workmanſhip of a Deity. V. From ver. 265. to ver. 461. he argues, that the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, of which the world conſiſts, are, nevertheleſs, generated and mortal; and, conſequently, that the world itſelf once had a beginning, and will have an end. And he confirms and proves, by ſeveral other arguments, that this univerſal frame has not exiſted from all eternity, nor will be immortal, and remain undiſſolved to all futurity. VI. From ver. 460. to ver. 551. he treats of the firſt beginning of the world, and of each of the different parts that compoſe the whole, and aſſigns them their proper and reſpective ſeats and places, according as they are more or leſs heavy or light. VII. From ver. 550. to ver. 655. he propoſes many difficulties concerning the motions of the heavens and of the planets; but determines nothing for certain: then he teaches, why the whole frame of the earth, which is a heavy body, hangs in the air, without being ſupported by any foundation: And, at length, takes the dimenſions of the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars, and pronounces them neither bigger nor leſs than they ſeem to us to be. VIII. From ver. 654. to ver. 824 he gives ſeveral reaſons of the ſummer and winter ſolſtices: tells what cauſes night: why Aurora, or the morning, precedes the ſun: why the nights and days mutually overcome and chaſe away each other by turns: why the moon changes her face and figure; and why the ſun and moon are ſometimes eclipſed IX. From ver. 823. to ver. 894. he deſcends from the heavens, and deſcribes the firſt riſe of herbs, trees, birds, beaſts, and man; and tells the order in which each kind of things was produced out of the earth, one after another: to wit, firſt the graſs, then the trees, next the birds, then beaſts, and laſt of all man. X. From ver. 890. to ver. 979. he grants, That monſters, certain maimed and imperfect animals, were born in the beginning of the world; but aſſerts, that nature gave them not the power to propagate their kinds: Hence he takes occaſion to deride and explode all Chimeras, Centaurs, Scyllas, and the other fabulous and monſtrous productions, which the poets feign that nature brings forth; and aſſerts, that there never were, nor could be any ſuch prodigies of nature, neither at the beginning of the world, nor at any time ſince to this day; and alſo, that no ſuch things can be produced hereafter. XI. From ver. 978. to ver. 1156. the poet deſcribes the ſtrength of the firſt men, their robuſt conſtitution of body, their poorneſs of living, their food, wit, manners, houſes, and marriages. XII. From ver. 1155. to 1223. he teaches, That, after fire was thrown down upon earth by lightning, men began to be more civilized; and, having invented how to dreſs meat, fared more deliciouſly than before. That they then firſt eſtabliſhed ſocieties, entered into leagues and alliances, ſhared the land among themſelves, and choſe kings to govern them who were either the moſt ſtrong, the moſt beautiful, or the moſt witty among them; and were elected for one or more of theſe three reaſons: but that at length, gold being found out, the richer commanded the poorer; and, envy ſpringing up among them, a ſedition aroſe, the kings were depoſed, republics inſtituted, and laws eſtabliſhed, to ſecure every one in his property. XIII. From ver. 1232. to ver. 1326 he treats of the fear of the gods, and of the firſt riſe of religion; which he aſcribes merely to ignorance of the Divine Nature, and of natural cauſes. XIV. From ver. 1325. to the end of the book, he teaches how the ſeveral metals, gold, ſilver, braſs, iron, and lead, came firſt to be diſcovered; mentions the firſt arts of war, and the weapons then uſed; and concludes with the invention and progreſs of ſpinning, weaving, agriculture, ſailing, muſic, poetry, and other arts.

What verſe can ſoar on ſo ſublime a wing,
As reaches his deſerts? What muſe can ſing
As he requires? What poet now can raiſe
A ſtately monument of laſting praiſe,
Great as his vaſt deſerts, who firſt did ſhow
Theſe uſeful truths; who taught us firſt to know
Nature's great pow'rs? 'Tis more than man can do!
For, if we view the mighty things he ſhow'd,
His uſeful truths proclaim, he was a god!
He was a god who firſt reform'd our ſouls,
And led us by philoſophy and rules
From cares, and fears, and melancholy night,
To joy, to peace, to eaſe, and ſhow'd us light.
For now, compare what other gods beſtow:
Kind Bacchus firſt the pleaſing vine did ſhow;
And Ceres corn; and taught us how to plough.
Yet men might ſtill have liv'd without theſe two,
They might have liv'd as other nations do.
But what content could man, what pleaſure find,
What joy in life, while paſſions vex'd the mind?
Therefore, that man is more a god than theſe,
That man who ſhow'd us how to live at eaſe;
That man who taught the world delight and peace.
His uſeful benefits are rais'd above
Alcides acts, the greateſt ſon of Jove!
For, tell me how the fierce Nemæan roar [boar,
Could fright us now? How could th' Arcadian
The Cretan bull, the plague of Lerne's lakes,
The pois'nous hydra with her num'rous ſnakes?
How could Geryon's force, or triple face?
How Diomed's fi'ry horſe, thoſe plagues of Thrace?

How could the birds that o'er th' Arcadian plains
With crooked talons tore th' affrighted swains,
Offend us here? Whom had the serpent struck,
Mighty in bulk, and terrible in look,
That, arm'd with scales, and in a dreadful fold,
Twin'd round the tree, and watch'd the growing gold?
Remov'd as far as the Atlantic shore,
Deserts untrod by us and by the Moor.
Those others too that fell and rais'd his fame,
That gave him this diffus'd and lasting name,
And made him rise a god from Oeta's flame:
Had they still liv'd, what mischief had they done?
Whom had they torn? Whom frighted? Surely none:
For now, ev'n now, vast troops of monsters fill
Each thick and darksome wood, and shady hill.
Yet who complains, yet who their jaws endure?
For men may shun their dens, and live secure.
But had not his philosophy began,
(What had not man endur'd, ungrateful man?)
And cleans'd our souls, what civil wars, what cares
Would fierce ambition raise, what pungent fears?
How pride, lust, envy, sloth, would vex the mind?
Therefore, the man who thus reform'd our souls,
That slew the monsters, not by arms, but rules,
Shall we, ungrateful we, not think a God?
Especially since he divinely show'd
What life the gods must live; and found the cause
And rise of things, and taught us nature's laws.
His steps I trace; and prove, as things begun,
By the same laws, and nature they live on,
And fail at last, loose all their vital ties;
But chiefly, that the soul is horn, and dies:
And that those shadows which in dreams appear,
And forms of friends, and perish'd heroes bear,
Are but loose shapes, by fancy wrought in air.
Now I must teach, the world, as years prevail,
Must die; this noble frame must sink and fail;
And how at first 'twas form'd; what curious blows [compose:
Made seed, earth, seas, sun, heav'n, and stars
What living creatures did, what never rose.
How leagues, and how society began;
What civiliz'd the savage creature, man. [above,
Whence sprang that mighty dread of pow'rs
That reverence, that awful fear and love,
Which first religious duties did engage;
And now secures their holy things from rage.
How tow'rds both poles the sun's fix'd journey bends,
And how the year his crooked walk attends:
By what just steps the wand'ring lights advance;
And what eternal measures guide the dance;
Lest some should think their rounds they freely
Scatt'ring their servile fires on things below, [go,
On fruits and animals, to make them grow.
Or that some god does whirl the circling sun,
And fiercely lash the fiery horses on:
For ev'n those few exalted souls, that know
The god, must live at ease, not look below,
Free from all meddling cares, from hate and love;
If they admire, and view the world above,
And wonder how these glorious beings move,
They are entrapp'd, they bind their slavish chain,
And sink to their religious fears again;
And then the world with heav'nly tyrants fill,
Whose force is as unbounded as their will.
Deluded ignorants! who ne'er did see
By reason's light, what can, what cannot be:
How ev'ry thing must yield to fatal force;
What steady bounds confine their nat'ral course.
But now to prove all this; first cast an eye,
And look on all below, on all on high,
The solid earth, the seas, and arched sky,
One fatal hour (dear youth) must ruin all;
This glorious frame, that stood so long, must fall.
I know that this seems strange, and hard to prove,
(Strong harden'd prejudice will scarce remove)
And so are all things new and unconfin'd
To sense, nor which through that can reach the mind,
Whose notice, eye, nor hand, those only ways,
Where science enters, to the soul conveys.
And yet I'll sing: perchance the following fall
Will prove my words, and show 'tis reason all.
Perhaps thou soon shalt see the sinking world
With strong convulsions to confusion hurl'd;
When ev'ry rebel atom breaks the chain,
And all to prim'tive night return again.
But chance avert it! rather let reas'n show [true.
The world may fall, than sense should prove it
But now before I teach these truths, more sure
And certain oracles, and far more pure [ears;
Than what from trembling Pythia reach'd our
I'll first propose some cure against thy fears;
Lest superstition prompt thee to believe,
That sun and moon, that seas and earth must live;
Are gods eternal, and above the rage
And pow'rful envy of devouring age:
And, therefore, they whose impious reasons try
(More bold than those fond fools that storm'd the sky)
To prove the world is mortal, and may die,
That orbs can fall, the sun forsake his light,
And bury'd lie, like meaner things, in night,
Calling that mortal which is all-divine,
Must needs be damn'd for their profane design.
For these are so unlike the gods, the frame
So much unworthy of that glorious name,
That neither lives, nor is in animal;
That neither feels; dull things, and senseless all.
For life and sense, the mind and soul refuse
To join with all; their bodies must be fit for use.
As heav'n does bear no trees; no stars below;
As stones no blood, and fish no mountains know;
But each has proper place to rise and grow:
So neither souls can rise without the blood,
And nerves, and veins, and bones; for grant they could,
Then through each single part, as arms, or head,
'Twould first be fram'd, thence o'er the other
As water into vessels pour'd will fall [spread;
First to one part, then rise and cover all.
But since 'tis certain that a proper place
Is settled for the life, and the increase
Of mind and soul; 'tis folly to believe
That they can rise without fit limbs, or live;

Or be in flitting air, or chilling seas,
Or earth, or scorching flames. Fond fancies these!
Therefore, they are not gods, their sense divine;
For they are made unfit for that design,
Since none with minds in vital union join.
Nor must we think these are the blest abodes,
The quiet mansions of the happy gods,
Their substance is so thin, so much refin'd,
Unknown to sense, nay, scarce perceiv'd by mind.
Now since their substance can't be touch'd by man,
They cannot touch those other things that can;
For whatsoe'er is touch'd, that must be touch'd again.
Therefore, the mansions of those happy pow'rs
Must all be far unlike, distinct from ours;
Of subtle natures, suitable to their own:
All which, by long discourse, I'll prove anon.
But now, to say this spacious world began,
By bounteous Heav'n contriv'd to pleasure man;
And, therefore, this vast frame they toil'd to raise,
And fit for us, should meet with equal praise;
Or be esteem'd eternal, all secure
From ruin, or the teeth of time endure;
And that 'tis impious to design to prove
What was contriv'd by the wise pow'rs above,
And fix'd eternal for the man they love.
That this can die, that this to fate can bow,
And with bold reason strive to overthrow,
And make that mortal they design'd not so.
'Tis fond: For what could man return again?
What profit to the gods for all their pain,
That they should work for him? Why break their rest,
In which they liv'd before, secure and blest?
What coming joy, what pleasure could they view,
To leave their former life, and seek a new?
For they delight in new, whose former state
Was made unhappy by some treach'rous fate:
But why should they, who liv'd in perfect ease,
Who ne'er saw any thing but what did please,
Be tickled thus with love of novelties?
Perhaps they lay obscure, and hid in night,
Till things began, and day produc'd the light.
Besides, what harm, had the sun idly ran,
Nor warm'd the mud, nor kindled it to man,
What harm to us, if we had ne'er began?
True: those that are in being once, should strive
As long as pleasure will invite to live;
But they, who ne'er had tasted joys, nor seen
What hurt to them, suppose they ne'er had been?
Besides: whence had the gods their notice, whence their mind,
Those fit ideas of the human kind?
What image of the work they then design'd?
How did they understand the pow'r of seed?
That they, by change of order, things could breed;
Unless kind nature's pow'rs at first did show
A model of the frame, and taught them how to know?
For seeds of bodies from eternal strove, [move,
And us'd by stroke, or their own weight to
All sorts of union try'd, all sorts of blows,
To see if any way would things compose:
And so, no wonder they at least were hurl'd
Into the decent order of this world;
And still such motions, still such ways pursue,
As may supply decaying things by new.
For were I ignorant how beings rise,
How things begin; yet reasons from the skies,
From ev'ry thing deduc'd, will plainly prove,
This world ne'er fram'd by the wise power's above;
So foolish the design, contriv'd so ill!
For first; those tracts of air what creatures fill?
Why beasts in ev'ry grove, and shady hill?
Vast pools take part, and the impetuous tide,
Whole spreading waves the distant shores divide;
Two parts in three the torrid zone does burn,
Or frigid chill, and all to deserts turn.
And all the other fields, what would they breed,
If let alone, but briars, thorns, and weed?
These are their proper fruits, this nature would,
Did not laborious mortals toil for food;
And tear, and plough, and force them to be good.
Did not they turn the clods with crooked share,
By frequent torments forcing them to bear;
No tender fruits, none of their own accord
Would rise to feed proud man, their fancy'd lord.
Nay, often too, when man with pains and toil,
Has plough'd, and overcome th' unwilling soil;
When flow'rs put forth, and budding branches shoot,
Look gay, and promise the much long'd-for fruit,
The scorching sun, with his two busy beams,
Burns up, or clouds destroy the fruits with streams.
Or chill'd by too much snow they soon decay,
Or storms blow them and all our hopes away.
But farther; why should parent nature breed
Such hurtful animals? why cherish, feed
Destructive beasts? Why should such monsters grow,
Did the kind gods dispose of things below?
Why plagues to all the seasons of the year belong?
And why should hasty death destroy the young?
A man, when first he leaves his prim'tive night,
Breaks from his mother's womb to view the light:
Like a poor carcase, tumbled by the flood,
He falls all naked and besmear'd with blood,
An infant, weak, and destitute of food.
With tender cries the pitying air he fills;
A fit presage for all his coming ills:
While beasts are born, and grow with greater ease;
No need of sounding rattles them to please;
No need of tattling nurses busy care
They want no change of garments, but can wear
The same at any season of the year.
They need no arms, no garrison, or town,
No stately castles to defend their own,
Nature supplies their wants; whate'er they crave
She gives them, and preserves the life she gave.
But now, since air, and water, earth, and fire
Are bodies all produc'd, and all expire;
Since these are such, these that compose this frame,
The nature of the whole must be the same:
For those, whose parts the strokes of fate controul,
Of those are made, and die, so must the whole.
Now, since the members of the world we view,
Are chang'd, consum'd, and all produc'd anew;
It follows then, for which our proofs contend,
That this vast frame began, and so must end.

But leſt you think I poorly beg the cauſe;
And that it diſagrees with nature's laws,
That water, air, that earth. and fire ſhould ceaſe,
And fail; that they can die, and can increaſe;
Conſider; earth when parch'd with buſy beams,
And trodden much, flies up in duſky ſtreams:
And little clouds of thick'ning duſt ariſe,
Diſpers'd by winds through all the lower ſkies:
And gentle rivers too, with wanton play,
That kiſs their rocky banks, and glide away,
Take ſomewhat ſtill from the ungentle ſtone,
Soften the parts, and make them like their own.
And by what thing another's fed, and grows,
That thing ſome portion of its own muſt loſe.
Now, ſince all ſpring from earth, and ſince we call,
And juſtly too, the earth, the ſource of all;
Since all, when cruel death diſſolves, return
To earth again, and ſhe's both womb and urn:
The earth is chang'd, ſome parts muſt ſometimes ceaſe,
And ſometimes new come on, and ſhe increaſe.
Beſides, that ſeas and rivers waſte and die,
And ſtill increaſe by conſtant new ſupply,
What need of proofs? This ſtreams themſelves do ſhow,
And in ſoft murmurs bubble as they flow.
But leſt the maſs of water prove too great,
The ſun drinks ſome to quench his nat'ral heat:
And ſome the winds bruſh off; with wanton play,
They dip their wings, and bear ſome parts away.
Some paſſes through the earth, diffus'd all o'er,
And leaves its ſalt behind in every pore;
For all returns, through narrow channels ſpread,
And joins where'er the fountain ſhows her head;
And thence ſweet ſtreams in fair meanders play,
And through the valleys cut their liquid way;
And herbs, and flow'rs on ev'ry ſide beſtow,
The fields all ſmile with flow'rs where'er they flow.
But more; the air, through all the mighty frame,
Is chang'd each hour, we breathe not twice the ſame;
Becauſe, as all things waſte, the parts muſt fly
To the vaſt ſea of air; they mount on high,
And ſoftly wander in the lower ſky.
Now, did not this the waſting things repair,
All had been long ago diſſolv'd, all air.
Therefore, ſince all things waſte their vital chain
Diſſolv'd; how can the frame of air remain?
It riſes from, and makes up things again
Beſides, the ſun, that conſtant ſpring of light,
Still cuts the heav'ns with ſtreams of ſhining white;
And the decaying old with new ſupplies:
For ev'ry portion of the beam that flies,
Is but ſhort-liv'd, it juſt appears, and dies.
And thus 'tis prov'd.———
For, when an envious cloud ſtops up the ſtream,
The conſtant ſtream of light, and breaks the beam,
The lower part is loſt, and diſmal ſhade
O'erſpreads the earth where'er the cloud's convey'd.
Therefore, there muſt be conſtant ſtreams of rays,
Since ev'ry portion of the beam decays:
Nor ſhould we ſee, but all lie blind in night,
Unleſs new ſtreams flow'd from the ſpring of light.

So from our lights, our meaner fires below,
Our lamps, or brighter torches, ſtreams do flow,
And drives away the night: they ſtill ſupply
New flames, as ſwiftly as the former die,
New beams ſtill tremble in the lower ſky.
No ſpace is free, but a continu'd ray
Still keeps a conſtant, though a feeble day;
So faſt, ev'n hydra-like, the fruitful fires
Beget a new beam as the old expires.
So ſun and moon, with many a num'rous birth,
Bring forth new rays, and ſend them down to earth,
Which die as faſt: leſt ſome fond fools believe,
That theſe are free from fate, that theſe muſt live.
Ev'n ſtrongeſt towns and rocks, all feel the rage
Of pow'rful time: ev'n temples waſte by age:
Nor can the gods themſelves prolong their date,
Change nature's laws, or get reprieve from fate:
Ev'n tombs grow old, and waſte, by years o'erthrown,
Mens graves before, but now become their own.
How oft the hardeſt rock diſſolves, nor bears
The ſtrength but of a few, though pow'rful years!
Now if that rock, for infinite ages paſt,
Stood ſtill ſecure, if it was free from waſte;
Why ſhould it fail, why now diſſolve at laſt?
Laſtly, look round, view that vaſt tract of ſky,
In whoſe embrace our earth and waters lie.
Whence all things riſe, to which they all return,
As ſome diſcourſe; the ſame both womb and urn.
'Tis ſurely mortal all: for that which breeds
That which gives birth to other things, or feeds,
Muſt loſe ſome parts; and when theſe things do ceaſe,
It gets ſome new again, and muſt increaſe.
But grant the world eternal, grant it knew
No infancy; and grant it never new;
Why then no wars our poets ſongs employ,
Before the ſiege of Thebes, or that of Troy?
Why former heroes fell without a name?
Why not their battles told by laſting fame?
But 'tis as I declare; and thoughtful man,
Not long ago, and all the world began:
And, therefore, arts that lay but rude before,
Are poliſh'd now, we how increaſe the ſtore,
We perfect all the old, and find out more.
Shipping's improv'd; we add new oars and wings;
And muſic now is found, and ſpeaking ſtrings.
Theſe truths, this riſe of things we lately know;
Great Epicurus liv'd not long ago:
By my aſſiſtance young philoſophy
In Latin words now firſt begins to cry.
But if you think ſucceſſive worlds, the ſame
They now appear, but earthquakes ſhook the frame,
Or fire deſtroy'd, or floods ſwept all away;
Grant only this, and you the cauſe betray:
This ſtrongly proves the world will once decay:
For what can ſicken thus, can waſte and fall,
And periſh all, if ſtronger ſtrokes prevail.
For thus, ſince we can feel the ſame diſeaſe,
Same harms that other per'ſhing things do ſeize,
We think that we ſhall die as well as theſe.
Beſides, whate'er's immortal, muſt be ſo,
Becauſe 'tis ſolid 'bove the pow'r of blow;

Whoſe parts no wedge divides, which know no [pore :
And ſuch are ſeeds as I explain'd before :
Or elſe becauſe, like empty ſpace, 'tis ſuch
As is ſecure from ſtroke, and free from touch !
Or elſe, becauſe it can admit no bound,
'Tis infinite, and knows no place beyond,
To which the ſeeds may ſink. This makes the all
Eternal; there's no place where ſeeds may fall,
And breed confuſion here. No ſpace does lie
Without the whole to which the parts may fly,
And leave the mighty all to waſte and die.
But now the world's not ſolid, ev'ry maſs
Contains between the ſeeds ſome empty ſpace :
Nor is't like void; for thouſand things, if hurl'd
With mighty force, can ſtrike and break the world.
Seeds ruſhing on, may bear ſome parts away,
Like vi'lent ſtreams, and ſo the world decay.
Beſides, there's ſpace beyond, to which the tie
Of union loos'd, the ſcatter'd parts may fly :
Therefore, theſe heav'ns and earth can waſte and die;
And, therefore, once began; for what can fail,
And waſte : o'er what the ſtrokes of fate prevail,
Muſt be unable to endure the rage
Of infinite paſt time, and pow'r of age.

But, laſtly; ſince th' elements at jars,
Still fight, are ſtill engag'd in civil wars,
Cannot their battles ceaſe, their wars be done,
And all the other parts ſubmit to one ?
The fire prevail, and with deſtructive beams
Dry ſeas, the thirſty ſun drink up the ſtreams ?
Which now he ſeems to try, but all in vain;
For rivers ſtill bring new ſupplies amain;
So faſt, ſo great, as if deſign'd to raiſe
A flood, and o'er the centre ſpread the ſeas :
But that's in vain; the waters ſtill decay,
The winds bruſh off and bear ſome parts away;
The ſun drinks ſome; the ſtars take ſome for food,
And ſeem to threaten more a drought than flood.
Thus they ſtill fight, with equal force maintain
The war; now conquer, and now yield again.

Yet fire, as ſtories go, did once prevail,
And once the water too was ſpread o'er all.
The fire prevail'd, when the ſun's furious horſe,
Diſdaining Phaëton's young feeble force,
Ran through the ſky in an unuſual courſe;
And, falling near the earth, burnt all below,
Till angry Jove did dreadful thunder throw,
And quench'd the hot-brain'd fiery youth in Po.
But Phœbus gather'd up the ſcatter'd ray,
And brought to heav'n again the falling day.
The horſes too that ran through heav'n's wide plain,
He caught, and harneſs'd to the coach again.
They ever ſince, in due obedience, drew
The flaming car. This Greece reports as true,
Yet 'tis abſurd : but all may yield to flame,
If great ſupplies of rapid matters came
From the vaſt maſs : for then thoſe ſeeds muſt fail,
And ſink again, or fire muſt ruin all. [ſtand

Seas once prevail'd, nor could the towns with-
The raging waves : they ſpread o'er all the land.
But when the num'rous ſeeds, the mighty maſs
Supply'd, were turn'd from this into another place,
The water ceas'd, and the continual rain :
And rivers ran within their banks again.

Now I will ſing, how moving ſeeds were hurl'd,
How toſs'd to order, how they fram'd the world :
How ſun and moon began; what ſteady force
Mark'd out their walk; what makes them keep their courſe :
For ſure unthinking ſeeds did ne'er diſpoſe
Themſelves by counſel, nor their order choſe :
Nor any compacts made, how each ſhould move,
But from eternal, through the vacuum ſtrove,
By their own weight, or by eternal blows,
All motions try'd, to find the beſt of thoſe,
All unions too : if, by their various play,
They could compoſe new beings any way :
Thus long they whirl'd, moſt ſorts of motion paſt,
Moſt ſorts of union too, they join'd at laſt
In ſuch convenient order, whence began
The ſea, the heav'n, and earth, and beaſts, and man :
But yet no glitt'ring ſun, no twinkling ſtar,
No heav'n, no roaring ſea, no earth, no air,
Nor any thing like theſe did then appear,
But a vaſt heap; and from this mighty maſs
Each part retir'd, and took its proper place :
Agreeing ſeeds combin'd; each atom ran,
And ſought his like, and ſo the frame began :
From diſagreeing ſeeds the world did riſe,
Becauſe their various motion, weight, and ſize,
And figure, would not let them all combine,
And lie together : nor friendly motions join :
Thus ſkies, and thus the ſun firſt rais'd his head,
Thus ſtars, thus ſeas o'er proper places ſpread.

For firſt the earthly parts, a heavy maſs,
And cloſely twin'd, poſſeſs'd the middle place.
Now as theſe heavy parts combin'd more cloſe,
Deſcending ſtill, they vex'd with conſtant blows
The lurking parts of ſea, of ſtars, and ſkies,
And ſun; and ſqueez'd them out, and made them riſe;
Becauſe thoſe ſeeds are ſubtle, more refin'd,
And round, and ſmooth, and of a leſſer kind
Than thoſe of earth; and ſo can freely paſs
The ſubtle pores of the deſcending maſs.
And thus the parts of heav'n did firſt retire,
And bore up with them num'rous ſeeds of fire :
As when the ſun begins his early race,
And views the joyful earth with bluſhing face,
And quaffs the pearly dews, ſpread o'er the graſs;
From earth he draws ſome miſts with buſy beams,
From wand'ring waters ſome, and running [high,
Theſe thin, theſe ſubtle miſts, when rais'd on
And join'd above, ſpread clouds o'er all the ſky :
Juſt ſo the parts of heav'n did upward move,
The ſubtle ether, thus combin'd above :
And vaſtly wide, and ſpread o'er ev'ry place,
Contains the reſt within her kind embrace :
Thus heav'n : then roſe the moon, and ſtars, and ſun :
Which through the ſky with conſtant motions run :
Becauſe their ſeeds were all too light to lie
In earth, nor light enough to riſe on high,
And paſs the utmoſt limits of the ſky;

But, plac'd between them both, the midſt controul,
Certain, but moving portions of the whole:
Juſt as in man, ſome parts refuſe to ceaſe
From motion, ſome ſtill lie diſſolv'd in eaſe.
Theſe things retir'd, the heavier parts of clay
Sunk farther down, and made an eaſy way
For flowing ſtreams, and cavern's for the ſea.
And as by conſtant blows, the vig'rous ſun
Did ſtrike the upper parts, and preſs them down,
More moiſture roſe; and then did ſtreams increaſe:
More parts were ſtill ſqueez'd out, and ſwell'd the ſeas:
More ether then, of air more parts did riſe,
And borne on high, there thicken'd into ſkies.
The mountains rais'd their heads; the humble field
Sunk low; the ſtubborn ſtones refus'd to yield;
The rocks did proudly ſtill their height maintain,
Nor could all ſink into an equal plain.
Thus earth at firſt was fram'd; and thus did fall
The loweſt, as the ſediment of all.
Thence ſeas, thence air, thence ether, ev'ry maſs,
Diſtinct from others, took its proper place;
All fluids and all differently light,
And therefore reach'd the leſs, or greater height.
Then liquid ether did the fartheſt rear,
And lies on ſofteſt beds of yielding air:
But yet its parts ne'er mix, whilſt winds did blow,
And rapid ſtorms diſturb all here below,
They undiſturb'd move round the ſteady pole;
And ſun, and ſtars, with conſtant motion roll:
For that by conſtant turns the ſky may move,
The conſtant motions of the waters prove.
This thing the mighty maſs, the ocean ſhows;
For that, at ſettled hours, ſtill ebbs and flows.
Now learn what moves the ſtars, what mighty force
Does drive them on; what laws confine their courſe.
Firſt, If the orb is mov'd, and whirls, and draws
The ſun about; then this may be the cauſe:
Vaſt tracts of air the diſtant ſkies do bound,
And with a cloſe embrace encircle round;
The upper part of that drives down the ſkies
From eaſt to weſt; the under makes them riſe;
And ſo the whirl's perform'd. Thus oft a flood
Turns round a wheel, and whirls the weighty wood.
Or elſe the orbs may lie at reſt above,
Steady and fix'd, and only ſtars may move;
Becauſe the fires, confin'd to little ſpace,
Grow fierce and wild, and ſeek a larger place,
And thus through the vaſt heav'n begin their race.
Or elſe external air, or ſubtle wind
May whirl them round: Or they may move to find
Their nouriſhment; and run where food invites,
And kindly calls their greedy appetites.
For true, what ſingle force makes ſtars to riſe
And ſet; what governs theſe our ſingle ſkies
Is hard to tell:——
And therefore I, how ſtars may move, propoſe
A thouſand ways, and numerous as thoſe:
And what may whirl the ſun, and pale-fac'd moon,
In all the worlds; but cannot fix on one,
Although but one rules here; but which that is
'Tis hard to point; it may be that or this.
And that the heavy parts ſhould end their race,
And reſt: and earth poſſeſs the middle place,
Its weight decay'd; that pow'r did weaker grow,
Becauſe convenient things were plac'd below,
That roſe with it, to which 'tis cloſely join'd,
By nat'ral ties, and ſtrongeſt bands confin'd:
And thus it ſoftly reſts, and, hanging there,
Grows light, nor preſſes down the lower air.
Juſt as in man, the neck the head ſuſtains,
The feet the whole; yet not one part complains
Of preſſing weight; neither is vex'd with pains.
Yet other weights impos'd we ſtraight perceive,
Though lighter far, contract our limbs and grieve.
[Such vaſt import from ſim'lar parts does ſpring,
When one is aptly join'd t' another thing.]
So earth was faſhion'd in its proper place:
Not made, then thruſt into the ſtrange embrace
Of diff'rent air, but with the world began;
A certain part of it, as limbs of man.
Beſides, the ſhaking earth does often move
The upper air, diſturbing all above;
Which could not be, unleſs the ſtrongeſt tie
Did cloſely join the earth, the air, and ſky.
Thin ſubtle ſouls 'cauſe cloſely join'd, do prop
The mighty weight of limbs, and bear it up.
What raiſe the limbs in leaping, what controul,
And guide their motion, but the ſubtle ſoul?
Which ſhows the weighty force of things refin'd,
When ty'd to others of a groſſer kind;
As air to earth, to our groſs limbs the mind.
But farther on, the ſun and moon do bear
No greater heats, nor figures than appear;
Becauſe that ſpace, through which the rays can fly,
The heat can reach our touch, the light our eye:
Can leſſen nothing, nor contract the frame,
Nor make the fire appear a milder flame:
Now ſince the vig'rous rays do freely flow
As far as us, and viſit all below!
Their fires and figures are the ſame they ſhow:
Nor greater all, nor leſs.——
——And thus the moon,
Whether with borrow'd rays, or with her own,
She view the world, carries no larger ſize,
No fiercer flames than thoſe that ſtrike our eyes.
For objects far remov'd, at diſtance ſeen,
When too much hind'ring air is plac'd between,
No certain figure ſhow: no eye can trace
Each line, each figure of the diſtant face:
But ſince the moon preſents a certain ſize,
A certain ſhape, and figure, to our eyes,
'Tis plain that it appears as great as 'tis.
But farther on, ſince all our flames below,
At diſtance ſeen, do various ſizes ſhow:
Now lower ſink, now raiſe their lofty head,
And now contracted ſeem, now farther ſpread:
We may conclude the ſtars, when ſeen from far,
Or ſomewhat greater than the figures are,
Or ſomewhat, though but little, leſs appear.

But more, no wonder that such vast supplies,
Such streams of rays from this small sun should rise,
As cherish all with heat, and fill the skies.
For we may fancy this the spring of fire,
To which the vapours of the world retire;
There gather into streams, and thence they fall,
As from the fountain's head, and spread o'er all.
Thus have we seen a little fountain yield
Vast spreading streams, and flow o'er all the field.
Or else the sun might kindle neighb'ring air,
And raise surprising heat and fervour there.
Perchance the air is of convenient frame,
And may be kindled by a little flame;
As oft in straw and corn fierce flames prevail,
From one poor falling spark, and spread o'er all.
Or else the sun has secret stores of heat,
Dark, and unshining stores, but vastly great;
And these increase the warmth, these move the sense,
And these united, make the heat intense. [bends,
How tow'rds both poles the sun's fix'd journey
And how the year his crooked walk attends,
Why from the summer's height he soon declines,
And falls to visit the cold winter signs,
And then returns. And why the nimble moon
Does drive her chariot faster than the sun;
And in one month through all the zodiac go,
While the grave sun's a year in walking through.
For this a thousand reasons may be shown;
But yet 'tis hard, nor safe, to fix on one.
For first, Democritus has found the cause
Perhaps, and rightly settled nature's laws;
For thus he says: Great orbs are whirl'd above,
And by that whirl the lower circles move;
And so the distant orbs that lie below,
Far from this spring of motion, move but slow,
Because the pow'r still lessens. Thus the sun
Is far outstripp'd by nimble stars, that run
In higher rounds; much more the lower moon.
Now since she's plac'd so low, since weak the force,
She cannot have an equal nimble course
With stars; so these may overtake the moon,
And pass beyond her oft'ner than the sun.
Thus she may seem to move, her walk appear
Through all the signs, 'cause they return to her.
Besides, by turns a constant stream of air,
At fix'd and certain seasons of the year, [decline,
Might rush from either part, and make the sun
And fall from summer to the winter sign;
Or drive it up again, and bring the rays
And heat to us, and show us longer days.
And thus the moon, thus other stars may rise,
And sink again into the winter skies.
Driv'n by these two constant streams of air.——
For clouds in storms two diff'rent ways do move,
The lower opposite to those above.
What wonder then the sun with vig'rous beams,
And stars are driven by two constant streams?
And day may end, and tumble down the west,
And sleepy night fly slowly up the east;
Because the sun having now perform'd his round,
And reach'd with weary flames the utmost bound
Of finite heav'n, he there puts out the ray,
Weary'd and blunted all the tedious day
By hind'ring air, and thus the flames decay.
Or else that constant force might make it move
Below the earth, which whirl'd it round above.
And so the constant morning still may rise,
And with pale fires look through the lower skies;
Because the sun rolls round with constant ray,
And, rising upwards, shows approaching day;
Or else because the fires, dissolv'd at night,
There join again, and scatter vig'rous light.
Thus when the morning sun begins to rise,
Its flames lie scatter'd o'er the eastern skies,
Then gather to a ball: And this we view
From Ida's top; this fame reports as true.
Nor is it strange that common seeds of fire
Should to the eastern quarter still retire,
Still ev'ry day return, and make a sun;
Because a thousand other things are done
At set, and constant times, and then alone.
Thus trees, at certain times, thus shrubs do shoot
At certain times, and bud, and bear their fruit.
Thus teeth in boys begin, and thus they fall;
Thus beards in youth; at certain seasons all:
Thus thunder, snow, and storms, and winds appear
At fix'd and certain seasons of the year.
As things first happen'd, they continue on;
The course that chance first gave them, still they run.
The days may longer grow, and vig'rous light
Unwillingly give place to drowsy night;
And sometimes sleepy night may longer stay,
And slowly wake before approaching day:
Because the sun might walk the constant rounds
In crooked paths, and in uneven bounds;
Nor into equal parts the globe divide,
Now longer here, and now on th' other side,
Until it comes, and warms with neighb'ring rays
The line, and measures equal nights and days,
The line lies just between the north and south,
And leaves an equal distance unto both,
Because the zodiac is oblique,——
Through which the sun his yearly walk does go,
And views obliquely all the world below;
Thus teach astronomers; and this confess'd
A fair opinion: probable at least.
Or else the air is thick, and stops the ray,
Nor gives the sun a free and easy way.
And this prolongs the tedious winter night,
The darkness slowly yields to ling'ring light.
Or else at certain seasons of the year,
The flames meet slowly in the eastern air,
And frame the sun, and make the day appear.
But more: the moon may shine with borrow'd rays,
Her various light increasing with the day's,
As she the farther from the sun retires,
And with full face receives his scorching fires:
When full, oppos'd, she, climbing up the east,
Views him below fall headlong down the west.
And so her light decrease as she goes on
Through diff'rent signs, approaching near the sun.
And thus the phases are explain'd by all
That think her shape is round, the moon a ball,

And place her circling orb below the reſt;
A fair opinion, probable at leaſt.
Though proper light the moon's pale face ſhould fill,
Yet it might ſhow the diff'rent phaſes ſtill:
Becauſe, as that bright body rolls above,
Another dark, unſeen, thick thing might move
Beneath, and ſtop the rays, divert the ſtreams
Of falling light, and turn away the beams.
Or elſe, it like a ball, half dark, half bright,
Roll'd round its axle, may affect the ſight
With diff'rent phaſes, and ſhow various light.
Now turn that half, which the full light adorns,
A quarter now, now dwindle into horns.
And this the latter Babylonian ſect
Aſſerts, and the Chaldean ſchemes reject:
As if it could not either way be done,
But powerful reaſons fix'd our choice on one.
But why the moons a monthly round purſue?
Why one ſo long, not ev'ry day a new?
Why are they fram'd, endure, and always ceaſe
At this ſet time? The cauſe is told with eaſe;
Since other things at certain times appear,
And only then: Thus ſeaſons of the year.
Firſt, Spring, and Venus' kindeſt pow'rs inſpire
Soft wiſhes, melting thoughts, and gay deſire;
And warm Favonius fans th' amorous fire;
Then mother Flora, to prepare the way,
Makes all the field look glorious, green, and gay;
And freely ſcatters with a bounteous hand
Her ſweeteſt, faireſt flowers o'er the land:
Next heat, and duſty Harveſt take the place,
And ſoft Eteſia's fan the ſun-burnt face.
Then ſweaty Autumn treads the noble vine,
And flowing bunches give immortal wine.
Next roars the ſtrong-lung'd ſouthern blaſt, and brings
The infant thunder on his dreadful wings.
Then cold purſues, the north ſeverely blows,
And drives before it chilling froſts, and ſnows.
And next deep Winter creeps, gray, wrinkled, old,
His teeth all ſhatter, limbs all ſhake with cold:
Therefore no wonder ſure the moon ſhould riſe
At certain times, and that again ſhe dies
At certain times; ſince thouſand things are ſhown
At fix'd and conſtant times, and then alone.
Eclipſes may be ſolv'd a thouſand ways;
For if the moon can ſtop deſcending rays
By thruſting her dark ſelf between, and ſo
Bring ſudden ſhade, and night on all below;
Then give me reaſons why there cannot be
Another thing, too dark for us to ſee,
And fit to ſtop the rays as well as ſhe?
Or, why the circling ſun, in paſſing by
Some venomous places of the neighbouring ſky,
May not grow ſick, and pale, and almoſt die?
Thoſe paſt, grow well, regain his former light?
Thus ſometimes make us day, and ſometimes night.
And whilſt the moons their monthly courſes run,
Within the reach of earth's dark ſhadowing cone,
If then revengeful earth can ſtop the light,
If ſhe can hide the ſick'ning moon in night;
Why cannot other things divert the ſtreams,
The falling ſtreams of light, and ſtop the beams?
Or if the moon ſhines with a nat'ral ray,
As through infectious air ſhe cuts her way,
Why may not ſhe grow ſick, her flames decay?
Since I've the motions taught of ſtars above,
How ſun, and moon, and by what cauſe they move;
And how, eclips'd, they loſe their gaudy light,
And ſpread o'er all an unexpected night,
As if they wink'd, and then with open eyes
View'd all again, and clear'd the lower ſkies.
Now let's deſcend again to new-born earth,
And find to what ſhe gave the ſooneſt birth:
What ſort of beings, which of all the kinds
She firſt durſt venture to the faithleſs winds.
She, firſt of all, green herbs, and flow'rs did yield,
And ſpread a gawdy green o'er all the field.
And next the tree, with ſpreading branches, ſhoots,
But cloſely fix'd, and bound with ſteady roots.
As briſtles, hairs, and plumes are firſt deſign'd
O'er limbs of beaſts, and o'er the winged kind;
So new-born earth with herbs and trees began,
And then by various ways bore beaſt and man:
For Heav'n, 'tis certain, did not faſhion all;
Then let the various creatures downwards fall:
Nor ſeas produce an earthly animal.
And therefore parent earth does juſtly bear
The name of mother, ſince all roſe from her.
She now bears animals, when ſoft'ning dew
Deſcends; when ſun ſends heat, ſhe bears a thouſand new.
Then who can wonder now, that then ſhe bore
Far ſtronger, bulky animals, and more,
When both were young, when both in nature's pride;
A luſty bridegroom he, and ſhe a buxom bride?
Firſt, of all animals, in teeming ſpring,
The feather'd kind peep'd forth, and clapp'd their wing:
As even now our tender inſects ſtrive
To break their bags, get forth, and eat and live.
Next beaſts, and thoughtful man receiv'd their birth;
For then much vital heat in mother earth,
Much moiſture lay: And where fit place was found,
There wombs were form'd, and faſten'd to the ground:
In theſe, the yet imperfect embryos lay,
Through theſe, when grown mature, they forc'd their way,
Broke forth from night, and ſaw the cheerful day:
Then nature faſhion'd for the infant's uſe
Small breaſts in earth, and fill'd with milky juice:
Such as in womens breaſts ſhe now provides
For future infants: thither nature guides
The chiefeſt parts of food, and there they meet
Fit ferment, there they grow both white and ſweet:
Earth gave the infants food; thin miſts were ſpread
For clothes; the graſſy meadows gave a bed.
The earth, when new, produc'd no raging cold,
No heats, nor ſtorms: Theſe grew, as ſhe grew old.
Therefore our parent earth deſerves to bear
The name of mother, ſince all roſe from her.

Thus for a certain time mankind ſhe bore,
And beaſts, that ſhake the wood with dreadful roar,
And various kinds of birds; and as they flew,
The ſun, with curious ſkill, the figures drew
On all their plumes: he well the art might know
He us'd to paint the ſame on his fair bow.
But weary'd now, and tir'd by length of time,
The earth grows old, and weak, as women paſt their prime.
Time changes all; and as with ſwifteſt wings
He paſſes forward on, he quickly brings
A diff'rent face, a diff'rent ſight of things:
And nature alters: this grows weak, this ſtrong,
This dies, this newly made, is firm and young:
Thus alt'ring age leads on the world to fate;
The earth is diff'rent from her former ſtate;
And what in former times with eaſe ſhe bore,
Grown feeble now, and weak, ſhe bears no more,
And now does that ſhe could not do before.
Beſides, the earth produc'd a num'rous train
Of monſters: Thoſe her labour wrought in vain:
Some without hands, or feet, or mouth, or eyes;
Some ſhapeleſs lumps, nature's abſurdities;
Dull, moveleſs things, and deſtitute of food,
Which could not fly the bad, nor chooſe the good.
A thouſand ſuch in vain aroſe from earth;
For nature, frighted at the ugly birth,
Their ſtrength, and life to narrow bounds confin'd;
Deny'd them food, or to increaſe their kind:
For that one pow'r a thouſand things requires;
Almoſt as many as its own deſires:
There muſt be food, and ſeed, and organs fit
For flowing ſeed, whilſt all the happy night
The body lies diſſolv'd in ſoft delight;
That male and female may their pow'rs employ,
They muſt have organs fit for mutual joy.
But more: theſe years muſt num'rous kinds deface;
They could not all preſerve their feeble race:
For thoſe we ſee remain, and bear their young,
Craft, ſtrength, or ſwiftneſs, has preſerv'd ſo long.
Many their profit, and their uſe commends;
Thoſe ſpecies man preſerves, kind man defends.
Wild beaſts, and lions race, their native rage
Preſerves ſecure through all devouring age.
Swiftneſs preſerves the deer, and craft the fox,
The vig'lant, faithful dog, the horſe, the ox,
We men defend; we keep the tender flocks.
They ſhun wild beaſts, they fly the dreadful wood;
They ſeek for peace, and much, and eaſy food;
Gotten without their toil: and this we give
For the vaſt profits we from them receive.
But thoſe to whom their nature gave no force,
No courage, ſtrength, nor ſwiftneſs to the courſe;
Whom neither profit could, nor uſe commend,
Thoſe man refus'd to feed, or to defend:
Thus, doom'd by chance, they liv'd an eaſy prey
To all, and thus their kinds did ſoon decay.
But never centaurs; theſe were never known;
That two ſuch natures ſhould combine in one,
Such diſagreeing pow'rs; abſurd and vain!
Plain nonſenſe! Theſe are creatures of the brain:
A fool knows this: For horſes oft enjoy
Full growth at three years old; not ſo a boy;
He ſcarce forgets his teat, and oft at reſt,
As dreams preſent, he ſeeks his nurſe's breaſt:
Then, when the horſe grows old, his limbs decay,
And looſen'd life begins to fly away:
The boy grows ſtrong, he feels the pride of growth,
A ſturdy, vig'rous, gay, and bearded youth:
Leſt you ſhould think ſuch monſters apt to grow,
A thoughtful man above, a horſe below.
Or Scyllas, whom a num'rous train entwines
Of half ſea-dogs, and barks above their lions:
Or ſuch that live, nor grow an equal time,
And which at equal years not reach their prime;
Whom equal years not fill with youthful rage,
Nor loſe their ſtrength again at equal age:
Whom neither the ſame kinds of beauty fire,
Nor raiſe ſoft thoughts, gay wiſhes, warm deſire;
Or thoſe that ſeek and live by diff'rent food:
Thus hemlock kills a man, for goats 'tis good.
Beſides, ſince flames will ſcorch the lion's breaſt,
And burn as well as any other beaſt;
How could chimeras riſe, or how contain
Three kinds; a lion's head, a ſerpent's train,
A goat, the middle of the fancy'd frame,
And ſtill with ſcorching noſtrils breathing flame?
Then he who thinks that new-made heav'n and earth
Did give to ſuch prodigious monſters birth,
Yet brings no cauſe to prove the fancy true,
But ſtill relies on the poor ſhift, 'twas new;
May fancy too that ſtreams enrich'd the ſeas,
With golden waves, that jewels grew on trees:
That man of ſuch vaſt force and limbs did riſe,
That he could ſtride the ocean, whirl the ſkies;
Or any thing mad fancy can deviſe.
For though much feed lay hid when thoughtful man
And all the various kinds of beaſts began;
Yet nothing proves, that things of diff'rent kind,
That diſagreeing natures ſhould be join'd;
Since now the graſs and trees, and all that grows
And ſprings from earth, are never join'd like thoſe;
But each ariſing from its proper cauſe
Remains diſtinct, and follows nature's laws.
Then man was hard, as hard as parent-ſtones;
And built on bigger, and on firmer bones.
The nerves that join'd their limbs were firm and ſtrong;
Their life was healthy, and their age was long:
Returning years ſtill ſaw them in their prime:
They weary'd even the wings of meas'ring time:
No colds, nor heats, no ſtrong diſeaſes wait,
And tell ſad news of coming haſty fate;
Nature not yet grew weak, nor yet began
To ſhrink into an inch, the larger ſpan
Like beaſts they lay in ev'ry wood and cave,
Gath'ring the eaſy food that nature gave:
No impious ploughman yet had learn'd to tear
His parent's bowels with his crooked ſhare;
None planted fruitful trees, none dreſs'd the vine,
None prun'd decaying boughs, none preſs'd the wine;
Contented they with the poor eaſy ſtore,
That ſun and earth beſtow'd, they wiſh'd no more:
Soft acorns were their firſt and chieſeſt food,
And thoſe red apples that adorn the wood.

And make pale winter bluſh; ſuch nature bore,
More num'rous then, beſides a thouſand more,
Which all ſupply'd poor man with ample ſtore.
When thirſty, then did purling ſtreams invite
To ſatisfy their eager appetite:
As now in murmurs loud the headlong floods,
Invite the thirſty creatures of the woods:
And then by night they took their reſt in caves,
Where little ſtreams roll on with ſilent waves:
They bubble through the ſtones, and ſoftly creep,
As fearful to diſturb the nymphs that ſleep:
The moſs, ſpread o'er the marbles, ſeems to weep.
Whilſt other ſtreams no narrow bounds contain,
They break ſuch banks, and ſpread o'er all the plain.
They knew no uſe of fire to dreſs their food;
No clothes, but wander'd naked in the wood:
They liv'd to ſhady groves and caves confin'd,
Mere ſhelter from the cold, the heat, and wind.
No fix'd ſociety, no ſteady laws;
No public good was ſought, no common cauſe,
But all at war, each rang'd and ſought his food,
By nature taught to ſeek his private good.
Then to renew frail man's decaying race,
Or mutual luſt did prompt them to embrace;
Or elſe the greater vigour of the male,
Or ſome few treach'rous preſents did prevail;
Some acorns, apples ſome, ſome pears beſtow;
The thing the ſame, the price was leſs than now.
Then ſtrong, and ſwift, they did the beaſts purſue;
Their arms were ſtones and clubs; and ſome they ſlew.
And ſome they fled: from thoſe they fear'd to fight
They ran, and ow'd their ſafety to their flight.
When drowſy night came on, they naked lay,
Spread o'er the ground like bears, and rough as they:
Their ſleep was ſound, they wak'd not all the night,
Nor wander'd here and there whilſt ſhades affright,
Nor view'd the eaſt with longing eyes for light:
But all diſſolv'd in ſweeteſt ſlumbers lay,
Till the bright ſun aroſe and broke the day.
For ſince they had beheld, e'er ſince their birth,
The day and night by turns ſpread o'er the earth;
They never fear'd the ſun ſhould loſe his light,
And all lie bury'd in eternal night.
The moſt they dreaded was the furious beaſt;
For he, in dead of night did oft moleſt,
And lengthen into death their ſlumb'ring reſt.
Sometimes they left their caves by night and fled,
Rous'd from their ſofteſt ſleep, all pale, half dead,
While boars and lions came, and ſeiz'd their bed.
Yet fewer dy'd than now: for ſingly then
Each caught within the limits of his den,
While the beaſt tore the living, trembling food,
And revell'd in full draughts of reeking blood,
With dreadful cries he fill'd each wood and cave,
To ſee his limbs go down a living grave
Others that 'ſcap'd with life, but wounded, groan'd,
Holding their hands on the corrupting wound,
While trembling echoes did reſtore the ſound.
Not ſkill'd in herbs, and now grown deſperate,
With horrid cries they call'd on ling'ring fate,
Till worms increas'd; and eating through the clay,
Made paſſage for the foul to fly away.
But then no armies fell at once, no plain
Grew red, no rivers ſwell'd with thouſands ſlain:
None plough'd the floods, none ſhipwreck'd made their graves
In ſeas, none drank cold death among the waves,
But oft the furious ocean rag'd in vain:
No miſchief done, the waves grew mild again:
No ſhips were found, nor could the treach'rous ſmile
Of ſmooth-fac'd waves tempt one poor man to toil.
Then want, now ſurfeits bring a haſty death;
Our bellies ſwell ſo much they ſtop our breath.
Then pois'nous herbs, when pluck'd by chance, did kill.
Now poiſon's grown an art, improv'd by ſkill.
But when they built their huts, when fire began,
And ſkins of murder'd beaſts gave clothes to man:
When one to one confin'd in chaſte embrace,
Enjoy'd ſweet love, and ſaw a num'rous race:
Then man grew ſoft, the temper of his mind
Was chang'd from rough to mild, from fierce to kind;
For, us'd to fire, his limbs refus'd to bear
The piercing ſharpneſs of the open air;
And luſt enfeebled him; beſides the child,
Soften'd by parent's love, grew tame and mild.
Then neighbours, by degrees familiar grown,
Made leagues and bonds, and each ſecur'd his own:
And then by ſigns and broken words agreed,
That they would keep, preſerve, defend and feed
Defenceleſs infants, and the women too,
As nat'ral pity prompted them to do.
Though this fix'd not an univerſal peace,
Yet many kept their faith, and liv'd at eaſe;
Or elſe, almoſt as ſoon as it began,
The race had fall'n, this age ne'er ſeen a man.
Kind nature pow'r of framing ſounds affords
To man, and then convenience taught us words:
As infants now, for want of words, deviſe
Expreſſive ſigns; they ſpeak with hands and eyes;
Their ſpeaking hand the want of words ſupplies.
All know their pow'rs; they are by nature ſhown:
Thus tender calves with naked front will run,
And fiercely puſh before their horns are grown.
Young lions ſhow their teeth, prepare their paws;
The bears young cubs unſheath their crooked claws,
While yet their nails are young, and ſoft their jaws.
The birds ſtraight uſe their wings, on them rely;
And ſoon as dangers preſs, they ſtrive to fly.
Beſides, that one the names of things contriv'd,
And that from him their knowledge all deriv'd,
'Tis fond to think: for how could that man tell
The names of things, or liſp a ſyllable,
And not another man do ſo as well?
Nay more: if others us'd not words as ſoon.
How was their uſe, and how the profit known?
Or how could he inſtruct another's mind?
How make them underſtand what was deſign'd?
For his being ſingle, neither force nor wit,
Could conquer many men, nor they ſubmit
To learn his words and practiſe what was fit.

How he perſuade thoſe ſo unfit to hear?
Or how could ſavage they with patience bear
Strange ſounds and words ſtill rattling in their ear.
But now, ſince organs fit, ſince voice and tongue,
By nature's gift beſtow'd, to man belong,
What wonder is it then that man ſhould frame,
And give each diff'rent thing a diff'rent name?
Since beaſts themſelves do make a diff'rent noiſe,
Oppreſs'd by pains and fears, or fill'd with joys
This plain example ſhows: when dogs begin
To bend their backs, and ſhow their teeth, and grin,
When hollow murmurs ſhow deep rage within;
Their voice is diff'rent when they bark aloud,
And with ſtrong roarings fright the trembling crowd;
Or when they lick their whelps with tender tongue,
Or when they play, and wanton with their young,
Now ſeem to bite, but never chop their jaws,
Now ſpurning, but with tender fearful claws;
Then flatt'ring, ſoft and tender is their voice,
Far diff'rent from that grating, howling noiſe,
They make when ſhut alone, or creeping low,
Whine, as they ſtrive to ſhun the coming blow.
The horſe with diff'rent noiſes fills the air,
When hot and young, he neighs upon his mare,
Rous'd by ſtrong love: or when by fierce alarms,
He ſports, and bears his rider on to arms.
Thus birds, as hawks, or thoſe that cut the flood,
Make diff'rent noiſes as they eat their food;
Or when they fiercely fight; or when purſue
The trembling prey: each paſſion has a new.
Sometimes at change of air they change their voice; [noiſe,
Thus daws, and om'nous crows, with various
Affright the farmers, and fill all the plain,
Now calling for rough winds, and now for rain.
Therefore, ſince beaſts and birds, though dumb, commence
As various voices as their various ſenſe;
How eaſy was it then for man to frame,
And give each diff'rent thing a diff'rent name?
Now for the riſe of fire: ſwift thunder thrown
From broken ſulph'rous clouds, firſt brought it down.
For many things take fire when lightning flies,
And ſulph'rous vapours fill the lower ſkies:
And trees, when ſhaken by a ſouthern blaſt,
Grow warm, then hot, and ſo take fire at laſt;
Their branches mingling with a rude embrace,
Burſt into flames ——
And thus our fires might riſe from either cauſe.
The ſun firſt taught them to prepare their meat;
Becauſe they had obſerv'd his quick'ning heat,
Spread o'er the hills and ev'ry ſhady wood,
Ripen'd the fruits, and made them fit for food.
Hence various methods they did ſtill purſue,
And chang'd their former life to take a new.
The wiſer and the wittier left the field;
And towns for ſafety did begin to build;
By nature, kings.——
Then cattle too was ſhar'd, and ſteady bounds
Mark'd out to ev'ry man his proper grounds:
Each had his proper ſhare, each what was fit,
According to his beauty, ſtrength, or wit:
For beauty then and ſtrength had moſt command;
Thoſe had the greateſt ſhare in beaſts and land;
But when once gold was found, the pow'rful ore
Saw light, and men gap'd after glitt'ring ſtore;
Then wit and beauty were eſteem'd no more.
But wealth enjoy'd their honour, ſeiz'd their place,
The wiſe and beauteous bow to fortune's aſs.
But if men would live up to reaſon's rules,
They would not ſcrape and cringe to wealthy fools.
For 'tis the greateſt wealth to live content
With little: ſuch the greateſt joy reſent:
And bounteous fortune ſtill affords ſupply,
Sufficient for a thrifty luxury.
But wealth and pow'r men often ſtrive to gain,
As that could bring them eaſe; or make a chain
To fix unſteady fortune: all in vain!
For often when they climb the tedious way,
And now in reach of top where honours lay;
Quick ſtrokes from envy or from thunder thrown,
Tumble the bold, aſpiring wretches down.
They find a grave, who ſtrove to reach a crown.
And thus 'tis better, than proud ſceptres ſway,
To live a quiet ſubject and obey.
Theſe former kings now murder'd, they o'erthrown,
The glory of the ſceptre and the crown
Decreas'd: The diadem, that ſign of ſtate,
Now wept in drops of blood the wearer's fate;
Spurn'd by the common feet: who fear'd no more:
'Tis ſweet to ſpurn the things we fear'd before.
Thus monarchy was loſt.——
That ſun once ſet, a thouſand little ſtars
Gave a dim light to jealouſies and wars:
While each among the many ſought the throne,
And thought no head, like his, deſerv'd the crown.
This made them ſeek for laws, this led their choice
To rulers: pow'r was giv'n by public voice:
For men, worn out, and tir'd by conſtant ſtrife,
At laſt began to wiſh an eaſy life;
And ſo ſubmitted of their own accord
To rigid laws, and their elected lord.
For when each ſingle man, led on by rage,
Grew bloody in revenge, and ſtrove t' engage
His enemy, 'twas an unpleaſant age.
Hence men grew weary of continual wars,
Which ſour'd the ſweet of life with conſtant fears;
Becauſe diffuſive wrong can ſpread o'er all;
No ſtate ſecure; nay, oft the wrongs recoil,
With double force on the contrivers fall.
Nor can thoſe men expect to live at eaſe,
Who violate the common bond of peace.
Though now they lie conceal'd from man and God,
They ſtill muſt fear 'twill ſome time come abroad;
Since ſome diſeas'd, and ſome by night betray
The wicked actions they have done by day;
Though hid in night; ſcarce hell ſo deep as they.

Now ſing, my muſe, for that's my next design,
Why all do bow to ſomewhat as divine?
Why ev'ry nation has its proper ſhrine?
Why all do temples build, why altars raiſe?
And why all ſacrifice on ſacred days?
How this diffus'd, this laſting fame was ſpread
Of powr's above? Whence came that awful dread,
That parent of religion through the rout,
Which forces them to bow, and grow devout?
This is an eaſy taſk: For new-born man,
Juſt ſprung from earth, when firſt this frame began,
Divine and glorious forms deſcending came,
And ſtruck his mind by day, by night the ſame:
But then increas'd, their working fancies ſhow'd
Great limbs and ſtrength, and fit to make a god:
And theſe they thought had ſenſe, becauſe they ſhook
As fancy told, their limbs, and proudly ſpoke;
Their words were all majeſtic, as their look.
Eternal too, becauſe a new ſupply,
A conſtant ſtream, where'er they turn'd their eye,
Of forms came in, and ſhow'd the deity.
Nor could they think ſuch mighty things could fail,
Or pow'rful blows on ſo much ſtrength prevail.
And happy too, becauſe no fear deſtroys,
Nor dread of ſullen death corrupts their joys.
Beſides, in dreams they often ſeem'd to do
A thouſand various things, and wonders ſhow:
Yet never weary they, but vig'rous ſtill;
Their ſtrength as much unbounded as their will.
Beſides, they ſaw the heav'ns in order roll
Their various motions round the ſteady pole:
The ſeaſons of the year by conſtant laws
Run round, but knowing not the nat'ral cauſe:
They therefore thought, that gods muſt rule above,
Poor ſhift! and all at their devotion move.
In heav'n they plac'd their ſeat, their ſtately throne,
For there the ſun, the ſtars, and various moon,
And day, and night, their conſtant courſes run:
And hail, and rain, and, through a broken cloud,
Swift lightning flies, and thunder roars aloud.
Unhappy man, who taught, the gods engage
In theſe; that they are ſubject unto rage:
A curſe to theirs, to ours, and future age!
What grief they brought themſelves, to us what fears?
To poor poſterity what ſighs, what tears?
Alas! what piety? Alas! 'Tis none,
To bend all cover'd to a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Lie proſtrate, or to viſit ev'ry ſhrine,
Or, with ſpread arms, invoke the pow'rs divine
Before their temples, while the altar flows
With blood of beaſts, and we make vows on vows.
But ſure 'tis piety to view the whole,
And ſearch all nature with a quiet ſoul.
For when we view the heav'ns, and how the ſun,
And moon, and ſtars their conſtant courſes run;
Then doubts, that lay oppreſs'd with other cares,
Begin to raiſe their head, and bring new fears.
We doubt: What, are there gods, that rule above,
At whoſe direction the bright ſtars do move?
For ignorance in cauſes troubles man;
And hence we doubt, if e'er the world began,
If e'er ſhall end: how long the orbs ſhall roll;
How long the ſtars run round their ſteady pole;
Or if preſerv'd by gods, can ſtand the rage,
And pow'rful envy of devouring age.
What mind's unſhaken and what ſoul not aw'd,
And who not thinks the angry gods abroad,
Whoſe limbs not ſhrink, when dreadful thunder hurl'd
From broken clouds, ſhakes the affrighted world?
What, do not cities, do not nations fear,
And think their diſmal diſſolution near?
Why, do not tyrants then, and mighty lords,
Recal their wicked deeds, and boaſting words,
And fear, that now revenge is ſurely come?
Do they not tremble at approaching doom?
Beſides, when winds grow high, when ſtorms increaſe,
And ſcatter warlike navies through the ſeas;
When men, for battle arm'd, muſt now engage
A ſtronger foe, and fight the water's rage;
Does not the trembling gen'ral proſtrate fall,
And beg a calm o' th' gods, or proſp'rous gale?
In vain: the ſtorms drive on; no off'ring ſaves:
All, ſhipwreck'd, drink cold death among the waves:
And hence we fancy unſeen pow'rs in things
Whoſe force and will ſuch ſtrange confuſion brings,
And ſpurns, and overthrows our greateſt kings.
Beſides, when earthquakes ſhake this mighty ball,
And tott'ring cities fall, or ſeem to fall;
What then if men, defenceleſs men, deſpiſe
Their own weak ſelves, and look with anxious eyes
For preſent help, and pity from the ſkies?
What wonder, if they think ſome pow'rs controul,
And gods, with mighty force, do rule the whole?
But farther; pow'rful gold firſt rais'd his head,
And braſs, and ſilver, and ignoble lead,
When ſhady woods, on lofty mountains grown,
Felt ſcorching fires; whether from thunder thrown,
Or elſe by man's deſign the flames aroſe,
Who burnt the neighb'ring woods to fright their foes:
Or elſe, delighted all with fruitful grounds,
They ſought more meadows, and enlarg'd their bounds:
Or, greedy to increaſe their ſtore of food,
And take the beaſts, they fir'd the ſhelt'ring wood:
For thus men hunted, whilſt no nets were found,
Nor foreſts trembled at the barking hound;
Whatever 'twas that gave theſe flames their birth,
Which burnt the tow'ring trees, and ſcorch'd the earth,
Hot ſtreams of ſilver, gold, and lead, and braſs,
As nature gave a hollow proper place,
Deſcended down, and form'd a glitt'ring maſs.

This when unhappy mortals chanc'd to spy,
And the gay colour pleas'd their childish eye;
They dug the certain cause of misery.
And then observing, that it show'd the frame,
And figure of the hollow whence it came; [ceive
They thought, these, melted, would with ease re-
Whatever shapes the artist pleas'd to give:
Or drawn to breadth, or take the keenest edge;
And so the hook be fram'd, or subtle wedge,
Or other instruments, all apt, and good
To cut, or cleave, or scrape, or hollow wood;
But gold they try'd in vain; the metal broke,
Or the soft edge was turn'd at ev'ry stroke:
This they contemn'd, the blunted gold despis'd,
And feeble silver; brass alone was priz'd.
But now the feeble, and the useless ore
Gets all the honour: Brass is priz'd no more.
Thus time does change the dignity of things:
For some he bears away with swiftest wings,
And hurls into contempt; brings others forth,
And gets them new, and still preserves their worth.
Whilst cruelty was not improv'd by art,
And rage not furnish'd yet with sword nor dart;
With fists, or boughs, or stones, the warriors fought;
These were the only weapons nature taught:
But when flames burnt the trees, and scorch'd the ground,
Then brass appear'd, and iron fit to wound.
Brass first was us'd, because the softer ore,
And earth's cold veins contain'd a greater store:
Thus brass did plough, and brazen trumpets sound,
Their weapons brass, and brass gave ev'ry wound:
Thus arm'd, they strait invade their neighbours field,
And take his beasts: to arm'd the naked yield:
At last, they, melting down the rigid mass,
Made iron swords, and then despis'd the brass.
They then beg.n to plough with iron shares,
And iron weapons only serv'd in wars.
Thus men first learn'd to ride a single horse:
And whilst their steady left hands rul'd the course,
Their stronger right hands fought: before they knew,
Or brought to wars, a chariot drawn by two:
Then four were join'd, and then the armed cars,
And castled elephants were brought to wars;
The Moors first taught them to endure the blows,
And break the ranks, and order of the foes.
Thus rage invented still new arms for fight;
New dreadful weapons still, and fit to fright;
Some train'd the furious bull, and some the boar;
Before the Parthian ranks did lions roar,
With armed guides sent out to scour the plain,
And fright their foes: but these designs were vain:
Because when hot in fight they fiercely fall
On either side, and, common foes to all,
Confus'dly enemies, or friends engage,
Shaking their dreadful heads, and fir'd with rage:
The horses, frighted with the dreadful roar,
Ran o'er the plain, and would obey no more:
The beasts leap'd on their friends, and tore their face,
Or seiz'd behind, and with a rude embrace,
They bore their wond'ring frighted friends to ground;
Whilst teeth and cruel paws did doubly wound.
The bulls grew wild, and with destructive force
They toss'd, or trod the men, or gor'd the horse:
Whole ranks and troops fell by the furious boar;
Their arms, yet whole, blush'd with their master's gore:
For though the horses turn'd, though oft did rear,
And stand aloft, and paw'd the yielding air;
Yet all in vain they strove to shun the wound,
Their nerves all cut, they struck the shaking ground:
Thus what seem'd tame at home, grew wild again,
And fierce, when scouring o'er the warlike plain:
Their rage was fir'd by tumult, wounds, and noise,
Refus'd to hear their former master's voice.
But fled, much mischief done, as furious bulls,
When the weak axe descends, nor breaks their skulls;
They start, and fright the priest, and bell'wing loud,
Run frantic round, and gore the pious crowd.
'Tis safer far to say that this was done
In some of all the worlds, than fix on one:
Yet I can scarce believe but that they knew,
Before their sad experience prov'd it true,
The ills of these; but that the weaker side
The various methods of confusion try'd,
Nor hoping to subdue, but bring fierce woes
And grief, and pain upon the stronger foes.
But more: The garments, by the ancients worn,
Were few'd with tender twigs, or pinn'd with thorn,
Before they learn'd to weave: the wheel, the round;
Whilst rigid iron lay within the ground,
Were all unknown; those things did first begin
When that appear'd; and men learn'd first to spin:
Because the wits of men are finer far,
And fitter to invent than womens are;
Till laugh'd and jeer'd at by the ruder swains,
They taught the women, and manur'd the plains,
And harden'd all their limbs with rougher pains.
Nature first taught them how to plant and sow,
For they observ'd that falling seeds did grow;
They saw them fix'd, and bound to steady roots,
Then rise, and spread, and promise noble fruits:
Then some began to graft, and till the field,
And found the trees a better burden yield,
When dress'd with care, and in a richer soil;
The fruits increas'd, and did reward their toil:
They forc'd the cumb'ring wood to narrow bounds,
Enlarging still their corn, and pasture grounds:
The tyrant wood, that all the plains did fill,
Was now confin'd unto the barren hill:

And left the vales to olive, corn, and vine,
Through which ſmooth ſtreams in fair meanders twine;
Now kiſs the tender roots with wanton play,
Now flow again, enriching all their way;
Such beauteous pride did all the vallies ſhow,
So taking pretty as our gardens now,
Where fruitful trees in decent order grow.
Through all the woods they heard the charming noiſe
Of chirping birds; and try'd to frame their voice,
And imitate: The birds inſtructed man,
And taught them ſongs, before their art began:
And while ſoft ev'ning gales blew o'er the plains,
And ſhook the ſounding reeds, they taught the ſwains:
And thus the pipe was fram'd, and tuneful reed;
And whilſt the tender flocks ſecurely feed,
The harmleſs ſhepherds tun'd the pipes to love,
And Amaryllis ſounds in ev'ry grove.
Thus time, and thus ſagacious men produce
A thouſand things, or for delight, or uſe.
Theſe charm'd the ſwains, and theſe were wont to pleaſe
When feaſts were done; for then all ſeek for eaſe:
Then underneath a loving myrtle's ſhade,
Cloſe by a purling ſtream ſupinely laid,
When ſpring with gaudy flow'rs the earth has ſpread,
And ſweeteſt roſes grow around their head;
Envy'd by wealth and pow'r, with ſmall expence,
They oft enjoy'd the vaſt delight of ſenſe:
Then laughing, merry jeſts, and country play,
And tales began; as, once upon a day!
Then pleaſant ſongs they ſung, and wanton grown,
Each pluck'd and bound his flow'rs, and made a crown,
And with uneven ſteps they danc'd around;
Their heavy leaps ſtill ſhook the trembling ground:
While all the idle crowd that flock'd to view,
Laugh much, becauſe the tricks ſeem ſtrange and new:
And thus they paſs'd the day in gay delight;
And watch'd and fed their tender flocks by night.
No need of ſleep: that want the ſongs ſupply:
The noiſe chas'd Morpheus from their willing eye.
Theſe now our wantons uſe; with toil and pain,
They learn to dance in meaſure: all in vain:
For theſe can reap no joy, no more content,
Than what thoſe earth-born ſwains did firſt reſent.
For while we know no better, but poſſeſs
A preſent good, it does extremely pleaſe;
The later good our various thoughts employs;
And we contemn the guſt of former joys.
Thus man deſpis'd their ancient eaſy food,
Their acorns, and their apples of the wood:
When clothes were found, and other cov'rings ſpread,
They ſcorn'd their ſkins of beaſts, and graſſy
The ſkins of beaſts; which ſure the firſt that found,
Not long enjoy'd, but by a treach'rous wound
He fell: ſo highly then, the now deſpis'd,
Contemn'd, neglected ſkins of beaſts were priz'd.
Thus men did fight for ſkins: Theſe rais'd their cares;
But gold and purple now are cauſe of wars:
The fault is ours; for they could only find
Thoſe ſkins, as clothes againſt the cold and wind:
But now what harm, if none go proudly dreſt
In cloth of gold, or an embroider'd veſt:
Since meaner garments yield as much defence
'Gainſt wind and cold, as much preſerve the ſenſe.
Then wretched man's endeavours are in vain;
They fruitleſsly conſume their years in pain,
Not knowing how to uſe, or how to meaſure
Their boundleſs wiſh, nor height of real pleaſure:
This drives them on into a ſea of cares,
And the deſtructive rage, and ſtorms of wars.
The ſun, ſtill running round his yearly race,
Show'd all the ſeaſons turn'd by conſtant cauſe:
By certain order rul'd, and ſteady laws:
Some liv'd in caſtles then, ſome built a town,
And land divided, each enjoy'd his own;
Then mighty ſhips, driv'n by the labring wind,
Flew o'er the ſeas, and diſtant nations join'd
Whilſt leagues and bonds the neighb'ring towns combin'd:
Then letters found; and the poetic rage
Firſt told the noble actions of the age:
But all beyond lies hid in diſmal night,
And only ſeen by ſearching reaſon's light.
Thus ſhips, thus clothes, thus wine, and oil began;
And towns, the comforts and ſupport of man;
But better'd all, to due perfection brought
By ſearching wits, from long experience taught.
Thus time, and thus ſagacious men produce
A thouſand things, or for delight, or uſe;
For one thing known does vig'rous light impart
For farther ſearch, and leads to height or art.

NOTES ON BOOK V.

LUCRETIUS begins this book with the praiſe of Epicurus, and not only makes him equal to the gods, but even proclaims him a god; becauſe, ſays he, his divine diſcoveries have been more beneficial to mankind, than the inventions of Ceres, or of Bacchus, or than the many glorious

exploits of Hercules: since men might have lived happily enough without them. But true wisdom, which Epicurus first discovered and taught, is of the greatest utility to mankind, because it chases away all uneasiness from the mind, and instructs us aright in the nature of all things, and concerning the immortal gods.

Ver. 10. Lactantius, lib iii. cap. 14. "de falsâ sapientiâ:" and many others, pretend from this expression of Lucretius, that he did not mean Epicurus, but one of the more ancient philosophers, as Pythagoras, or Socrates, or Thales, or some other of the seven sages: But they are evidently mistaken, as appears by verse sixty of this book, where he says,

Cujus ego ingressus vestigia——

His steps I trace——

And Cicero certainly had his thoughts on this passage, when in Tuscul. 4. he says: "Quæ quidem cogitans soleo sæpe mirari nonnullorum insolentium philosophorum, qui Naturæ cognitionem admirantur, ejusque inventori et principi gratias exultantes agunt, eumque venerantur ut Deum; liberatos enim se per eos dicunt gravissimis Dominis." When I reflect on these things, I often wonder at the insolence of some philosophers who admire the knowledge of nature, and give thanks with transport of mind to the inventor and first author of natural philosophy: owning that he has delivered them from most tyrannous lords. Thus our grateful poet confesses to whom he owes his knowledge in the Nature of Things: And indeed, if Epicurus did deliver the minds of men from cares, and fears, and superstition, he justly deserved to be revered preferably to any of the heathen gods. The words of this passage run thus in the original,

Qui primus vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
Nunc appellatur sapientia——

For wisdom was the name which the Epicureans, who were a sort of men not burdened with too much modesty, gave only to their own philosophy. Horat. lib. i. Od. 33.

Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultos erro——

But the other philosophers were content to call their doctrine by the name of the love of wisdom: for so the word philosophy signifies.

Ver. 15. The son of Jupiter and Semele: He is said to have been the first that planted vines, and made wine of the grapes: For which reason the poets made him the god of wine: He travelled over the whole earth, conquered the Indies, and was the first who triumphed, which he did, riding upon an elephant. The chief badges and emblems of his power were tygers and the thyrsus: The tygers were harnassed to his car; and thus he was wont to be carried about. Virg. Æneid. vi. v. 804.

Nec qui pampineis victor juga flectit habenis,
Liber, agens celso Nisæ de vertici tigres.

Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tygers drawn, triumphant in his car,
From Nisa's top descending to the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.

The thyrsus, was a spear or javelin, wrapped about with vine-branches and ivy; whose point ended in the shape of a cone: Bacchus, and the mad drunken women, his companions, who were called Bacchæ, always carried a thyrsus in their hands: Moreover, Lucretius in this place, calls Bacchus by the name of Liber:

Namque Ceres fertur fruges, Liberque liquoris
Vitigeni laticem mortalibus instituisse.

Virg. Georg. i. v. 5.

——Vos, O clarissima mundi
Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,
Liber et alma Ceres; vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ,
Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miscuit uvis.

Upon which the interpreters say, that the poet calls Liber and Ceres the lights of the world, either because they were esteemed to be the inventors of, and to preside over the harvest and the vintage, which are the chief parts or seasons of the year, and the chief ornaments of the world, since they supply mankind with meat and drink: or because by them he means the sun and moon. And indeed Prætextaus, in Macrobius Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 18. evidently proves, that not only Liber and Dionysius, which is another of the names of Bacchus; but that Jupiter, and Mars, and Mercury, and Hercules too, were the sun; who was called Liber, says he, "quòd liberè vagetur." He adds, likewise, that Ceres was the moon, and that some derive her name "à creando," because she conduces very much to the production of things. Bacchus was called Liber, either because he made free, and restored to liberty the country of Bœotia, where he was born, as we learn from Plut. in Quæst. Cent. or because wine delivers the mind from cares, inspires with courage, and occasions a liberty or freeness of speech. Thus Horace, Carm. lib. iii. Od. 21. speaking to a cask of wine:

Tu lene tormentum ingenio ad moves
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas, et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo.
Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viresque: et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Of Bacchus see more, Book ii. v. 616. and Book iv. v. 1165.

Ver. 16. *Ceres.*] She was daughter of Saturn and Ops, and mother of Proserpine. She was believed to be the first that sowed corn, and found out the art of using it. Virgil, Georgic i. v. 147.

Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
Instituit.———

For which reason they made her the goddess of corn; and hence too, as Varro, Cicero, and Arnobius, witness, she was called Ceres, as it were Geres, because, to use the very words of Arnobius, lib. iii. "Salutarium seminum fruges gerat." See more, Book II. v. 616. and Book IV. v. 1165.

Ver. 18. Diodorus Siculus, Book III., says, That the inhabitants on the coast of the Gulf of Arabia, and of the countries of Troglodytia and South Ethiopia, know not the use of corn or wine; but that some of them live upon fish and snails, others upon roots, others upon the leaves, seeds, and fruits of trees, and others upon locusts. Mela witnesses, that the Troglodytes live in dens, and feed upon serpents: some of which, says Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. are twenty cubits in length. And Faber, in his note on this passage of our author, says, that scarce the sixth part of mankind do yet know what wheat is. Therefore we may well, says Lucretius, live without corn and wine, but not without wisdom: "Sapientia enim," says Cicero, lib. i. de Fin., "est una quæ mœstitiam pellat ex animis, quæ nos exhorrescere metu non sinat, quâ præceptrici in tranquillitate vivi potest, omnium cupiditatum ardore restincto:" For wisdom only it is that drives away sorrow and uneasiness from the mind, that suffers us not to stand aghast with fear; and by whose advice we may extinguish the flame of all inordinate desires, and lives in tranquillity, and exempt from all manner of passion.

Ver. 19. Lucretius:

At bene non poterat sine puro pectore vivi.

Where by *puro pectore* the poet means a mind undisturbed by ignorance, and not obnoxious to errors; a heart sincere, and free from all anxiety: for, as Horace says,

Sincerum est nisi vas, quod cunque infundis, acescit.

In like manner, without sincerity of heart and purity of mind, it is impossible to lead a happy life, or to pass our days in tranquillity: And Cicero teaches us, that the only way to acquire this purity of mind is by the help of wisdom, which, by delivering us from all terrors and desires, and from the temerity of all false opinions, is the surest guide to pleasure. "Mentem autem puram ut habeas, adhibenda est sapientia, quæ, et terroribus cupiditatibusque detractis, et omnium falsarum opinionum temeritate direptâ, certissimam se nobis ducem præbeat ad voluptatem," 1. de Fin.

Ver. 24. In these twenty-four verses the poet enumerates some of the labours of Hercules, which, he tells us, fall as far short of the discoveries of wisdom, made by Epicurus, as the soul is more excellent than the body: For Hercules did indeed deliver men from monsters, that were destructive to the body; but Epicurus, who first instructed men in the art of wisdom, delivered their minds from all vain anxieties, and restless desires: He chased from our souls the terrors at which we were startled and stood aghast, and dispated the darkness of errors which clouded the happiness of life.

Ver. 25. Hercules: he was called Alcides from his grandfather Alcæus, who was father of Amphitryo of Thebes: For Hercules was the son of Jupiter, by Alcmena the wife of Amphitryo. Now, before either Hercules or Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, were born, Juno, who knew that the fates had decreed, that whether of them came into the world last, should serve the other, contrived the matter so, that Hercules was born after Eurystheus, who, at her instigation, commanded Hercules to go upon many dangerous exploits; but he proved successful in all of them, therefore was called Hercules, from Ἥρα, Juno, and κλέος, glory, because she was the cause of all his renown, though sore against her will. Virgil. Æn. 8. v. 291.

———ut duros mille labores
Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ
Pertulerit.———

Ver. 26. That is the Nemæan lion. "Nemæus magnus hiatus leonis," says Lucretius. This is the fifth of the labours of Hercules, according to the order in which the chief of them, which are thirty-four in number, are enumerated. Now there haunted in the Nemæan wood, near Cicone, a city of Achaia, in the country of Peloponnesus, a vast and terrible lion, that did a world of mischief: Hercules not being able to kill him, either with his club or with his darts, laid hold of him, and tore him to pieces with his nails; then took his skin, which neither stone nor iron could penetrate, and wore it on his shoulders, as a badge of honour. Diod. Sicul. lib. iii. Plaut in Pers. Virg. Æn. 8. This gave occasion to the institution of the Nemæan games, which were celebrated every third year, in honour of Hercules. But some, particularly Statius, will have this solemnity to have been first instituted to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, son of Lycurgus, and who was killed by an adder.

Ver. 27. This was his seventh labour; for Lucretius does not observe the order, and mentions only the chief of them. He speaks here of the dreadful boar that haunted upon the mountain Erymanthus in Arcadia, and laid waste all the country round. Hercules took him, and carried him to Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ.

Ver. 28. This was his ninth labour. A bull that infested the country about Crete: Hercules brought him alive likewise to Eurystheus. Some say this bull was sent into Crete by Neptune, whom Minos, king of Crete, had offended: others, that it was the same bull which brought Europa, the mother of Minos, into Crete; and others, that it was the bull, for love of which, Pasiphae, the wife of Minos, run mad.

Ibid. This was his third labour. It was a serpent that lived both upon land and in the water, and was called Hydra, from ὕδωρ, water. It kept

for the moſt part in the lake Lerna, between Mycenæ and Argos; and was dreadful for having ſeven heads; and Virgil ſays, fifty, if, as many believe, it be the ſame Hydra that Æneas ſaw when he deſcended into hell;

Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
Sævior intus habet ſedem.—— *Æn.* vi. *ver.* 576.

and others an hundred; and no ſooner was one of them cut off, than two ſprouted out in its place; but Hercules killed him at length, by ſearing the wounds as faſt as he cut off each of his heads.

Ver. 30. This was the ſixteenth labour of Hercules. Geryon was a king of Spain, ſaid to have three bodies, either becauſe he governed three iſlands of Spain, the Greater and Leſſer Baleares, now called Majorca and Minorca; and Ebuſus, now Ivica: or becauſe he and his two brothers, who were united in the ſtricteſt ties of friendſhip, were all ſlain by Hercules, who took away their herds of cattle, and brought them into Italy. Pauſan. lib. i. and Diodor. lib. 4. Virg. Æn. 8. ver. 201.

—— Nam maximus ultor,
Tergemini nece Geryonis, ſpoliiſque ſuperbus,
Alcides aderat; Tauroſque hac victor agebat
Ingentes; vallemque boves amnemque tenebant.

Ver. 31. This was the ſixth labour. Diomedes was a king of Thrace, who, to make his horſes the more fierce and wild, fed them, as the above-cited Diodorus ſays, not with oats and barley, but with human fleſh. Hercules took him, and gave him to his own horſes to eat.

Ver. 32. This was the eighth labour. Theſe birds were called Stymphalides, from Stymphalus, the name of a town, mountain, and lake, in Arcadia, where theſe birds haunted: they were of the ſize of cranes; in ſhape, like the bird called Ibis, which we generally interpret a ſnipe; and had beaks ſo hard, that they would enter into iron: Theſe Hercules killed with his darts, as Pauſanias and Catullus teſtify; but Diodorus Siculus, lib. 4. ſays, he frighted them out of the country with a great braſs rattle.

Ver. 34. The fourteenth labour. Heſperus, the brother of Atlas, had three daughters, Ægle, Arethuſa, and Heſperethuſa, who are ſaid to have had gardens planted with trees that bore golden fruit. Theſe gardens were guarded by a vigilant dragon, whom Hercules ſlew by the command of Euryſtheus, and took away the apples. Beſides the dragon, Virgil adds a prieſteſs, and a temple, perhaps of Venus, to whom the apples were conſecrated.

Hinc mihi Maſſylæ gentis monſtrata ſacerdos,
Heſperidum templi cuſtos, epulaſque draconi
Quæ dabat, et ſacros ſervabat in arbore ramos.
Æneid. iv. *ver.* 483.

And the ſame poet, according to the common opinion, deſcribes the ſituation of the gardens to be in the Mauritania Tingitana now the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, about the town of Lixa, in the extremeſt weſtern part of Africa: According to ſome, they were in the continent; according to others, in an iſland. Others place theſe gardens of the Heſperides in the quite oppoſite parts of Africa, that is to ſay, in the very eaſt of Africa, and on the eaſtern ſhore of the Syrtes Major, near Cyrenaica: but this error is fully confuted by Salmaſius to Solinus. Moreover, ſome will have it, that the apples of theſe gardens were only ſheep, whoſe fleeces are very valuable, and which the Greeks call μῆλα, as well as they do *mala*, apples. Others believe them to have been what we call citrons or lemons, and that Hercules firſt brought them from thence into Greece. They likewiſe believe the gardens to have been the Fortunate Iſlands, now the Canaries, which lie below Lixus indeed, but very near to Mount Atlas, and not far from the ſhore. Laſtly, Others will have them to be the iſlands which the ancients called Heſperides and Gorgades, or Gorgones, now the iſlands of Cape Verd: but theſe lie more to the ſouth, at a great diſtance from Atlas, towards the mouths of the river Niger, and at leaſt an hundred and fifty leagues diſtant from them. And theſe laſt believe the dragon to be the tortuous ſea that divided the gardens from the continent. Milton, deſcribing the garden of Eden, gives it trees,

——Whoſe fruit, burniſh'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable: Heſperian fables true;
If true, here only, and of delicious taſte.

Ver. 38. The weſt of Mauritania, which is waſhed by the Atlantic Ocean, ſo called from Mount Atlas, which, under ſeveral names, extends itſelf even to Egypt; and dividing all Africa into north and ſouth, that is to ſay, Mauritania from the Inner Libya, ends in the Weſtern Ocean. For which reaſon, the ancient poets comprehended all the people that lay to the ſouth of Atlas, under the name of Ethiopians, and diſtinguiſhed them by Oriental and Occidental. The Spaniards call all this extent of mountains, *Montes Claros* Atlas, brother of Prometheus, ſon of Japetus, and king of Mauritania, being admoniſhed by Themis, that he was in danger of being killed by a certain ſon of Jupiter, would, for that reaſon, receive no ſtranger into his houſe: and having denied the rights of hoſpitality to Perſeus, the ſon of Jupiter by Danae, daughter of Acriſius, king of the Argives, this Perſeus, by ſhowing him Meduſa's head, changed him into this mountain, which bears his name. This fable is related at large by Ovid. Metam. iv. ver. 621. et ſeq. Now Atlas was very ſkilful in aſtrology, which gave occaſion to the fiction of ſupporting heaven on his ſhoulders. And Virgil deſcribes the mountain as ſtill retaining the figure of a man, Æneid iv. ver. 246. where ſpeaking of Mercury, he ſays,

—— Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice ſuſtit
Atlantis, cinctum aſſidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulſatur et imbri:
Nix humeros infuſa tegit: tum flumina mento
Præcipitant ſenis, et glacie riget horrida barba.

Thus tranſlated by Dryden.

——And flying thence he ſpies
Atlas, whoſe brawny back ſupports the ſkies:
Atlas, whoſe head, with piny foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his ſhoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling ſtreams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breaſt depends.

Ver. 39.

Quo neque noſter adit quiſquam, nec barbarus audet. *Lucret.*

i. e. Whither none of us Romans go, nor any foreigners dare to go: For the ancients, as well Greeks as Latins, called all that were not of their own country barbarians. But I think our tranſlator can hardly juſtify this expreſſion, untrod by the Moor, ſince the Moors are the people that inhabit the country of which Lucretius is ſpeaking. Be that as it will, Cicero aſſerts for certain, that even in his days, there was no ſailing practiſed any farther than from the mouths of the Euxine Sea, to the Columns of Hercules: i. e. than Abayle, now Ceuta, on the African coaſt, and Calpe, now Gibraltar, on the coaſt of Spain. For Hercules, after he had laid waſte the garden of the Heſperides, fixed two pillars on the mountains Abayle and Calpe, as the bounds of his travels: which two mountains were before contiguous; but he is ſaid to have parted them, and by that means letting in the ocean, to have opened the ſea of Cadiz, now called the Straits of Gibraltar.

Ver. 40. For many other notable exploits are recorded of Hercules. He killed Buſyris, the ſon of Neptune and Libya, an Egyptian tyrant, of ſuch incredible ſtrength, that he could draw an ox about at his pleaſure; and who, as well as Diomedes of Thrace, fed his horſes with human fleſh. And Antæus, the ſon of Neptune and Terra, a giant ſixty-four cubits high; who, as often as he was faint or weary, if he but touched the earth, recovered his full ſtrength again. And Augeas the king of Elis, who refuſed to give him what he had agreed for cleanſing his ſtables of the filth they had gathered in thirty years. And Eryx, the ſon of Venus, with whom he fought at the Cæſtus, or Hurl-bats: beſides, he ſlew ſeveral of the centaurs, &c. and was of ſignal ſervice to the gods, in their wars with the giants, who durſt attack their heaven; for the earth had pronounced an oracle, at Phlægra, a town in Thrace, and the place of the battle, that the giants could not be deſtroyed, without the help of two heroes or demigods: Upon which the gods made choice of Hercules and Bacchus; and by their aſſiſtance got the victory: Thus Apollodorus. And hence we ſee the vainneſs of the fables, in teaching that the ſame Hercules who flouriſhed about the age of Theſeus and Euryſtheus, was already among the gods in the time of the giants war.

Ver. 42. Lucretius ſays nothing of the death of Hercules, nor his riſing a god from Oeta's flame; but ſince our tranſlator has thought fit to take notice of it, it will not be improper for us to explain it. Deianira, growing jealous of her huſband Hercules, who, ſhe heard, was fallen in love with Iole, ſent him a garment that had been dipped in the poiſonous blood of the Centaur Neſſus; and which, ſhe had been informed, had a virtue to make any one that wore it in love with her. Hercules had no ſooner put it on, than all his limbs began to burn to that degree, by the force of the poiſonous dye, that unable to reſiſt the violence of the torment, he tore up trees by the roots, and built himſelf a pile upon the mountain Oeta in Theſſaly, then having ſet fire to it, threw himſelf into the flames: and being thus purged from all the filth he had contracted here below, he was believed to go directly to heaven; and thus, as Creech ſays,

——He roſe a god from Oeta's flame.

Milton, in Paradiſe Loſt, B. ii.

As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore,
Through pain, up by the roots Theſſalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea, &c.

Ver. 55. Epicurus, in his writings, treated not only of phyſics, but ethics likewiſe. The firſt by the care of Laertius have eſcaped, moſt of them, from the rage of time: but of his ethics, the little that remains, is in his three epiſtles to Herodotus, Mœnecæus and Pythocles.

Ver. 57. Faber ſays, that Lucretius here ſpeaks of the treatiſe that Epicurus compoſed περὶ ἁγιότητος, of holineſs.

Ver. 60. In theſe forty verſes the poet gives us the argument of this book, in which he will endeavour to prove, that the world had once a beginning, and will one day have an end. Then he will deſcribe the riſe of the world, and of animals; will teach what animals were actually produced; and what the vainneſs of the poets, and the ſuperſtition of the generality of men have feigned and believed. He will tell how names come to be given to things, and how mutual ſociety aroſe from ſpeech; and whence firſt proceeded religion, and the fear of the gods. Laſtly, He will explain the motion of the heavens, the courſes and revolutions of the ſun, the moon, and other planets and ſtars, and will demonſtrate, that they are whirled about by the force of nature only, without the help or aſſiſtance of Providence: For unleſs he can make out ſuch a motion of the heavens, and prove it to be merely natural, he owns he ſhall not be able to take away all belief of Providence: For, as he obſerves in the firſt book, ver. 84.

Long time man lay oppreſs'd with ſlaviſh fear;
Religion's tyranny did domineer:
And, being plac'd in heaven, look'd proudly down,
And frighted abject ſpirits with her frown.

Ver. 64. Which the ignorant vulgar miſtake for ſouls ſeparated from the body; but Epicurus has ſhown them their error, by proving that the ſoul dies with the body. See Gaſerellus, in his Collection, de Taliſmannis.

Ver. 70. The atoms, which Lucretius held with Epicurus to be the principles of all things.

Ver. 71. He means chimæras, ſcyllas, centaurs, hermaphrodites, &c.

Ver. 77. Lucret.

Fana, lacus, lucos, aras, ſimulacraque divûm.

The temples, lakes, groves, altars, and images of the gods.

Ver. 81. Lucretius ſays, " natura gubernans," and means what he calls afterwards, " fortuna gubernans," ver. 108, which our tranſlator there calls chance: And indeed Lucretius means nothing elſe in this place. Pliny, it is true, calls nature the parent and maker of all things. And Seneca, lib. iv. de Benef. makes her the god by whom all things are made and governed. " Quid enim," ſays he, " aliud eſt natura, quam Deus, et divina ratio toti mundo ac partibus inſerta?" But Lucretius was of another opinion, and makes her other than God, and means in effect nothing more by ruling nature, than the power and motion of the atoms, that fortuitouſly and without deſign huddled and joined themſelves together into this frame of the world.

The motions of the planets may well be compared to a dance, from the regular meaſures of them.

Ver. 85. Epicurus himſelf to Herodotus: Τὴ ἡ θεία δύναμις πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ προσαγέσθω, ἀλλὰ ἀλειτούργητο, διὰ παντὸς εἰσθω, καὶ ἐν τῇ πάσῃ μακαριότητι ὡς ἐ μὴ τοῦτο προαχθήσεται, ἅπασα περὶ τῶν μετεώρων αἰτιολογία μάταια ἔσται.

Ver 86. The horſes of the ſun are ſaid to be four in number: Pyroeïs, ſo called from πῦρ, fire; Eous, from ἠως, the morning; Æthon, from αἴθω, I burn, or I heat; and Phlegon, from φλέγω, I burn. Lucretius mentions them not, but owes this verſe to his tranſlator.

Ver. 87. This and the twelve following verſes are repeated in Book vi. ver. 51. and ſeq. And in Book i. ver. 78. and Book ii. ver. 606, he teaches almoſt the ſame doctrine.

Ver. 90. Horace, the Epicurean, manifeſtly drew from this fountain, when he ſaid:

Nil admirari prope res eſt una, numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum:
Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent.——

Explain that paſſage of Horace by this of Lucretius, and you will be more in the right than the other interpreters. Moreover, this is exactly the doctrine of Socrates; and therefore this ſaying, The things that are above us are nothing to us, which is commonly aſcribed to Socrates by others, is by Tertullian aſcribed to Epicurus: " Sed Epicurus qui dixerat, quæ ſuper nos nihil ad nos, cum et ipſe cœlum aſpicere deſiderat, ſolis orbem pedalem apprehendit," &c. lib. ii. ad Nationes.

Ver. 94. In the ſecond book, he calls them, " Dominos ſuperbos," proud, imperious lords. And Velleius, in Cicero, lib. i. de Nat. Deor. ſays the ſame thing: " Dum Deum rerum auctorem facitis, impoſuiſtis in cervicibus noſtris Dominum ſempiternum, quem dies et noctes timerimus. Quis enim non timeat omnia providentem, et cogitantem, et animadvertentem, et omnia ad ſe pertinere putantem, curioſum et plenum negotii Deum?" By making God the author of all things, you ſet over us an eternal Lord, of whom we muſt day and night ſtand in awe. For who cannot but dread a God, who overſees all, provides for all, thinks of all, takes notice of all, and believes that all belongs to him, in ſhort, a meddling, inquiſitive, and never idle God?

Ver. 100. In theſe nineteen verſes, he at length falls upon his ſubject; which, he ſays, is a noble one indeed, but intricate, and to which he ſhall find it difficult to gain belief; for men do not eaſily give credit to what they are unwilling to believe; and who would willingly regard the ruin of the world, of which he cannot be a witneſs without his own deſtruction? The poet himſelf ſeems to commiſerate ſo great a misfortune:

——— tria talia, texta
Una dies dabit exitio—— ver. 95.

Which he did certainly dread, when he ſaid,

Quod procul à nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.
Ver. 108

All-ruling chance, avert it far from us.

Moreover, upon the words of Lucretius cited above, " Tria, talia," &c. Faber obſerves, that Ovid pays him a compliment in his own coin:

Carmina ſublimis tunc ſunt peritura Lucretî
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Ver. 104. This is denied by Ariſtotle, lib. i. de Cœlo, and by Plato in Timæus, though they diſagree in the manner of it: For Plato ſays the world had a beginning, and that God created it; but denies it will ever have an end; not that it is immortal in its own nature, but becauſe it would be unworthy of the wiſdom of God, whoſe workmanſhip it is, to diſſolve ſo glorious a frame, or to ſuffer it to be diſſolved! But Ariſtotle holds, that whatever has had a beginning, may, and will have an end; but that the heavens never were created, and will never be diſſolved: Nor ought Ariſtotle alone to boaſt that he aſſerted a world uncreated and eternal, for before him Xenophanes, Parmenides, Meliſſus, Philolaus, Occllus, Ariſtæus, the Chaldeans, and others, taught the ſame doctrine. In like manner, not Epicurus alone of all the ancient philoſophers gave the world a beginning, for Empedocles, Heraclitus, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Archelaus, Diogenes, Leucippus, Democritus, the Brachmans, the Egyptians, and others, were of the ſame opinion, to which Pliny too ſubſcribes, in theſe words: " Numen eſſe mundum credi par eſt, æternum, immenſum: neque genitum, neque interiturum unquam." Nat. Hiſt. lib. ii. cap. 1. Thus Epicurus agreed with us, that the world had a beginning; but he erred in teaching that God was not the creator of it: And we know for certain, that, " in princi-

pio creavit Deus cœlum et terram." And both Epicurus, and the other philoſophers with him, were miſtaken, when they taught, that the world was not created out of nothing, but made of a pre-exiſting matter. Lucan, in Pharſal. lib. i. ver. 73. deſcribes the future diſſolution of the world, in the following verſes:

——Sic cum, compage ſolutâ,
Sæcula tot mundi ſuprema coegerit hora,
Antiquum repetens iterum chaos, omnia miſtis
Sydera ſyderibus concurrent; ignea pontum
Aſtra petent; tellus extendere littora nolet,
Excutietque fretum: fratri contraria Phœbe
Ibit, et obliquum bigas agitare per orbem
Indignata diem poſcet ſibi: totaque diſcors
Machina divulſi turbabit fœdera mundi.

Which May has not amiſs interpreted in the following verſes:

So when this knot of nature is diſſolv'd,
And the world's ages in one hour involv'd
In their old chaos; ſeas with ſkies ſhall join,
And ſtars, with ſtars confounded, loſe their ſhine.
The earth no longer ſhall extend its ſhore,
To keep the ocean out: the moon no more
Follow the ſun; but, ſcorning her old way,
Croſs him, and claim the guidance of the day:
The falling world's now jarring frame, no peace,
No league ſhall hold, &c.

Ver. 109. For all men give moſt credit to thoſe things which they ſee or touch, and ſight is the chief inlet of knowledge: Therefore, Milton, complaining of his being blind, ſays finely,

——Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n and morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful ways of man
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd;
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.

Ver. 119. But becauſe the folly of the Stoics, the ignorance of others, and the ſuperſtition of the generality of men had oppoſed many objections to this opinion, Lucretius removes them all, and firſt, in thirty-nine verſes, confutes the Stoics, who held, that the ſun, the ſea, the earth, in ſhort, the univerſe, being animated by a ſpirit infuſed through the whole, is God. Thus Manilius, lib. i. ver. 238.

Hoc opus immenſi conſtructum corpore mundi,
Membraque naturæ diverſâ condita formâ
Aeris, atque ignis, terræ, pelagique jacentis
Vis animæ divina regit, ſacroq. meatu
Conſpirat Deus, et tacitâ ratione gubernat.

Which Creech thus renders:

To this vaſt frame in which four parts conſpire,
Of diff'rent form, air, water, earth, and fire,
United God, the world's almighty ſoul,
By ſecret methods, rules and guides the whole;
By unſeen paſſes he himſelf conveys
Through all the maſs, and ev'ry part obeys.

But theſe men the poet deſpiſes, and treats them and their fooliſh doctrine with the utmoſt contempt and indignation.

Ver. 121. See the note upon ver. 758, Book i. from whence this and the foregoing verſe are repeated. And to what is there ſaid on them, I will here add ſome farther particulars concerning the oracle of Apollo, who was called Pythius, from his killing the python, a huge ſerpent, which had its name ἀπὸ τῆν πυθεῖν, becauſe he was engendered of the putrefaction of the earth, and ſprung from the filth that the flood of Deucalion had left behind it. Ovid Metam. i. ver. 438.

——Te quoque, maxime Python,
Tum genuit; populiſque novis, incognite ſerpens,
Terror eras: tantum ſpatii de monte tenebas:
Hunc Deus arciteneus,——
Mille gravem telis, exhauſtâ pene pharetrâ,
Perdidit, effuſo per vulnera nigra veneno.

Now the perſon, or propheteſs, who, inſtead of Apollo, pronounced the oracle, and gave anſwer to thoſe that came to conſult the god, was a maid, and the firſt that performed it was Phenomoë, the daughter of Apollo. The oracle was delivered from a place in the temple, called the Adytum, which was the moſt ſecret and retired part of it, and into which none but the propheteſs was permitted to enter; and, according to the deſcription Strabo gives of it, it was a deep and crooked cave, with a mouth or entrance, but indifferently large, and out of which the anſwer of the god was thought to aſcend, and inſpire the propheteſs. Over the mouth of this cave ſtood the tripod, upon which, when the propheteſs got up, ſhe was immediately tranſported with a ſpirit of divination, and then gave the anſwer, ſometimes in proſe, ſometimes in verſe. Du Choul, in his treatiſe de la Religion des anciens Romains, gives us the form of the tripod, with a crow ſitting on it, as a bird ſacred to Apollo, and with a harp and laurel at the feet of it. To which we may add, that in Conſtantine's oration, ad Sacrorum Cœtum, in Euſebius there is mention made, cap. xviii. of a ſerpent alſo twining about the tripod, and of a diadem with which the propheteſs was adorned. Lee, in the tragedy of Mithridates, deſcribes the agony of the Pythian, when, inſpired by the god, ſhe was about to pronounce the oracle.

——At Delphi, when the glorious fury
Kindles the blood of the prophetic maid,
The bounded Deity does ſhoot her out,
Draws ev'ry nerve, thin as a ſpider's thread,
And bears the ſkin out like expanded gold.

And Dryden, in Œdipus, makes the old Tireſias ſay,

Now the god ſhakes me! he comes! he comes!
——I feel him now

Like a ſtrong ſpirit, charm'd into a tree,
That leaps, and moves the wood without a wind:
The rouſed god, as all this while he lay
Entomb'd alive, ſtarts, and dilates himſelf:
He ſtruggles, and he tears my aged trunk
With holy fury; my old arteries burſt;
My rival'd ſkin,——
Like parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire:
I ſhall be young again, &c.

To both of whom Virgil ſhowed the way, in his deſcription of the convulſive rage of the Cumæan Sybil. Æneid. vi.

Ver. 124. Pythagoras, Plato, Triſmegiſtus, and many others of the ancient philoſophers, imagined the world to be endowed with a rational ſoul, and to partake of the nature of the God that made it. They were induced to this belief, by conſidering the admirable order and connection of all the parts of the univerſe, which, they were perſuaded, could not be ſuſtained but by a ſoul intrinſically informing, ordering, diſpoſing, and connecting them. This ſoul Plato, indeed, did not believe to be God himſelf, but the work of the ſupreme God; but Pythagoras and Thales, as we learn from Minutius Felix, aſſerted it to be God himſelf: To this opinion the Hermetic philoſophers ſeem likewiſe to ſubſcribe, and explain it in this manner: They tell us, that the Divine Spirit, which produced the world out of the firſt water, being infuſed, as by a continual inſpiration, into all the works of nature, and largely diffuſed through them, by a certain ſecret and continual act, moving the whole, and every individual part of it, according to its kind, is the ſoul of the world. Plato, and the old academics, as we find their opinion delivered by Cicero, in Acad. Queſt. lib. i. ſay thus of it: The ſeveral parts of the world, and all things contained in them, are kept together by a ſenſitive nature, which is endowed likewiſe with perfect reaſon: It is alſo ſempiternal; becauſe there is nothing more ſtrong, by the power or force of which it can be diſſolved. And this nature is the power which is called the ſoul of the world. Plutarch, de Placitis Philoſoph. lib. iv. cap. i. teaches, that Heraclitus affirmed the ſoul of the world to be an exhalation of the humid parts of it. Varro, on the contrary, would have it to be fire, but means, perhaps, the ſame thing with Chalcidius in the Timæus, where he calls Veſta the ſoul of the univerſal body; or with Pliny, who aſſerts the ſun to be the ſoul of this world: "Hunc mundi totius eſſe animam, ac plane mentem, hunc principale naturæ regimen, ac numen credere decet," ſays he, lib. ii. cap. 6. But the Stoics went yet farther, and held, that every one of the celeſtial bodies that have motion, is to be eſteemed in the number of the gods; and this opinion they grounded on the conſtancy they had obſerved in the revolutions of the heavens, and in the courſes of the ſtars, whence they concluded their motion to be voluntary, and, conſequently, that they are gods. Thus the Stoic Lucilius, in Cicero, ſays, "Hanc igitur in ſtellis conſtantiam, hanc tantam in tam variis caſibus, in æternitate convenientiam temporum, non poſſum intelligere, ſine mente ratione, conſilio: Quæ cum in ſyderibus eſſe videamus, non poſſumus ea ipſa in deorum numero non ponere." De Natur. Deor. lib. iii. And a little higher, he ſays, "Reſtat ut motus aſtrorum ſit voluntarius: quæ qui videat, non indocte ſolum, verum etiam impie faciet, ſi deos eſſe neget." But Lactantius retorts their very argument upon theſe philoſophers, and ſays, that the conſtant and fixed revolutions and courſes of the celeſtial bodies, are an evident argument that they are not gods; for, if they were, they would not be determined to, nor preſcribed any certain motions, but, like animals upon earth, whoſe will is free, would move wherever they liſt. "Quid, quod argumentum illud, quo colligunt univerſa cœleſtia deos eſſe, in contrarium valet? Nam ſi deos eſſe idcirco opinatur, quia certos et rationabiles curſus habent, errant: ex hoc enim apparet deos non eſſe, quod exorbitare illis, à præſtitutis itineribus non licet. Cæterum ſi dii eſſent, huc atque illuc paſſim ſine ullâ neceſſitate ferrentur, ſicunt animantes in terrâ; quorum quia liberæ ſunt voluntates, huc atque illuc vegantur, ut libuit; et quò quemque mens duxerit, eò fertur." De Orig. Error. cap. 5. Now the reaſon why Lucretius laſhes the authors of theſe opinions, and treats them with ſo much ſcorn and indignation, is, becauſe their belief of the ſoul of the world, preſſes hard his impious hypotheſis, concerning the Divine Providence: For, releaſe but the ſoul from that union, which theſe philoſophers have thus fooliſhly aſſigned, and then to hold a ſoul of the world, and an all-ruling Providence will be all one and the ſame thing.

Ver. 128. The giants, who fought againſt the gods at Phlegra, and attempted to ſcale heaven, by heaping one on another the hills of that country, and of Theſſalia. Virgil, Georg. iii. ver. 281. See likewiſe the note on Book i. ver. 243. To which I add, that Phlegra was ſo called ἀπὸ τῦ φλέγεσθαι, to burn, perhaps, becauſe of the giants being deſtroyed there chiefly by lightning; or, as others, from baths of hot water that ariſe thereabouts. Euſtathius ſays, it was likewiſe called *Pallene*; and that the wickedneſs of the inhabitants gave occaſion to the fable of the giant's fight. Now, what Lucretius here ſays, is this: Leſt you ſhould think that all thoſe, who by their arguments endeavour to prove the world to be mortal, equally deſerve to be puniſhed for their impiety, as were the impious giants of old, who, in their way, did likewiſe all they could to deſtroy heaven, and durſt to wage war with the gods. Whoever deſires to be fully inſtructed concerning giants, may conſult the learned Caſſarion, who has treated of them at large. I will only add, that the ancient heathens drew the occaſion of this, and of many of their other fables, from the Moſaical hiſtory, which they wretchedly profaned and depraved by their childiſh fictions: And that too the rather, if it be true what Bouldue, a French capuchin, in a treatiſe printed not long ago, and intituled, De Eccleſiâ ante legem,

tells us, in lib. i. cap. 9. that the names Raphaim, Emim, Zuzin, and others, as he says, commonly in scripture taken for giants, ought not to be expounded in that sense. Then he affirms, that the title of giant was anciently a name of honour, by which they distinguished such persons as in those days were restorers of piety; and that the assemblies of giants, were colleges of instruction, in that age of the world. Thus he endeavours to prove, that Nimrod was, in that sense, a giant, a man instructed by God himself; and this he would make good out of Methodius. But these assertions of his, and the curious proofs he alleges from their Hebrew titles, are new and daring flights of fancy.

Ver. 130. That the heavens are immutable and incorruptible, nay, even immaterial, and consequently no ways obnoxious to the catastrophe which Lucretius here asserts has always been the vulgar opinion, as well as the belief of Aristotle, Xenophanes, Averroes, Cicero, and indeed of most of the philosophers. And though experience itself of the visible mutations that sometimes happen in them, for example, the new star that appeared in Cassiopeia, in 1573, and vanished the year following, are abundantly sufficient to convince them, by natural reason, of the erroneousness of that opinion; yet some men are so given up, even to the most reprobate sense of Aristotle, that not the Divine Authority itself can draw them from it, as in this point particularly, Suarez, and many others, are so far from believing the heavens to be corruptible and mutable; that they will allow them to be changed only accidentally, as they call it, and not substantially, at the last day: Upon which Maldon, on St. Matthew says very well, that he had rather believe Christ, who affirms it, than Aristotle, who denies it.

Ver. 134. In these twenty-four verses, he says, that it is so far from being true, that what he is about to teach of the future dissolution of the world, will derogate from the power and divinity of the immortal gods, that, on the contrary, it will evince their dignity, and the excellence of their nature, because it will help us to distinguish between what is endowed with a divine body, and what is not: for what can be more disrespectful and injurious to the gods, than to declare aloud that the heavens, the earth, the sea, the sun, the moon, and the stars, are endowed with their immortality, eternity, and divine understanding, as they most manifestly do who hold them to be immortal? Especially, since they are incapable even of being animated with the breath of life: For a soul can no more be in them, than a tree in the air, a cloud in the sea, or a fish upon dry ground. And as every thing has a proper place assigned it, to be produced and live in, so neither can the soul be produced or exist without a body. This opinion is both impious and repugnant to true reason; but since we have already fully answered, in the third book, all the Epicurean objections against the immortality of the soul, we will not trouble our reader with the repetition of them. Besides, the drift of Lucretius is, to prove, that heaven, earth, sea, &c. are mortal, and consequently will be dissolved, and perish.

Ver. 136. *Neither.*] None, not one of them: we generally say neither of them, when we speak but of two.

Ver. 140. You will find this and the following eleven verses, Book iii. ver. 755.

Ver. 144. This and the four following verses are rejected by Faber, who imagines, they were by mistake brought to this place, together with the five preceding verses, from the third book, where we find them all together; but his supposition is without reason; for they seem to be a part of this argument, and as much to the purpose as the other verses of it. For, says the poet, if even in our bodies, which are composed of veins, nerves, blood, &c. there be certain and appointed places, where the mind and soul are born, and exist apart by themselves, it is in vain for any one to pretend that there is a mind and a soul in the heavens, the earth, the sea, and other bodies that have no organs whatever.

Ver. 156. To this purpose, Velleius, in Cicero, lib. i. De Nat. Deor. says, "Qui mundum ipsum animantem sapientemque esse dixerunt, nullo modo animi naturam intelligentes viderunt, in quam naturam cadere possit." They who said that the world is an animal, and endowed with understanding, did not in the least know the nature of the mind, nor into what nature it can be infused.

Ver. 158. Since the gods are immortal and eternal, they must of necessity have abodes that are so too; therefore, all men place the gods in the heavens, which, for that reason, say they, can never be destroyed. To this the poet answers, in these eleven verses, that this is only the invention of poets, or of the ignorant vulgar: For the nature of the gods is too subtle to touch such thick bodies as the heavens; and therefore we must not believe them to be the mansions of the gods. Nay, says he, no part of the universe is, or can be their abodes; for whatever has an abode, or is in any place, both touches and is touched, for place, and the thing placed, as they call them, are bodies; and body can both touch and be touched; but the gods neither touch nor are touched. They are not touched, because their nature is so subtle that it is wholly imperceptible to our senses, and therefore we ought to believe, that their abodes are answerable to their nature and far different from ours, that is, from those that are commonly assigned to the gods; that is to say, that they are of so subtle a nature as renders them wholly imperceptible likewise to our senses. But all the parts of the world are perceivable to our senses, therefore none of them can be the abode of the gods. And since the gods are not touched, it necessarily follows, that they do not touch:

Tangere enim non quit, quod tangi non licet ipsum. *Lucr.*

For nothing can touch but what may be touched

again. Therefore you must look out for some other mansions for the gods than those you have hitherto assigned them.

Nardius takes occasion, from this argument, to prove, that Lucretius contradicts his own doctrine, and that even, according to his own assertions, there can be no gods. He argues to this purpose: If the gods, says he, of Lucretius are no where, then Lucretius has no gods; for they must certainly be nothing at all; or they must be the void: This is evident from his own principles; for Book i. ver. 550, he says,

Two sorts of beings reason's eye descry'd,
And prov'd before their diff'rence vastly wide:
Body and void, which never could agree
In any one essential property;
For body, as 'tis matter, is from place
Distinct; and void from body, as 'tis space.

Therefore, whatever is, is either place, or a thing placed.

——And to afford a place,
Is the peculiar gift of empty space.
Book i. ver. 490.

Thus, if the gods are not bodies, they are empty space, and altogether nothing, as was said before. That they are not bodies, Lucretius himself cannot deny: What can neither touch, nor be touched, is not body: The gods of Lucretius neither are touched, nor touch; therefore they are not bodies; for nothing but body can be touched or touch. He has confirmed the minor proposition in this argument:

Now since their substance can't be touch'd by man,
They cannot touch these other things that can;
For whatsoe'er is touch'd, that must be touch'd again.

The supine idleness and inaction of his gods, made him aware how he placed them among bodies. And Book i. ver. 486, he says,

——Whatever is, a pow'r must own,
Or fit to act, or to be acted on;
Or be a place, in which such things are done;
Now body only suffers, and acts——

And yet he allows them a body, but so subtle as not to fall under the perception of sense. Perhaps he will say, with Epicurus, that his gods have not a body, but as it were a body: And thus he will set up a third nature, in contradiction of his own doctrine, when he taught, that

A third diff'rent nature in vain is sought,
And ne'er can be found out by sense or thought.
Book i. ver. 491.

Certainly he will not pretend that his gods are conjuncts, or events of concrete bodies. What then can they be, but a mere fiction, an empty word to sooth the credulous ears of unthinking men? And since he is contriving some most tenuious abode for them, what can be more tenuious than the void, which is wholly destitute of body? But he is officiously about to invent something more subtle, and not unlike their own nature, that is to say, nothing.

Ver. 167. The same difference of tenuity as there is between us and the gods, there ought to be likewise between their abodes and ours: and thus, by suitable to their own, he means, that the seats and mansions of the gods, consist of the same principles as the gods themselves.

Ver. 169. But, say they, the gods made this world, and decreed it to be eternal. To which Lucretius answers in thirty-two verses. Did they make it for their own sake, or out of love to man? Whoever says for their own, may as well pretend, that to be adored and worshipped by men is of advantage, and adds to the happy state of a god, who is entirely blessed, and wants nothing: And if any one say for the sake of man, let him tell me what trouble it would have been to us if we never had had a being, not to have a being?

To make good his assertion in this place, Lucretius chiefly labours to prove, that the gods did not make the world for the benefit of man. Therefore, says he, there is no reason why any of us should, as in gratitude for so great a favour, extol this mighty work, believe it eternal, and that it will be immortal: For of what advantage could our acknowledgements be to the gods, that that consideration only should induce them to make the world for the sake of us, or for our benefit? Besides, what new thing was there to allure the gods, who enjoy the most perfect tranquillity, to change, either for their own sake or ours, their former life of happy and uninterrupted repose, and to take upon themselves the care of man, and of all created beings, they, who, till then, lived in undisturbed delights and happiness? Farther, what could it have been the worse for us, if we had never been created? For he, who has once tasted the sweets of life, with good reason desires to live on: but they who never had a being, how can they be in love with the pleasures of living? Moreover, how could the gods fabricate the world for the sake of man: of man, I say, of whom they had no previous notice, no model to work by? For nothing can be made without an idea. And whence had the gods first their idea of creating the world? Whence had they their innate notices of the world, by which they might see in their mind what they purposed and resolved to make? For since the world was to be created of atoms, the gods could by no other means come to the knowledge of the power of those atoms, nor of what they would be able to effect by the change of their sites, orders, and positions; unless nature, by creating the world from the fortuitous coalition of atoms, had afforded them a specimen of it, and unless they had experimented by the very rise of things, how great was the efficacy of the atoms. Thus, so far is it from being true, that the gods make this world for the sake of man, that indeed they had no hand in the creation of it, but by the guidance of nature, it was made by a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

Thus Lucretius begins his impiety anew, and

endeavours to raiſe a duſt, and blind mens underſtandings. And, to ſecure his former opinion, pretends objections intermixed with ſcoffs, againſt all thoſe, who, upon ſober principles, and a ſtrict ſearch into the order and diſpoſition of things, were forced to confeſs this frame to be the contrivance of ſome intelligent Being, and the product of wiſdom itſelf. And here, agreeable to the Epicurean principles, he ſuppoſes intereſt to be the cauſe of all good nature, and the only ſpring of action, and then peremptorily demands what ſuitable returns man could make the gods for all their labour, or what additional happineſs they could receive? Where he makes another wild ſuppoſition, which will never be granted, viz. That to create or diſpoſe, is toil and trouble to Omnipotence, for ſuch I have proved every eternal and ſelf-exiſtent to be. Now, let us look a little on the immoderate praiſes he beſtows on his Epicurus, and aſk him, what rewards could poſterity give him for his philoſophy, how could he receive any benefit from their praiſes and commendations? What then, was his god Epicurus a fool, who loſt his own eaſe, oppoſed himſelf to ſo many philoſophers, and laboured to write almoſt infinite volumes, when he had no motive to engage himſelf in all this trouble? No, Lucretius highly eſteems him for the benefits he beſtowed on mankind; and thus anſwers himſelf, whilſt he allows ſingle benevolence to be a ſtrong motive to action: And this is allowed by general conſent, he being hated, who looks only on his own intereſt, and makes that the meaſure of all his deſigns. And that the Deity is benevolent in the higheſt degree, is as evident as that it is a perfection to be ſo; for it is already proved, that infinite perfection is a neceſſary conſequence of ſelf-exiſtence. But when he endeavours to prove, that to be is no good to man: what but laughter can be returned to ſuch an idle oppoſition of common ſenſe? For if to be continued in being is ſo great a good, and ſo deſirable, as all mens wiſhes and endeavours ſufficiently evince, then ſurely to beſtow that being, is at leaſt an equal bleſſing. And to anſwer his impudent queſtion, How the Deity could have his knowledge? It is ſufficient to return, That his method of knowing is not to be meaſured by ours, that he is Omniſcient, that being a perfection, needs not any external impulſe from images.

Ver. 185. Cicero, lib. ii. de Nat. Deor. ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe in theſe words: "Quid autem erat, quod concupiſceret Deus mundum ſignis et luminibus, tanquam Ædilis, ornare? Si, ut Deus ipſe melius habitaret, antea, videlicet tempore infinito, in tenebris, tanquam in gurguſtio habitaverat? Poſt autem, varietate ne eum delectari putamus, quod cœlum et terras exornatas videmus? Quæ iſta poteſt eſſe oblectatio Deo? quæ ſi eſſet, non eâ tam diu carere potuiſſet." Why was it that God was ſo deſirous to adorn this world with luminaries and conſtellations, like the gawdy coſſack of a herald? Was it that he might live himſelf the better? And had he lived till then, that is to ſay, an infinite ſpace of time, in the dark, as in a cabin? Or do we imagine, that at length he took delight in novelties, and, therefore, clothed the heavens and the earth in all that glorious array in which we now behold them? What delight can that be to God? Were it any, he would not have been ſo long without it.

Ver. 201. The notice, or knowledge of all things, proceeds from the images of things that offer themſelves to the mind. Beſides, the gods do nothing inconſiderately; but foreſee whatever they reſolve to do. Now, no images of things could come into the Divine Mind, ſince the things themſelves did not yet exiſt. It is idle, therefore, to pretend, that the gods created the heavens, the earth, the animals, and all things. This argument is contained in fifteen verſes.

Ver. 208. In theſe eight verſes, the poet delivers the opinion of Epicurus concerning the creation of the world, which he denied to be the work of the gods; but taught, that all things are effected by nature, or rather by chance and fortune, that is, by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms: For he would not allow fortune or chance to be any thing, that, of itſelf, tempered and diſpoſed the atoms to work theſe effects we now behold, but that the atoms themſelves are that very chance: foraſmuch, as without any premeditation, they meet, and mutually cleave to one another; and thus make all concrete things, juſt as it happens, without any preconceived deſign. And thus, as Dryden finely expreſſes this opinion of Epicurus,

The various atoms interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance.

Lucretius, too, explains it in the ſame words, as here, book i. ver. 1021. and in this book, ver. 470. he repeats theſe verſes again.

Ver. 216. To prove the world not to have been made by the gods, the poet, in theſe thirty-four verſes, brings ſome arguments from the ill-contrived frame, diſpoſition, and make of it. The work of an all-wiſe artiſt, ſays he, ought to be perfect in all points; not like the earth with mountains, woods, lakes, &c. hideous and dreadful to behold. Some parts of it ſhould not be chilled with perpetual froſt, nor others parched with continual heat: it ſhould produce fruits of all ſorts, rather than thorns, briars, and other uſeleſs, nay, noxious plants. It ſhould be diſturbed with no ſtorms nor tempeſts: It ſhould breed no wild beaſts, nor other animals that are dangerous and deſtructive to man: nor ſhould various diſeaſes attend the various ſeaſons of the year, and ſhorten our days: but all things ſhould have been made pleaſant and beautiful, accommodated only to the eaſe and pleaſure of man: and thus it would indeed have been a work worthy of a wiſe and bounteous God.

Thus our preſumptuous and daring poet takes upon him to find fault with the contrivance itſelf, and, like that proud king of Arragon, could, no doubt, have mended the deſign. And here, though it is unreaſonable to demand a particular cauſe and motive for every contrivance, ſince we are not of the cabinet-council of Nature, nor aſſiſted at her project, yet his exceptions (no doubt the

beſt his labouring wit could invent) are ſo weak, ſo often anſwered, and ſo eaſily (on principles grounded on certain hiſtory, and infallible record) to be accounted for, that there is no need to frame a particular anſwer, nor reaſon to fear, that any, the meaneſt reader, can ever be ſurpriſed with ſuch trifles.

Ver. 221. In theſe ſix verſes is contained his firſt argument, in which he proves, that far the greateſt part of the earth is uſeleſs to man; forasmuch as it conſiſts partly of mountains, woods, and rocks; and that the ſea and vaſt lakes take up another part of it: as alſo becauſe a third portion of it is uninhabitable by reaſon of the violent heat of the ſun; and a fourth on account of its being extremely cold: that is to ſay, under the torrid zone, and under the two frigid zones. How then can it be pretended, that this earth, which abounds with ſo many defects and inconveniencies, was created by the gods for the ſake of man?

Ibid. Lucretius.

—— Quantum cœli tegit impetus ingens,
Inde avidam partem montes, &c.

Which our tranſlator has not rightly, or at leaſt, has doubtfully rendered. For what Lucretius ſays is this: That as much of the world as the heavens ſurround or cover, by which he means the orb of the earth, is partly taken up by mountains, &c. and therefore is of no uſe to man. But Creech ſeems to make him complain, that no creatures are produced in the air, as well as in the water, and on dry ground. His miſtake proceeded from not enough conſidering what the poet means by "Cœli impetus ingens;" the violent whirl of the heavens. Cicero, de Naturâ Deorum, lib. ii. "Cùm autem impetum cœli admirabili cum celeritate moveri, vertique videamus," &c.

Ver. 226. The aſtronomers divided the heavens, according to latitude, into five parts, each of which the Greeks called Ζώνη, and the Latins *Cingulum*, *Faſcia*, *Plaga*. Cicero calls the zones, *Macula*, and *Oræ*; the zone, that is in the midſt, between the two tropics, beyond which the ſun never paſſes, is called the torrid zone. Polybius divides this zone into two, parted by the equator; but in this opinion he is not followed by any. The two zones that are extended, the one from the right of the torrid zone, towards the actic or north pole, and the other from the left of the torrid zone, towards the antarctic or ſouth pole, are called the temperate zones. The other two, included within the polar circles, are called the frigid zones. Thales is believed to have been the inventor of them; but Poſſidonius, as cited by Strabo, aſcribes the invention, though without reaſon, to Parmenides. Theſe zones are deſcribed by Virgil, Georg. i. ver. 233.

Quinque tenent cœlum Zonæ: quarum una coruſco
Semper ſole rubens, et torrida ſemper ab igni:
Quam circùm extremæ dextrâ lævaque trahuntur,
Cerulea glacie concretæ, atque imbribus atris.
Has inter mediamque, duæ mortalibus ægris
Munere conceſſe Divûm.——

Five girdles bind the ſkies: the torrid zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing ſun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n,
To froſts and ſnows, and bitter blaſts are given.
Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the gods aſſign'd
Two habitable ſeats for human kind. *Dryden.*

And the ſame aſtronomers likewiſe aſſigned five zones on earth, to anſwer to thoſe of the heavens: and of theſe Ovid takes notice, Metam. i. ver. 45.

Utque duæ dextrâ cœlum, totidumque ſiniſtrâ
Parte ſecant Zonæ, quinta eſt ardentior illis:
Sic onus inciuſum numero diſtinxit eodem
Cura Dei; totidemque plagæ tellure premuntur:
Quarum quæ media eſt, non eſt habitabilis æſtu;
Nix tegit alta duas: totidem inter utramque locavit,
Temperiem dedit, miſtâ cum frigore flammâ.

Which the ſame Dryden thus interprets:

And as five zones th' ethereal region bind,
Five correſpondent are to earth aſſign'd.
The ſun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone.
The two beneath the diſtant poles complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of heat and cold.

Nor was it amiſs obſerved by theſe aſtronomers, that the parts of the earth anſwered to the oppoſite parts of the heavens, and partake of their qualities: though ſo great has been the wiſdom of God in attempering all things, that even directly beneath the ſun, and where the heats are moſt violent, both men and cattle may live a pleaſant and eaſy life: but of this the ancients were ignorant.

Ver. 227. In theſe nine verſes is contained his ſecond argument, in which he obſerves, that the other parts of the earth that are cultivated, will not produce the fruits, unleſs the ground be tilled by men with great toil and labour: but if the earth were created by the gods, for the ſervice of man, why does it not bear them fruits of its own accord?

Ver. 236. Theſe eight verſes contain the third argument, and ſay, that even when we expect to reap the fruits of our labours in the tillage of the earth, we are often deceived in our hopes, either by rains or droughts, by ſtorms, blights, &c. which is finely expreſſed by Sir R. Blackmore:

The verdant walks their charming aſpect loſe,
And ſhrivell'd fruit drops from the wither'd boughs:
Flow'rs in their virgin bluſhes ſmother'd die,
And round the trees their ſcatter'd beauties lie.
Infection taints the air; ſick nature fades;
And ſudden autumn all the fields invades;
So when the plains their flow'ry pomp diſplay,
Soothi'd by the ſpring's ſweet breath and cheering ray;
If Boreas then, deſigning envious war,
Muſters his ſwift-wing'd legions in the air;

And, bent on ſure deſtruction, marches forth
With the cold forces of the ſnowy north.
Th' op'ning buds, and ſprouting herbs, and all
The tender firſt-born of the ſpring muſt fall;
The blighted trees their blooming honours ſhed,
And on their blaſted hopes the mournful gard'-
ners tread.

Ver. 244. In theſe ſix verſes is contained the fourth argument, in which the poet obſerves, that noxious animals are produced and fed, as well on dry ground as in the ſea: that the ſeaſons of the year bring diſeaſes; that untimely death ſnatches many away: To which evils they ought not to be ſubject, if all things were created for their ſake.

Ver. 250. In theſe ſixteen verſes he brings his fifth argument. If the gods, ſays he, had made the world, the condition of man would have been better than that of other animals; yet we plainly ſee it is much worſe: and, to weigh the matter aright, nature ſeems a kind parent to them, and a croſs ſtep-mother to us. Why, ſays Epicurus, in Lactantius, lib. iii. cap. 5. did God make man whom he loved, obnoxious to ſo many evils? Why did he make him frail and mortal? "Cur ergo Deus omnibus malis hominem, quem diligebat, objecit? Cur mortalem, fragilemque conſtituit?" Man, indeed, comes into the world naked, helpleſs, and unarmed: but nature has given him the advantage of hands, which are called the organ of organs. Beſides, let us ſuppoſe that a great eſtate were given gratuitouſly, and for no previous conſideration, to a man that were lame, mutilated, infirm and diſeaſed, would it not be unjuſt to call the donor to account for the infirmity of the object of his liberality, and to blame him that he gave no more?

Ver. 255. Pliny, lib. vii. ſpeaking of the imbecility of human nature, ſays, "Hominem tantùm nudum, et in nudâ humo natali die objecit ad vagitus ſtatim et ploratus, nullumque tot animalium pronius ad lachrymas, atque has protinus vitæ principio." Nature produces man only naked, nor of the great number of animals is any more prone to tears, and that too in the very moment of his birth. But let us hear Dryden's tranſlation of this paſſage.

Thus, like a ſailor by the tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpleſs of all that human wants require:
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth;
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
Too ſure preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd:
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
No nurſe to reconcile them to their food
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor for their ſafety citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war.
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And nature's laviſh hands ſupply their common
wants.

Ver. 258. Martial. lib. xiv. Epig. 54.

Si quis plorator collo tibi vernula pendet,
Hæc quatiat tenerâ garrula ſiſtra manu.

Hence we may obſerve, that the rattles which our nurſes uſe to quiet their froward children, are not of modern date; eſpecially if the *crepitaculam*, which is the word our poet here uſes, be the ſame with the *ſiſtrum*, that the Egyptians uſed in the ſervice of the goddeſs Iſis, as, by the deſcription Apuleius, Metam. lib. xi. gives of it, it ſeems to be: "Dexterâ quidem ferebat," ſays he, "æreum crepitaculum, cujus per anguſtam laminam in modum baltei recurvatam, trajectæ mediæ paucæ virgulæ criſpante brachio tergeminos jactus reddebant anguſtum ſonorem." And the figure of Iſis, holding a *ſiſtrum* in her hand, which Hieronymus Boſſius, de Siſtro, p. 22. gives us, from ſome ancient coins of Adrian, repreſents it to be very much of the ſame form with our common rattles.

Ver. 266. Having ſolved the objections which the weakneſs of the Stoics, and the ſuperſtition of the vulgar had raiſed againſt his opinion: he now, in theſe ten verſes argues to this purpoſe. The nature of the whole is the ſame with that of its parts; and ſince we ſee that the parts of the world, the earth, ſea, air, and fire, are continually changed, ſometimes diminiſhed, ſometimes renewed, it muſt be confeſſed, that the whole maſs is equally and alike mortal.

Ver. 268 *This frame.*] i. e. Of the earth, which is compoſed of the four elements, that are called by Manilius, lib. i. ver. 137 "Quatuor mundi artus;" the four limbs or members of the world; as they are likewiſe by Lucretius, ver 272. of this book.

Ver. 276. Here the poet demonſtrates at large, in ſeventy three verſes, that the chief parts, and largeſt members of the world, earth, water, air, and fire, are produced, and die. And firſt, in theſe twenty verſes he begins with the earth: many of whoſe particles, ſays he, are borne aloft, and compoſe the air: the rivers waſh off many more, and roll them into the ſea. Then, in ſixteen verſes, he ſays, that new water is produced every day; but part of it is changed into air by the force of the ſun: and in the ſubterranean paſſages, another part of it condenſes, and puts on the form of earth. Then in ten verſes he ſays, that no man will pretend, that the air which receives all the particles that are continually flowing to it from all things, and that repairs and renews all thoſe things, is eternal and immortal. And laſtly, in twenty-ſeven verſes, he aſſerts, that we ought to conclude the like alſo of fire, ſince the rays of the ſun, who is the ſole fountain and ſource of all light and fire, flow out from his orb and periſh every moment. And, therefore, we muſt be forced to allow, that the ſun himſelf is repaired, as we ſupply a lamp with oil to keep the flame alive.

Ver. 280. Here the poet proves, I That the earth waſtes away, and is renewed: for, ſays he,

the sun, by continually shining upon it, bakes and dries it up: it wears with being trampled on: the force of the winds blows some of it into the air: rains dissolve it: rivers wash it away: it is wasted by its own productions, and again renewed by them. For, as the earth is the great mother of all things, so too she is their common sepulchre. The earth therefore decays, and is renewed.

Ver 284. Our translator is not so much obliged to his author for this thought, as to Cowley, who, in the first book of his Davideis, says,

——— The stream, with wanton play,
Kisses the smiling banks and glides away.

Ver. 296. In these sixteen verses the poet proves, 2dly, That the water wastes away, and is again repaired: for the sea, the rivers, and the fountains are continually supplied with new waters; and the reason why the sea does not overflow, is, because the winds brushing over the surface of its waves, take away some part of its flood and because the heat of the sun commonly licks up its waters. Besides, some parts of the waters of the sea dives beneath into the pores and channels of the earth, where, leaving behind its bitterness and salt, it gropes out its blind passage to a second birth; and starting up in fountains, creeps from them into rivers, and from the rivers works its way, and returns again into the sea, gliding backwards and forwards with a never ceasing course

Ver. 305. Lucretius himself gives the reason of this, book ii. ver. 451.

For when salt streams through winding caverns pass,
They rise up sweet, and bubble o'er the grass;
Because those pungent parts they roll'd before,
Now stay behind, and lodge in every pore.

Ver. 308. Mæander is a great river of the Lesser Asia, flowing from the fountain Aulocrene, in the Greater Phrygia. It divides Caria from Ionia; and, at the city Heraclea, falls into the Myrtoan sea, which is a part of the Ægean, and now called Mare di Mandria. This river is now the Madre, and flows in so many windings, that it often seems to run back toward its head. Ovid. Metam. lib. ix. ver. 449.

Hic tibi, dum sequitur patriæ curvaminaripæ,
Filia Mæandri, toties redeuntis eodem,
Cognita Cyanëe, &c.——

Whence, not only all turnings and windings are metaphorically called meanders: but likewise all crafty and wily counsels: in which last sense, Cicero in Piso, uses the word meander; and Prudentius, in the hymn, ante Somn.

O tortuose serpens,
Qui mille per Mæandros,
Fraudesque flexuosas,
Agitas quieta corda.

Dion Prusæus says, that this river makes no less than six hundred windings towards the spring where first it rises. Thus,

Its wanton tide in wreathing volumes flows,
Still forming reedy islands as it goes:
And in meanders to the neighb'ring main,
The liquid serpent draws its silver train.
Sir Richard Blackmore.

Moreover, the four verses that conclude this argument, are paraphrastically rendered; and the two last of them seem to be imitated from these of Cowley:

Th' innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours, and a sudden spring bestows,
On both its banks to ev'ry tree and flow'r.

Ver. 312. In these ten verses, he proves, 3dly, Of the air, that it sometimes wastes, and then again increases: for the air is changed every moment: because, whatever flows from bodies, is carried into the vast tract of air. But minute corpuscles are continually flowing from all things, and are conveyed into the air, where they fly to and fro without ceasing. Now, unless the air constantly restored these corpuscles to the bodies from whence they came, all things would by this time have been wasted to nothing, and totally destroyed. Therefore, bodies are perpetually changed into air, and the air returns again into bodies.

Ver. 315. This seems a bold metaphor; and yet has the authority of Lucretius; "Aeris in magnum fertur Mare:" and he of Ennius, who, in Festus, says, "Crassa pulvis oritur; omne pervolat cœli Fretum." And our Cowley not only calls the air a trackless ocean; but the sea the low sky: for which, he tells us, he has the authority of the scripture itself: Genes. i ver. 6. "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." The passage of Cowley, of which I am speaking, is in that incomparable Pindaric ode, which he calls the Muse; and the rather deserves to be transcribed, because he reclaims the authority of our poet, to justify one part of his allegory:

Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky,
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air, &c.

Ver. 322. In these twenty-seven verses he proves, 4thly, That fire perishes, and is again renewed: Of this he brings an instance of the sun, whose first light, says he, totally perishes, and a new light is created in its place: This truth we know by experience, as often as any mist interposes between the sun's orb and us. He farther teaches, that the like happens in our lamps and candles, in lightning, in the moon, and in the other planets; of all which the first light dies, and a new light is continually substituted in its room: Therefore light, in which there is always some fire, dies, and is renewed in all luminous bodies, and consequently the fire itself must perish, and be renewed likewise. And, indeed, as to our lights, which are supplied and fed with something fat and humid, as oil, no man disputes but that they are continually changed. But Aristotle, lib. ii. Meteor. denies that the light of the sun is like

our terreſtrial lights; and will have it to be always one and the ſame, as being never fed with humidity; for otherwiſe a new ſun would riſe every day, and be daily new, which is both falſe and abſurd. Lucretius, indeed, in this place, does not pretend to ſay, that the ſun or the ſtars are of a fiery nature, or that they are fire; but is ſatisfied that light, which always contains ſome fire, periſhes and is renewed daily. He will prove by and by, whether the ſun be fire or not; and according to the doctrine of Epicurus, will teach, that the celeſtial bodies, that is to ſay, the ſtars, are either fire, or conſiſt of fire; which he has likewiſe often inſinuated elſewhere.

Ver. 328. Sir Richard Blackmore, deſcribing a ſtorm:

A ſudden ſtorm did from the ſouth ariſe,
And horrid black begun to hang the ſkies:
Low-bellying clouds ſoon intercept the light,
And o'er the ſailors ſpread a noon-day night.

Ver. 343. See the note on verſe twenty-eight of this book.

Ver. 349. In theſe eleven verſes he confirms the preceding arguments. The things that ſeem moſt ſolid, feel the ſtrength of time, and moulder away. Who does not every day ſee towers, temples, and the images of the gods falling to decay, and dropping to the ground? The deities themſelves cannot ſupport them. Even rocks crumble with age, and come tumbling piecemeal down from the mountains. Who then will pretend, that things which are unable to reſiſt the injuries of a finite time, have exiſted from all eternity?

Ver. 351. For ſome are of opinion, that the ancients believed, that not only man and all created things, as well animate as inanimate beings, but that even the gods themſelves were ſubject to fate. And the words of Lucretius, in this place, are,

Nec ſanctum numen fati protollere fines
Poſſe, neque adverſus naturæ fœdera niti.

But if the decrees of fate were unalterable, how came Venus to fear, that the mind of Jupiter would change, in regard to the Trojans? Virgil, Æn. i. ver 241.

———Quæ te, genitor, ſententia vertit?
Hoc equidem occaſum Trojæ, triteſque ruinas
Solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens.

Fate therefore ſeems to have been nothing elſe, than an immutable ſeries of things and events, exiſting in the mind, or in the decrees of Jupiter, and which, for that reaſon, he alone knew, and alone revealed to the gods by his own mouth, and to men by oracles. Thus the fortune-telling harpy, Æn. iii. ver 251.

Quæ Phœbo pater omnipotens, mihi Phœbus Apollo
Prædixit.——

To which I add, that the ancients did indeed hold fate to be unalterable; and unavoidable; "Fata viam invenient:" but in ſuch a manner nevertheleſs, that they believed, I. That the event of fate, though it could not be wholly prevented, might nevertheleſs be ſomewhat retarded: Thus Juno, Æn. vii. ver. 315.

Non dabitur, eſto, regnis prohibere Latinis:
At trahere, atque moras tantis licet addere rebus.

II. That the event often depended on certain conditions, which being eluded, fate was eluded likewiſe. III. That the declaration of any fate whatever, whether by Jupiter himſelf, or by the oracles, might be ambiguous: whence it happened, that the gods, as well as men, often ſtruggled againſt adverſe fates. And this it was that Venus feared, that Jupiter had not ſpoken ſincerely of the future happineſs of Æneas; becauſe, if he had, ſhe knew that it was unalterable, and muſt of neceſſity happen. For as Dryden, in Palemon and Arcite, ſays after Chaucer,

The pow'r that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what he forſees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal ſway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds, or makes its way.

Ver. 353. Juvenal, Satyr. x. ver. 142. to the ſame purpoſe, ſays,

———Patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum, et laudis titulique cupido
Hæſuri in ſaxis cinerum cuſtodibus, ad quæ
Diſcutienda valent ſterilis mala robora ficûs:
Quandoquidem data ſunt ipſis quoque fata ſepulchris.

Which Dryden has finely paraphraſed:

Yet this mad chaſe of fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Theſe long inſcriptions crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gawdy monument,
Would crack the marble titles and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe:
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.

Moreover, that the graves of men ſhould come to be their own graves, is a thought added to Lucretius by his tranſlator.

Ver. 360. In theſe eight verſes he confutes thoſe who hold that all things proceed from ether, or heaven, and are reſolved again into heaven, and yet aſſert, that heaven itſelf is immortal and eternal. For whatever is changed into other things, and is repaired and renewed by thoſe things, when they are diſſolved, muſt be born, and mortal.

Ver. 363. He means the poets, who feigned that Cœlus was the moſt ancient of all the gods, and that he married his ſiſter Terra, the earth, whence he was believed to be the father of all things.

Ver. 368. In theſe ſeventeen verſes, he aſſerts, that the world is new becauſe the moſt ancient of all hiſtories reach not farther than the Theban, or Trojan wars; and certainly, if the world, far from being eternal, were much older than we know it to be, we ſhould have had ſome records

of a much older date: and farther, becáuſe all the arts are but of late invention, ſince mention is made of the f unders of all of them. And if the world had had no beginning, all arts, but eſpecially thoſe uſeful to life, would have exiſted from all time. Macrobius, on the dream of Scipio, book ii. chap. 10. argues to the ſame purpoſe, in theſe words: "Quis non hinc exiſtimet mundum quandoque cœpiſſe, nec longam retro huges ætatem, cum abhinc ultra retro duo annorum millia de excellenti rerum geſtarum memoriâ ne Græca quidem extat hiſtoria? Nam ſupra ninum, à quo Semiramis ſecundum quoſdam creditur procreata, nihil præclarum in libris relatam eſt: Si enim ab initio, imo ante initium fuit mundus, ut phil ſophi volunt, cur per innumerabilium ſeriem ſæculorum, non fuerat cultus, quo nunc utimur, inventus? Non literarum uſus, quo ſolo memoriæ fulcitur æternitas? Cur denique multarum rerum experientia ad aliquas gentes recenti ætate pervenit? Ut ecce; Galli vitem, vel cultum olæ, Roma jam adoleſcente, didicerunt: aliæ verò gentes adhuc multa neſciunt, quæ nobis inventa placuerunt. Hæc omnia videntur æternitati rerum repugnare, dum opinari nos faſciunt, certo mundi principio paulatim ſingula quæque cœpiſſe." Who can believe but that the world had a beginning, and that not too long ago, ſince, of what happened above two thouſand years paſt, we have no hiſtory, not even of any great actions: For before Ninus, who, according to ſome, was father of Semiramis, nothing memorable is recorded in our books. And if the world was from the beginning, or, as philoſophers ſay, before the beginning, why, during a ſucceſſion of innumerable ages, was not the method and way of life which we now follow invented? Why not even the uſe of letters, which alone ſecures and eternizes the memory of things? And why have ſome nations had but a late knowledge of many things? For inſtance, the Gauls, who knew not to till the vine, nor the olive, till Rome was in her age of adoleſcency. And other nations are ſtill ignorant of many arts and inventions, that have long been in uſe, and of great advantage to us. All which ſeems to contradict the eternity of things, and gives us great ground to believe, that all things began by degrees, after the world had its beginning.

Ver. 371. Which, ſays Macrobius, was before the ſiege of Troy. However, it could be but a little time before, becauſe it is certain, that ſome leaders were at the deſtruction of Troy, whoſe fathers had been at the ſiege of Thebes. *Faber.* There were ſeveral cities called by the name of Thebes, but Lucretius ſpeaks of that in Bœotia, which, as Iſidorus ſays, was built by Cadmus, and of the war between the two brothers, Etocles and Polynices, the ſons of Œdipus, by his own mother Jocaſta. Of the Trojan war, ſee book i. ver. 519.

Ver. 372. Horace ſeems to give the reaſon of this, when he ſays, that in the ages in which thoſe heroes lived, there wanted poets to record their fame:

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte; carent quia vate ſacro.

And therefore Cowley excellently well ſays:

Not winds to voyagers at ſea,
Nor ſhow'rs to earth more neceſſary be,
Than verſe to virtue, which can do
The midwife's office; and the nurſe's too:
It feeds it ſtrongly, and it clothes it gay;
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid,
That never will decay,
Till heaven itſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

And Dryden in like manner:

For ev'n when death diſſolves our mortal frame,
The ſoul returns to heaven, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body; verſe preſerves the fame.

Ver. 374. It is not ſtrange that arts are new, that they are but lately improved and refined, that is to ſay, ſailing, poetry, muſic, &c. ſince the world itſelf is but of late ſtanding, and was not from eternity, as the Stoics and Ariſtotle erroneouſly believed.

Ver. 383. Lucretius has ſeveral times already been telling us this of himſelf; but more particularly, book i. ver. 933. and at the beginning of the fourth book.

Ver. 385. To theſe arguments ſome philoſophers give this anſwer. The ſame arts flouriſhed heretofore that do now; but ſometimes fire deſtroyed mankind, ſometimes deluges ſwept them away, or earthquakes ſwallowed them up; and hence thoſe arts ſeem to be new. The poet retorts this anſwer upon them, in theſe ten verſes, and ſays that no man of ſound judgment will pretend that the world, whoſe parts are ſometimes conſumed by fire, ſometimes overwhelmed with waters, and ſometimes ſhaken and ſwallowed up by earthquakes, can be eternal. For the reaſon why we believe a man to be mortal, is, becauſe he is ſubject to, and attacked by thoſe diſeaſes, which having ſeized upon others with greater violence, have ſwept them away But Ariſtotle, on the contrary, ſays that there is no fear of the world's being diſſolved; nay more, that the deluges and conflagrations of the earth conduce to the ſafety of the whole univerſe; for he held the world to be eternal; which doctrine of his is not only repugnant to the Chriſtian faith, but likewiſe to the opinion of almoſt all the philoſophers.

Ver. 387. The poet alludes to the known ſtories of Phaëthon, who is fabled to have ſet the world on fire; and of the flood, that happened in the days of Deucalion. The firſt of them may be ſeen at large in Ovid. Meram. lib. ii. and the other in the ſame author, lib. i. See likewiſe below, ver. 440. and ver. 455.

Ver. 395. In theſe twenty-one verſes he brings the ſame argument againſt the immortality of the

world, which, book iii. ver. 776. he brought againſt the immortality of the ſoul; conſult the notes upon that place. Nothing, ſays he, is eternal, or immortal, except bodies perfectly ſolid, as the atoms; except the void, and the τὸ πᾶν, univerſe. But the world is not a body perfectly ſolid; nor is it void or empty ſpace; nor ſince there are infinite worlds, can it be pretended, that it is the univerſe.

Ver. 406. As if, for the diſſolution of any thing, it were requiſite, that it ſhould go from place to place, or that bodies ſhould come from ſome exterior place, and ſtrike it with ſo great violence, as to diſſolve the thing itſelf.

Ver. 416. In theſe five verſes he draws, from the arguments he has brought already, this concluſion; that ſince the world will have an end, it had a beginning; and has not exiſted from all eternity; for what is mortal, muſt of neceſſity have been born.

To make this diſputation of our author more eaſy to be underſtood, it will not be improper to obſerve, that there are two ſorts of eternity; from the preſent time backwards, and from the preſent forwards; which the ſchoolmen call "æternitas à parte ante, and æternitas à parte poſt." Theſe two make up the whole circle of eternity, which the preſent now cuts as a diameter. Bœotius de Conſolat. Philoſoph. lib. v. defines eternity, "interminabilis vitæ tota ſimul et perfecta poſſeſſio." The whole and perfect poſſeſſion at once, of a being with beginning or ending. And this definition is followed by Thomas Aquinas, and all the ſchoolmen, who therefore call eternity *nunc ſtans*, a ſtanding now, to diſtinguiſh it from that now, which is a difference of time, and always flowing.

Ver. 421. In theſe forty verſes he brings another argument from the continual fighting of the elements, which are the four chief parts of the world: For, ſays he, ſince fire engages with water, and ſometimes the flame, ſometimes the flood prevails, what ſhould hinder, but that this contention will at laſt end in the deſtruction of the whole world: And that great conflagrations and deluges have happened, the ſtories of Phaëthon and Deucalion ſufficiently evince: for then the earth was deſtroyed by fire, and overwhelmed with water; and though the poets fooliſhly fable, that the fire, and the deluge, broke out and ceaſed at the intervention of the gods, yet they were indeed only the effects of natural cauſes.

Ver. 435. Milton deſcribes admirably well this fighting of the elements, and perhaps took the hint from Lucretius.

For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry; and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms: They around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
Light-arm'd, or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift, or ſlow,
Swarm populous; unnumber'd as the ſands
Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
Levy'd to ſide with warring winds and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment, &c.

Which a late author has happily imitated:

The heavier ſeeds ruſh on in num'rous ſwarms,
And cruſh their lighter foes with pond'rous arms:
The lighter ſtrait command with equal pride,
And on mad whirlwinds in wild triumph ride:
None long ſubmits to a ſuperior pow'r;
Each yields, and, in his turn, is conqueror.

Ver. 440. *Phaëthon.*] He was the ſon of Clymene and Sol, the ſun: And with much importunity obtained of his father, to drive his chariot for one day; but not being able to guide the horſes, they went out of the road of their daily courſe, and ſet fire to the world. Jupiter ſtruck him with his thunder, and he fell into the river Eridanus. The fable is related at large by Ovid. Metam. 2. Plato, in his Timæus, explains the meaning of this fable, in words to this effect: What is commonly reported among us, ſays he, that in times long ſince paſt, Phaëthon, the ſon of Sol, having obtained permiſſion to drive his father's chariot, and miſtaking the right road, ſet fire to the earth, and that he was ſtruck down, and killed with lightning, is ſaid only figuratively, or by way of fable; but ſignifies the mutation or decay, as well of earthly things, as of thoſe that are in the heavens, and are moved with the heavens: As alſo that deſtruction, which in a long interval of time, is made of all bodies that are on the earth, by the violent aſſaults of the element of fire. And thus too Ariſtotle, lib. 4. de Mundo.

Ver. 444. *Po.*] The Greeks called it Ἠριδανὸς, the Latins, *Padus*, now the *Po*, a river of Italy, that riſes in the Alps, at the foot of the mountain Veſulus, now Monte Viſo, and dividing the Ciſalpine Gaul, which is now a part of Italy, into the Tranſpaduan and Ciſpaduan Gauls, diſgorges itſelf, at ſeveral mouths, in the Hadriatick ſea. Virgil calls it the king of rivers, becauſe it is the largeſt river of Italy. Georg. i. v. 481.

Proluit inſano contorquens vortice ſylvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus———

And G. 4. v. 372, he deſcribes it at the ſpring from whence it flows:

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

There Po firſt iſſues from his dark abodes,
And awful in his cradle, rules the floods:
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's reſemblance bears:
With rapid courſe he ſeeks the ſacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Ver. 445 Of Phœbus, ſee B. I. v. 816.

Ver. 447. The horſes of the ſun, of which we have ſpoken above, v. 86.

Ver. 451 What Lucretius here says, is this: The old Greek poets report this for truth, though indeed it is but an idle fiction: Not but that it is possible that fire may destroy all things, if an immense quantity of corpuscles, of a fiery matter, were brought down upon the earth, out of the infinite space: for in that case, unless the power and force of that igneous matter be weakened, repressed and kept under by some means or another, all things will be burnt, and perish with too much heat.

Ver. 455 Here the poet alludes to the fabulous flood of Deucalion, which, no doubt took its rise from the true flood of Noah, related in the Mosaical history, of which it cannot be questioned, but some copies were got among the heathens; and as they drew the occasion of many of their fables from those sacred writings, so too they wretchedly profaned them by their foolish fictions: but none has suffered more in passing through their hands, than this flood of Noah: which having furnished matter of speculation to many of our Christian philosophers, who have puzzled their brains to give a rational and intelligible account of it; I presume it will not be taken amiss, that I here make a short digression, to give our translator's opinion concerning that deluge: He observes, in the first place, that the author of the theory of the earth, pleads for a universal flood, it being inconsistent with the demonstrated nature of a fluid, that water should stand up in heaps, fifteen cubits above the tops of the highest mountains: This, says Creech, I am willing to admit, though there is no reason why Omnipotence might not be immediately concerned in it; since the author of the theory himself confesses, that the forty days rain cannot, according to his hypothesis be explained by any natural cause that he can discover. In the next place, that author compares the height of the mountains, and the depth of the sea; and having, as to both, made allowable suppositions, though the course of the largest river, even the Nile itself, will not prove its head to be above three feet higher than its mouth, he infers that eight oceans will be little enough to make an universal deluge: The waters above the firmament are exploded, the rain would afford but the hundredth part of such a mass of water, unless the showers were continual, and over the face of the whole earth, and the drops came down ninety times faster than usually they do: Though a man would be apt to think from the expressions in Genesis, "The windows of heaven were opened," that there was something very extraordinary in this rain, and that all those required conditions were observed. The caverns of the earth, if they threw out all the water they contained, would afford but little, in comparison of the great store that was required: And if the whole middle region of the air had been condensed, still there had not been enough; because air, being turned into water, fills only the hundredth part of the space which it formerly possessed. Though all the other ways by which some have endeavoured to explain the flood, were demonstrably insufficient, yet this last, which gives an account of it from so natural and easy a cause of the condensation of the air, deserved to be considered a little more: But it is the art of a disputer, to touch that least which presses most on the opinion he would advance. For it being allowed that air, by natural causes, may be changed into water; and a vacuum being explained, it necessarily follows, that as much air as rises fifteen cubits higher than the tops of the mountains, is sufficient to make such a deluge, as is described to have been in Noah's time: Because where there is no vacuum, there can be no contraction into a less space: and every particle of matter, whatever form or schematism it puts on, must, in all conditions, be equally extended, and therefore take up the same room. But suppose a vacuum, or, as it happens in our imperfect condensations, that a hundred cubical feet of air would make but one foot of water; yet sure the region is large enough to make amends for this disproportion. Now, since nature is sufficient for condensation, and since its powers may be considerably invigorated for the execution of the Almighty's wrath why must it be thought so difficult to explain a deluge! And why should an excellent wit waste itself in fashioning a new world, only to bring that about, which the old one would permit easily to be done? It is above the province of philosophy to make a world: let that be supposed to have been formed as it is revealed; it is enough for us to search by what laws it is preserved; and a system, erected on this foundation, will be agreeable both to reason and religion. It is above the province of philosophy likewise, to assign a natural cause of a supernatural effect: But the prying minds of some men will, with their short-lined plummets, be sounding into the unfathomable depths of the divine dispensations: How much better they, who, firmly believing that there was such a flood as that of Noah, described to us in holy writ, ascribe it merely to Omnipotence?

Commanded by whose breath, th' obsequious main
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing train:
Th' Almighty did the sea divide,
And, as he rends the hills, he split the tide:
Benumb'd with fear, the waves erected stood,
O'er-looking all the distant flood:
Mountains of craggy billows did arise,
And rocks of stiffen'd waters reach'd the skies;
Remoter waves came rolling on to see
The strange transforming mystery:
But they approaching near,
Where the high crystal ridges did appear,
Felt the divine contagion's force;
Mov'd slothfully awhile, and then quite stopt their course.

Sir R. Blackmore.

Ver. 461. In these twenty-nine verses the poet, being about to explain how the world began, excludes the gods and Providence from having any hand in it; and ascribes the whole work to matter, from whence proceeded chaos

a rude and undigeſted heap of particles, which being driven to and fro, at length came together, like with like, and thence aroſe the heaven, the earth, the ſun, the ſtars, and whatever elſe this world contains. This doctrine of Epicurus is delivered by Plutarch, de Placit. Philoſoph. lib. 1 c. 4. in theſe words: 'Ο τοίνυν κόσμος συνέστη περικεκλασμένων ἐχημάτων ἐχημαλισμένος τὸν τρόπον τῶτον, τῶν Ἀτόμων σωμάτων, ἀπρονοήτοιν, καὶ τυχαίαν ἔχόντων κίνησιν, συνεχῶς τε, καὶ τάχιστα κινεμένων ἐις τὸ αὐτὸ πολλὰ σώματα συνηθροίσθη, καὶ διὰ τῶτο ποικιλίαν ἴχονία καὶ σχημάτων καὶ μεγεθῶν.

Ver. 477. Macrobius, Saturnal. lib. vi. cap. 2. compares this paſſage of Lucretius with the following verſes of Virgil, in Silenus, v. 31.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta
Semine, terrarumque, animæque, mariſque fuiſſent,
Et liquidi ſimul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipſe tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare ſolum, et diſcludere Nerea Ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paullatim ſumere formas:
Jamque novum ut terræ ſtupeant lucеſcere ſolem;
Altius atque cadant ſubmotis nubibus imbres:
Incipiant ſylvæ cum primum ſurgere, cumque
Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

Which is thus interpreted by Dryden:

He ſung the ſecret ſeeds of nature's frame:
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void; and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball!
The tender ſoil, then ſtiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding ſeas:
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe,
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe:
And miſts, condens'd to clouds, obſcure the ſky;
And clouds, diſſolv'd, the thirſty ground ſupply:
The riſing trees the lofty mountains grace;
The lofty mountains feed the ſavage race,
Yet few, and ſtrangers in the unpeopled place.

Ver. 480. The poet here teaches, that ſo long as the atoms were jumbled confuſedly one among another, neither earth, nor heaven, nor ſtars, had yet a being: But when the chief parts of the world began to disjoin, and get clear from each other, then the heaven ſhone with ſplendour, the dry ground appeared, the waters were gathered into one, &c. Thus Lucretius will have all things to have begun by little and little, not only by reaſon of the ſundry impediments of the concourſe of the atoms, but alſo becauſe of their different figures: Whence, ſays he, it is evident, that the world has not exiſted from all eternity. He is now going to diſpute, ſeparately, of the firſt riſe of each part of it.

Ver. 490, 491. In theſe thirty-two verſes, he diſcourſes of the riſe of the earth, of the heaven, and of the ſun, moon, and ſtars. And ſince the confuſed and unfaſhioned maſs of matter muſt have been brought into order by motion, and ſince all motion proceeds from weight, the poet is in the right to inquire what the heavieſt atoms muſt do. Now Epicurus believed, that the atoms, being embroiled, and confuſed in a heap together, did, by their innate motion, roll and tumble up and down, among one another, till at length all the more denſe atoms jumbled towards the middle, and all the more rare, being extruded and ſqueezed away by the thicker, flew towards the circumference. Moreover, that of theſe thicker atoms the body of the earth was compacted, and that it contained within its bulk ſome ſeeds of water, which had not been able to diſentangle themſelves, and get away, at the ſame time with the others: But that ſome of thoſe that had diſentangled themſelves, did, by reaſon of their various degrees of tenuity, retire to ſeveral diſtances; thus ſome of them ſtopt not far from the maſs of earth, and made the air; that others mounted yet more aloft, and compoſed the ſky; and that the fiery corpuſcles, that were extruded with the reſt, getting clear of all of them, combined into thoſe bodies that ſhine in the ſky, and are called ſtars. Laſtly, That the leſſer, round, ſmooth corpuſcles were ſo determined, limited, and confined to that motion towards the circumference, that was made by eliſion, or by expreſſion from the more denſe corpuſcles, that, foraſmuch as they went not out of the maſs by parallel ways, they did, in the very progreſſion, variouſly encounter one another, and mutually repelled the violence they received; which violence at length ceaſing, thoſe that were got fartheſt, or moſt remote from the centre, became entangled with one another, and mutually compreſſing each other, and holding faſt together, did, by that means, create a certain ſpecies of the walls of the world: And whatever corpuſcles came to them there, were turned back, and repreſſed from them in ſuch a manner, that ſtill new ſupplies coming up, the whole ethereal or celeſtial region was aptly made and fabricated by them. This perhaps will be better underſtood by the compariſon Lucretius himſelf uſes to explain it, when he ſhows that this might very well happen, in like manner as when vapours and exhalations ſteam out of the earth and water, and being carried aloft, are there condenſed, and grow into one body of clouds, ſo as to make, as it were, a ceiling, under which the air, that remains viſible to us, is contained. See Plutarch de Placit. Philoſoph. lib. 1. c. 4.

Ver. 491. Though Epicurus and Lucretius placed the earth in the midſt of the world, yet they denied the earth to have any centre, or middle place, as we have ſeen, Book i. ver. 1071, & ſeqq. Thus too Manilius, ſpeaking of the earth, lib. 1. ver. 167. places it in the midſt of the univerſe:

Imaque de cunctis mediam tenet undique ſedem;
Idcircòque manet ſtabilis, quia totus ab illâ
Tantundem refugit mundus, fecitque cadendo
Undique, ne caderet: medium totius et imum
eſt:
Ictaque contractis conſiſtunt corpora plagis,
Et concurrendo prohibent in longius ire.

Loweſt of all, and in the midſt it lies,
Compaſs'd by ſeas, and cover'd by the ſkies:
The place does fix it; for, ſtill riſing higher,
The other el'ments equally retire,
And that, by falling, ſtops its farther fall,
And hangs the midſt and loweſt of them all:
Its parts to no one point preſs jointly down,
And meet, and ſtop each other from moving on.
Creech.

See the note on Book ii. ver. 562.

Ver. 502. Dryden, in one of his deſcriptions of the morning, has expreſſed this thought of Lucretius:

——The ſun aroſe, with beams ſo bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous ſight:
He, with his tepid rays, the roſe renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.
Palam. et Arc.

Ver. 513. Having made the earth, as the foundation of the whole world, and the ſky the walls of it, as he himſelf calls it, he, in theſe nine verſes, places the ſun and moon, which are of a middle nature, between the ſky and the air, as being compoſed of principles lighter than thoſe of the air, and heavier than thoſe of the ſky, in the very confines of the air and ſky, where, he tells us, they are in perpetual motion, as the lungs and hearts in animals. He takes no notice of the other planets or ſtars, though his tranſlator does. But let us hear the beſt of poets, and a Chriſtian philoſopher, deſcribing this part of the creation. He ſpeaks in the perſon of an angel:

——I ſaw the riſing birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep;
I ſaw, when, at God's word, this formleſs maſs,
The world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd: ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till, at his ſecond bidding, darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſev'ral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And the ethereal quinteſſence of heaven
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars:
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe.
Thus God the heav'ns created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the ſpirit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs; but downwards purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal drugs,
Adverſe to life, then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air;
And earth, ſelf-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
Milton.

Ver. 522, 523. But the work is not yet perfect: we have hitherto neither fire, air, nor water. He tells us, therefore, in theſe fifteen verſes, firſt, That that feculent maſs, that ſunk together to the bottom, being preſſed on all ſides by the beams of the ſun, and the heat of the ſky, contracted itſelf: Thence exhaled the ſea like ſweat; but the lighter particles, mounting higher, compoſed the elements of fire and air. In the next place, that ſome of the particles of this maſs being more hard and ſtiff than the others, they did not all ſubſide alike, and hence the hollow places to receive the ſea, and the channels for the rivers; and hence too the level of the plains, and the turgidneſs of the mountains:

——The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters; thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, up roll'd,
As globes on duſt, conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal walls, or ridge direct;
——As armies, at the call
Of trumpet,——
Troop to their ſtandard; ſo the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing: nor withſtood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide,
With ſerpent error wand'ring found their way,
And on the waſhy ooze deep channels wore,
Within whoſe banks the rivers now——
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
Milton.

Ver. 523. Lucret.

Succidit et falſo ſuffudit gurgite foſſas.

Plutarch. de Placit. Philoſoph. lib. iii. καθ' αὑτὸ τὸ ὕδωρ ἐπιφὰν ἐκοίλανε τὰς ὑποκειμένας τόπους. And the ſame author, lib. i. cap. 4. de Placit. Philoſoph. expreſſes this opinion of Lucretius more at large: Of thoſe bodies, ſays he, which ſunk down, and ſettled below, was made the earth; that part of it which was moſt ſubtle, and of a thinner form and conſiſtence, gathered round together, and engendered the element of water, which, being of a liquid and flowing nature, ran downwards to hollow places, that lay low, and were capable to receive and hold it.

Ver. 529. The firmament, the celeſtial ſpheres, the heavens. They were called ether, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀεὶ θέειν, from their being in perpetual motion.

Ver. 537. That he may the better explain the motions of the ſtars, he previouſly teaches, in theſe fourteen verſes, that the moſt reſplendent and liquid ether, having mounted higher than the inconſtant and turbulent air, is wholly undiſturbed by any manner of ſtorms, and rolls in a conſtant and like motion; which motion of the ether is not in the leaſt incredible, ſince the Euxine ſea does the like, and is continually flowing into the Propontic, without changing its courſe.

"Lucr. inde ether igniſer ipſe." For the ancients believed the ſtars to be either very fire, or

of a fiery nature, and therefore called the ether *ignifer*, fire-bearing; as they did likewiſe *ſignifer*, or *ſtellifer*, that bears the ſigns, or ſtars. Or elſe the poet, in this place, deſcribes the region of elementary virtue, which lies next under the heaven, as Manilius ſings, in theſe excellent verſes:

Ignis in ætherëas volucer ſe ſuſtulit auras,
Summaque complexus ſtellantis culmina cœli,
Flammarum vallo naturæ mœnia fecit.
Lib. i. *ver.* 144.

Upward the flame on active pinions fled,
To heav'n's high arch it rais'd its ſhining head;
There ſtopp'd, as weary grown, and round the frame,
For nature's bulwark rais'd a wall of flame.
Creech.

Ver. 545. The point of the axle-tree, on which aſtronomers imagine the heaven to be turned. There are two poles, the north pole, known by a ſtar called *polus arcticus*, and the ſouth, called *antarcticus*, which is inviſible to us. The word pole, comes from πολεῖν, to turn. They are likewiſe called *cardines cæli*, the hinges of the heaven; becauſe it being hung upon them, like a door on its hinges, is rolled and turned about.

Ver. 547. Here our tranſlator has miſtaken the ſenſe of his author, who ſpeaks not of the flux and reflux of the ocean, but of the courſe of the Euxine ſea. For how can that motion of the ocean be alleged as a parallel inſtance to confirm the one, regular, and conſtant motion of the ſpheres? The words in the original, are as follows:

Nam modicè fluere, atque uno poſſe ethera niſu,
Significat ponti mare, certo quod fluit æſtu,
Unum labendi conſervans uſque tenorem.

Now, what led our tranſlator into his error, was, in all appearance, his having followed the reading of this paſſage in the firſt edition of Lambinus, in which we read *magnum*, inſtead of *ponti*: "Significat magnum mare," &c. but that critic corrected it in his ſubſequent editions, and reads, "ponti mare." Fayus, however, retains the other lection, and ridiculouſly pretends to juſtify it: But certainly, whatever that interpreter alleges to the contrary, the conſtant courſe of the celeſtial circles, is better proved by the conſtant motion of the Euxine ſea into the Boſphorus of Thrace, thence into the Propontis, the Helleſpont, &c. without any reflux, than by the ebbing and flowing of the ocean. This is ſo obvious, that to aſſert the contrary, as Fayus does, ſeems next to an abſurdity.

Ver. 551. Lucretius, when he diſputes of the heavens, of the motions of the ſpheres, and of thoſe things which the Greeks call μετέωρα, meteors, never affirms any thing for certain: This was the conſtant cuſtom of the Epicureans, who thought they diſcharged admirably well the part of natural philoſophers, if they aſſigned only any poſſible cauſes of the celeſtial motions. Our poet does the like in theſe twenty-eight verſes. If, ſays he, the whole orb be moved, then there may be two airs, one that may preſs from above, and drive it down to the weſt; and another, that may be ſaid to bear and lift it up from beneath. If the orb be motionleſs, then ſome rapid particles of the ſky, ſtruggling to get into the empty ſpace, and not able to force their way, and break through the ſtrong walls of the world, are whirled about, and drag the ſtars with them; or ſome external air ruſhes in, and turns them about; or, laſtly, The ſtars move forward of themſelves, in ſearch of proper food to keep alive their fires.

Cleanthus, in Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, lib. ii. alleging reaſons to evince the belief of a Deity, urges, for the laſt and moſt weighty, "æquabilitatem motûs et converſionis," &c. The equability of the motion and converſion of the heavens, ſun, moon, and ſtars; and their diſtinction in variety, beauty, and order. The very ſight of which, ſays he, ſufficiently declares them not to be fortuitous or caſual. For what can be more evidently perſpicuous, when we behold and contemplate the heavens, than that there is a God, by whoſe excellent providence they are governed? Thus Cicero, who, from the bare ſuggeſtion of nature, diſcovered the truth of what our obdurate poet, by arguments drawn from the contemplation of nature, endeavours to diſprove.

OF THE FIXED STARS.

Lucretius, treating in this place of the ſtars, and their motions, affords us an opportunity to ſay ſomething of thoſe glorious and ſplendid bodies: The aſtronomers diſtinguiſh them into two ſorts, the fixed ſtars and the erratic, which laſt are likewiſe called the planets: Of theſe we will give a ſhort account by and by, when our author comes to treat of the ſun, moon, &c. and will here confine our inquiries only to the firſt ſort, which are called the fixed ſtars, becauſe they always obſerve, at leaſt to us they ſeem to do ſo, the ſame invariable diſtance from one another, and from the ecliptic: Hence the ſphere, in which they are believed to be placed, is termed, ἀπλάνη, *inerrans*, becauſe of the inviolable order obſerved in their intervals or diſtances from one another. The chief things to be conſidered of them, not as they are reduced into ſigns and conſtellations, with which we ſhall not meddle, but ſhall take notice of them only as they are diſtinct and ſeveral mundane bodies, diſſeminated and diſperſed through the immenſe ſpace of the ethereal region, which we call heaven. The chief things, I ſay, that deſerve our obſervation, are,

I. Their ſubſtance, concerning which the ancients differ in opinion: Zoroaſter held them to be of a fiery ſubſtance, and ſo too did the Stoics: The Egyptian philoſophers, as Diogenes, Laertius, in Procem. has recorded their opinion, believed, τὰς ἀστέρας πῦρ εἶναι, καὶ τῇ τούτων κράσει τὰ ἐπίγεια γίνεσθαι, that the ſtars are fire, and that by their contemperation all things are produced on the earth. In Orpheus, the ſun, moon, and ſtars, are called, Ἡφαίστοιο μέλη, the members of Vulcan. Thales held the ſtars to be both of an earthy and

fiery ſubſtance. Empedocles maintained them to be fiery, and to conſiſt of that very fire which the ether contained in itſelf, and ſtruck out at its firſt ſecretion. The opinion of Anaxagoras deſerves to be mentioned, for no other reaſon, than becauſe it is extravagantly ridiculous; for he affirmed, that the ambient ether, being of a fiery nature, does by the impetuous ſwiftneſs of its motion, whiſk up ſtones from the earth, and that they being ſet on fire, become ſtars, and are carried from eaſt to weſt. Diogenes would have them to be of the nature of pumice ſtones ſet on fire, and that they are as the breathing holes, and noſtrils of the world, by which it draws in its breath. Xenophanes, that they are clouds ſet on fire in the manner of coals, and that they are extinguiſhed by day, and at night rekindled. Heraclides and the Pythagoreans believed each ſtar to be a particular world by itſelf, exiſting in the infinite ethereal ſpace, and containing an earth, an air, and a ſky; and this opinion is found in the works of Orpheus: For his followers affirmed the ſtars to be ſo many diſtinct and individual worlds. Plato held them to conſiſt chiefly of a fiery nature, but ſuch as to admit the mixture of other elements, as it were, in the nature of a cement to compact and hold them together. Ariſtotle and his followers, aſſert them to be of the ſame ſubſtance with the heavens, but only more condenſed; and that they are ſimple bodies, without the mixture of any elements. Pliny, and many others, believe them to be compoſed of the ſame nature as exhalations or vapours, and conſequently to conſiſt of a ſubſtance partly aqueous, partly aërial. Of all theſe opinions, the moſt probable is, that the ſtars are fiery bodies. This was the ſentiment of the ancient Chriſtian church, which, in Hymn. Feria ſecunda ad Veſper. of which Hymn, St. Ambroſe is ſaid to be the author, ſings as follows:

Immenſe cœli conditor,
Qui mixta ne confunderent
Aquæ fluenta dividens,
Cœlum dediſti limitem,
Firmans locum cœleſtibus,
Simulque terræ rivulis,
Ut unda flammas temperet;
Terræ ſolum nec diſſipent, &c.

Where we find the reaſon why the waters are placed above the heavens, viz. to reſtrain and temper the exceſſive fervour of the ſun and ſtars. And again, in Hymn. Fer. quarta ad Veſper. the ſame church ſings:

Cœli Deus ſanctiſſime,
Qui lucidum centrum poli
Candore pingis igneo.

And of the ſame opinion are moſt of the fathers, not only of the Latin, but of the Greek church likewiſe. Cyrillus, Hieroſolym. Cæſareus, Theodoretus, D. Chryſoſtom, Gregor. Nyſſen Procopius, and Anaſtaſius Sinaita, all of them poſitively aſſert the ſtars to be of a fiery nature; and with them agree Tertullian, St. Ambroſe, St. Auguſtine, Arnobius, Lactantius, Anſelmus, Alcuinus, Beda, &c. Beſides, many of the eminent modern philoſophers and aſtronomers concur in the ſame opinion. Induced, therefore, by all theſe authorities, we may reaſonably conclude, that the ſtars are compound, not ſimple bodies, that they are compoſed of elementary matter, formed into fiery globes; that they conſiſt of ſolid and liquid, as this terraqueous globe of ours; and conſequently, that they are ſubject to alteration and corruption.

II. Their light; whether it be innate, and the gift of the Almighty at their creation; or mutuatitious, and borrowed from the ſun; which laſt is the opinion of Metrodorus, in Plutarch, de Placit. Philoſoph. lib. ii. cap. 17. and with him agree many of the modern, both philoſophers and aſtronomers, and it is the belief of ſome at this day. The firſt opinion, however, ſeems to be the moſt probable; and Macrobius, in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 19. aſſerts the truth of it, in theſe words: "Omnes ſtellas (ſcil. fixas) lumine lucere ſuo, quod illæ ſupra ſolem in ipſo puriſſimo æthere ſunt; in quo omne quicquid eſt, lux naturalis et ſua eſt." And this agrees with what we ſaid before touching their fiery nature: For there can be no fire without light. And, indeed, it ſeems highly improbable, that the ſun can illuminate the fixed ſtars, ſince, as Bulialdus, in Aſtronom. Philolaic. lib. i. cap. 11. obſerves, the ſun's diameter, if it could be beheld from Saturn only, would appear too little, and afford too weak a light ſufficiently to illuſtrate even that planet, much leſs, therefore, can it impart its light to the fixed ſtars, that are removed to ſo great a diſtance beyond it. For this reaſon, ſome believe each of the fixed ſtars to be the head and chief part of a diſtinct mundane ſyſtem; as the ſun is the head and chief part of our viſible ſyſtem: And, as the ſun has ſeveral planets, conſtituted and carried about him, ſo likewiſe every one of the fixed ſtars has other mundane bodies, like planets diſpoſed and moving around them; though they are inviſible to us, by reaſon of their great diſtance from our earth. And, according to this opinion, Galilæo, Dialog. iii. Syſtem. Cofmic. makes no ſcruple to aſſert, that each of the fixed ſtars is a ſun, exactly of the ſame nature with, and perfectly reſembling this of ours; that it ſerves beſides to illuminate the innumerable other planetary and lunary bodies, within their reſpective ſyſtems; and, conſequently, is endowed with innate and original light. Several other of our modern aſtronomers are of the ſame opinion; among them Ricciolus, who, Almageſt. nov. lib. vi. cap. 2. has theſe words: "Mihi longe probabilior horum (ſcil. Bruni, Galilæi, Renati des Cartes, et Reithæi) opinio videtar, quia magis convenit opificis numinis majeſtati, ut non unia cam ſtellarum à ſe ipſa lucentem, ſed plures inſtar ſolis accenderet: Nec alium ſui luminis fontem agnoſcerent, quam omnium luminum patrem Deum."

III. Their colour; which viſibly differs according to the variety of their light, as it is blended

and attempered by the different conſtitution of the matter, or ſubſtance, of which they are compoſed: for ſome appear to be of a ruddy, others of a leaden hue; ſome of a gold colour, others of a ſilver white, others pallid, &c. whence ſome have pretended to form a judgment of their ſeveral natures, and accordingly have ranged them under the ſeveral planets, of whoſe qualities they imagined them chiefly to partake; having regard to the proportion of reſemblance they bear in their colours to thoſe of the planets.

IV. Their ſcintillation; which particularly diſtinguiſhes them from the planets, which have no ſuch vibration, or twinkling of light; as generally is obſerved, more or leſs in all the fixed ſtars, at one time more than at another; and moſt when the wind is eaſterly, as Schickardus in Aſtroſcop. obſerves. Ariſtotle aſcribes the cauſe of their ſcintillation to their remoteneſs from our ſight; which remoteneſs is the reaſon that our eyes reach them but weakly, and with a trembling laſſitude. To this opinion, Pontanus, in Uraniâ, lib. ii. aſſents, when he ſays,

Scilicet alta illis regio, ſedeſque repoſtæ,
Quo poſtquam advenit deceſſo lumine viſus,
Deceſſus tremit ipſe, tamen tremere ipſa videntur.

But this reaſon is not convincing; ſince, if it were true, the planets, Jupiter, and Saturn, ſhould, by reaſon of their great diſtance, in ſome meaſure affect our ſight with ſuch a trembling or ſcintillation; and this we know they never do, even in their greateſt altitude. Others aſcribe the cauſe to refraction, and imagine this ſcintillation to ariſe from the unequal ſurface of the fluctuating air, or medium through which the ſight paſſes; in like manner, as ſtones in the bottom of a river ſeem to have a tremulous kind of motion, which, nevertheleſs, is only the curled and uneven undulation of the ſurface of the water. But if this reaſon were true, we ſhould not only in the fixed ſtars, but in the planets, nay, even in the moon, diſcover ſuch a ſcintillation. Gaſſendus, with more probability, conceives it to proceed from their native and primigenial light, which, like that of the ſun, ſparkles, and ejaculates ſuch quick darting rays, that our infirmer ſight cannot look on them without trembling: To this we may add their impetuous and whirling motion about their own axis, by which there is cauſed a more ſudden and quicker variation in thoſe fulgid objects than the eye can purſue. But Sheinerus, in his Mathematical Diſquiſitions, poſitively diſſents from this opinion. The ſcintillation of the ſtars, ſays he, is not their proper revolution or convolution, not any interior exeſtuating commotion; no tremulous revibrating of the ſun-beams, proceeding from their firſt or ſecond motions; no unquiet or unequal ejaculation of their proper rays; no trembling of the wearied ſight; not any, nor all of theſe, but only the interciſion of their ſeveral ſpecies falling upon the eye; which interciſion is cauſed by the unquiet intercurſation of vapours variouſly affected. Hevelius, though he allow of their circumgyration about their own axis, yet he admits it only as an aſſiſting, not as the ſole cauſe of their ſcintillation; which he imputes rather to a conſtant evibration of lucid matter, or a continual expiration of fiery vapours from thoſe celeſtial bodies; even, ſays he, as we perceive thoſe fulgurations and ebullitions in the body of the ſun, which, the groſſer they are, and in the greater plenty they are ejected, ſo much the greater and more viſible ſcintillation they cauſe. Theſe are the ſeveral opinions concerning the ſcintillation of the ſtars.

V. Their number; which, according to the computation of Ptolemy, including only thoſe that are moſt remarkable and viſible, and as they are reduced to the ſix commonly received degrees of magnitude, amounts to only 1022. And Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 4. reckons them to be 1600. But if we reflect on the number of all the ſtars in the firmament, as we regard them by the help of a teleſcope, which diſcovers many more than the bare eye can do, we may affirm them to exceed the number of human calculation. Jordano Bruno ſays their number is infinite. Ricciolus, ſpeaking of the number of the ſtars, argues thus: That if the conſtellation of Orion take up in the heavens the ſpace of 500 ſquare degrees, as by experience we know it does, and if every ſquare ſpace, whoſe ſide is but two degrees, contains no leſs than 500 ſtars, as Galilæo, by the aſſiſtance of a teleſcope, obſerved that it does, there will be found in the whole conſtellation of Orion, at leaſt 62,500 ſtars, though the bare eye cannot diſcover in the whole above 63. According to which proportion, if the reſt of the conſtellations were examined, and if the difference of the number of ſtars, that appear by the teleſcope, over and above thoſe diſcerned by the bare eye, were computed, it would amount to above 1000000 ſtars, beſide thoſe in the Milky Way. Nay, ſays Ricciolus, Almageſt. Nov. tom. i. lib. 6. p. 413. if any man ſhould reckon them above 2000000, the number would not ſeem to me improbable, "Mihi quidem nihil inopinabile finxerit." Some of the rabbins of the Jews will not allow the whole number of ſtars to amount to above 12000: but the Cabaliſts admit of no leſs than 29000 myriads, which number Schickardus believes too exorbitant; and imagines, that the whole extent of the heavens is not capable of receiving above 26712 myriads, even though they were placed contiguous to one another; but as to this particular of the number of the ſtars, we ought to agree with Schottus, who, in Preluſ. in Firmament. Itiner. Ecſtatic. Kircheri, in Schol. 1. ſays, That it is an arrogance indeed intolerable, to believe that our ſight, how ſtrengthened and aſſiſted ſoever by the help of teleſcopes, can diſcover all the ſtars in the expanſe of heaven; and an extreme piece of folly, to pretend to include them within the bounds of any definite number; that being the work of the Almighty only, who alone numbers the multitude of the ſtars, and calls them all by their names.

VI. Their figure, which is apparently ſpherical or round: and yet Plutarch de Placit. Philoſoph. lib. ii. cap. 14 relates the different opinions of the ancients, even as to this particular. Cleanther

held them to be pyramidical, and that they end in a ſharp cone. Anaximenes would have them to be like ſtuds or nails fixed in the chryſtalline firmament, like jewels in a ring. Others imagined them to be flat, and, as it were, fiery and lucid plates, as ſo many flat pictures, not of any thickneſs or profundity. Scheinerus, and Antonius Maria de Reitha, will have them to be of divers figures or faces, of a poly-angular ſhape; and ſuch indeed the larger ſort of teleſcopes repreſent them. Kepler, in Epit. Aſtronom. p. 498. deſcribes them like ſo many lucid points or ſparkles, caſting forth on all ſides their rays of light: inſomuch, that we are to take their figure to be only phyſically ſpherical, not mathematically ſo: for, though in the firſt acceptation, they may be ſaid to be round bodies; yet, according to the later, their ſurface may be found to be uneven, and to conſiſt of many angles or ſides.

VII. Their magnitude, of which divers calculations have been made by many eminent aſtronomers, but to no purpoſe: for ſo great a diverſity of opinions has ariſen from them, partly, becauſe authors cannot agree as to the diſtances of the ſtars from the earth, which is the ſuppoſed centre of the world; and partly, becauſe of the different eſtimates of their apparent diameters, that have been made by the eye, by Tycho Brahe, and other more ancient aſtronomers; and by teleſcopes by the moderns: inſomuch, that we ought ingenuouſly to acknowledge with Schickardus, that, "veras illarum magnitudines vere ignoramus," we are indeed ignorant of their true magnitude.

VIII. Their place and diſtance from the earth, or rather from the ſun, which is a queſtion ſo hard to reſolve, that Pliny long ago pronounced it to be no leſs than a piece of madneſs to inquire into it: and Ricciolus, Almageſt. Nov. lib. vi. cap. 7. treating of this ſubject, has thought fit, in the front of his diſcourſe, to lay it down as an undeniable truth, that men cannot, by any certain and evident obſervation, come to the true knowledge of the parallax and diſtance of the fixed ſtars. For it is not known, whether the ſtars are all in the ſame ſpherical ſurface, equally diſtant from the centre of the world; or whether they are placed at unequal diſtances, that is to ſay, ſome higher, ſome lower, as the old Stoics held them to be, ſuppoſing the difference of their luſtre, and of their apparent magnitude, to proceed from the diverſity of their ſituation, according as they are more or leſs diſtant from our ſight. Thus Manilius, giving the reaſon why ſome of the ſtars in Orion appear more obſcure than the others, ſays,

Non quod clara minus, ſed quod magis alta recedunt.

And this hypotheſis has ſo great an appearance of truth, that the learned aſtronomers, Tycho Brahe, Galilæo, and Kepler, readily embrace it. And thus we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that their diſtances are as various as thoſe of the planets, and that it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover their true diſtance, becauſe our ſhort and feeble ſight, being unable to diſtinguiſh their various intervals, judges them to be all placed in the ſame concave ſpherical ſurface.

IX. Their proper motion, which is two-fold: Firſt, That of circumrotation about their own centre, around which they are whirled with wonderful celerity; which, as we ſaid before, is in part the reaſon of their ſcintillation: and this motion is called "motus vertiginis." Secondly, Their motion of revolution, from weſt to eaſt: "ſecundum ductum Eclipticæ," in which they are obſerved to move ſo very ſlowly, that they run not through one degree in the ecliptic ſooner than in the ſpace of ſeventy-one years, nineteen days, and twelve hours, within a trifle: and they complete not the whole circle of 360 degrees, in leſs than 25,579 years, which is the "Annus magnus Platonicus;" though the ancients computed it to amount to 36,000 years: And this great Platonic year, which conſiſts of 25,579 ſydereal years, is equal to 25,580 equinoctial years. And thus I have given a ſhort account of the moſt remarkable obſervations touching the fixed ſtars.

Ver. 571. The ſkies and ſtars that we ſee move continually; and he calls them ſingle, becauſe the Epicureans held a multitude of worlds to be in the all, or univerſe, and all of them like this of ours, or even of a greater extent.

Ver. 579. But ſince Lucretius ſo often mentions the great weight of the earth, it may well be inquired, why it hangs without motion in the air, and does not rather preſs downwards, and fall precipitately into the infinite void? To this the poet anſwers in theſe ſeventeen verſes, that though it have ſo happened that the air only is circumfuſed around the earth, yet becauſe both air and earth are bound by natural and kindred ties, and from their very beginning are parts of the ſame whole, the earth is no burden to the air; but having, in a manner, laid aſide all its weight and compreſſion, it only ſticks faſt, and cleaves naturally to it. But it would not be ſo, if this earth had been brought out of another world; for, in that caſe, it would preſs heavy upon this air with its weight; even as our bodies feel a little weight that is not a part of them, though neither the head nor the other members are burdenſome to one another, becauſe they are mutually congenial, and bound to one another by a general and common band. Epicurus to Herodotus, ſays, τὴν γῆν τῷ ἀέρι ἐποχεῖσθαι, ὡς συγγενῆ. See the note on book ii. ver. 562.

Ver. 584. Ariſtotle will not allow that the earth is therefore ſuſpended in the middle of the air, becauſe it is congenial, and, as it were, of a piece with it, as Epicurus believed; but ſays the reaſon is, becauſe it is the heavieſt of all the elements. And Plato, in Phædon, will have the equability of the earth itſelf, to be the cauſe of its ſtation in the middle of the univerſe: According to whoſe opinion, Ovid. Metam. i. ver. 12. ſays,

Et circumfuſo pendebat in aëre tellus
Ponderibus librata ſuis.——

And our Milton in like manner:

The earth, ſelf-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

Ver. 592. This and the following verſe we have inſerted to fill up a lacuna, which Creech having totally omitted this verſe of his author,

Uſque adeo magni refert cui quæ adjaceat res,

had left in all the former editions of this book.

Ver. 598. In theſe four verſes, he brings another argument of the connection of the earth and air: becauſe, ſays he, the thunder that cauſes violent motions in the air, makes the earth tremble, which it could not do, but that they are of a piece. Here our tranſlator ſeems to have imperfectly rendered the ſenſe of his author, whoſe words are;

Prætereâ grandi Tonitru concuſſa repentè
Terra, ſupra quæ ſe ſunt, concutit omnia motu,
Quod facere haud ullâ poſſet ratione, niſi eſſet
Partibus ærïis mundi cœloque revincta.

i. e. Beſides, the earth, whenever it is ſhaken on a ſudden, by a violent thunder, makes every thing that is upon it ſhake and tremble, which it could by no means do, unleſs, &c. Compare this with Creech's tranſlation, and ſee his error.

Ver. 602. But becauſe it may ſeem wonderful that ſo ſubtle a body as the air, ſhould ſupport a maſs ſo vaſtly thick as the earth; he adds in theſe ſeven verſes, that the ſoul, which is a moſt ſubtle ſubſtance, ſuſtains our ponderous body; nay, not only that, but even lifts it up, and makes it leap from the ground.

Ver. 664. Where we muſt underſtand the word things; an elipſis too frequently uſed by Creech, though hardly allowable in our language, which hates all grammatical figures, and loves to ſpeak plain. What, without a ſubſtantive, is always in the ſingular number: What raiſes, what controuls. "Sed hoc obiter."

Ver. 609. Epicurus, in the tenth book of Laertius, ſpeaking of the magnitude of the ſun and ſtars, ſays, that in as much as it relates to us to judge of it, their magnitude is the ſame that it appears to be: and that as to the thing itſelf, it is ſomewhat bigger, or ſomewhat leſs, or elſe exactly the ſame that it ſeems: inſomuch that our eyes lie very little, if they do at all. The poet, in theſe twenty-ſeven verſes, aſſerts the ſame thing, and endeavours to prove his aſſertion by an argument taken from ſenſe. As we retire from any fire, ſo long as we are within ſuch a diſtance of it, that we can perceive its light and heat, the fire ſeems no leſs than it does when we are near it: but we feel the heat, and perceive the light of the ſun: therefore, the ſun is of the ſame magnitude it ſeems to be. Then he adds of the moon, that we diſtinctly ſee the outmoſt verge and face of it: and yet we ſhould ſee it but confuſedly, if it were ſo far off that its diſtance took away any of its magnitude. Laſtly, He ſays of the ſtars, that they are not much larger, nor much leſs, but rather juſt as big as they ſeem: for even the fires that we ſee here below at a diſtance from one another, either by day or by night, preſent to our eyes the like variety of ſizes. Epicurus writes the ſame doctrine to Pythocles.

Thus, neither Epicurus nor Lucretius after him, affirmed any thing for certain concerning the magnitude of the ſun, moon, and ſtars: And indeed ſo many, and ſo various are the opinions both of the ancients and moderns, of this matter, that it is impoſſible to ground any probable belief upon them. However, I will give ſome of their opinions, but rather for curioſity than inſtruction. I. Heraclitus held the ſun to be a foot broad: II. Anaxagoras, many times as big as the country of Peloponneſus. III. Animaxander, as big as the earth. IV. Empedocles, a vaſt maſs of fire, even bigger than the moon. V. Archelaus, the biggeſt of all the celeſtial lights. VI. Plato, never to be conceived nor found out. VII. Cicero, immenſe. VIII. The Ægyptians, and after them Macrobius, eight times as big as the earth. IX. Others, whoſe opinion Cicero, Tatius, and Philoponus mention, but conceal their names, above eighteen times as big as the earth. X. Eratoſthenes, ſeven and twenty times as big as the earth. XI. Cleomedes, near three hundred times as big as the earth. XII. Ariſtarchus, above two hundred and fifty-four times as big as the earth. XIII. Hipparchus, a thouſand and fifty times as big as the earth. XIV. Plutarch ſays there were ſome who held the ſun to be a thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-eight times as big as the earth. XV. Poſſidonius, fifty-nine thouſand three hundred and nineteen times as big as the earth. What certainty then can be grounded on ſo many different opinions? And Archimedes owned, it was next to impoſſible to take the diameter of the ſun, becauſe neither the ſight, nor the hands, nor the organs, by which the obſervation is perceived, are ſufficient to demonſtrate it exactly; and therefore no credit ought to be given to them. This makes Lactantius ſay, "Dementiam eſſe diſquirire, aut ſcire velle, Sol utrumque tantus, quantus videtur, an multis partibus major ſit quam omnis hæc terra." That it is a folly to inquire, or be deſirous to know, whether the ſun be as big as he ſeems to be, or many times higger than the whole earth. And the ſame uncertainty there is likewiſe concerning the magnitude of the moon, and of the other planets and ſtars.

But the more modern, both philoſophers and aſtronomers, though their opinions be indeed various, as to the magnitude of this glorious luminary, yet having grounded them on more probable methods of obſervation, have at leaſt come nearer the truth than the ancients, and not left us ſo much in the dark, nor in ſo great uncertainty concerning it. It is moſt certain, that we form a right judgment of the magnitude of an object, by the diſtance of one part of it from another, and by the diſtance of the whole from us: for the diſtance of it being firſt conſidered, we find that the rays from all parts of the object cauſe an impreſſion on the retina in the extremities of more or leſs diſtant fibres. Therefore, the farther diſtant thoſe extremities, ſo impreſſed are from each other, the greater we judge the object to be; and in like manner on the contrary: inſomuch, that it is firſt neceſſary to know the diſtance of an object, be-

fore we can attain to the true knowledge of its magnitude: And, therefore, whenever we are miſtaken in the diſtance, we muſt neceſſarily be deceived in the magnitude likewiſe: and conſequently, as often as we judge an object to be farther from us than it really is, we imagine it to be bigger than it is; becauſe, the farther diſtant an object is, the leſs will be the ſpace between the incident points of the rays that make the impreſſion on the retina: And on the contrary, as often as we judge the object to be nearer us than indeed it is, we fancy it to be leſs than really it is, becauſe the ſpace between the points of the rays, &c. is larger. Hence we ſee the reaſon why it is ſo difficult to come by the true knowledge of the ſun's magnitude: for the diſtance of the ſun from the equator is ſo hard to be diſcovered, that, if we may believe Pliny, to endeavour to find it out, "penè dementis otii eſt," is an employment fit for none but madmen. Ricciolus likewiſe confeſſes, that the ſublimity of the ſun has exceeded and baffled hitherto the ſearch and inveſtigation of all aſtronomers. However, he himſelf ſays, in Almageſt. lib. iii. cap. 11. That the true magnitude of the ſun may be known from its true ſemi-diameter; for that being doubled, gives its true diameter, whence its other ſpecies of magnitude are derived, according to the rule of proportion. This method has been obſerved by many of the moſt learned and judicious aſtronomers, whoſe opinion concerning the ſun's magnitude, may be ſeen at one view in the following table.

The true Magnitude of the Sun compared with the Earth.

The Sun's	True diameter.	Circumference.	Area of its greateſt circle.	Conve ſuperficies.	Solidity.
contains					
according to the following authors.	Simple diam. of the earth.	Simple diam. of the earth.	Square diam. of the earth.	Square diam. of the earth.	Solidity of the earth.
Ptolomæus, Mauro-lycus, Clavius, and Barocius.	5 2-5	17 2-7	24 0	134 0	166 3-8
Ariſtar-chus more than	6 1-3	20 1-7	30 2-3	127 0	254 1-17
Ariſtar-chus leſs than	7 1-6	22 3-7	38 0	155 0	368 1-11
Albategnius	5 7-10	18 5-7	26 0	108 0	186 0
Copernicus	5 27-60	16 1-2	22 0	91 0	161 1-7
Tycho and Blancanus	5 14-75	16 2-7	22 0	85 0	140 0
Longomontanus	5 807-1000	18 1-14	26 0	95 0	196 0
Keplerus	15 0	47 1-18	176 0	706 0	3375 0
Lanſbergius	7 17-30	24 0	46 0	176 0	434 0
Bulialdus	7 0	22 2-7	39 0	156 0	343 0
Wendelinus	64 0	200 96-100	3216 0	12864 0	262144 0
Kircherus	5	16 0	21 0	83 0	140 0
Rheita	10 0	31 4-10	78 0	314 0	1000 0
Ricciolus	33 5-6	106 15-100	885 0	30056 0	38600 0

OF THE SUN.

This glorious luminary is in Hebrew called *Chamah*, or *Shemaſh*, from his heat, or *Adon Schemez*, i. e. Dominus Sol. By the Phœnicians, *Baal Shemaim*, i. e. Dominus Cœli. In Chaldee, *Shemſo*. In Arabic, *El Shemo*. By the Greeks, Ἥλιος and φοῖβος, quaſi φῶς τῦ βίυ, i. e. lux vitæ, whence the Latin *Phœbus*, called likewiſe *Titan*, *Apollo*, *Cor Cœli*, *Oculus Jovis*, and Ὄμμα Ἀιθέρος, i. e. oculus ætheris. The Egyptians called the ſun, *Potiris*, which in their language ſignifies the Holy God; and *Oſyris*, from his vital and kindly heat: as, on the contrary, *Typhon*, and *Seth*, from his violent and deſtructive fervour; and by them called likewiſe *Horus*. By the Perſians *Mithra*, i. e. Dominus or Dyneſta. By the ancient Arabs, *Urotalt*, i. e. Lucis Deus; and *Duſares*, or *Dai-Uſar*, i. e. Deus perluſtrans, as Sebedius de Diis German. interprets thoſe names. By the Syrians, according to Macrobius, the ſun was called *Adad*, or, as Scaliger and Selden would rather have it, *Abad*, or *Elhad*, i. e. Unus: or as Pontanus in his notes on Macrobius, *Badad*, i. e. Solus Unicus. Heraclitus, as Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i, cap. 20. calls the ſun the fountain of all celeſtial light and heat. Moſt of the ancients, as Democritus, Metrodorus, Pythagoras, Plato, &c. and of the moderns likewiſe, as Kepler, Schcinerus, Rheitæ, Bullialdus, Kircher, Ricciolus, &c. imagine the ſun to be a real fiery body, conſiſting of true proper elementary fire, partly liquid, partly ſolid; the liquid is as it were an ocean of light, and moves with flaming billows and fiery ebullitions. This is manifeſt to thoſe who regard that moſt glorious luminary by the help of a teleſcope. The ſolid parts are like the land in our terraqueous globe, divided into continents, iſlands, mountains, and rocks, as if it were to reſtrain the vehement motion of the exeſtuating ſolar ocean, and by the frequent alliſions to repel, diſſipate and break the impetuous force of it; to the end it may with greater efficacy impart its all-productive virtue to the bodies on which it beſtows light and influence.

It is likewiſe probable, that within the ſolar globe, as in this earth of ours, there are vaſt caverns and receptacles of fire, that break out of the ſun's ignivomous mountains, in like manner as ſubterranean fires are ejected out of the mountains Ætna, Hecla, and Veſuvius. Beſides, the ſolid parts of the ſun, within whoſe bowels is contained the fluid and liquid fire, like metal in a furnace, are thoroughly ignified, in the ſame manner as the bricks of the roofs and ſides of furnaces are made red hot, and look of the ſame colour as the fiery maſs of melted matter within them.

It is farther ſuppoſed, that the ſolid parts of the ſun conſiſt of a matter abeſtinous and incombuſtible, and far better able to reſiſt the voracity of fire than this earth of ours. Nay, ſuppoſing that ſome parts of the ſun here and there ſhould be conſumed, and whole mountains be levelled and waſted, yet there is no neceſſity from thence, that the globe of the ſun ſhould be totally deſtroyed, no more than is this earth by the frequent accidents of ſuch kinds of ruins and decays. Moreover, the ſplendour, as well of the fluid, as ſolid fire of the ſolar globe, is evidently far more bright than our fire or flame here below: the end for which it was made neceſſarily requiring it ſhould be ſo; ſince it may reaſonably be conjectured to be created for the fountain of light, if not of the whole world, at leaſt of the planetary ſyſtem.

It is likewiſe obſerved, that as well this liquid ſea of fire, as that which breaks out of the caverns and mountains, conſtantly exhales ſuliginous vapours, not black and ſooty, like the ſmoke of our fire, but bright and clear; and that theſe exhalations, condenſing in the ambient æther, do in a manner overcaſt the ſun, as clouds overſhadow the earth. From all which, and from the evidence of frequent obſervations, lately made by the help of the teleſcope, is manifeſt, the miſtake of Ariſtotle and his followers, who imagine the ſun to be an unalterable ſubſtance; whereas, indeed, he is ſubject to divers changes and alterations; which not only the generation and production, but the diſſolution and corruption likewiſe of ſeveral phenomenons in the body of the ſun, altogether unknown to the ancients, clearly demonſtrate. Among which the moſt remarkable are thoſe, which late aſtronomers call the *Maculæ ſolares*, and the *Faculæ ſolares*.

The *Maculæ*, or ſpots, are, they tell us, certain cloudy obſcurities appearing upon the diſk of the ſun; and ſuppoſed by ſome to be a fuliginous obſcure matter or exhalation, ſometimes cloſely compacted into one, ſometimes diſperſed and diſſipated into ſeveral parcels, and iſſuing from its fervent fiery body, by force of its extreme heat. But whether they are in the ſun itſelf, or ſome ſpace diſtant from it, is not certain. However, it is from ſeveral obſervations moſt probable, that they are in the very body of the ſun, or at leaſt not far from the ſurface of it. They are very irregular in their ſhapes and figures, as well in regard to their form as ſize; and ſome of them are more durable than others. And thoſe that have the longeſt duration, are held to be the ſolid parts of the ſun; and it is believed that the reaſon why they diſcover themſelves in various figures, and of different magnitudes, is becauſe of the vertiginous motion of the ſun about his own axle, repreſenting them to our ſight in divers ſituations.

The *Faculæ ſolares* are held to be partly maſſy globes of fire, that burſt out of the ignivomous ſolar mountains; and which, by reaſon of their brightneſs, ſhine amidſt the maculæ, or fuliginous cloudy vapours, and ſometimes diſappear in a ſhort ſpace of time, ſometimes continue long viſible; and partly effervencies of the exeſtuating ſolar ocean; which, by reaſon of the exceſſive innate fervour of the globe of the ſun, boils up into mighty waves, like ſo many mountains of light, that ſcatter and diſperſe the darker maculæ, and diſcover, as it were a fiery ocean, fluctuating and agitated with flaming billows of exceſſive ſplen-

dour. But Scheinerus in disquisit Mathem. defines them thus: "Faculæ sunt areolæ in sole lucidores reliquo ejusdem corpore," i. e. The faculæ are certain small plats, or quarters in the sun, brighter than the rest of his body. Galilæo in Letter iii. delle Macchie Solari, describes them as follows: In the face of the sun, says he, there appear certain marks, brighter than the rest, and which observe the same motion as the maculæ: Nor can it be doubted but that they are inherent in the very body of the sun; because it is not credible, that there can be any substance more refulgent than that of the sun itself.

Lastly, This observation of the sun's spots and lights has given occasion to astronomers to remark, that the sun, besides his motion of revolution, diurnal and annual, according to the hypothesis of the immobility of the earth, has likewise a motion from east to west about his own axle; which conversion is finished, according to some, in the space of twenty-seven days, or thereabouts: according to Kepler and others, in twenty-four hours; but others assign it a much more wonderful celerity, particularly Otto de Guerrick, who affirms the vertiginous course of the sun to be completed in a moments space. All which considered, together with what we said before of the sun's magnitude, we may well say with Lucretius:

Nam licet hinc mundi patefactum totius unum
Largifluum fontem, scatere, atque erumpere flumen
Ex omni mundo, quâ sic elementa vaporis
Undique conveniunt, et sic congestus eorum
Confluit, ex uno capite hic ut profluat ardor.

And conclude with the same poet, That it is no wonder the sun dispenses so much light and heat to the earth.

As to the figure of the sun, Epicurus affirmed nothing for certain concerning that neither, but only said, that the various opinions of several men, of the different figure of the sun, might for any thing he knew to the contrary, be all of them true. Meanwhile it is certain that the opinions differed concerning the figure of the sun likewise: For, I. The Pythagoreans, Platonics, Peripatetics, and Stoics, held the sun to be globous. II. Anaximenes believed it to be flat, and broad like a leaf, or plate of iron, or other metal. III. Others to be in shape like a dish or platter. IV. Heraclitus would have the sun crooked, and bending like the keel of a boat. They gave likewise the same different figures to the moon and stars. The figure of the sun is now universally held to be globous.

Ver. 619. Some hold the moon to have no light but what she borrows from the sun; but others will have her shine with no light but her own. Lucretius does not decide this controversy, but only propose each opinion. It is most probable, and generally believed, however, that the moon borrows her light from the sun. This opinion is grounded on the opacity of that planet, which indeed proves the moon to be altogether deprived of any innate or proper light of her own. And this opacity is demonstrably proved; because in her total eclipses, she wholly loses her lustre; which, on the contrary, if she had any of her own, would rather, in the greatest darkness, become more visible and conspicuous; whence it is rationally concluded, that all the light she has, is from the sun, and that the moon, as she is an opacous, so too she is a dense body, fitted, and apt to receive and reflect the light of the sun. Macrobius giving the reason, why the moon, when she shines, does not impart any warmth, as well as the sun, but only reflects the light like a looking-glass, ascribes it to her having no light of her own, as the sun has, but only a mutuatitious light, and borrowed from the sun; which her being placed beneath the sun, evidently evinces. His words are these: "Lunam, quæ luce propriâ caret, et de sole mutuatur, necesse est fonti luminis sui esse subjectam. Hæc enim ratio facit lunam non habere lumen proprium, cæteras omnes stellas lucere suo, quod illæ supra solem locatæ, in ipso purissimo æthero sunt, in quo omne, quicquid est, lux naturalis et sua est.——Luna vero, quia sola ipsa sub sole est, et caducorum jam regioni luce suâ carenti proxima, lucem nisi de superposito sole, cui resplendet, habere non potuit.——Luna speculi instar, lumen, quo illustratur emittit; et fit acceptæ luci penetrabilis adeo, ut eam de se rursus emittat, nullum tamen ad nos perferentem sensum caloris, quia lucis radius, cum ad nos de origine suâ, id est, de sole pervenit, naturam secum ignis, de quo nascitur, devehit; cum vero in lunæ corpus insunditur, et inde respendet, solam refundit claritudinem, non calorem; nam et speculum, cum splendorem de se vi oppositi eminus ignis emittit, solam ignis similitudinem carentem sensu caloris ostendit," &c. In Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 19. and Cicero, lib. ii. de Naturâ Deor. is of the same opinion. And Festus, in voce Mulus, observes, that the moon is said to be drawn by mules, in regard to her borrowed light; because, as mules are not generated out of their own kind, but of a horse, so the moon is said to shine, not with her own, but *notho lumine*, as Lucretius in this place, and after him Catullus, expresses it, with a bastard light, which she derives from the sun. And Milton, speaking of the sun, calls him

——Great palace of all light!
To him, as to their fountain, others stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light;
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.
——Less bright the moon,
His mirror: with full face borrowing her light
From him, &c.

Ver 629. In these seven verses, he speaks of the magnitude of the other stars and planets; of which we have already spoken at large, ver. 551.

Ver. 636. But it seems almost impossible, that so much heat and light, as are diffused through the whole sky, immense as it is, should flow from so small a body as the sun, if it be no bigger than it appears to be. To satisfy this difficulty, Lu-

cretius teaches, in nine verſes, that we may imagine the ſun to be as the perpetual ſource of light and heat; becauſe the ſeeds of light and heat continually flow from all parts of the univerſe into the body of the ſun, as into a great fountain; ſo that we feel and perceive the heat and light, not of the ſun only, but of the whole world. To which he adds, in ten verſes, that perhaps the air, near the ſun, is ſet a-fire by his beams; and that many fiery particles, inviſible to us, are hovering about his orb; and thence may proceed ſo great a profuſion of light and heat. Thus Lucretius, in a thing ſo doubtful, dares pronounce nothing for certain.

Ver. 652. The original has, *cæcis fervoribus*, that is to ſay, inviſible to us: For as Paſſeratius notes, *cæcus* ſignifies not only what does not ſee, but alſo whatever is not ſeen. "Cæcum non tantum quod non videt, ſed etiam quicquid non videtur." In Propert. lib. ii. Eleg. 27.

Ver. 655. In order to explain the annual courſe of the ſun, and the monthly courſe of the moon, through the twelve ſigns of the zodiac, he firſt propoſes, in twenty-five verſes, the opinion of Democritus, who taught, that the lower ſpheres are rolled and whirled around by the higheſt orb, called the *primum mobile*, either ſwifter or more ſlow, according to the diſtance of each ſphere from that higheſt orb. Thus the ſun moves ſwifter than the moon; becauſe the ſun is higher, and therefore the ſigns more ſeldom overtake, and paſs by him, than they do by her. Nor is it then ſtrange, that the moon runs through all the ſigns in one month, which the ſun goes through but in twelve;

The two firſt of theſe verſes are tranſcribed, word for word, from Cowley, David. i. p. 19. of the folio edition. The original runs thus:

Nec ratio ſolis ſimplex, nec certa pateſcit,
Quo pacto æſtivis è partibus Ægocerotis,
Brumales adeat flexus, atque indè revertens
Canceris ad metas vertit ſe ad ſolſtitiales.

Which our tranſlator has rendered in the two verſes, that follow theſe of Cowley.

The ſouth and north pole, which are two points about which the heavens are rolled; ſo called from στρέφω, I turn, whence the Latins called them *vertices*. The north pole is always viſible to us, and to the French, Italians, &c. The ſouth is never ſeen by us, but by thoſe whom we call Antipodes. See above, ver. 545.

Ver. 656. Cowley calls the walk of the ſun crooked, by reaſon of the obliquity of the zodiac, through which he makes his annual revolution. See the note on ver. 661.

Ver. 658. The ſigns, in matter of aſtrology, are aſteriſms, or configurations of fixed ſtars: which are imaginary forms, deviſed by aſtrologers, the better to comprehend and diſtinguiſh thoſe ſtars from one another. Thus one aſteriſm is called the Bear, another the Dragon, &c. to the number of forty-eight in all, according to the ancient aſtrologers; beſides a few lately invented by the diſcoverers of the ſouth pole. It is not agreed who firſt reduced the ſtars into aſteriſms, or conſtellations; nor is it an eaſy taſk to reconcile the different morphoſes or figures in the ſeveral ſpheres of the Chaldeans, Perſians, Egyptians, Greeks, Arabians, Indians, Chineſes, and Tartars; of whoſe opinions in this matter, the various difference may be ſeen in the deſcription of Abu Maſher, commonly called Albumazar, in Aben Ezra de Decanis Signorum, publiſhed by Scaliger, in his notes on Manilius; of all which Salmaſius, in Præfat. ad Diatrib. de Antiq. Aſtrolog. believes thoſe of the Greeks, which are moſt commonly uſed amongſt us, to be of lateſt date. As to the names of the ſtars, it is ſcarce doubted, but that Adam firſt impoſed them; though all thoſe appellations, except ſome few preſerved in ſcripture are ſince utterly loſt. Yet moſt of the names we now uſe, are above two thouſand years ſtanding, as appears by Heſiod and Homer. They were not, however, all named at one and the ſame time; for ſome are of late denomination, particularly that which Conon, Antinous, and others call Coma Berenices. Some report Aſtræus to be the firſt who gave names to the ſtars; whom for that reaſon

————Fama parentem
Tradidit Aſtrorum————

As Aratus ſays in Germanicus; and others aſcribe it to Mercury. To give the ſeveral names of the ſigns and conſtellations, would engage me in too tedious a taſk; I will therefore confine myſelf to the two Lucretius here mentions, which are Ægoceros and Cancer.

Ægoceros, by the Greeks, called Αἰγόκερως, from αἴξ, a goat, and κέρας, a horn, and Αἰγίκερως by the Latins Capricornus; Hircus Æquoris, by Aſclepiadius, and Vomanus, Pelagi Procella, by Vitalis: and thus Horace,

————Tyrannus
Heſperiæ Capricornus undæ.

The poets fabled, that Ægoceros was born of the goat Amalthea, and placed by Jupiter among the ſtars, in memory of that god's having been nouriſhed with the ſame milk. Some ſay that this was made a conſtellation in honour of Ægipan, the ſon of Jupiter by the Olenian goat; but others, with more reaſon, that Ægipan was foſter-brother to Jupiter, and ſon of Æga, the wife of Pan, from whence he had his name. And Baſſus in Germanic. from the authority of Epimenides, writes, that Ægipan aſſiſted Jupiter in his wars againſt the Titans, and helped him to put on his armour; for which reaſon he was honoured with this celeſtial dignity: he was repreſented half goat, half fiſh, the reaſon of which, ſays the Scholiaſt on Aratus, was, becauſe having found on the ſea ſhore, the ſhell of a murex or purple-fiſh, he wound it as if it had been a horn, and ſo ſtruck a panic fear into the Titans, whence he came to be figured with a tail like a ſea monſter. The ſun entering into this ſign, makes the winter ſolſtice. Cancer, by the Greeks called Καρκῖνος, a Crab, is ſaid to have been killed by Hercules for biting him by

the foot, when he encountered the ſerpent Hydra, and to have been made a conſtellation at the entreaty of Juno. This ſign is in that part of the heaven, which the ſun reaches about the middle of June, and then makes our greateſt heats, longeſt days, and ſummer ſolſtice. Moreover, theſe two ſigns, Cancer and Capricornus, are celebrated by the Chaldaic, Pythagorean, and Platonic philoſophers, the firſt of them for being the gate by which ſouls deſcend into human bodies; the laſt for being that by which they re-aſcend into heaven, whence they call Cancer, *Porta hominum*, and Capricornus, *Porta deorum*. Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 12. ſays, that the natural philoſophers called theſe two ſigns, *Portas Solis*, the gates of the ſun; and then having given the reaſon of it, he adds: "Per has partas animæ de cœlo in terras meare, et de terris in cœlum remeare creduntur; ideo hominum una, altera deorum vocatur: hominum Cancer, quia per hunc in inferiora deſcenſus eſt. Capricornus Deorum, quia per illum animæ in propriæ immortalitatis ſedem, et in Deorum numerum revertuntur." See likewiſe, Cœl. Rhodig. Antiq. Lect. lib. xv. cap. 23. and Kircher in Œdip. Ægypt. tom. ii. p. 535.

Ver. 660. Homer and Ovid make the moon to be drawn in a chariot by two horſes, one black, the other white; of which Baſſus in Germanic. gives this reaſon, becauſe, ſays he, ſhe ſometimes is ſeen by day, as well as in the night. Others will have her to be drawn by oxen; and therefore Nonnus in Dionyſ. lib. xii. calls her.

——Βοῶν ἐλαείρα Σελήνη.

Of both which we have expreſs repreſentations in the Roman coins; and particularly in thoſe of the empreſs Julia Domna. See Triſtan. in his Commentar. tom. ii. p. 129. She is likewiſe ſaid to be drawn by mules, of which we have ſpoken above, ver. 619. Claudian, lib. iii. de laudibus Stiliconis, makes her to be drawn by ſtags in regard of the ſwiftneſs of her motion; and ſo too ſhe is repreſented in ſeveral conſular and imperial coins, that may be ſeen in Urſinus, Golzius, and Gorlæus.

Ver. 661. 662. The zodiac is called by Ptolomy Κύκλος τῶν Ζωδίων, the circle of animals, becauſe it is divided into twelve ſigns, all of which reſemble, either men or ſome other living creatures, that are deſcribed and marked in the zodiac at equal diſtances from one another. By the Latins it is called *ſignifer*, and by the Greeks Σημειοφόρος. It is deſcribed to be a circle, or rather a zone, obliquely paſſing from eaſt to weſt, by the equinoctial and ſolſtitial points, and parted in the midſt by the ecliptic, which divides it into two parts, the one northern, the other ſouthern, both which are terminated by the circumferences of two imaginary circles, leſs than one of the great circles, and is far diſtant from the ecliptic, as is the greateſt latitude of any planet from thence. The invention of this circle is by ſome aſcribed to Pythagoras, by others to Œnepides the Chian, and by others to Anaximander the Mileſian. See Plutarch. de Placit. Philoſoph. and Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 8. Manilius, lib. i. ver. 675. ſpeaking of the zodiac, ſays,

Nec viſus aciemque fugit, tantumque notari
Mente poteſt, ſicut cernuntur mente priores;
Sed nitet ingenti ſtellatus baltheus orbe,
Inſignemque facit cælato lumine mundum.

Which Creech renders as follows:

It is not hid, nor is it hard to find,
Like others, open only to the mind:
For like a belt, with ſtuds of ſtars, the ſkies
It girds, and graces; and invites the eyes.

And Scaliger, in his note on that paſſage, farther obſerves, that it has this in common with the Galaxy or Milky Way, that both of them are not, like all the other circles of the ſphere, λόγῳ θεωρηθῆναι, perceivable only to reaſon, but that they are both of them viſible to the ſight likewiſe, which none of the others are. Yet Manilius ſeems to ſpeak poetically, making the zodiac a viſible circle, becauſe the twelve ſigns moving in it are viſible; but properly ſpeaking, as it is taken for a faſcia or zone only, it is no otherwiſe perceptible than by reaſon; and therefore Geminus in Iſagog, rightly ſays, that of all the circles in the heavens, only the *Via Lactea*, is perceivable by ſenſe, the others being no otherwiſe diſcernible than by the eye of reaſon. Moreover, concerning the zodiac, there are theſe five things that chiefly deſerve to be known. I. It is divided into 360 parts or degrees; each ſign into 30 degrees; one of which degrees, or thereabouts, the ſun makes or completes every day, by his primary or own proper motion, proceeding or going forward from the weſt to eaſt; and thus in about the ſpace of a year he runs through the twelve ſigns; meanwhile by his ſecondary or common motion, which the Latins calls *raptus*, a whirl, proceeding from eaſt to weſt, he makes the compaſs of the whole earth in the ſpace of four and twenty hours. II. The order and names of the ſigns are contained in theſe verſes:

Sunt Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo,
Libraque, Scorpius, Arcitenens, Caper, Amphora,
Piſces.

Which being moſt of them animals, the circle was from thence called Zodiac, from the Greek word ζῴδιον, which ſignifies an animal, as we hinted before. III. Aries anſwers to the month of March, about the tenth of which month the ſun is ſaid to enter into that ſign, and to run through all of it by about the tenth of April, at which time he enters into Taurus: and in like manner of all the reſt. IV. It is called oblique, becauſe it is not at an equal diſtance from each pole: but being carried croſs the torrid zone, it reaches both the tropics, and twice divides the circle of the equator. In the firſt degree of Cancer it touches the north tropic, which is thence called the tropic of Cancer: It touches the ſouth tropic in the firſt degree of Capricorn, whence that tropic has the name of the tropic of Capricorn. It cuts the equator in the firſt degree of Aries, and in the firſt degree

of Libra. V. When the ſun comes to the tropic of Cancer, about the tenth of June, then is our height of ſummer, or ſummer ſolſtice: when about the tenth of December, he reaches the tropic of Capricorn, then is our depth of winter, or the winter ſolſtice. Theſe tropics have their name from τρέπω, I turn, becauſe when the ſun has reached to either of them, he turns his courſe back again towards the other. Moreover, when the ſun reaches to the ſection of Aries, which he does about the tenth of March, then is the vernal equinox; when he comes to the ſection of Libra, about the twelfth of September, then is the autumnal equinox.

Ver. 662. To the ſame purpoſe Cowley:

——The ſelf ſame ſun
At once does flow and ſwiftly run:
Swiftly his daily journey goes,
But treads his annual with a ſtatelier pace;
And does three hundred rounds incloſe
Within one yearly circles ſpace,
At once with double courſe in the ſame ſphere,
He runs the day and walks the year.

Ver. 665. Of him ſee Book III. ver. 356. and ver. 1044. and Book IV. ver. 335.

Ver. 680. In theſe thirteen verſes he introduces two ſeveral airs, waiting on the ſun and moon: by one of which they are ſhoved down from Cancer to Capricorn; and by the other heaved up again from Capricorn to Cancer, and this at fixed and certain times: And that it may not ſeem incredible, he bids us look on the different racks of clouds, which ſeveral winds drives ſeveral ways.

Beſides theſe and the foregoing opinions, there was a third which Cicero, lib. iii. de Nat. Deor. aſcribes to Cleanthes, who, as if the ſun followed his food, would have the humidity that ariſes from the earth and from the ſea to be the cauſe of the ſummer and winter ſolſtices. For the words of Cicero are theſe. "Quid enim? Non eiſdem vobis placit omnem ignem paſtu indegere, nec permanere ullo modo poſſe niſi alatur? Ali autem Solem, Lunam, et reliqua Aſtra, aquis alia dulcibus, alia marinis? eamque cauſam Cleanthes affert, cur ſe ſol referat, nec longius progrediatur ſolſtitiali orbe, itemq; brumali, nè longius diſcedat á cibo?" For are not you of opinion that all fire requires food, and can in no wiſe ſubſiſt, unleſs it be nouriſhed? Nay, that the ſun, the moon, and other ſtars are fed, ſome with freſh, others with ſea water? And does not Cleanthes allege, that the cauſe of the ſun's returning from the ſummer and winter ſolſtice, and his going no farther is, that he may not ſtraggle too far away from his meat?

Ver. 686. This and the following verſe run thus in the original;

Et ratione pari lunam ſtellaſque putandum 'ſt,
Quæ volvunt magnos in magnis orbibus annos,
Aëribus poſſe alternis à partibus ire.

Where we may obſerve, that our interpreter has totally omitted the ſecond of thoſe verſes, in which the poet ſeems to allude to the periods of the ſtars, and the revolutions of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars.

Ver. 689. This many, nevertheleſs, deny, though it be certain, ſays Faber, that there is ſcarce any tempeſt of thunder and lightning, but this happens.

Ver. 693. In theſe nine verſes he tells us that night ſucceeds the day, either becauſe the ſun, being fatigued with the length of his journey (for the ſetting ſun ſeems faint and weary), is extinguiſhed: Or elſe becauſe he is whirled with the ſame force beneath the earth by night, as above the earth by day. Epicurus in the epiſtle to Pythocles contends, that the riſing and ſetting of the ſun may be made, κατ' ἐμφάνειαν τὲ ὑπὲρ γῆς, καὶ πάλιν ἐπικρύψιν, or κατ' ἄναψιν, τὲ καὶ σβέσιν.

Ver. 702. In theſe twenty-three verſes he teaches, that the ſplendor, which we call the morning, and which before the riſing of the ſun adorns the heavens, is occaſioned becauſe the ſun, returning from weſt to eaſt, pours forth his rays before he appears himſelf: or elſe it happens, becauſe the ſeeds of fire, that were diſperſed abroad in his journey the day before, flow together in the eaſtern ſky, and illuſtrate the earth with a fainty and glimmering light, before they have formed and kindled up anew the globe of the ſun: And if this conſtancy of the ſeeds flowing together to one place ſeem incredible, let it be conſidered, that no leſs a conſtancy may be obſerved in ſeveral other things. Thus plants ſhoot forth their buds at a fixed and certain ſeaſon of the year: Thus children breed their teeth at a certain age, &c.

This laſt opinion, ridiculous as it is, was nevertheleſs embraced by Epicurus and his followers: who as Cleomedes. lib. ii. c. 1. witneſſes, held that a new ſun aroſe daily, and was daily extinguiſhed; and Servius upon the firſt Georgic, ſays, they did not pretend, that the ſun continued his courſe through the other hemiſphere: but that the orb of a new ſun was always made in the eaſt; or at leaſt, that the old ſun was repaired and lighted up anew. For Epicurus did not ſo much hold the quotidian creation of a new ſun, as the daily renovation of the old: To which opinion Horace, in Carmine Seculari, ſeems to allude,

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliuſque et idem
Naſceris.——

And Gaſſendus explains this opinion of Epicurus in theſe words: Since the ocean compaſſes the earth, the ſun may be extinguiſhed by its waters in the weſt, and return all along through the waves by the north into the eaſt, and riſe from thence rekindled. Thus Gaſſendus; by which nevertheleſs he but little mends the matter. Epicurus however was not the author of this ridiculous opinion: For Xenophanes the Colophonian held, that the moon and ſtars were certain clouds ſet on fire, and that they were extinguiſhed every day and rekindled at night: and that on the con-

trary, the sun was extinguished every night, and rekindled every morning; or to express it in the words of Minutius Fœlix, "Congregatis ignium semenibus solis alios atque alios semper splendere." Of the same opinion likewise was Heraclitus, whose saying was ἥλιος νέος ἐφ' ἡμέρᾳ ἕκαστος· whence the proverb in Plato, "Heracliteo sole citius extingui." And from them Epicurus received by succession, "Hæreditatem stultitiæ," as Lactantius calls it, this inheritance of folly. And yet Pomponius Mela, de situ Orbis, lib. v. cap. 6. relates, that the rising sun, when beheld from mount Ida, looks different from what it does when regarded from any other place in the whole earth: For, says he, soon after midnight, many small bodies of fire are seen dispersed and scattered in the east: and as the day comes on, they are seen to join by degrees closer and closer together, till being collected into fewer bodies, all of them, from the first to the last, are kindled into flames; and these flames, joining into one, contract themselves into a round figure, and come to be a vast globe of fire, that seems annexed to the earth; then it decreases by degrees, but still continuing its globous form; and the more it lessens, it grows the more bright and fulgid: at length it dispersés the shades of night, and being made a sun, rises with the day. "Orientum solem Idæus aliter quam in aliis terris solet, aspicit. Ostentantur namque ex summo vertice ejus spectantibus penè à mediâ nocte sparsi ignes passim micare, & ut lux appropinquat, ita coire et se conjunjere videntur, donec magis magisque collecti, paucioris deinde, ex unâ ad postrèmam flammâ ardeant: et cum diei clara lux, et incendio similis affulsit, cogit se, ac rotundat, et fit ingens globus: diu is quoque grandis, et terris annexus apparet: deinde paulatim decrescens: et quantum decrescit, eo clarior; fugat noviss̃emè noctem, et cum die, jam sol factus, attollitur. Pompon. Mela, lib. v. de situ orbis, cap. 6." This too is confirmed by Diodorus Siculus, whose account of this matter we will give below, v. 711.

Ver. 708. Lucret.

——Roseam Matuto per oras
Ætheris auroram defert, et lumina pandit.

Matuta, as Cicero tells us, was the goddess Ino, whom the Greeks called Leucothea, and the Latins, Matuta; the daughter of Caducus. "Ino dea dicitur, quæ Leucothea à Græcis, à nobis Matuta dicitur; cum sit Caduci filia." De Nat. Deor. Lib. iii. And Milton,

To resalute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd
The earth: and now the smiling morn begins
Her rosy progress.——

Ver. 711. There are two mountains of this name: one in Crete, the other in Phrygia, which last in one chain of mountains runs through the whole country of Troas: The northern part of it reaches to the shore of the Propontic; the west to the Hellespont, the south to the gulf of Adramyttium in the Ægean sea, and the east look over the place where stood the city of Troy: and in this part of it Paris gave his judgment of the three goddesses. This was the highest part of all the mountain, and that of which Lucretius speaks: Strabo calls the top of it Gargarus. Of the sunrising, beheld from this mountain Diodorus Siculus, lib. xvii. p. 491. Gives the following account.

"Ἴδιον δέ τι τὸ παράδοξον συμβαίνει γίνεσθαι περὶ τοῦτο τὸ ὄρος, καθὰ καὶ τὴν τῶ Κυνὸς ἐπιτολὴν ἐκ ἄκρας τῆς κορυφῆς διὰ τὴν ὑπεμίαν τῶ περιέχοντος Ἀέρος ὑπερτείνη γίνεσθαι τὴν ἄκραν τῆς τῶν ἀνέμων πνοῆς· ὁρᾶσθαι δὲ τὸν ἥλιον ἔτι ταις νυκτὸς οὔσης ἕναλλόμενα τὰς ἀκτῖνας ὡς ἐν κυκλίδι χρώμασι τετραμμένον· ἀλλὰ τὴν φλόγα καθὰ πολλὰς τόπους ἔχουσαν διεσπαρμένην, ὕστερον δοκεῖν πυρὰ πλείω διηγάνειν τῶ τῆς γῆς ὁρίζοντος. Μετ' ὀλίγον δὲ συνάγεσθαι πάντα πρὸς ἓν μέγεθος, ἕως ἂν γένηται τρίπλεθρον διάστημα, καὶ τότε τῆς ἡμέρας ἐπιλαβούσης, τὸ φαινόμενον τῶ ἡλίου μέγεθος πληρωθὲν τὴν τῆς ἡμέρας διάθεσιν καλασκευάζει. which is as much as to say: A singular and wonderful thing happens in this mountain: For, about the rising of the Dog-star, there is so great a calmness of the circumfused air on the top of the mountain, that the highest part of it is above the least breath of wind: and even while it is yet night, the sun is seen to rise, not in a globous and circular figure, but in a flame dispersed here and there in such a manner, that many fires seem to touch the horizon; but all of them in a short space of time contract themselves into one magnitude, which takes up the space of about three hundred feet, and at length the day appearing, the complete magnitude of the sun appears likewise, and shines with its accustomed daily light.

Ver. 725. It has always been accounted a wonderful thing that the days and nights lengthen and shorten so regularly in the course of the year, that the alternate changes of the length and shortness of both of them are exactly varied by turns both in summer and winter. Of this the poet assigns three causes: I. It may happen, says he, because the sun makes his rounds above and below the earth more swiftly at some times than at others, inasmuch as the ways or places through which he travels are longer or shorter. This is contained in seventeen verses, in which he likewise describes the unequal segments of the diurnal and nocturnal circles in the oblique position of the sphere; but from this rule he excepts the equator, which in every obliquity is divided from the horizon into two equal parts; and this is the reason that the sun, being twice within the year placed in the equator, makes two equinoxes in all countries whatever. II. Then he adds, in four verses, another reason, and says, that there may perhaps be certain places in the sky where the sun finds more or less resistance, and this may retard or hasten his course. III. He says it may happen, because those fires that either compose or kindle the sun, may, at certain seasons of the year, assemble and meet more slowly in the eastern sky than they do at others.

The first of these is the true and genuine reason; for the inequality of the days and nights

proceeds from the oblique position and cite of the zodiac; whence it comes to pass, that they who have a perpetual equinox, that is to say, those that live under the equator, never have the least inequality, but a constant equality of days and nights, because they inhabit under a straight and direct sphere; but those that live towards either of the poles have their days and nights longer or shorter according as they are more remote from the pole, or nearer advanced to it. But such as live in the most oblique sphere, that is to say, under either of the poles, have six months of continual light, and by turns as many of continual night and darkness; therefore it is no wonder what Pliny, lib. iv. cap. 12. says of them, that they, "ferere matutinis, meridie metere, occidente sole fœtus arborum decerpere, noctibus in specus condi," &c. sow in the morning, reap at noon, gather the fruits of the trees at sunset, hide themselves in caverns at night, &c. And thus we know,

Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni: vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Virg. Georg. ii. ver. 481.

What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And stops the lazy waggon of the night.

As Cowley expresses it.

Ver. 733. In this and the following six verses, Lucretius describes the equinoctial circle, which, by the Greeks is called, *ἰσημερινὸς*, by the Latins, "æquidialis, æquinoctialis, æquator," and "cingulum mundi," and by mariners it is commonly called the *line*. It is one of the greatest circles of the sphere; its poles are the same with the poles of the world; from either of which it is equally distant, and divides the celestial globe into the northern and southern hemisphere. Christoph. Clavius in Sacrobosc. describes it by an imaginary line, drawn from the centre of the world, and extended to the first point, either of Aries or Libra, and thence carried about by the diurnal revolution of the *primum mobile*. Of this equinoctial circle, these things chiefly deserve to be observed: I. That it parts as well the terrestrial as the celestial globe, and is divided into 360 degrees, as every other greater or lesser circle is, because of the easy division of this number into a moiety, a third, a fourth, fifth, sixth, or eighth; its sixth, for example, being sixty, which number admits of many more divisions without any fractions. II. The sun, being posited in the equinoctial, makes the days and nights even, and then the equinoctial divides the sphere into the northern and southern hemispheres, whose poles are the poles of the world. III. Fifteen degrees of this circle rise hourly on one part, and as many set every hour on the other; so that one degree of it rises every four minutes of an hour. For which reason the equinoctial is said to be the measure of the *primum mobile*. IV. This circle shows the equinoctial points, which happen twice every year; 1. About the eleventh of March, when the sun enters into the first degree of Aries; 2. About the thirteenth of September, when he enters into the first degree of Libra. V. It divides the zodiac into two moieties, the southern and the northern, and thence the signs are distinguished into those of the north and south. VI. It is the measure of time, and shows what declination the stars, or the parts of the ecliptic have, either northern or southern. VII. Lastly, In this circle are observed the ascensions and descensions of the zodiacal signs.

Ver. 735. That is, between the north and south poles; Lucretius says, "Medio cursu flatus aquilonis et austri," which are indeed two winds, the first of which blows from the north, the last from the south, and which are commonly taken by poets for the north and south points, or poles of the world.

Ver. 736. Lucr. "Distinet æquato cœlum discrimine metas:" where by *metas* he means the two tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, which are the utmost bounds of the sun's revolution, and which he never passes. They were called tropics from the Greek word *τροπὴ*, which signifies conversion, or turning, because the sun, when he comes at those circles, turns back again towards the equator, nor ever goes beyond those bounds, either to the north or south: Hence the Egyptians, as Clemens Alexandrinus, lib. v. Stromat. observes, hieroglyphically described the tropics under the figure of two dogs, as if they were guards deputed by nature to keep in and restrain the sun from running beyond his bounds. The first among the Greeks who found out these tropics is said to be Thales, the Milesian; who likewise wrote a particular treatise of them, as Eudemus in Laërtius witnesses. The tropic of Cancer is called *τροπικὸς θερινὸς*, i. e. "Tropicus æstivus," from the heat of summer, which we in this northern hemisphere enjoy, when the sun is nearest to that circle, which is thus described: A smaller circle, parallel to the equator, whose distance from thence is equal to the sun's greatest declination, or the obliquity of the zodiac, which it touches in the first point of Cancer. Its office, on one side, is to terminate the torrid zone, and, on the other, the northern temperate zone, and to make the summer solstice and longest day northward, and the winter solstice or shortest day southward. The tropic of Capricorn is likewise described; a smaller circle, parallel to the equator, whose distance from thence is equal to the sun's greatest declination, and touches the ecliptic in the first point of Capricorn; on one side, bounding the torrid southern zone, on the other, the southern temperate zone, making the winter solstice or shortest day northward, and the summer solstice, and the longest day southward. Moreover, the solstices were so called, because the days do then increase and shorten so very slowly, that they can scarce be perceived to do either, insomuch that "quasi sistatur sol." The reason of which cannot be better given, than in the words of Julius Scaliger, in Problemat. Gellian. "Is circulus, quem sol quotidie signat, non est circulus, sed magis quædam spira. Neque enim

revolutionis finis eodem committitur, unde initium habuerat: Major enim distantia est à puncto, unde digressus est, ad punctum, ad quem horæ viginti quatuor eum perduxere; ubi propior fit iis signis, quæ propius ad æquinoctium accedunt, propter obliquitatem. Itaque cum tendit ad solstitia, propter lineæ prope rectitudinem, vix variat; inde solstitia dicta:" Which is as much as to say: That circle which the sun describes by his daily motion, is not properly a circle, but rather a spiral line: For the end of its revolution does not terminate in the point, whence it began. For its distance from the point, from whence the sun set forward, to that to which he arrives by his daily course of twenty-four hours, is greater when he approaches nearest to those signs that are next the equinoctial, by reason of the obliquity of his course: But when he draws near to the solstitial points, there appears scarce any variation of his course, because the line is then almost straight and direct; whence it is called the solstice. Moreover, Macrobius, lib. i. cap. 21. tells us, that the Egyptians represented the statute of the sun with his head shaved on one side, and having long hair on the other, to intimate, by the first, the time of the winter solstice, "cum velut abrasis incrementis, angustâ manente extantiâ, ad minimum diei sol pervenerit spatium;" by the latter, his summer solstice, or his full grown splendour, to which he arrives by degrees, emerging again from those straits and dens which were his abode in the winter tropic, into the summer hemisphere: "ex quibus latebris vel augustiis rursus emergens, ad æstivum hemisphærium tanquam enascens in augmenta porrigitur:" as the same author expresses it in the place above cited. See above, ver. 658.

Ver. 737. Of this, see above, ver. 661.

Ver. 742. These four verses contain a second cause or reason of the increase and decrease of the days and nights: But this is indeed a weak argument; for how can the air's being more or less thick make the sun rise later or sooner?

Ver. 746. In these three verses, he alleges a third reason, which is of equal force with the last; as if the days or nights were longer or shorter, because the seeds of light flow, and meet together, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, to repair the decayed splendour of the sun. But by subjoining this third cause, the poet seems to observe, what is likewise generally taken notice of, that not only the day and the night, but that the morning and the evening twilight are sometimes shorter than they are at others: For, in an oblique sphere, the duration, as well of the twilight before sun-rising, as of the twilight after sun-set, is unequal throughout the year, being longer in the summer, and shorter in the winter; because, since the twilight either begins in the morning, or ends in the evening, when the sun is eighteen degrees, perpendicularly taken, below the horizon, the bows of the compass, or circuit of the sun, who, with those degrees either rises in the morning, or goes down in the evening, are larger in summer, and less in winter. Besides, this inequality is the greater the more distant we are from the equator. And yet we may not believe that the evening twilight is longest about the summer solstice and shortest about the winter; for indeed it is rather somewhat shortest of all before the vernal, and after the autumnal equinoxes. But it might seem tedious to pursue these matters farther.

Ver. 749. Here the poet inquires into the causes, why the moon changes herself into so many shapes: For as Ovid Metam. xv. ver. 196. says,

Nec par, aut eadem nocturnæ forma Dianæ
Esse potest unquam; semperque hodierna sequente,
Si crescit, minor est; major, si contrahit orbem.

Which Dryden thus translates,

Not equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns:
For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.
Dryden.

Now Lucretius tells us, in these twelve verses, that if she receive her light from the sun, if she be a globous body, and lastly, if she make her rounds below the sun, then they explain aright her various and manifold phases, who say, that the moon changes her face according to the different light she receives from the sun, as she approaches nearer to him, or retires farther from him. This too is the opinion of almost all the mathematicians, and of all the poets, especially of Manilius, lib. ii. ver. 96.

Tu quoque fraternis reddis sic oribus ora,
Atque iterum ex iisdem repetis, quantumque reliquit,
Aut dedit ille, refers; et sydus sydere constas.

Which Creech thus renders:

For as the moon in deepest darkness mourns,
Then rays receives, and points her borrow'd horns;
Then turns her face, and with a smile invites,
The full effusions of her brother's lights.

Ver. 755. For when the moon is at full, she goes, as it were, backwards under the earth towards the sun, and comes up to him: whence it is that she decreases by degrees, till being in conjunction with him, she become invisible to us.

Ver. 756. He means that part of the heavens which is concealed from us beneath the earth.

Ver. 757. The different changes or variations of the moon, which the ancient Greeks called φάσεις, and from them the Latins, *phases*, or *apparitiones*. The names of these phases or appearances, especially of the four chief and most remarkable are these. The first, reckoning her changes as she increases, is Μηνοειδής, i. e. *corniculata*, horned, or having horns: The new moon, which happens when she is about sixty degrees distant from the sun. This phasis is by the Turks and Arabs called *Nalla*, a horse shoe, because the moon then resembles the figure of one. The second, Διχόμηνος,

i. e. *bisecta*, or *dimidiata*, the half moon, when she is ninety degrees distant from the sun. The third, Ἀμφίκυρτος, i. e. *gibbosa*, or *dimidio orbe major*; which happens at 120 degrees distant from the sun; and the fourth and last, Πανσέληνος, i. e. *Totilunis*, when full, and in opposition to the sun, or at the distance of 180 degrees: and from this last, in a contrary order, are reckoned her decreasing changes. And these several phases she inviolably observes; nor are they the work of chance, as our poet would impiously insinuate, but the act and order of Divine Providence; as even another poet, though a heathen too, saw very well.

Nec lunam certos excedere luminis orbes;
Sed servare modum, quo crescat, quove recedat;
Nec cadere in terram pendentia sydera cœlo,
Sed dimensa suis consumere tempora signis;
Non Casûs opus est, magni sed Numinis ordo.

Thus rendered by Creech:

That light, by just degrees, the moon adorns;
First shows, then bends, then fills her borrow'd horns;
And that the stars in constant order roll,
Hang there, nor fall, and leave the liquid pole;
'Tis not from chance: the motion speaks aloud
The wise and steady conduct of a god.

To which I add this of Statius, Sylv. lib. iii.

Servit et astrorum velox chorus, et vaga servit
Luna, nec injussæ toties redit orbita lucis.

And of Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. 6. "Similibus dispensationibus Hebdomadum, Luna sui luminis vices sempiternâ lege variando disponit."

And since we are upon the subject of this planet, I cannot but take notice of an opinion, which is at this day asserted and maintained by several, as well philosophers as astronomers: viz. That the moon is inhabited. This belief they ground on the appearance of mountains, valleys, woods, lakes, seas, and rivers, which, by the help of the telescope, they discover in the orb of that planet. The ancients, as Cicero witnesses, embraced this opinion long ago: "Habitari," says he, "ait Xenophanes in Lunâ, eamque esse terram multarum urbium et montium. Academ. Quæst. lib. iv. The interpreter of Aratus: εἶναι δὲ ἔπ' αὐτῆς οἴκασι ἄλλα ποταμὲς τὸ καὶ ὅσα ἐπὶ γῆς. And Plutarch De Placitis Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 50. reports, That the Pythagoreans affirm the moon to be another earth, inhabited in all its parts, even as this earth of ours: and peopled with living creatures fifteen times larger than those with us: these inhabitants the ancients called Antichthones, because they believed them to dwell in an earth quite opposite to this of ours. And that author, in his treatise, "De facie in orbe Lunæ," says, That there are caverns in the moon, called "Penetralia Hecates;" and that the upper parts of that planet, which always regard the heavens, are the Elysian fields: That it is likewise inhabited by Genii, who not always make their abode there, but sometimes descend to earth, to punish or awe mankind. Achilles Tatius in Isagog. reports also the like of the moon's being inhabited: so too does Macrobius in Somn. Scip. lib. i. cap. xi. in these words: "Lunam ætheream terram Physici vocaverunt, et habitatores ejus Lunares Populos nuncuparunt: quod ita esse pluribus argumentis, quæ nunc longum est enumerare, docuerunt." See more to this purpose in Kepler's "Astronomia optica," and particularly in a posthumous treatise of his, intituled, "Somnium, sive de luniari Astrologiâ." Now, why should this opinion seem extravagant, if it be admitted, that the moon enjoys as favourable an aspect from the sun, as this earth of ours, though the days and nights there be answerable to our half months, in regard it is screened with hills and mountains, under which lie deep shades and valleys, with hollow caves and recesses, of equal benefit against the extremities of heat and cold: and being watered besides with great lakes and rivers, and consequently supplied by nature with all things necessary for the support of life? How then can it reasonably be thought, that nature has conferred all those advantages and benefits for no use and end; and that the moon is made for no other purpose, and serves only to reflect to us the light of the sun? See more in Isaac Vossius in his learned treatise, "de Naturâ et Propriet. Lucis," cap. xix.

After all, it is not agreed what kind of creatures these lunary inhabitants are: however, Kepler seems somewhat positive as to this point also. "Concludendum videtur," says he in his notes, "ad appendic. Selenograph. in Lunâ creaturas esse viventes, rationis, ad ordinata facienda, capaces." He affirms the same thing of the other planets, nay even of the sun itself; concerning which, in the epilogue to his fifth book, he breaks out into this expression: "Vel sensus ipsi exclamant, ignea hic habitare corpora, mentium simplicium capacia, verèque solem esse πυρὸς νοερῶ si non regem, at saltem regiam." Nor is this so strange as what some assert, who maintain the moon to be the paradise in which our first parents were created, and from whence, for their transgression, they were expelled, and driven down to this earth of ours. This Hieronymus Vitalis, in "Lexic. Mathemat. in voce Paradisus," endeavours to evince, as well from reason, as from the authorities of several of the fathers and schoolmen. He says indeed, that this is new and unheard-of, but not therefore to be accounted foolish and absurd: "Fateor," says he, "id novum, singulare, et hactenus inauditum, at non per hoc temerarium, atque intolerabile dixeris:" Then he urges in these express words; "modo partâ tantâ rerum notitiâ, lunæ facie Telescopio penitissimè observatâ, veterum dictis expensis, locis super hanc terram investigatis, Paradisum in Lunæ superficie collocari, ratio ipsa compellit." The reader may be farther satisfied as to this matter in that author; but it is time for us to return to Lucretius.

Ver. 761. In these six verses, he assigns another reason, and says, that if the moon do shine with unborrowed light, then we must imagine that another body, which is opacous and totally dark,

always moves with the moon, and obſtructs and turns away her beams.

This is ſaid to be the opinion of Anaximander; who, nevertheleſs, believed nothing like it: for, though he did perhaps ſay, that the moon ἴδιον ἔχει φῶς· had her own light. Plut. de Placit. Philoſoph. lib ii. cap. 26 & 28. (ἐφάσκειν τὴ σελήνην ψευδοειδῆ, τὸ ἀπὸ ἥλιε φωτίζεσθαι. Laërtius), yet he never ſo much as dreamed of any other body that moved about with her, and hindered and obſtructed her light.

Ver. 762. See the note above ver. 757.

Ver. 767. In theſe twenty-nine verſes, he propoſes their opinion, who held the one half of the moon's orb to be light, the other half dark. Now, ſays he, if you imagine this opinion to be true, imagine likewiſe ſuch an orb to be turned round on its axle or centre, and it will preſent the different phaſes we behold in the moon.

This was the opinion of Beroſus, a famous aſtronomer in the days of Antiochus Soter, as alſo of the Babylonians, who defended this doctrine againſt a ſect of the Chaldean aſtronomers, who, as Diodorus Siculus, lib. ii. witneſſes, agreed with the Greeks, that the moon ſhines with light that is not her own: but the Babylonians held one half of the moon's globe to be luminous, the other dark. And that both the Chaldeans and Babylonians too were very ſkilful in aſtrology, we have the teſtimonies of Diodor. lib i. de Divin. Pliny lib. vii cap. 56. and many others: Nay, Manilius, lib. i. ver. 38. teaches, That aſtrology was given by the gods to the kings of the Chaldeans: for it was God, ſays he,

Qui ſua diſpoſuit per tempora, cognita ut eſſent
Omnibus, et mundi facies, cœlumque ſupernum,
Naturæque dedit vires, ſe quæ ipſa recluſit,
Regales animos primum dignata movere,
Qui domuêre feras gentes Orienta ſub imo,
Quas fecat Euphrates, in quas et Nilus inundat.

At whoſe command the ſtars in order met,
Who times appointed when to riſe and ſet;
That Heav'n's great ſecrets might lie hid no more,
And man, inſtructed, gratefully adore:
Nature diſclos'd herſelf, and from her ſprings
Pure ſtreams deriv'd, o'erflow'd the minds of kings;
Kings next to Heav'n, who o'er the eaſt did ſway,
Where ſwift Euphrates cuts his rapid way;
Where Nile o'erflows, and whence the whirl reſtores
The day to us, and, paſſing, burns the Moors.
Creech.

Ver. 772. This and the following verſe run thus in the original.

Ut Babylonica Chaldæûm doctrina refutans
Aſtrologorum artem contra convincere tendit.

Upon which paſſage, if Faber's note be true, our tranſlator ſeems to be miſtaken in the ſenſe of his author: For that interpreter there ſays, that by "Babylonica Chaldæorum ars," our poet here means only thoſe Chaldæans, who followed the hypotheſis of Beroſus againſt the vulgar aſtrology. What it was, ſays he, Plutarch teaches, "de Placitis Philoſophorum," lib. ii. where he aſſerts, that an eclipſe of the moon is cauſed κάλα τὴν περὶ ἡμᾶς ἐπιστροφὴν τῦ ἀπυρωῦς μέρυς, i e. by her turning towards us that part of her orb which is not fiery. Then he ſubjoins, that the Chaldeans in this place, is the name of a particular ſect, not of the whole people, as might be proved out of Herodotus. To which I add this of Laërtius, πεφὶ δὲ Βαβυλωνίοις, ἢ Ἀσσυρίοις Χαλδαῖοι, Γυμνοσο φίσας παρὰ Ἰνδοῖς And with this agrees Cicero, lib. ii. de Divinat.

OF THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

ASTRONOMY had its name ἀπὸ τῦ νόμυ τῶν ἄστρων, becauſe it teaches the laws and rules of the motions of the ſtars: but the words aſtronomy and aſtrology, were anciently promiſcuouſly uſed one for the other: for what Plato calls aſtronomy, Ariſtotle, and others, call aſtrology. Thus Salmaſius in Plin. Exercitat. tom. i. p. 6. ſays, That among the Greeks, Thales is ſaid firſt ἀστρολογῆσαι, to aſtrologize, though he never treated of the judiciary art. In like manner, Pherecydes was called an aſtrologer, though he was only an aſtronomer: and the nautical aſtrology of Phocus the Samian, which ſome aſcribe to Thales, treats only of the aſtronomical ſcience. Manilius, on the contrary, calls his poem *Aſtronomicon*, though all of it, except the firſt book, treat of judiciary aſtrology. But, in after ages, this ſynonymy was diſcontinued: for when the apoteleſmatic part, which, from the ſite and aſpect of the fixed ſtars and planets, teaches to divine their influences, as to the production of future events, came to get footing in Greece, where, anciently, only the meteorologic part of it, which teaches the motion of the ſtars, was known, they diſtinguiſhed them, and gave to the firſt the name of aſtrology, and called the laſt aſtronomy; which is properly underſtood, and deſcribed to be, *The Science*, which contemplates the motion, diſtance, colour, light, order, place, magnitude, and the like adjuncts of the fixed ſtars, and of the planets, without any reſpect to the judiciary part.

And as this ſcience itſelf, ſo the profeſſors of it too, were, in like manner, doubly diſtinguiſhed. Plato, in Epinomide, uſes the words Ἀστρονομικὸς, and Ἀστρονόμοι, in different ſenſes. He underſtands, by the firſt of them, thoſe who apply themſelves to diſcover the riſing and ſetting of the ſtars, in order to prognoſticate concerning the ſeaſons of the year, and the temperature of the air. By the laſt of them, he means thoſe who particularly confine their ſtudies to the theory of the planets.

The original of aſtronomy, ſays Gaſſendus, proceeded from admiration; "Originem ipſi ipſa fecit admiratio. Introduct. Aſtronom." For our forefathers, aſtoniſhed at the ſplendour, variety and multitude of thoſe glorious bodies, and obſerving their conſtant and regular motions, applied themſelves to the ſtudy of this ſcience, and tranſferred their admiration into obſervations, which,

in proceſs of time, they marked down in tables or parapegmas, for the inſtruction of poſterity: and for this reaſon, Ricciolus, in his preface to the firſt tome of the New Almageſt, affirms aſtronomy to be almoſt coeval with the ſtars themſelves: And that, together with other arts divinely infuſed, it was reduced into experiment and practice by Adam himſelf, who, according to Suidas, was the parent and author of all arts and doctrines; πάντα, ſays he, πάντα ἐυρήματα καὶ διδάγματα. Beſides, that Adam particularly inſtructed Seth in this aſtral ſcience, and that too by writing, is the opinion of all the Jewiſh and Arabian doctors, and among them, particularly Gelaldinus Arabs, cited by Kircher in Obeliſc. Pamphil. p. 5. if he be the author of the book, which goes under the title of "Liber Creationis;" of which ſome are in doubt, even though it be commented upon as ſuch, by Rabbi Abraham, and Rabbi Joſeph Ben Uziel. But, however that be, Joſephus, in the eleventh book of the Jewiſh Antiquities, writes, that Seth having been inſtructed in aſtronomy by Adam, and knowing that the world was twice to be deſtroyed, once by water, and once by fire, reduced this art to an epitome, and for the information and benefit of poſterity, engraved it on two pillrrs, one of brick, the other of ſtone; the firſt to preſerve it from the fire, the ſecond from the deluge; which laſt pillar he affirms to have been remaining in his days at a place called Syrias or Seirath, which If. Voſſius, lib. i. de Ætate Mundi, ſuppoſes to be the land that borders on Mount Ephraim, not far from Jericho.

Seth, the ſon of Adam, having thus engraved on two pillars, the theory of this celeſtial ſcience, which he had received from his father; and aſtronomy being thus brought into the world, the ſucceeding patriarchs, who, by reaſon of their longevity, had the opportunity of obſerving many aſtral revolutions, cultivated and improved it; Nay, ſome of the Jewiſh doctors, particularly Rabbi Iſaac Aberbenel in Diſſertat. de Longævitate prim. Patr. goes ſo far as to affirm, that the lives of the patriarchs were, by the Divine Providence, miraculouſly prolonged for no other end, than that they might apply themſelves to the ſtudy of this celeſtial ſcience; in which the moſt celebrated for his knowledge is Enoch, whoſe books on that ſubject are ſaid to be extant to this day in the territories of the queen of Sheba, as Voſſius de Scientiis Mathemat. affirms; at leaſt they are ſeveral times cited by Tertullian and Origin.

It is not certainly known to what degree of improvement this ſcience was brought before the flood; but from the teſtimony of Origin, citing the above-mentioned books of Enoch, it appears, that the ſtars were then reduced into aſteriſms, under peculiar and diſtinct denominations, concerning which that patriarch, who was the ſeventh from Adam, writ many ſecret and myſterious things. Beſides, it is evident from ſcripture itſelf, that the year was then, as it is now, computed by twelve revolutions of the moon, to one of the ſun's through the zodiac; for it is ſaid expreſsly in Geneſis, that Noah entered into the ark the ſeventeenth day of the ſecond month, and went out of it the twenty-ſeventh day of the ſecond month of the year following: In the ſame book likewiſe expreſs mention is made of the ſeventh and tenth months: From whence we may with good reaſon infer, that the patriarchs had then the knowledge of the courſes of the ſun and moon, with their periods, and, in all probability, of the other planets alſo.

After the flood, when mankind came to be ſcattered over the face of the whole earth, aſtronomy began to be ſtudied by ſeveral nations, who, no doubt, had their firſt knowledge of it from Noah and his poſterity; and hence aroſe the conteſt for the honour of its invention. But ſince it cannot be denied, that mankind diſperſed themſelves out of Aſia into Afric, Europe, and other parts of the world, the Aſiatics may juſtly claim to themſelves the glory of it; and among them chiefly the Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Bactrians; of whom the moſt renowned for their ſkill in this ſcience are Evahdnes, Belus, Zoroaſter, and Otanes; as alſo Cidenas, Naburianus, Sudinus, and Seleucus the Chaldean.

From the Aſſyrians and Chaldeans it came to the Egyptians, being brought thither by Abraham the patriarch, as Euſebius, lib. ix. Præparat. Evangel. proves from the authority of Joſephus, Eupolemus, Artapanus, and others, as they are cited by Alexander Polyhiſtor. But Eupolemus ſeems to infer that Abraham, before his deſcent into Egypt, taught it to the Phœnicians. Others however ſay, that Mercury firſt taught the Egyptians Aſtronomy, and indeed all other arts and ſciences. This is poſitively aſſerted, not only by Samblichus, but by Plato in Phœdrus, where he calls him πατὴρ γραμμάτων, and by Cicero, lib. iii. Divinat. Vide etiam Lactantium, lib. i. cap. 6. There are others who attribute the honour of it to the Egyptians before the Chaldeans, who, ſay they, were even themſelves firſt inſtructed in it by the Egyptians. To make good which aſſertion they produce the teſtimonies of Diodorus Siculus, Biblioth. lib. i. and of Hyginus Fabul. 271. the firſt of whom ſays, that Babylon was a colony of the Egyptians, founded by Belus of Libya, who inſtituted there a college of prieſts, to the end they might contemplate the ſtars in the ſame manner as thoſe of Egypt. The laſt, that one Evahdnes is ſaid to have come from beyond the ſeas into Chaldæa, and there to have taught aſtronomy.

But if this ſcience were known to the Egyptians, before it was to the Babylonians and Chaldeans, how comes it to paſs, that the Egyptian obſervations are ſo much later than thoſe of the Babylonians? For we ſcarce find any of the Egyptian to precede the death of Alexander the Great; than which even thoſe of the Greeks are earlier; but the Babylonian obſervations were manifeſtly made almoſt two thouſand years before that time. And Cicero, lib. i. de Divinat. aſcribes it firſt to the Aſſyrians: The Aſſyrians, "ut ab ultimis auctoritatem repetam," ſays he, by reaſon of the plainneſs and large extent of

their country, which afforded them on all ſides a clear and open view of heaven, obſerved the courſe and motion of the ſtars. And having framed a due calculation of their revolutions, they from thence made predictions of future events. And amongſt the Aſſyrians, the Chaldeans "(non ex artis, ſed ex gentis vocabulo nominati)" arrived to ſuch a perfection of ſkill, that they could foretel what ſhould happen to any one, and under what fate they were born; which art the Egyptians learned of them many ages ago. Thus Cicero.

There are others nevertheleſs who deny this honour both to the Chaldeans and Egyptians, aſſigning the invention of aſtronomy to the Ethiopians; of this opinion is Lucian, περὶ Ἀστρολογίας. But this aſſertion ſeems of little weight, it being contrary to the general ſtream of tradition, even long before Lucian's time.

The Africans too pretend to the invention of aſtronomy; and among them particularly the Mauritanians, who are ſaid to have been inſtructed in that ſcience by their king Atlas, the ſon of Libya.

Ariſtotle aſcribes the invention of it, wholly to the Babylonians and the Egyptians: Αἰγύπτιοι, καὶ Βαβυλώνιοι, παρ' ὧν πολλὰς πίσεις ἔχομεν περὶ ἑκάστων τῶν ἄστρων. And how the Egyptians came to be ſkilful in that ſcience, Ptolomy, who was himſelf of Egypt, gives us this reaſon ὅτι μάλλον συνοικοῦνται τοῖς Διὸς μοις, καὶ τῷ τῷ Ἑρμῇ. And why? διότερ διανοητικοί τε καὶ συνετοὶ καὶ ὅλως ἱκανοὶ περὶ τὰ μαθήματα. Of the Babylonians he ſays, ὅτι τῇ παρ' ἐκείνοις καὶ τῷ τῷ Ἑρμῇ συνοικοῦνται, διὸ καὶ παρ' αὐτοῖς τὸ μαθηματικὸν καὶ παρατετηρημένον τῶν ἀστέρων συνέστηται.

Thus from the ſeveral nations before-mentioned, aſtronomy ſeems to have been anciently divided into three different and chief ſects, that is to ſay, the Aſſyrian, under which is comprehended the Babylonian and the Chaldaic, the Egyptian, and the Mauritanian or Atlantic; of which laſt nevertheleſs the Romans made no account; for among them were enumerated only theſe three ſects, the Chaldaic, Egyptian, and Grecian. Now Eudoxus is ſaid to have been the firſt, who from the Egyptians brought aſtronomy to his countrymen the Greeks; and Beroſus to have brought into Greece the ſcience of Genethlialogy from his countrymen the Chaldeans. Vitruvius, lib. ix. cap. 7. "Eorum autem inventiones, quas ſcriptis reliquerunt, qua ſolertiâ, quibuſque acuminibus, et quam magni fuerint, qui ab ipſâ Chaldæorum natione profluxerunt, oſtendunt: Primuſque Beroſus in inſulâ, et civitate Coâ confedit, ibique aperuit diſciplinam." And Pliny ſays, that the Athenians publicly erected a ſtatue with a golden tongue to Beroſus, for his divine predictions. After him Antipater and Achinapolus were reputed famous Genethliologiſts. Of natural cauſes and effects, Thales, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Xenophantus, and Democritus are eſteemed the moſt eminent obſervers. After them, following their inventions, and obſerving beſides the riſe and ſetting of the ſtars, and the ſeaſons of the year, Eudæmon, Calliſthus, Melo, Philippus, Hipparchus, Aratus, &c. left to poſterity their aſtrological prognoſtics, in their tables, which are called Parapegmas; of which ſee Geminus and Theon in Arati Phænom. Thus though it be certain, that the Greeks derived their knowledge in aſtronomy from the Chaldeans and Egyptians, yet ſo great was their preſumption, as confidently to affirm, that the invention of it was due to them, particularly to the Rhodians, from whom they pretend that the Egyptians received it, as Diodorus Siculus reports in the ſtory of the Heliadæ. And, laſtly, others of them aſcribe its original to their poet Orpheus; but thoſe opinions favour too much of the fable, and therefore we may rather ſubſcribe to their belief, who hold, that Thales the Mileſian firſt brought aſtronomy into Greece, having derived his knowledge in that ſcience from the Egyptians.

After Thales, it was improved by Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Empedocles, Euctemon, Meton, Eudoxus, and others of the Athenian School, till the time that Alexander the Great founded the city of Alexandria in Egypt. After which the Ptolemies, his ſucceſſors, having erected there an academy for all manner of ſtudies, the Grecian aſtronomy made its retreat thither; and flouriſhed under thoſe princes in equal glory with the Egyptian. And from thence we hear of the famous names of Antolychus, Calipus, Timochares, Ariſtyllus, Eratoſthenes, Conon, Hipparchus, Soſigenes, Theon the elder, Ptolomy, Paulus the Alexandrian, Theon the younger, furnamed likewiſe the Alexandrian, and his daughter, the excellent, but unfortunate, Hypatia.

It was long before aſtronomy was introduced into Italy, or had any profeſſors among the Romans; for though Dion Pruſæus in Orat. 49. affirm, that the Pythagoreans inſtructed the Italians in that ſcience, and that in all probability the doctrine of Philolaus, Timæus, Archytas, and others, the fame of whoſe learning had invited even Plato himſelf to make a voyage into Italy, could not have been concealed from the curious and ingenious Romans; yet that martial people, who were more addicted to arms than arts, entertained but late and ſlowly too, theſe ſpeculative ſtudies: Nor to paſs by the rude ſketches of Numa Pompilius, does the Roman hiſtory mention any perſons as conſiderably knowing in aſtronomy, before Cauis Sulpicius Gallus, who was legate to Æmilius Paulus, in the war againſt Perſes, king of Macedon, and who firſt among them publiſhed a treatiſe of eclipſes. After him, we read that Lucius Taruntius, Nigidius Figulus, Varro, and Cicero, applied themſelves to the ſtudy of aſtronomy; but to none of the Romans is that ſcience ſo much indebted, as to their great dictator C. Julius Cæſar, who, as Lucan witneſſes,

——Media inter prælia ſemper
Stellarum, cælique plagis, ſuperiſque vacabat.

And who aſſiſted by the Egyptian Soſigenes, re-

duced the Roman year to the courſe of the ſun, which we yet retain; and writ a treatiſe of the ſtars in the Greek tongue. From him the mathematical arts, and particularly aſtronomy, began to flouriſh among the Romans: and after his example, Auguſtus Cæſar, who was his nephew and ſucceſſor, encouraged the ſtudy of it.

Let this ſuffice as a brief indication of the firſt riſe and authors of aſtronomy, and of the promoters of it among the ancients. It would perhaps be too tedious to continue the progreſs of it down to theſe times, and to ſhow when, how, and by whom it has been improved, and brought to that degree of perfection to which it is now arrived.

Ver. 774. Here we ſee that though Lucretius, after Epicurus, believed the firſt opinion to be the moſt probable, yet he does not condemn the latter. And thus too Epicurus in Laërtius, lib. x. ſays, that though one reaſon may ſeem better than any of the other, for the ſolution of any problem whatever, yet we ought not therefore immediately to condemn all the reſt that may be given, if they have any appearance of truth, even though but one of them can be true.

Ver. 776. In theſe twenty-ſeven verſes he propoſes the opinion of Epicurus, who held that the moon is created and dies daily, in a certain form and figure. In like manner, as he held the ſun to be daily extinguiſhed in the weſt, and created again in the eaſt. And that this may be, ſays he, ſeveral other things demonſtrate: For thus, at certain and inviolable times, the ſeaſons of the year follow one another; the ſpring precedes the ſummer,—the ſummer the autumn,—the autumn the winter,—the winter the ſpring, &c. Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 196. deſcribes in like manner the conſtant ſucceſſion of the four ſeaſons of the year, and compares them to the four ages of man's life. I omit the original for brevities ſake, and will only give Dryden's tranſlation of it to illuſtrate this paſſage of Lucretius:

Perceiv'ſt thou not the proceſs of the year;
How the four ſeaſons in four forms appear,
Reſembling human life in ev'ry ſhape they wear?
Spring firſt, like infancy, ſhoots out her head;
With milky juice requiring to be fed,
Helpleſs, though freſh; and wanting to be led.
The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes:
Then laughs the childiſh year, with flowrets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the fields around;
But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives;
Infirm the ſtalks, unſolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward, whence the year began,
The ſummer grows adult, and ripens into man:
This ſeaſon, as in men, is moſt replete
With kindly moiſture, and prolific heat.
Autumn ſucceeds; a ſober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious gray.
Laſt winter ſweeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face:
His ſcalp if not diſhonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin; and thin is worſe than bare.

Ver. 782. For Venus, the goddeſs of generation accompanies the vernal ſeaſon; as Lucretius himſelf elegantly ſings at the beginning of the firſt book; which Dryden has no leſs elegantly rendered in theſe verſes.

Delight of human kind, and gods above:
Parent of Rome: propitious queen of love:
Whoſe vital pow'r, air, earth, and ſea ſupplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling ſkies:
For ev'ry kind by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light:
Thee, goddeſs, thee the clouds and tempeſts fear;
And at thy pleaſing preſence diſappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is dreſs'd;
For thee the ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy breaſt,
And heav'n itſelf with more ſerene and purer light is bleſs'd.
For when the riſing ſpring adorns the mead,
And a new ſcene of nature ſtands diſplay'd;
When teeming buds, and cheerful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs:
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their flighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood:
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea,
Of all that breathes the various progeny,
Stung with delight is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living regions thou doſt move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.

See book i. ver. 1.

Moreover, our tranſlator has repeated this and the two following verſes from book i. ver. 19. though his author have not.

Ver. 784. The weſt wind of which, book 1. ver. 21. Lucretius here calls it zephyrus: which is likewiſe a wind that blows from the equinoctial weſt, contrary to the wind called *ſubſolanus*, which blows from the equinoctial eaſt. It was ſo called from ζωηφόρος, that brings life; becauſe, when it blows, all things bud and ſhoot forth. This wind was feigned to be the forerunner of Venus, becauſe it blows chiefly in the ſpring, with which ſeaſon Venus is ſaid to be moſt delighted.

Ver. 785. "Lactantius de falſâ Religione, lib. i." calls her Faula; for which Voſſius there reads Flaura; ſhe was, as Verrius in the ſame author ſays, *Scortum Herculis*, the Harlot of Hercules: but according to others, ſhe was a Roman dame, who, by her lewd practices having heaped up a

great deal of money, bequeathed her eſtate when ſhe died, to the commonwealth of Rome. This is certain, that the ſenate made her the goddeſs of flowers, gardens, and meadows: "ut pudendæ rei quædam dignitas haberetur," as Lactantius in the place above-cited tells us: they inſtituted likewiſe feſtivals in her honour, called Floralia, which is confirmed by Ovid, lib. v. Faſtorum:

Convenêre patres, et ſi benè florat annus,
Numinibus veſtris annua feſta vovent,

And the ſame poet acquaints us, that theſe ſolemnities were performed towards the latter end of April:

Incipis Aprili, tranſis in tempora Maii;
Alter te fugiens, cum venit, alter, abit.

Theſe feſtivals therefore were inſtituted, "ut fruges cum arboribus, aut vitibus benè proſperêque floreſcerent," ſays Lactantius in the ſame place. And in theſe Floralia, vile, impudent ſtrumpets were wont to dance naked in the ſtreets to the ſound of trumpets; to which cuſtom Juvenal alludes, ſat. vi. ver, 249.

——————Digniſſima prorſus
Florali matrona tubâ,——————

Ver. 790. The Eteſias are winds that blow conſtantly for about eleven days together in the heat of ſummer, and chiefly after the riſe of the dog-ſtar. Hence they are called Eteſia, which is as much as to ſay, annual, from the Greek word ἔτος, a year. Thus Pliny, lib. xxxvii. cap. 18. Strabo calls them *ſubſolani* of which ſee above ver. 784. others weſt winds, and others eaſt, and Lucretius in this place makes them north winds: "Eteſia flabra aquilonum." See more book vi. ver. 718.

Ver. 792. "Lucr. Graditur ſimul Evius Evan." Bacchus was called Evius and Even, from the word ἰὺω, which the mad Bacchæ or Bachides uſed in their orgies: Ovid. lib. iv. Metam. ver. 15.

Nyctheliuſque Eleleuſque Parens, et Jacchus et Evan.

Ver. 793. Lucretius.

Altitonans Vulturnus, et Auſter fulmine pollens'

Vulturnus, of which Creech takes no notice, is the ſouth-eaſt wind, ſays Agell. lib. 2. cap. 22. Auſter is the ſouth wind, and generally blows in autumn.

Ver. 803. In theſe twenty-one verſes he treats of the eclipſes of the ſun and moon: the ſun, ſays he, is eclipſed, when the moon, or any opacous body, below his globe, interpoſes between that and the earth, and thus intercepts his beams, and hinders thoſe rays of light from coming forward to the earth. The moon is eclipſed, when ſhe happens to be in the ſhadow of the earth, or any other opacous body, that is interpoſed between her orb, and the ſun: beſides; why may not both the ſun and the moon grow faint and ſicken, nay, as it were, fall into a ſwoon, when they chance to go through any places of the heavens, that are infectious to them, and deſtructive of their fires and light? This laſt was the opinion of Xenophanes.

Ver. 816. Lucretius.

Menſtrua dum rigidas coni perlabitur umbras.

That is to ſay, while the moon, in her monthly courſe, paſſes by the rigid ſhadow of the earth; which ſhadow is of a conic figure. But ſome interpret *coni* to be meant of the earth itſelf, as if it were κωνοειδὴς, ſhaped like a cone, becauſe Ariſtotle, lib. 2. Meteor. ſays, That the earth is ſhaped like a timbrel, and that the lines drawn from its centre make two cones: but the poet means the lunar eclipſe is made, by reaſon of the ſhadow of the earth, that ſtretches out in the ſhape of a cone.

Ver. 818. The ancient heathens were of opinion, that witches, by muttering ſome charms in verſe, cauſed the eclipſes of the moon; which they conceived to be, when the moon, the goddeſs of the earth, was brought down from her ſphere by the virtue of thoſe incantations: They believed likewiſe, that in theſe eclipſes, ſhe ſickened and laboured as in an agony, and ſuffered a kind of death: Of this belief were even Stechorus and Pindar, as Pliny relates, lib. 2. cap. 12. Milton, though not of the ſame opinion, yet deſcribes this fooliſh belief,

Not uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In ſecret riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms.——

And Lee in the tragedy of Œdipus, ſpeakng of the moon in eclipſe,

——The ſilver moon is all o'er blood:
A ſettling crimſon ſtains her beauteous face:
Sound there, ſound all our inſtruments of war;
Clarions, and trumpets, ſilver, braſs, and ir'n,
And beat a thouſand drums to help her labour.

The vain heathens farther believed, That the moon being by theſe inchantments brought down from heaven, they were at thoſe times in danger of loſing that celeſtial light: and therefore they made a great noiſe by beating of braſs veſſels, by ringing of bells, ſounding of trumpets, whooping, hallowing, and the like to drown the witches mutterings, that the moon not hearing them, they might be rendered ineffectual, and ſhe ſuffer no hurt. Thus Medea in Ovid boaſts that ſhe could draw down the moon from heaven:

Te quoque, Luna, traho, quam Temeſæa labores
Æra tuos minuant——————

Metam. 7. ver. 207.

And Tibullus.

Cantus et è curru lunam diducere tentat,
Et Fecerant, ſi non æra repulſa ſonent.

And Statius. 6. Theb.

——Attonitis quoties divellitur aſtris
Solis opaca ſoror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.———

And Seneca in Hippolytus.

Et nuper rebuit, nullaque lucidis
Nubes ſordidior vultubus obſtitit:
At nos ſolliciti lumine turbido,
Tractam Theſſalicis carminibus rati,
Tinnitus dedimus———

And Livy, Decad. 7. 3. ſpeaks of it, as of an ordinary cuſtom, in theſe words: "Qualis in defectu Lunæ ſilenti nocte fieri ſolet, edidit clamorem." And Juvenal ſays pleaſantly enough of a loud ſcolding woman, that ſhe alone was able to relieve the moon out of an eclipſe:

——Jam nemo tubas atque æra fatiget,
Una laboranti poterit ſuccurrere Lunæ.
Sat. 6. ver. 422.

And this abſurd ſuperſtition was ſo grounded in the Pagans, that after many of them were become Chriſtians, it was not quite rooted out: not even in St. Ambroſe's time, whoſe reprehenſion of this piece of Paganiſm is cited by Turnebus in Adverſar. And Maximus likewiſe blames it in a *homily de defectu lunæ*. And Bonincontrius, who lived yet ſeveral ages later, affirms, That he himſelf had ſeen this abſurd cuſtom practiſed upon the like occaſion, by his own countrymen, the Italians. The Turks continue it to this day, as Scaliger affirms: And Plutarch in the life of Æmilius reports, That the Romans, beſides their beating of brazen veſſels, ſounding of trumpets, &c. were wont to reach up flaming links and torches towards heaven, to reſupply, and kindle again the light of the moon, which they believed by charms to be extinguiſhed. Delrius in Senec. Tragœd. ſays, he has read that the Indians are wont with tears and lamentations to bewail this effect or deliquium of the moon, believing the ſun had then whipt her till ſhe bled, to which they impute the cauſe of her dark and ſanguine colour. In Commentar. ad Hippolyt. pag. 195. Vide etiam Turnebum in Adverſar. lib. xxii. cap. 23 and 24. And Pincierus in Parerg. Otii Marpurg. lib. ii. cap. 37. Of this ſuppoſed fainting of the moon Wowerus alſo makes mention in his Pægnion de Umbrâ, cap. 8. towards the end. But we may farther obſerve, that the Arabians believed the moon to be in the like agony, when ſhe eclipſed the ſun, as appears by a cuſtom they obſerved at their new-moon. For keeping holy the day of their neomenia, or new-moon, and believing it unlucky to have the moon ſuffer any hurt on that day, they were wont, becauſe ſhe might on that day eclipſe the ſun, the ſolar eclipſe happening when the moon is new, to defer the celebration of their neomenia till the next day: or at leaſt for ſixteen hours, till the ſun was paſt the eclipſe. And hence it is that the aſtronomers diſtinguiſh the neomenia of the Arabians, into the cœleſtis, which was the firſt and natural time; and the civilis, which was not the true time, but the day following, and on which they celebrated their neomenia to avoid the ill luck, and improſperous accidents, which their ſuperſtition made them apprehend. See Nicolaus Mulerius in his Diatribe de Anno Arabico, in the explication of the Arabian Epocha, or the Hegyra. Ubbo Emmius has inſerted it in his chronology between the fourth and fifth books.

Ver. 824. Having explained after his manner the motions of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, he deſcends from heaven to his native element, and in theſe ten verſes tells us that he is going to deſcribe the riſe and origin of things from the earth, the common parent of all.

Ver. 834. Lucretius deſcribes the riſe of things from the new-formed earth in ſo lively a manner, that he ſeems even to have been preſent at their birth. And firſt, in theſe twenty-one verſes he tells us that the earth firſt produced the graſs, herbs, and flowers, then the trees, then the leſs perfect, and laſt the moſt excellent animals. For, ſays he, ſince we ſee that even now, when the whole world is decayed, and worn out to a great degree, ſhe ſtill produces mice, frogs, and other the like ignoble animals, what may we not reaſonably believe of her, when both herſelf and her huſband Æther, were in their blooming age?

Here we may take notice that the order which Lucretius obſerves in the creation of things, differs very little from that, for which we have a better authority than his: But let us here a Chriſtian poet deſcribe the ſame thing.

——Then the earth,
Deſart, and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green.
Then herbs of ev'ry leaf, that ſudden flow'r'd,
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: And theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, upſtood the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field, and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh, with frizzled hair implicit: Laſt,
Roſe as in dance the ſtately trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copius fruit, or gem'd
Their bloſſoms: With high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-ſide,
With borders long the rivers.———

Ver. 847. Here the poet proves by a ſimilitude, that all animals did in the beginning proceed from the humidity of the earth, warmed and impregnated by the heat of the ſun, in like manner as we now ſee worms and inſects generated.

Ver. 849. Lucretius foreſeeing that it might be objected, that perfect and adult animals do not burſt out of the earth, intimates in this place, that the ſun is now grown a diſabled lover, and the earth paſt her teeming time: and thus their vigour being exhauſted, they cannot now pro-

duce horſes, lions, &c, nor any of thoſe large animals, which they did in the beginning of the world when they were both in the prime and flower of their age.

Ver. 853, 854. In theſe nineteen verſes, he ſays, That firſt of all animals, and that too in the ſpring, for that was the moſt proper ſeaſon, the birds were hatched from eggs, which, as Milton expreſſes it,

Burſting with kindly rapture, forth diſclos'd
Their callow young: but feather'd ſoon, and fledge,
They ſum'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,
With clang deſpis'd the ground:——

For, ſays our poet, they had growth and ſtrength ſufficient to go in ſearch of their food: Then from certain little bags or bladders, which he calls wombs, and that ſtuck to the earth, the other animals and men themſelves burſt forth: while for their nouriſhment a proper liquor, very like milk, flowed from the veins of mother earth into their infant mouths: For we ought to believe, that the earth, when ſhe brought forth her young, had milk no leſs than mothers has now a-days, when they bring forth their children. Thus the earth ſupplied them with food, the temperature of the air was ſuch that they needed no garments, and the meadows, thick with graſs, afforded them eaſy beds.

This firſt manner of the origin of things Lucretius explains according to the opinion of Anaximander, and of ſome others of the ancient philoſophers, as we ſee in the firſt book of Diodorus Siculus, near the beginning, where he ſays, That the earth firſt ſtiffen'd and grew together, when the circumfuſed fire of the ſun had enlightened and warmed it all around: Then, when by reaſon of its being thus heated, the outmoſt ſurface of it was in a manner fermented, ſome humidities ſwelled in many places, and in them there grew certain ſlimy ſtinking ſubſtances, involved in tenuious membranes: the like to which may be ſeen to this day in fens and marſhes, where the waters ſtagnate, when after cold weather, the air grows hot on a ſudden, and is not changed by degrees: Now thoſe humid things which we mentioned before, being animated by the heat, received nouriſhment in the night by the miſts that fell from above: but in the day were conſolidated and hardened by the heat. Laſtly, When they that grew in the wombs of the earth, had attained their due growth, the membranes being burſt and broken to pieces, diſcloſed the forms and ſhapes of all kinds of animals: And ſuch of theſe as had the greateſt ſhare of heat, went to the higher places, and became birds: but ſuch of theſe as had retained the earthly ſolidity, were reckoned in the rank of reptiles, and other terreſtrial animals: and thoſe that participated moſt of the nature of man, ran together to the places, where human kind aſſembled, and which was called the place of their birth. Thus far Diodorus.

Ver. 854 It is queſtioned by ſome, whether birds, which are generally called *genus aëreum*, and in the ſacred ſcripture itſelf, *volatilia cæli*, may be properly reckoned among terreſtrial animals. Ovid, in his diſtribution of animals at the creation, ſeems not to allow them to be ſo.

Aſtra tenent cœleſte ſolum, formæque Deorum,
Ceſſerunt nitidis habitandæ piſcibus undæ.
Terra feras cepit, volucres agitabilis Aër.
Metam. I. *ver* 73.

Cicero obſerves the like diſpoſition in the ſecond book of the nature of the gods, and in Timæus: ſo too does Ariſtotle, as he is cited by Plutarch in 5. de Placit. Philoſoph. To theſe may be added the belief of the ancient Greeks, and which they had from the Egyptians, that birds were produced before the earth itſelf was formed, to which Ariſtophanes in Avibus alludes. But Manillius more truly places them upon earth: ſpeaking of which he ſays,

Hanc circum variæ gentes hominum atque ferarum,
Beriæque colunt volucres.——
Lib. I. *ver.* 236.

Apuleius agrees with Manilius, and ends the controverſy in theſe words: "Si ſedulo animadvertas, ipſæ quoque aves, terreſtre animal, non aërium, perhibeantur: ſemper enim illis victus omnis in terrâ; ibidem pabulum, ibidem cubile, tantumque aëra proximum terræ volando verberant: iterum cum illis feſſa ſunt remigia alarum, terra ceu portus eſt." That is, if you weigh the matter aright, birds may be truly affirmed to be rather a terreſtrial than an aërial animal, for they have all their food from the earth; there they feed, and there they reſt: when on wing, they indeed fan the air that is next the earth; but when their wings grow weary, the earth is their reſting place. But as to this queſtion, ſee Hieron. Magius, lib. i. Miſcellan. cap. ult. Jacobus Cruteus Syllog. iii. and Kircher in his Iter. Ecſtatic. ii. Dialog. ii. cap. 5. I will only add, that another difficulty, not much unlike the former, if either of them deſerve to be called ſo, has puzzled the brains of Ariſtotle, Theophraſtus, and moſt of the ancient Peripatetics, to wit, which were firſt created, birds or eggs, ſince neither an egg can be produced without a bird, nor a bird without an egg; for ſo Cenſorinus propoſes the queſtion, "Aveſne ante, an ova generata ſint, cùm et ovum ſine ave, et avis ſine ovo gigni non poſſit?" de Die Natali, cap. 14. Diſarius in Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vii. cap. 16. ſums up the arguments on both ſides, and gives the deciſion, of which the reader may there be informed.

Ver. 857. Milton's deſcription of the firſt beaſts riſing out of the ground at their creation, is ſo lively and ſublime, that it well deſerves to be tranſcribed by way of illuſtration, to this paſſage of our poet.

——The earth obey'd, and, ſtraight
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd, and full grown: out of the ground up roſe,

As from his lair, the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den:
Among the trees, in pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſt'ring at once, and in broad herds up ſprung
The graſſy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then ſprings; as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth about them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land,
The river horſe, and ſcaly crocodile, &c.
Paradiſe Loſt, B. 7.

Lucretius in this place ſpeaks not after the opinion of Epicurus only, but partly too of the Stoics, who, as Lactantius witneſſes, believed, "Hommes in omnibus terris & agris tanquam fungos eſſe generatos:" That men were born, like muſhrooms in every field: and partly after the opinion of Animaxander, who, though he held that men, and all the other animals were produced of the water, yet as Plutarch de Plac. Phil. lib. v. cap. 19. ſays, he taught, that they were contained in thorny bags, and ſhut up in them, till the age of puberty, and then burſting from thoſe priſons, they came out men and women, already able to nouriſh themſelves: And, laſtly, partly after the opinion of Archelaus, who in Lactantius, lib. ii. teaches, "homines ortos è terrâ, quæ limum ſimilem lacti ad eſcam eliquaverit," that men were born of the earth, which for their nouriſhment oozed out a ſlime like milk. Others had yet other opinions concerning the original of mankind: Juvenal, Sat. 6. v. 11.

Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
Vivebant homines, qui rupto robore nati,
Compoſitique luto, nullos habuêre parentes.

In which paſſage that poet hints at two other ways of the creation of man: the one from trees, the other from the earth. As to the firſt Britannicus ſays, "Quum primâ illâ ætate in ſpeluncis ſylviſque more ferarum, habitarent, quumque ex arboribus vetuſtate cavatis, tanquam ex domicilio exirent, putabantur ex arboribus eſſe nati." Then alleging this verſe of Virgil, Æneid. 8. 315.

Genſque virum truncis, & duro robore nati,

he ſhows in thoſe words the probable cauſe of the fiction: that as they dwelt in woods, ſo they ſeemed to be born of the trees: but ſurely he forgets himſelf a little, when he ſays "ex arboribus vetuſtate cavatis," having but juſt before ſaid, "primâ illâ ætate," for how then could the trees have had time to decay and grow hollow? yet Autumnus commits the ſame overſight. The ſecond way, mentioned by Juvenal of man's original, gives juſt grounds to believe, that though many of the more learned among the Heathens had read the hiſtory of Moſes, yet that they either deſpiſed, or corrupted, or oppoſed the inſtruction: witneſs Julian the apoſtate, who in a fragment of an epiſtle publiſhed with his other works by Petavius, page 534. &c. ſeqq. delivers it as the theology of the ancient Heathens, that mankind increaſed not from two perſons, as Moſes taught, but that when Jupiter created the world, drops of ſacred blood fell down, out of which aroſe mankind, ὡς ὁτε Ζεὺς ἐκύσμει τὰ πάντα, σάμενων αἵματος ἱερᾷ πιφασῶν, ἐξ ὧν πε τὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων βλαστήσεις γένος· impiouſly urging, that otherwiſe the world could not have been ſo ſoon increaſed, though women, as he lewdly adds, had been as fruitful as ſwine. But what wonder is it, that men had ſo mean an opinion of their own original, who believed but little better of their gods? Witneſs Varro, who in his fragments, "Antiquitatum rerum divinarum," blaming their fabulous theology, "Mythicon genus Theologiæ," ſays, in this we find, That one god is born out of the head, another out of the thigh, a third from drops of blood: "In hoc enim eſt, ut Deus alius ex capite, alius ex femore, altus ex guttis ſanguinis natus." Nor were ſome of the ancient philoſophers leſs ridiculous in their opinions, concerning the reparation of mankind: To inſtance only in one: Every one knows, that there are in the joints of the fingers little bones, commonly called ſeed-bones: one of which, about half as big as a pea, is placed in the firſt joint of the thumb: This the Arabians call Abadara, as Bartholinus obſerves in his Anatomical Inſtitutions, lib. iv. cap. ult. Now ſome of the wiſe ancients fooliſhly held, that out of that bone, as out of ſeed, mankind ſhould at laſt be propagated anew. You may find likewiſe other opinions concerning man's original, in the learned Cenſorinus de Die natali, cap. iv. where he treats at large of this matter. And if you think it worth your while to ſee this fabulous riſe of the world confuted, you may find it well done by Firmianus, lib. ii. cap. 12.

Ver. 860. Lactantius, lib. ii. de Origine Error, cap. 11, and 12, cites this verſe of Lucretius, and makes this remark upon it. "Aiunt certis converſionibus cœli: et. aſtrorum motibus maturitatem quandam extitiſſe animalium ſerendorum: itaque terram novam ſemen genitale retinentem folliculos ex ſe quoſdam in uterorum ſimilitudinem protuliſſe, de quibus Lucretius, lib. v.

Creſcebant uteri, terræ radicibus apti,

eoſque, cum maturâſſent, naturâ cogente, ruptos animalia cætera profudiſſe: Deinde terram ipſam humore quodam, qui eſſet lacti ſimilis, exuberâſſe, eoque alimento animantes eſſe nutritos." Thus too Cicero, lib. i. de Leg. et Cenſorinus de die Natali, cap. 2. where he tells us beſides, that Democritus too was of the ſame opinion.

Lucret. "Terræ radicibus apti:" i. e. affixed and ſticking in the earth, by their roots.

Ver. 872. But how could theſe infant animals bear the inclemencies of the ſeaſons, the parching heat, and the chilling cold: nay, how could they live, or

even be born, when the ſun had baked the earth, or the cold frozen it up? To this Lucretius anſwers in theſe ten verſes. That in the beginning of the world there was neither winter nor ſummer; but that the whole year was one calm and conſtant ſpring. And certainly the earth is juſtly ſtyled a mother by all the foregoing ages, ſince ſhe firſt brought forth birds, beaſts, and then man, as the maſter-piece of all her productions.

Ver. 878. This part of this, and the three following verſes are added, with how much reaſon let the reader judge, by our interpreter to his author, who only ſays,

Aëriaſque ſimul volucres variantibu' formis.

Ver. 882. But why does ſhe produce none of theſe things now? To this he anſwers in twelve verſes, that the circumſtance of time is changed: and the earth is now paſt her teeming age. And what wonder is it, that the world, being now grown cold and diſabled, being ſometimes tormented with too much heat, ſometimes perſecuted with too much cold, and fallen into the other inconveniences of long life, is at length grown fruitleſs and barren? Diodorus Siculus, lib. i. ſays, That the earth being continually baked by the heat of the ſun, grew daily more and more conſtipated and bound up; inſomuch that ſhe could not at length produce any more of the larger kind of animals, which were then generated by the mutual commixtion of animals of the ſame ſpecies: To which Lucretius ſeems here to allude.

Ver. 884. To this purpoſe, Ovid. Metam. lib. xv. ver. 235, ſays finely:

Tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidioſa vetuſtas,
Omnia deſtruitis: vitiataque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ conſumitis omnia morte.

Thus rendered by Dryden.

Thy teeth, devouring time! thine, envious age!
On things below ſtill exerciſe your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat;
And then, at ling'ring meals, the morſels eat.

Ver. 894. The poet here tells us in thirty-eight verſes, That ſince animals were at firſt fortuitouſly born, it is reaſonable to believe, that in the beginning of the world, there were innumerable other animals produced of wonderful kinds and ſizes: but that they did not continue long, becauſe they were imperfect, and wanted the means of receiving their food, and the power of copulation, and engendering their kinds. For all the animals now remaining are preſerved, either by their own power and induſtry, or by the care of men: Thus the lion is preſerved by his ſtrength, the fox by his craft, the ſtag by his ſwiftneſs, &c. And thoſe that are uſeful to man, as dogs, cattle, horſes, &c. he takes care of and defends. But why ſhould we nouriſh imperfect animals, and ſuch as would be of no uſe to us? Creech has omitted one verſe in this argument, where the original has

Androgynum inter utrum, nec utrumque, et utrinque remotum:

And indeed it is generally held to be ſpurious: But whoever inſerted it, ſeems to have had an eye on the Androgynos in the banquet of Plato. Heinſius on the Phœnix of Claudian reads it thus:

Androgynen inter neutra, atque ab utroque remotam.

Androgynus is derived from the Greek words, ἀνηρ, a man, and γυνὴ, a woman, and ſignifies a perſon who has both ſexes, the male and female: of which ſort the poets fabled Hermaphroditus, the ſon of Venus and Mercury to be: Cicero, lib. de Divin. calls an hermaphrodite, "fatale quoddam monſtrum;" a certain fatal monſter.

Ver. 932. He now teaches in forty-ſeven verſes, that nature, though ſhe had neither ſkill nor experience, never brought forth ſuch monſtrous animals, as thoſe, for which the poets have moſt notoriouſly belied her. And firſt, ſays he, in fourteen verſes, Theſſalia never knew a Centaur: nor can a man and a horſe be conjoined in one body: their different duration of life, their food, their manners, all forbid it. We may ſay the like of Scyllas, and other monſters of the ſame nature: And they who believe the exiſtence of a Chimæra, do not conſider that the entrails of a lion, or any other animal may be roaſted, and conſumed by fire. Whoever therefore holds, that miraculous and monſtrous animals could be produced by the earth, while ſhe was yet young, may likewiſe believe the rivers of milk and gold, and the other idle fictions of the poets: but let him reflect too, that even at this day many ſeeds of herbs and trees are contained in the bowels of the earth, as were formerly the principles of all things: yet trees of ſeveral ſorts never ſpring out of the earth in one tree, nor different herbs from the root of the ſame plant.

Centaurs.] Monſters, whoſe upper part was like a man, and their lower like a horſe: The poets feign them to be begot by Ixion upon a cloud: thence Virgil calls them Nubigenæ, cloud-begotten. They were indeed people of Theſſaly, who lived near the mountain Pelion, and were called Centaurs, from κεντέω, I ſpur, becauſe they were the firſt who rid horſes with ſpurs, and who fought on horſeback. Plin. lib. 7. cap. 56. Now when the ignorant country-people in Theſſalia ſaw men firſt a horſeback, they imagined them and the horſes to be all of a piece, and this gave riſe to the fable. See B. iv. v. 733. Diodorus, lib 5. Ariſtotle, 2. Phyſ. 8. de Hiſt. Animal et de generat. Anim. 4. et 5. cap. 3. deny and condemn all monſtrous mixtures of this nature. And Ovid himſelf, that great patron of all manner of fables, even though he has given a relation of a battle between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, yet upon better thoughts ſeems to renounce that credulity: when in Triſt. lib. 4. Eleg. 7. he ſays,

——— Credam prius ora Meduſæ
Gorgonis anguineis cincta fuiſſe comis,
Eſſe canes utero ſub Virginis: eſſe Chimæram,
A truce quæ flammis ſeparet angue leam:
Quadrupedeſque homines cum pectore pectora junctos;
Tergeminumque virum, tergeminumque canem:
Sphyngaque et Harpyias, ſerpentipedeſque Gigantes:
Centimanumque Gygen, ſemibovemque virum.

Where he seems to deny not only centaurs, but also all manner of monsters. Yet Empedocles held that there were such creatures as centaurs; and Claudius Cæsar likewise, witness Pliny, who writes, "Hippocentaurum in Thessaliâ natum eodem die interiisse; et nos principatu ejus allatum illi ex Ægypto in melle vidimus." A Hippocentaur was born in Thessalia, and died the same day: and I myself saw it, when by his command it was brought to him in honey out of Egypt. Voluterranus says, that he had seen a half dog: and others other monsters, of which Lycosthenes has made a collection in his book de Prodig. & Ostent. Sometimes women have brought forth frogs, serpents, stones, and the like, that had been generated in their womb. Such productions are indeed preternatural, and the effects of disease; but not therefore to be deemed impossible, or reckoned among the number of things that cannot be. Whether the forming faculty submits and gives way to the mother's imagination, is not our business in this place to inquire, no more than it is to decide this question: whether from the execrable and unnatural copulation of a man with a brute beast, an animal of a mixed and dubious nature may not be generated. Herodotus writes, that in his days a certain woman used publicly to couple with a goat: And Pliny, lib. 7. cap. 3. witnesses, that Alcippe brought forth an elephant: and that another, in the beginning of the Marsian war, was delivered of a serpent. And the same author in the place abovecited, mentions several other monstrous births.

Ver. 935. The Schoolmen call centaurs, and the like imaginary creatures, *entia rationis;* but they are rather *entia imaginationis:* fantastic creatures, that have no existence but in the imagination.

Ver. 946. *Scyllas.*] There were two of this name; one the daughter of Nisus, the other of Glaucus, says Faber, and Creech after him, but they seem to be both mistaken, for she was daughter of Phorcus, with whom Glaucus was in love. The Scylla of Nisus is said to have been changed into the monster of that name, whom we have described, book. i. ver. 740. and book iv. ver. 738. But Ovid Metam. lib. 8. ver. 148. says she was changed into a bird.

——— At aura cadentem
Sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret æquora, visa est:
Pluma fuit: plumis in avem mutata vocatur
Ciris, et à tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.

Milton in the second book of Paradise Lost, describing Sin, whom he makes the portereſs of hell-gate, had certainly an eye on this fabulous monster: his words are these:

She seem'd a woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep
If ought disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd, and howl'd,
Within unseen: Far less abhorr'd than her,
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea, that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore, &c.

Ver. 955. In like manner the poet, book iv. ver. 646. speaking of the plant which he there calls veratrum, and which our translator there calls hemlock, as he does here the plant which his author calls cicuta,

——Thus hemlock-juice prevails,
And kills a man, but fattens goats and quails.

See the note on that passage.

Ver. 958. *Chimæras.*] This ignivomous monster, that had the head of a lion, the breast of a goat, and the tail of a serpent, the poet himself sufficiently explains: and no doubt he took the description from Homer,

Πρόσθε λεὼν, καὶ ὄπισθε δράκων.

See more in the note on ver. 660. book ii. To which I here add, that Bellerophontus, the son of Glaucus, king of Epire, is therefore said to have killed this monster, riding on the sea-horse Pegasus, whom Neptune had lent him, because he rendered habitable a mountain of the same name in Lycia; whose top, which was wont to throw out flames, was full of lions, the foot of it stored with serpents, and the side of it proper for the pasturage of goats. Ctesias in Pliny says, that the fire of that mountain kindles with water, and is extinguished with earth, or with hay.

Ver. 968. Lucretius, book i. v. 239. has taught, why Nature could not at the beginning create men of so vast a size,

That while they wade through seas, and swelling tides,
Th' aspiring waves should hardly touch their sides:
Why not so strong, that they with ease might tear
The hardest rocks, and throw them through the air?
But because things on certain seeds depend
For their beginning, &c.

Ver. 979. Here the poet describes at large the state of man, in the beginning of the world, their manners and way of life: And first in twenty-three verses he teaches, that the first men were stronger in body than men now are, by reason of the innate hardness they had inherited and contracted from their stubborn mother the earth: whence they were less subject to diseases, and much longer lived; but no man tilled the ground, for all appeased their hunger with acorns, wildings, and other fruits like those. Next he tells us in four verses, that the springs and rivers invited them by their murmurs to come and quench their thirst: Then in eleven verses, that they had no clothes, nor houses, but that shrubs, and woods, and caves sheltered them from storms and cold: And in ten verses, that they had no laws, no societies; but lived by spoil and rapine; making use of the women in

common, whom they either forced to submit to their desires by strength and violence, or gained their consent by flattery and presents, such as acorns, pears, and apples.

Lucretius does no where say, that the first men owed their origin to stones; and our translator seems rather to allude to the fabulous reparation of mankind after the deluge, from the stones, which, by command of Themis, Deucalion and Pyrrha threw behind them: Of which Ovid, Metam. lib. i. ver. 435.

Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum,
Et documenta damus, quâ simus origine nati.

Ver. 991. This passage of our author, Ovid seems to imitate in his description of the Golden Age:

Ipsa quoque immunis, rastroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus:
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant
Cornaque, & in duris hærentia mora rubetis:
Et quæ deciderant patulâ Jovis arbore glandes.

The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which Nature freely bred,
On wildings, and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest;
And falling acorns furish'd out a feast.

Dryden.

Ver. 995. Macrobius, lib. vi. Sat. cap. 1. observes, that Virgil has imitated this passage of Lucretius, when describing his happy countryman, he says,

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere suâ, carpsit.——

Georg. ii. *ver.* 500.

He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground, and laden trees afford.

Dryden.

Ver. 997. For the chief food of the first men was acorns: Whence Virgil, Georg. i. ver. 147.

Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
Instituit: cum jam glandes atque arbuta sacræ
Deficerent silvæ, & victum Dodona negaret.

Where, though the poet says, that the woods failed them, and no longer afforded them acorns, yet it is more probable, that they contemned the use of acorns, when they had discovered the art of sowing corn: Thus Juvenal, speaking in the person of the old Marsians and others, Sat. xiv. ver. 180.

——Panem quæramus aratro,
Qui satis est mensis; laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope et auxilio, gratæ post munus aristæ
Contingunt homines veteris fastidia quercûs.

Ver. 998. Lucret.

——Quæ nunc hiberno tempore cernis
Arbuta Pœniceo fieri matura colore.

Arbutum is the fruit of the tree called arbutus, the arbute-tree, a plant frequent enough in Italy; it has the leaves like those of a bay-tree, but growing very thin, and bears a fruit as big as a middling plum, red like a cherry, or rather strawberry, because of its roughness, Pliny, lib. xv. cap. 24. calls the fruit of this tree, "Poma inhonora," apples of no value: and indeed though they have a certain sweetness, they are sour withal, and unpleasant to the taste, as well as hurtful to the head and stomach. The ancients delighted much in the shade of this tree. Horat. "Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto stratus." Pliny calls the fruit of this tree "unedines, because, says he, we cannot eat above one of them, by reason of their asperity and sourness. But he is mistaken in making the unedo and the arbutum to be one and the same thing: The first of them is the fruit of the epimelis, which some interpret to be a sort of medlar-tree. But the arbutum of the Latins, and which the Greeks call Memæcylon, is the fruit of the tree, which the Latins know by the name of Arbutus, and the Greeks by that of comarus. Thus Galen, lib. ii. Aliment. plainly distinguishes between the unedo and the arbutum, ascribing the first to the epimelis, the later to the comarus, or arbutus. Thus Dalecampus in lib. prim. Plin. argues that author of error.

Ver. 1008. Oldham,

Hard by, a stream did with such softness creep,
As 't were by its own murmurs hush'd asleep.

And the author of Hudibras,

Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.

Ver. 1009. The nymphs were fabled to dwell in caves and dens. Of them see book iv. ver. 589.

Ver. 1014. Lucret.

——Neque uti
Pellibus, & corpus spoliis vestire ferarum:

For, as the poet will teach by and by, the first coverings men wore, were the skins of wild beasts they killed in hunting.

Ver. 1026. This observation is the translator's, not his author's, who, I believe, would scarce have said so. The presents Lucretius mentions, were of the greatest value in those days: therefore the price was not less than now.

Ver. 1027. These robust unpolished mortals spent all their time in hunting wild beasts, whom they pursued with stones, clubs, and such like weapons; And when they were either weary of killing them, or that night came on, they rolled themselves up in leaves and grass, and slept contented, and with a quiet mind; for they did not dread, what the Stoics foolishly believed of them, when night had involved the world in shade, that night and day would never return, because they had observed that vicissitude from the first beginning of day and night: This is contained in fifteen verses. In the thirty-one verses following, the poet goes on: But, says he, this life of theirs was vexed

with ſome inquietudes: the wild beaſts ſurpriſed them, when they were ſleeping; and then a ſudden death was their portion, or a tedious and painful life, by means of their feſtering wounds; for they knew not yet the healing virtue of ſimples: Famine killed many, and more the venomous herbs they ignorantly fed on. But that none may think, that all mankind was, by ſo many ills and miſchiefs as befel them, involved in one common ruin, and totally deſtroyed; let it be conſidered, that the wild beaſts devoured them only one by one, and that few died by poiſonous herbs, or for want of food, in compariſon of the many thouſands that fall in a day in our armies: Beſides, what numbers are now ſwallowed up in the ſea; how many die by poiſon, how many by intemperance and luxury?

Ver. 1036. Manilius is of another opinion, lib. i. ver. 66. where, ſpeaking of the firſt inventors of arts, he ſays:

Nam rudis enté illos, nullo diſcrimine vita
In ſpeciem converſa operum ratione carebat,
Et ſtupefacta novo pendebat lumine mundi:
Tum velut amiſſis mœrens, tum læta renatis
Sideribus, varioſque dies, incertaque noctis
Tempora, nec ſimiles umbras jam ſole regreſſo,
Jam propiore, ſuis poterat diſcernere cauſis.

Before that time life was an artleſs ſtate,
Of reaſon void, and thoughtleſs in debate:
Nature lay hid in deepeſt night below;
None knew her wonders, and none car'd to know:
Upward men look'd, they ſaw the circling light,
Pleas'd with the fires, and wonder'd at the ſight:
The ſun, when night came on, withdrawn they griev'd,
As dead; and joy'd next morn when he reviv'd:
But why the nights grew long or ſhort; the day
Is chang'd, and the ſhades vary with the ray,
Shorter at his approach, and longer grown
At his remove, the cauſes were unknown.
Creech.

And with Manilius agrees Statius, Thebaid iv. where, ſpeaking of the primitive Arcadians, he ſays:

Hi lucis ſtupuiſſe vices, noctiſque feruntur
Nubila, & occiduum longè Titana ſecuti
Deſperâſſe diem.——

And Dracontius in Hexaemër.

Nec lucem remeare putat terrena propago;
Aſt ubi purpureum ſurgentem ex æquore cernunt
Luciferum, vibrare jubar, flammaſque ciere,
Et reducem ſuper aſtra diem de ſole rubentem;
Mox revocata fovent heſterna in gaudia mentes,
Temporis & requiem noſcentes luce diurnâ
Cœperunt ſperare diem, ridere tenebras.

And the learned Selden, de Diis Syris, Syntagm. 2. confirms their opinions, and believes the original of the feſtivals, which the ancients inſtituted in honour of Adonis, to have ſprung from no other ground. His words are theſe: "Non aliud cogitârunt; qui primum has nænias inſtituerunt, quam ſolis acceſſum & receſſum: Quem ut amiſſum nunc lugebant, & renatum lætis excipiebant auſpiciis. Ita rudiores olim, & qui ſimpliciorem vitam degebant, prius quam ab Aſtronomis leges ſiderum didicerant."

Ver. 1053. Lucret.

Viva videns vivo ſepeliri viſcera buſto:

Upon which Faber obſerves, that Dionyſius Longinus blames an expreſſion like this, in Georgias Leontinus, who calls vulturs, the living ſepulchres of men, ζώσας ἐμψύχους τάφους. However, he excuſes Lucretius, though he condemns not the cenſure of Longinus: For, ſays he, Georgias was a rhetorician, in whoſe art ſuch deſcriptions ought never to find place, though in poetry they have much of the ſublime.

Ver. 1056. This verſe is the tranſlator's, not the poet's.

Ver. 1057. Lucret.

Expertes opis, ignaros, quid vulnera vellent.

i. e. They knew not yet the art of medicine, and were ignorant of the remedies, requiſite to heal their wounds.

Ver. 1059. This and the following verſe run thus in the original.

Donicùm eos vitâ privârunt vermina ſæva.

Feſtus ſays, that "vermina" ſignifies the wringing of the guts, when we feel a pain, as if worms were gnawing them: The Greeks call it σκῶλες. But perhaps "vermina" may here ſignify very worms, that might be engendered in their rankling and corrupting wounds; if ſo, our tranſlator is ſo far in the right; but how well their making a paſſage for the ſoul to fly away, agrees with the doctrine of Epicurus, the reader need not be informed.

Ver. 1061. They had yet no wars; but were wholly ignorant of the cruel arts of deſtroying one another; And as Ovid ſays, Metam. i. ver. 97.

Nondum præcipites cingebant oppida foſſæ:
Non tuba directi, non æris cornua flexi,
Non galeæ, non enſis, erant: ſine militis uſu
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.

No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry ſound:
Nor ſwords were forg'd: But, void of care and crime,
The ſoft creation ſlept away their time.

Ver. 1063. Thus too Ovid, Metam. i. ver 94

Nondum cæſa ſuis, peregrinum ut viſeret orbem,
Montibus, in liquidas pinus deſcenderat undas:
Nullaque mortales, præter ſua littora nôrant.

The mountain trees in diſtant proſpect pleaſe,
Ere yet the pine deſcended to the ſeas;
Ere ſails were ſpread new oceans to explore,
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wiſhes to their native ſhore.

And Manilius, lib. i. ver. 76.

Immotusque novos pontus subduxerat orbes :
Nec vitam pelago, nec ventis credere vota
Audebant, sed quisque satis se nosse putabat.

——— None resign'd
Their lives to seas, or wishes to the wind;
Confin'd their search; they knew themselves alone,
And thought that only worthy to be known.

Ver. 1068. For, as Seneca in Medea says,

Audax nimium qui freta primus
Rate tam fragili perfida rupit;
Terrasque suas post terga videre,
Animam levibus credidit austris, &c.

Which the tragedian took from Horace, Od. i. 3.

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus; nec timuit præcipitem Africum, &c.

Thus rendered by Dryden,

Sure he who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side:
Or his at least, in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades, portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main;
What form of death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
Could view the surges, mountain steep,
And monsters, rolling in the deep?
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below?
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardships can restrain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.

Ver. 1069. "Penuria cibi:" want of food. The next verse is a thought of our translator's, not of his author's.

Ver. 1073. We have hitherto seen only men, who were wild and savage, who wandered in the woods, and lived by spoil and rapine: but others now enter upon the stage, who are mild, gentle, and studious of civil life. For by this time, says the poet, in ver. 20. that temperature and calmness of the air which reigned when the world was in its infancy, remained no longer; but sometimes piercing cold, and sometimes scorching heat, together with storms and tempests, persecuted mankind. Those hardships and inconveniencies weakened them by degrees, and forced them to the contrivance of building themselves huts and houses, to shelter their bodies from the inclemencies of the seasons. They dwelt in these new abodes, one man confined to one woman, and were blessed with a numerous offspring, whose infant smiling innocence softened the rigid fourness of their parent's temper, and changed their innate sullen roughness into calmness and affability. After this, having found out the use of fire, they became so tender, that, unable to endure any longer their primitive nakedness, they made themselves clothes of the skins of beasts; and grew so civilized in time, that they entered into friendships and societies, insomuch that they who were desirous to be safe themselves, found it their best way to abstain from doing injuries to others. Thus concord preserved mankind.

Ver. 1074. Diodorus Siculus, lib. i. says, that the poets feigned Hercules to be clothed with the skins of beasts, and that he is painted too in that garb, to put posterity in mind of this ancient way of dress of our first fathers.

Ver. 1081. Lucret.

——— Puerique parentum
Blanditiis facilè ingenium fregère superbum.

i. e. the children, by their harmless innocent smiles, easily softened the roughness of their parent's temper. This passage can have no other interpretation, though Creech makes it say quite the contrary.

Ver. 1083. They who endeavour to disgrace religion, usually represent it as a trick of state, and as a politic invention to keep the credulous in awe, which, however absurd and frivolous, yet is a strong argument against the Atheist, who cannot declare his opinions, unless he be a rebel, and a disturber of the commonwealth. The cause of God, and his Cæsar are the same, and no affront can be offered to one but it reflects on both; and that the Epicurean principles are pernicious to societies, is evident from the account they give of the rise of them. First, then, we must imagine men springing out of the earth, as from the teeth of Cadmus his dragon ("fratres fungorum, et tuberum," as Bias called the Athenians, who counted it a great glory to be Αὐτόχθονες), and like those too fierce and cruel; but being softened by natural decay, and length of time, grew mild; and weary of continual wars, made leagues and combinations for mutual defence and security; and invested some person with power to overlook each man's actions, and to punish or reward those that broke or kept their promises. Now, if societies began thus, it is evident that they are founded on interest alone, and therefore self-preservation is the only thing that obliges subjects to duty; and when they are strong enough to live without the protection of their prince, all the bonds to obedience are cancelled, and mutiny and rebellion will necessarily break forth; for we all know how ambitious every man is of rule, how passionately he desires it, and how eagerly he follows it, though ten thousand difficulties attend the pur-

ſuit. What if he break his promiſe, recal his former conſent, and act againſt the law that was founded on it? Why need he be concerned, if he has got the longeſt ſword, and is above the fear of puniſhment? Will not a proſpect of a certain profit lead him on to villany? And why ſhould his conſcience ſtartle at wickedneſs that is attended with pleaſure? Since all the Epicurean virtues are nothing but fear and intereſt, and the former is removed, and the latter invites. It is true, as Lucretius ſays, ſtrange diſcoveries have been made, and Plutarch gives us very memorable inſtances. Plots have been defeated, but as many proved ſucceſsful: and how weak that ſingle pretence, how inſufficient to ſecure government, is evident from the daily plots and contrivances, murders, and treaſons that diſturb us; though all the terrors of religion join with theſe fears, and endeavour to ſuppreſs them. And, therefore, theſe opinions are dangerous, and deſtructive of ſocieties, and, as Origen ſays of his purgatory fires, ὐκ ἀκίνδυνον τὴν τῶν τοιούτων σκῆνειαν πιστεῦσαι γραφῇ, ἅτε τῶν πολλῶν ὲ χρηζόντων πλείονος διδασκαλίας παρὰ τὴν περὶ τῆς καλὰ τῶν ἀμαρτανόντων κολάσεως ἐς γὰρ τὰ ὑπρίκεινα αὐτῆς ὲ χρήσιμον ἀναβαίνειν διὰ τῆς τὲ μόγις φόβῳ αἰωνίᾳ κολάσεως κὰν συγκλονῆας ἐπὶ πόσον τῆς κακίας, καὶ τῶν ἀπ' αὐτῆς ἁμαρτανόντων χύσιν. Others, though pretending to better principles than thoſe of Epicurus, yet are altogether as faulty in ſtating the riſe of power, and more abſurd: for his opinion is agreeable to his other poſitions, but theirs contradict the creation they aſſert, and the providence they allow; I mean thoſe that declare the people to be the ſpring and fountain of power, and that from their conſent all the authority of the government is derived. Sure theſe men never conſidered the relation betwixt God and his creatures; and what an abſolute dominion he has over thoſe to whom he firſt gave, and ſtill continues, being. But let us look on man under that circumſtance, and then how naked, how diveſted of all power will he appear? How unable to diſpoſe of himſelf, and ſubmit to the laws of his fellow free agent? Unleſs he endeavours, as much as is poſſible, to diſown the right of the Deity, and turns rebel againſt the authority of his being. For how can any one ſubmit himſelf to another, without the expreſs permiſſion of him that has abſolute dominion over him? And where is that permiſſion? Is it founded on reaſon or ſcripture? Does benevolence, or ſelf-preſervation, the two propoſed motives to ſociety, ſpeak any ſuch thing? And does not ſcripture expreſsly oppoſe this opinion? Well then, all power deſcends from above; it is the gift of that being to whom it principally belongs, and ἐκ τε Διὸς βασιλῆες, kings are from God, is true, both in the account of the ſober heathen, and good Chriſtian: and, therefore, every king that ever was, or is, whether he obtain the crown by ſucceſſion, or election (except the Jewiſh), muſt be acknowledged abſolute. Liberty and property of the ſubjects depend on his will, and his pleaſure is law; for none can confine or limit that power which God beſtows, but himſelf: and, therefore, to preſcribe laws to the governor, to chooſe or refuſe him on certain conditions, is to invade the prerogative of Heaven, and rebel againſt the Almighty. Thus when God deſigned to limit the power of the Jewiſh monarchy, he preſcribes laws himſelf; but ſince he hath not fixed any to other princes, every king, as ſuch (for I do not reſpect their particular grants to the people, which they are bound to obſerve), is abſolute.

To free this from all exception, it muſt be conſidered, that the diſcourſe is concerning the origin of power, which is now ſettled in ſome perſons, and by which communities are governed. The Epicureans act very agreeably to their impious principles, when they make fear and diſtruſt the only motives to agreement, and the pacts which the ſcattered multitude agreed to be the foundation of the power of the prince; it being impoſſible for them, who had excluded Providence, to find any other original. But this opinion, as delivered by them, depending upon their other abſurd and impious philoſophy, muſt be weak and irrational; yet ſtill this notion is embraced, though not upon the ſame motives; faction and ambition propagate that error, which was nothing elſe but innocent ignorance in the ancients. They conſidered man as ſingle, unable to live with ſecurity or comfort, becauſe his fellows, either out of pride, luſt, or covetouſneſs, would endeavour to rob him of his enjoyments, and his life too, if it hindered them in the proſecution of their wiſhes; thus they ſaw a neceſſity of government, and becauſe it proceeded from man's natural imperfections, they thought him, that by his wiſdom, or his ſtrength, was moſt fitted for the defence and preſervation of others, to be as it were a lord by nature, and born a ſovereign. Thus Plutarch, ὁ πρῶτος καὶ κυριώταλος νόμος τῷ σώζεσθαι δεομένῳ τὸν σώζειν δυνάμενον ἄρχονία καλὰ φύσιν ἀποδίδωσι. It is the firſt and moſt fundamental law, that he that is able to protect, is a king by nature to him that needs protection. Thus hiſtorians make the election of the firſt kings to be for their ſtrength, their wiſdom, or their beauty: and Ariſtotle peremptorily determines, that the barbarians are ſlaves by nature to the Greeks. This was innocent enough in them, but how can we be excuſed, who have ſuch perfect knowledge of a creation, who hear Wiſdom proclaim, that by her kings reign, who made it an article in Edward the VIth's time, and now every day in our public prayers confeſs, that God is the only ruler of princes? From whence it is neceſſarily inferred, that he only beſtows the power, for if it came from the multitude, what is more evident, than that they could make what conditions they pleaſed, ſubject them to a high court of juſtice, and call them to account, if they act contrary to their pleaſure? It being certain, and confirmed by common practice, that he that voluntarily parts from his right, may do it on what terms he thinks fit: Now, if it be certain (and demonſtration proves it) that God is the alone giver of powers, if the prince be, as Plutarch and Menander ſay, ὑπὸ

ἔμψυχος Θεὸς, a living image of the Deity, if, as Pliny, "qui vice Dei erga hominum genus fungeretur," and every king, whether elective or successive, rules by the same authority, as it is certain they do, because both have power, and the people can give them none; then what is more certain, than that all kings, which way soever they are enthroned, before they have made any grants to their people, are absolute? And that their pleasure is law, for otherwise there could be none, that liberty and property depend upon their will.

Nam propriæ telluris herum neq. me, neq. illum,
Nec quenquàm statuit natura.———

Nor does nature provide more privileges for one than another. And if the principles are true, and the inference naturally follows, as it does, because the people, that cannot bestow the power, have no right to make conditions for its exercise, and set limits how far it shall extend, and make such and such agreements for the admission of the prince; what harm is there in this innocent truth? For we discourse only of kings as they first are, without any reference to such and such particular communities, where they have been pleased to limit themselves; to grant privileges to their subjects, and settle property, and confirmed all this with oaths, and engaged their royal word, and promise before God and man for their performance. . . . . .

I suppose it is granted on all hands, that the king is supreme, that upon any pretence whatsoever it is treason to resist; and so there can be no fear of punishment, no tie upon the king but his own conscience; "sufficit quod Deum expectet ultorem;" yet though the law cannot punish, it can direct: though it is not a master, it is a guide, and such a one, as, because of his oath, he is bound to follow: For though the people cannot, he can limit himself; for being a rational creature, and intrusted with power, without any particular rules for the guidance of it; his reason is to be his director, and, therefore, according to the tempers and particular humours of the people, he may make laws, settle maxims of government, and oblige himself to make those his measures, because his reason assures him, that this is the best method for the preservation of the society, the maintenance of peace, and obtaining those ends, for which he was intrusted with this power.

And since princes must die, and government being necessary, succession is equally so; and therefore it may seem that every prince, owing his power only to the same original from which the first derived it, is at liberty to confirm such and such privileges and immunities, which his predecessors have granted; yet upon a serious view of the premised reason, no such consequence will follow; for since the predecessors have found these laws agreeable to the tempers of the people, and the only way to preserve the peace, it is evident that those are rational, and since he is to use his power, according to right reason, there is an antecedent obligation on him to assent to those laws; and make those the measures of his government; unless some extraordinary case intervenes, which requires an alteration of those laws, and then that method of abrogating old, and making new ones is to be followed, which constant experience hath found rational. And since a prince cannot be bound by any ties but those of conscience, this opinion leaves all the obligations possible upon him.

Ver. 1093. But it may reasonably be asked, how leagues could be made, and societies established among men who perhaps indeed could think, but had not yet learnt to utter their thoughts? To this Lucretius answers, that the first men were conscious to themselves of their own powers and natural faculties; and that they uttered several sounds, as each object that they saw, or as any thing that they felt, caused in them either fear, joy, pain, grief, pleasure, &c. For nature herself compelled them to this; and therefore horses, dogs, birds, in short all animals that have breath, do the like: And thus man too at first stammered only imperfect and inarticulate sounds. But no commerce was yet established, they had no mutual communication with one another: Nor indeed could any such thing be, till names were given to things: Every man therefore perceived, that it would be useful to himself and others, to agree upon a certain name for each thing. Thus all, who were entered into one society, agreed among themselves upon the same names of things: And thus the usefulness of things by names, gave occasion for the invention of words. But for any to pretend, that one man gave names to all things, is wretchedly absurd and foolish. This disputation Lucretius has in sixty-three verses.

Scaliger, in the first book of his Poetic. chap. I. observes, That as all our actions, so speech too is to be considered under three different heads: I. As absolutely necessary: II. As useful: III. As delightful. The first kind was that which served as a necessary means of intercourse between man and man, barely to understand one another's meaning: And such we may imagine to have been that manner of speech, which Lactantius de vero Cultu cap. 10. mentions, and which men, according to the opinion of some of the ancients, used in the beginning of the world; when, as some believed, they only gesticulated their thoughts, and spoke their meaning by signs and nods. After which, as the same author says, and before him Diodorus Siculus, lib. I. they made essays of language, by imposing distinct nominal notes, or names upon several things, and thus by degrees they made a kind of speech. Thus too Horat. lib. I. Serm. 3.

Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum & turpe pecus,——
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenêre.——

The second sort of speech, says Scaliger, was a little more refined and polished, by being adapted and made fit for use and convenience; and by

applying, as it were, certain dimenſions, preſcriptions, and lineaments to the firſt rude ſketch of language; whence proceeded a certain law and rule of ſpeaking: The third ſort was yet more polite, there having been added to the former the ornament of elegancy, as its dreſs and apparel. Thus Scaliger, of ſpeech in general.

Ver. 1106. Here Lucretius ſeems to fall foul upon the chronologer of the Holy Scripture, by denying that names were given to things by the firſt man: but thoſe writings were perhaps unknown to our poet, and he chiefly diſputes againſt the opinions of Pythagoras and Plato; man, ſays Iamblicus de ſect. Pythagor. was created the moſt wiſe and knowing of all animals, capable to conſider things, and to acquire knowledge from them; becauſe God had imprinted and beſtowed upon him the plenitude of all reaſon, in which are contained all the ſeveral ſpecies of things, and the ſignifications of all their names, and of all words: Plato in Cratylus will not allow, that any one gave names to things, but that they received their names from the wiſeſt and moſt learned of men, whom he calls ὀνομαστὰργους, and ὀνομαθέτας, the makers and impoſers of names, in the giving of which, ſays he, the higheſt wiſdom manifeſtly appears; and Crœtylus adds, that no man could do it, but they, who reflecting on the nature of things, were able to judge of them, and to accommodate, and give to each thing a name, ſuitable to, and expreſſive of, its nature; Lucretius was aware of this, and therefore inquires in theſe four verſes, How this great knowledge came to be in the firſt nomenclator, and denied to the reſt of mankind: how ſhould one man, ſays he, be able to give names to things, and not another? The anſwer is ready; though it will appear of no weight to Lucretius, who will not believe the creation of one man only from whom all the reſt have deſcended; nor, that when names were firſt given to things, there was yet but one man in the world: and why might not that firſt parent of mankind, whom God had infuſed with knowledge, ("Creavit Deus ſcientiam in animo, ſenſu implevit eum, & mala & bono oſtendit illi, addiditq. diſciplinam." Eccleſ. cap. 17.) Why might he not, I ſay, being thus inſtructed, impoſe names on things? And that too then eſpecially, when this new created monarch, on the feſtival of his inauguration, called all his ſubject animals by their names: "appellavitque Adam nominibus ſuis cuncta animantia;" ſays the ſacred chronologer, Geneſ. iii. Which text of holy writ, Euſebius, Preparat. Evangel. lib. xi. cap. 4. reciting, ſays, that Moſes meant nothing elſe by it, than that a name was given to each thing, agreeable and ſuitable to its nature. And ſince the nature of man is prone to learn, and greedy of knowledge, why might not the reſt of men, who came afterwards into the world, and converſed with that firſt giver of names, willingly retain them in their memory, as they received them from him? from him, I ſay, who, not like mute animals, could expreſs only his own affections, his own deſires; but likewiſe knew and expreſſed the nature and manners of others. But of the original of human ſpeech, ſee Laërt. lib. x. Diodor. Sicul. lib. i. ſub initium, & Plato in his Cratylus.

Ver. 1110. That is to ſay, if any one man could impoſe names on things, another might, at the ſame time, do the ſame thing.

Ver. 1111. In theſe ten verſes the poet aſks; how that firſt nomenclator could compel the reſt of men to learn from him what they were to ſay; and to retain in their memory the words he had invented, and the names he had given to things? this argument is of little validity: for, beſides, as we ſaid before, that the nature of man is prone to learn, and deſirous of knowledge, we know that children eaſily accuſtom themſelves to pronounce and ſpeak by degrees the words they hear ſpoken by their parents, nurſes, and others that are about them. The child, who had been brought up by goats, and never in his life heard a human voice, bleated like that animal, and ſpoke only the language of goats. Even parrots, pies, ſtarlings, &c. when they are taught, learn to pronounce human words articulately, merely by their own induſtry; and we obſerve them conning over by themſelves, and ſoftly muttering the leſſons that have been taught them: Plutarch de Animal. Compar. makes mention of a magpie he had ſeen at a barber's ſhop at Rome, that ſung no leſs than nine different tunes, obſerving the due time and meaſure in all of them. What wonder then, that, man, a creature endowed with reaſon and underſtanding, ſhould learn to imitate the words of his fellow-creature?

Ver. 1121. Here the poet in ver. 35. ſays, that it is not ſurpriſing, that any man, to whom nature had given a tongue and a voice, could, as he thought fit, and according to the various knowledge he had conceived of the great variety of things, diſtinguiſh and mark each of them by a proper name; eſpecially ſince even mute animals can, and do expreſs the different paſſions and affections, by different voices and ſounds: for they declare and ſignify their pain and pleaſure, and the other affections, that are ſubject to thoſe two, by inarticulate indeed, but unlike and various ſounds. Why then may not any man mark and denote different things by different names? but this is not what was done by the firſt impoſer of names? for he not only expreſſed his own affections; but the proper nature, and genuine manners of others, by virtue of the divine gift, the knowledge which the Almighty had infuſed into him.

Ver. 1123. For, as Faber on this paſſage obſerves, if the names themſelves gave any knowledge, τῶν φύσεων, of the natures and qualities of the things that are called by them; and if upon the bare pronunciation of three or four ſyllables, any particular notes were obtained, that indeed would deſervedly claim our admiration; but ſince it depends only upon uſe, and that uſe upon chance, convenience, and ſometimes on the temerity and ignorance of the meaner and illiterate part of mankind, Lucretius is in the right to ſay, that there is no wonder in it.

Ver. 1125. Sextus Empiricus, lib. xi, Pyrhon.

Hypotyp. seems to be of opinion, that birds and brute beasts have a particular language according to their different kinds; and with him agrees Lactantius, and says, that speech is proper to man; and yet we may observe in birds and beasts a certain similitude of speech, and that too, different upon different occasions: To us, indeed, their voices seem imperfect and inarticulate; and so too perhaps do ours to them: but their voices utter words to themselves, because they understand them. "Proprius homini sermo est; tamen et illis quædam similitudo sermonis: Nam et dignoscunt invicem se vocibus; et cum irascuntur, edunt sonum jurgio similem; et cum se ex intervallo videre, gratulandi officium voce declarant: Nobis quidem voces eorum videntur inconditæ, sicut illis fortasse nostræ; sed illis, qui se intelligunt, verba sunt." Lactan. de Irâ Dei. cap. vii. And the credulous ancients firmly believed, that magicians understood the languages of birds. And Porphyry assures us, that Apollonius Tyanæus could expound the notes of swallows; or, as Philostratus says, the chirping of sparrows. Tiresias likewise is renowned for his knowledge in the languages of birds. Apollon Rhodig. lib. iii. mentions one Mopsus, who understood the languages of crows and daws. Pliny, lib. x. cap. 49. relates of Melampus, that he was instructed to interpret the tongues of birds by a serpent, that came to him, and licked his ears. But of this, even he himself seems to question the truth; nor does he give much credit to what he reports of Democritus, who said, that the blood of several birds, mixed together and corrupted, will produce a serpent, of which whoever eats, "intellecturus sit avium colloquia," will understand the discourse of birds. That the soothsayers drew their divinations from the voices of birds, as well as from their flight, is notorious. Virgil, Æn. iii. ver. 359.

Trojugena, interpres Divûm, qui numina Phœbi,
Qui tripodas, Clarii lauros, qui sydera sentis,
Et volucrum linguas, et præpetis omina pennæ:

And the birds, from whose voice they took their auguries, were called "oscines," from "os et cano," singing with the mouth: and these were crows, ravens, pies, and the like: as the others, from whose flight the divined future events, were called *prepetes*, from προπέτεσθαι, flying before, as vultures, eagles, &c. But besides all this, we may produce the authority of some of the Jewish doctors, who affirm Solomon to have been learned in the languages of birds: Nay, they say, that he sent a message by a certain bird, to the queen of Æthiopia; who must therefore be thought to have been as knowing in the language of birds as himself. And in the Alcoran, he is made to say, "O homines, intelligite avium eloquentiam." And from the same authority we learn, that a lapwing, or a bird called a houp, brought him the first news of the queen of Sheba: Of which notice is taken in the Prolegom. in Bibl. Polyglott. But Delrius denies, that either birds or beasts can use discourse, because they are void of reason; yet he confesses, that they have certain indications, or expressive sounds, by which they reveal and make known their affections and appetites; and which men by long observation, may come to understand. He adds, that these indications of theirs are perfectly known to the devil, and that he may instruct magicians to know them as well as himself; which, whether he ever did or not, says he, I cannot tell; but, "non est incredibile fecisse," it is not incredibile but he has. Delrius Disquis. Mag. lib. ii. cap. 19.

Ver. 1149. Crows are said to prognosticate the change of weather, either to fair or foul; and to give notice of each by their different croaking. If they croak often, and with a hoarse voice, it is a sign of rain. Virg. Georg. i. ver. 381.

——Et è pastu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.

And ver. 388.

Tum cornix raucâ pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in siccâ secum spatiatur arenâ.

But if they croak not above three or four times, and with a shrill and clear voice, it betokens fair weather. Thus Virgil, in the same Georgic, ver. 410. speaking of fair weather, says, that

Tum liquidas corvi præsso ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant: et sæpe cubilibus altis
Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.
Inter se foliis strepitant: juvat imbribus actis
Progeniem parvam, dulcesque revisere nidos.

See the note on ver. 89. book vi.

Ver. 1156. He has before made mention of fire, ver. 1073. He now teaches, in fifteen verses, that fire was either thrown down to earth by thunder; or that the trees, being rudely shaken by stormy winds, and their branches growing hot by frequent striking and dashing against one another, burst out at length into flames, and first gave fire to men, who used it to dress their meat, having observed that the heat of the sun ripened and brought their fruits to maturity, and made them more fit for their service. And thus another way of life, and change of food, invented by witty luxury, was first introduced.

Caneparius de Atramentis, cap. 13. reckons up six several ways, by which fire may be generated and kindled, viz. "propagatione, putredine, coitione, antispasi, frictione et percussione:" by propagation, corruption, coition, antipasis, or contrary revulsion, friction and percussion; which, nevertheless, he reduces to these three kinds, propagation, coition, and motion, in which the other ways are included. For corruption and revulsion to the contrary kindle fire, by compelling the dispersed heat to unite together, and therefore fall under the head of coition; as friction and percussion do under that of motion.

Ver. 1160. This, if we may believe some authors, happened often formerly in Hungary. And Lucretius has already made mention of trees taking fire by collision, book i. ver. 902. See the note on that place. Moreover, Vitruvius, lib. ii.

ap. I. aſcribes the original of our culinary fire to his accident of trees taking fire in a tempeſt. His words are as follow: "Ab tempeſtatibus et ventis denſæ crebritatibus arbores agitatæ, et inter ſe terentes ramos, ignem excitaverunt:" Which the ancients having obſerved, took from thence the firſt hint of the invention of their igniaria; for their way of getting fire was by rubing one ſtick againſt another, till being heated, they catched fire, which they fed with dry leaves, or ſome other matter, that was eaſily combuſtible. Virgil, Æn. i. ver. 179.

Suſcepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit.————

And theſe dry nourifhments, ſays Turnebus, in his notes on Theophraſtus de Igne, they called ἰσχάρα, i. e. focus; or, according to the Scholiaſt of Apollonius, σορέυτρ, i. e. ſtrator; which we may compare with our tinder. The other parts, which were the ſticks, they called τέρετρον, i. e. terebrum, and they ſerved inſtead of our flint and ſteel. The trees, that are moſt ſubject to take fire in this manner, are ſaid to be the fig-tree, laurel, oak, holm, tile-tree, ivy and vine; but above all the laurel. And if we may give credit to Manilius, fire may be got almoſt out of every thing.

Sunt autem cunctis permixti partibus ignes;
Qui gravidas habitant fabricantes fulmina nubes;
Et penetrant terras, Ætnamque imitantur Olympo,
Et calidas reddunt ipſis in fontibus undas:
Ac ſilice in durâ, viridique in cortice ſedem
Inveniunt, cum ſylva ſibi colliſa crematur,
Ignibus uſque adeo natura eſt omnis abundans.
Lib. i. *ver.* 350.

Which our tranſlator thus renders:

Fire lies in ev'ry thing; in clouds it forms
The frightful thunder, and deſcends in ſtorms:
It paſſes through the earth, in Ætna raves,
And imitates heav'n's thunder in its caves:
In hollow vales it boils the riſing flöods;
In flints 'tis found, and lodges in the woods;
For, toſs'd by ſtorms, the trees in flames expire,
So warm are Nature's parts, ſo fill'd with fire.
Creech.

Ver. 1171. In theſe thirty verſes, he tells us, that to provide the better for their common ſafety, they gave the ſovereign power to one man, to whom nature had given to excel in beauty, wit, or ſtrength; and had thus herſelf declared him a king. This monarch fell to building of towns and towers, to defend himſelf and his ſubjects from the inſults of their enemies. He governed them at will; every thing was done that he commanded, and,

O happy mankind under ſuch a prince!

But avarice and ambition ſoon corrupted and overthrew all things. And ſuch is the condition of princes, even at this day, that whoſoever values his eaſe and quiet, and deſires to live happily, will, if he be wiſe, avoid the adminiſtration of public affairs; for the ſovereign authority is hard to gain, and harder to keep. Inſtead of pleaſures, it brings cares and troubles; it is always tottering and inconſtant; always attacked by ambition and envy, and often thrown down by conſpiracy.

Ver. 1174. Thus too Ovid. Metam. i. ver. 135.

Communemque prius, ceu lumina ſolis et auras,
Cautus humum longo ſignavit limite menſor.

Then land-marks limited to each his right,
For all before was common as the light. *Dryd.*

Ver. 1178. It was the cuſtom formerly in many countries to chooſe their kings for the beauty and majeſty of their perſons. This Ariſtotle, lib. i. de Rep. reports to be true of the Ethiopians; who, ſays he, when they obſerve any one, who, in his looks, reſembles the images of their gods, immediately conclude, that he was born to rule over others. And Xenophon in Symph. ſays, that beauty is ſomething that nature herſelf has ſtamped with royalty. Heliogabalus, though but a boy, was choſen emperor by the Roman ſoldiers at firſt ſight of him; as if he had had what Euripides calls Εἶδος ἄξιον τυραννίδος, a countenance that deſerved a kingdom. Thus Dryden:

————Manly majeſty
Sate in his front, and darted from his eyes,
Commanding all he view'd.————

And in another place:

Eyes that confeſs'd him born for kingly ſway;
So fierce they flaſh'd intolerable day.

And Virgil ſeems to have had ſomething like this in his thoughts, when he deſcribes the difference of look between the lawful king of the bees, and the uſurper; of which deſcription, that this note may not ſtretch too long, I will omit the original, and give only Dryden's tranſlation:

With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an open, honeſt face,
Shap'd to his ſize, and godlike to behold,
His royal body ſhines with ſpecks of gold,
And ruddy ſcales: for empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind:
That others look like nature in diſgrace:
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face.
And like their griſly prince appears his gloomy race.

To which I will only add, that θεοείκελος, like a god, is often uſed by Homer as an epithet for a beautiful perſon.

For as Varro Margop. ſays very well:

Qui pote plus viget, piſces ut ſæpe minutos
Magnus' comeſt; ut aves enecat accipiter.

Thus Horace, Sat.

————Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent, &c.————

And Ovid:

Aurea ſunt verè nunc ſæcula ; plurimus auro
Venit honos.——

And the author of Hudibras in two words,

For money is the only pow'r,
That all mankind falls down before.

Ver. 1187. Who, that reads theſe lines, can believe that Epicurus was an epicure: he believed that a wiſe man cannot be poor: becauſe he lives content with what he has: and thinks it enough, even though it be but little: he placed indeed the chief happineſs of life in pleaſure; and what he meant by pleaſure, let Cicero teach us: "Negat Epicurus jucundè poſſe vivi, niſi cum virtute vivatur: negat ullam in ſapientem vim eſſe fortunæ: tenuem victum antefert copioſo, &c." Tuſcul. Quæſt. lib. 3. And Laërtius tells us, that Epicurus was often inculcating into his hearers, parſimony, continency, ſparingneſs of food, and equanimity, or eaſineſs and content of mind in all ſtates and conditions: whence he had often in his mouth this ſaying, ἥδιστα πολυτελεῖ ἀπολαύουσιν οἱ ἐκάεσι ταύτης δεόμενοι.

Thus too Dryden in the Wife of Bath's tale after Chaucer;

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
And happy he, who can the treaſure find:
But the baſe miſer ſtarves amidſt his ſtore,
Broods on his gold, and griping ſtill at more,
Sits ſadly pining and believes he's poor.

Ver. 1190. "Ventre nihil novi frugalius," ſays Juvenal, Sat. v. ver. 6. And it was the conſtant obſervation of the ſoberer heathens, that nature is content with very little: Diogenes in the life of Socrates, relates of that philoſopher, that he was wont to ſay, That moſt men ſeemed to live only to eat; but that for his part he eat only to live. And Plato obſerves, that of all creatures, man is longeſt in digeſting his food: and that nature has ordered it thus to intimate to us, that ſhe would not have thoſe nobler occupations, of which ſhe has rendered us capable, and for which we were chiefly created, to be interrupted by too frequent eating. And as this is a good moral reaſon, ſo neither is the phyſical reaſon, which anatomiſts give us, to be contemned: for they obſerve, that the ileon, one of the guts, through which the meat muſt paſs, and ſo called from εἰλέω, I involve, is ſix times longer than our whole body, and twiſted and folded in ſuch a manner, and withal ſo ſmall, that what we eat cannot paſs through it eaſily, and in a ſhort time.

Ver. 1203. Diadems were uſed by the ancient kings as crowns are now, for the mark of royalty: they are by ſome ſaid to be only white ribbonds, adorned with precious ſtones, and which they bound about their heads. The word comes from διαδεῖν, to bind about. But Pancirollus, from an epiſtle to St. Jerome to Fabiola, deſcribes a diadem to be a little cap, like a half football, bound about with a white *faſcia* or wreath. This paſſage of St. Jerome is in Epiſt. 128, *de veſtitu Sacerdotum*, where that father calls it *rotundum Pileolum*, a round cap; ſuch a one as that in which Ulyſſes is repreſented in an arched walk, called by his name. The Greeks, ſays he, call it τιάρα, and ſome galerus: after which he adds, that this *pileolum* was tied on to the back part of the head with a ribband, in ſuch a manner, that it could not eaſily ſlip off: "ita in occipitio vitta conſtructa eſt, ut non facilè labatur ex capite." Yet indeed the *facia* or *vitta* itſelf ſeems rather than the bonnet to have been the diadem: for Marcellinus, lib. xv. acquaints us, that Pompey was ſuſpected of treaſon, for wearing the *faciola cadina* about his leg, to hide, as he pretended, a ſore: but, ſays he, the *faſciola candida* being generally interpreted a diadem, it created a ſuſpicion, that he was aiming at the empire: the rather, becauſe it was not material on what part of the body it was worn. See likewiſe Alexander ab Alex. Gen. dier. lib. i. cap. 28. And Britannicus ſays poſitively, it was not *corona*, but *faſcia*: which agrees likewiſe with the etymology of the word diadem, which we gave before.

Ver. 1208. Here the poet tells us, that the monarchy being aboliſhed, violence, oppreſſion, and tumults began to rage anew, and the life of man returned to its primitive ſavageneſs: however, they at length thought fit to create magiſtrates among themſelves, and to make laws, in order to puniſh the oppreſſors: and this was an inſtance of their prudence; for the dread of puniſhment keeps men in awe, and retains them within the bounds of their duty. And let none imagine they can violate the laws with impunity, even though they offend in private; for conſcience herſelf is a babbler; and many, when raving under the violence of diſeaſe or even in their dreams, have been their own accuſers, and betrayed their ſecret crimes.

Here we may obſerve, that Lucretius, from ver. 1170. to ver. 1233. has ſolved the following political problems.

I. Why man, who was born free, ſubjected himſelf from the very beginning, to the obedience of kings? For no man, as Plutarch elegantly argues, is by nature born a ſlave.

Either for the reſpect and reverence they bore to ſome men, on account of their beauty and majeſtic looks: or by reaſon of the ſuperior ſtrength of ſome, by which they compelled the weaker to unwilling obedience and ſervitude: or for the excellence of their wit, which eaſily and juſtly acquired them the command over others.

II. Why did they confer the government on one man? Were there not ſeveral endowed with equal qualifications? beſides, every man ſeems in his own eyes to be beautiful and witty enough.

Becauſe they deemed a monarchy to be preferable to a government of many, and believed they ſhould live more free under the dominion of one, than of many rulers.

III. Why did the beautiful the ſtrong, and the wity, ceaſe at length to reign?

The invention of gold dethroned them, for when men grew rich, the ſovereign authority devolved on the moſt wealthy.

IV. Why did the kings fall at firſt to building of towers and citadels?

Either becauſe they apprehended the inſults of enemies, or were jealous of their own ſubjects, whom they oppreſſed with too ſevere a ſlavery.

V. How came the kingly power, with all its marks of royalty, to be at length totally ſubverted and laid aſide?

Becauſe nothing reſiſts envy; which climbs the loftieſt towers, and invades the palaces of kings: nay, the favourites of fortune are chiefly expoſed to her aſſaults.

VI. Why were laws firſt invented and made?

Perhaps for the ſake of commerce: for man is a ſociable animal, and indigent of mutual offices. Therefore, that he might not be perpetually in arms, laws were invented to eſtabliſh a rule of common ſociety, and to reſtrain and keep within certain bounds, the petulancy and unbridled luſt of the wicked.

Ver. 1226. For, as Cicero ſays very truly, "ſua quemque fraus, ſuum facinus, ſuum ſcelus, ſua audacia de ſanitate ac mente deturbat," Lib. i. de Finib."

Ver. 1229. That is, as Cicero, lib. 1. de Finib. treating of theſe things, ſays, "nunquam confidant id fore ſemper occultum," let them never flatter themſelves, that theſe enormities will lie forever buried in darkneſs: becauſe many are ſaid to have betrayed their crimes in their dreams: and others in the delirious ravings of a diſeaſe, have diſcovered their abominable actions, that had lain a long time concealed.

Ver. 1230. Thus Book iv. v. 1012.

Multi de magnis per ſomnum rebu' loquuntur,
Indiciique ſui facti perſæpè fuêre.

Some talk of ſtate affairs, and ſome betray,
The plots, their treach'rous minds had fram'd by day.

Ver. 1233. Religion, ſays he, and the fear of the gods, began at the firſt birth of men: But from whence had they their knowledge of the deities? It is uncertain, whether from the images that flowed from the gods themſelves, to whom Epicurus aſcribed, as it were, a body and blood; or from images that aroſe by chance. Now thoſe images, whatever they were, or from whence ſoever they came, by continually ſtriking the minds of men, either when they were ſleeping or awake, were the cauſe that men conjectured that ſome ſubſtances, like thoſe images, and capable of underſtanding, did exiſt ſomewhere or other: for the images ſeemed to ſpeak, and to move their members; and they believed them immortal too, becauſe the form of the images was always the ſame, and their power and ſtrength, ſeemed to be immenſe; and happy likewiſe, becauſe they were never terrified at dangers, nor diſturbed at the fear of death: and never grew weary, as if they enjoyed eternal reſt.

Ver. 1262. In theſe eleven verſes he farther aſſerts, that the ignorance of natural cauſes gave riſe likewiſe to religion. For when men obſerved the motions of the heavens, and the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons, when they perceived the hail, the ſnow, the winds, the thunder, the lightning, &c. and could not comprehend what ſhould be the cauſes of all thoſe wonderous effects, they concluded that God was the author of them: for to whom could they aſcribe the conſtant and continual motion of the ſpheres, rather than to a wiſe ruler and Lord? And where could they place his abode better, or with greater reaſon, than in the places from whence comes the ſnow, the hail, the thunder, &c.? Thus argued the Epicureans; but much better the Stoics, who made uſe of this very argument, to aſſert and prove the divine Providence; which the others brought to oppoſe it.

Thus Manilius, lib. i. v. 475. ſpeaking of the motions of the ſtars and ſpheres:

Nec varios obitus nôrunt, varioſque recurſus;
Certa ſed in proprias oriuntur ſydera luces;
Nataleſque ſuos, occaſumque ordine ſervant:

And v. 483. he adds,

At mihi tam præſens ratio non ulla videtur,
Quâ pateat mundum divino numine verti,
Atque ipſum eſſe Deum; nec forte coïſſe magiſtrâ,
Ut voluit credi, qui, &c.

Which our tranſlator thus renders:

The ſtars ſtill keep one courſe: they ſtill purſue
Their conſtant track, nor vary in a new:
From one fixt point they ſtart, their courſe maintain,
Repeat their whirl, and viſit it again:
A moſt convincing reaſon, drawn from ſenſe,
That this vaſt frame is rul'd by Providence;
Which, like the ſoul, does ev'ry whirl advance:
It muſt be God: nor was it made by chance,
As Epicurus dreamt, &c.

Ver. 1273. This belief of a Divine Providence, Epicurus held to be the ſole cauſe of all the anxieties that diſturb the life of man: and this opinion of his Lucretius explains in theſe twenty-five verſes. From that belief, ſays he, proceeds the vain and cauſeleſs ſuperſtition of the greateſt part of mankind, which is not piety to the gods. The pious man is he who looks into himſelf, who explores the ſecrets and power of nature, that he may comprehend the cauſes of all things, and wonder at nothing: This is he, who with an undaunted ſoul beholds the motions of the heavens, and all the other phenomenons of nature; becauſe he is convinced upon certain grounds, that all things here below happen without the care and intervention of the gods: But ignorance is the parent of piety.

"Papicolam crederes Lucretium," ſays Creech, on this paſſage. Horace, Epiſt. vi. lib. 1.

Nil admirari, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent.———

And Virgil:

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,
———ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari
Subjecit pedibus.———

Ver. 1274. *Subject unto rage.*] Velleius in Cicero explains this opinion of Epicurus, and gives us the reaſon of it in theſe words: "Quæ enim nobis Natura informationem Deorum ipſorum dedit, eadem inſculpſit in mentibus, ut eos æternos, et beatos haberemus: Quod ſi ita eſt, verè expoſita eſt illa ſententia ab Epicuro, quod æternum beatumque ſit, id nec habere ipſum negotii quidquam, nec exhibere alteri, itaque neque irâ, neque gratiâ teneri; quod quæ talia eſſent, imbecilla eſſent omnia: Nihil enim agit Deus, nullis occupationibus eſt implicatus, nulla opera molitur; ſuâ ſapientiâ et virtute gaudet: habèt exploratum fore ſe ſemper tum in maximis, tum in æternis voluptatibus. Hunc Deum ritè beatum dixerimus, veſtrum vero laborioſiſſimum: Nos enim beatam vitam in animi ſecuritate, et in omni vacatione munerum ponimus." De Natur. Deor. lib. 1. Upon which Lactantius ſays, that he is apt to believe with Poſſidonius in the ſame Cicero, that Epicurus did indeed believe, that there were no gods at all; and that what he ſaid of the immortal deites, he ſaid only to avoid the cenſure of the world: That though he indeed confeſſed with his mouth, that there were gods, yet he denied them in effect, by exempting them from all manner of affections, and from all employment whatever. De Irâ Dei. cap. 4.

Ver. 1279. *To bend.*] Lucret. "Vertier ad lapidem." For the Romans were wont, in their worſhip of the images of their gods, to turn their bodies round to the right. Plaut. in Curcul. act. i. v. 70.

All cover'd.] For the Romans likewiſe worſhipped the images of their gods, with a veil hanging down from their head, Plaut. in Amph. "Invocat Deos immortales, ut ſibi auxilium ferant manibus puris, capite operto." The reaſon of which ceremony, you may ſee at large in Plutarch, ἐν ῥωμαϊκοῖς· and in the life of Marcellus. See likewiſe the interpreters of Minutius Felix, p. 10.

Ver. 1281. *Spread arms.*] Lucr. "Pandere palmas;" which was a cuſtom obſerved likewiſe in their ſupplications to the gods: Virgil. Æneid. i. v. 97.

Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad ſydera palmas.

Ver. 1298. In theſe twenty-eight verſes he ſays, that fear is another cauſe of religion: for men, being frighted at tempeſts, earthquakes, &c. againſt which they could not ſtroggle with any ſtrength, nor avoid them by any art or induſtry of their own, implored the aid and aſſiſtance of inviſible powers: This was the beginning of prayers and vows; and thus

Primos in orbe Deos fecit Timor.

But what do vows avail? The wind ſtill rages on relentleſs; the unpitying gods are as deaf and unmoved as the tempeſt: and chance alone directs and governs all things.

Ver. 1304. Thus Shakſpeare in the tragedy of King Lear, deſcribing a tempeſt,

———Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, and not fear. Let the great gods,
Who keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou, perjur'd; and thou, ſimilar of virtue,
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to pieces ſhake,
That under covert, and convenient ſeeming,
Haſt practis'd on man's life: Cloſe pent-up guilt
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.

Ver. 1326. In theſe thirty-eight verſes, he teaches how metals came firſt to be diſcovered, what uſe they put them to, and the value they ſet upon them. He aſcribes the firſt diſcovery to the burning down of the woods: No matter how, nor why they were ſet a fire: but the heat of the flames melted the metals that were diſperſed here and there in the veins of the earth, and made them flow into one maſs. Now when men firſt happened to ſee that glittering body, they were ſurpriſed at its ſplendor, and this it was that invited them to handle it, and try what it was good for: And taking notice that the figure of each lump of it reſembled, and bore a proportion with, the figure of the hole or hollow place out of which they had taken it, they concluded, that by melting thoſe metals again, they might bring them into what form they pleaſed; and that they might be made ſo thin, as to receive an edge, and be ſharpened: Thus they began to make inſtruments of each ſort of metal; and with them fell to cutting down the woods, cleaved the timber, made beams, &c. Now becauſe the inſtruments and tools they had made of gold and of ſilver, as being ſofter metals, were more ſubject to blunt than the others; thoſe firſt men ſet a greater value upon braſs, becauſe it was the more uſeful metal. Whence the poet takes occaſion to ſay, that thoſe wretched miſers who ſit brooding over their unprofitable gold and ſilver, and contemn braſs and iron, thoſe more uſeful metals, act contrary to the dictates of nature, who teaches to ſet value on things according to the utility and uſefulneſs of them.

Gold.] Cadmus, the Phœnician, is by ſome ſaid to have been the firſt who diſcovered gold: Others ſay, that Thoas firſt found it, and that too in the mountain Pangæus in Thrace, now called Malaca, and Caſtagua: The Chronicon Alexandrinum aſcribes it to Mercury, the ſon of Jupiter, or to Picus, king of Italy, who, quitting his own country, went into Egypt, where, after the death of Miſraim, the ſon of Cham, he was elected to ſucceed him in the royal dignity, and was, for the invention of gold, called Θεὸς χρύσιος, the golden god. Æſchylus attributes the inven-

tion of this and all other metals to Prometheus: And there are others who write, that either Æaclis, whom Hyginus calls Cæacus, the ſon of Jupiter, or Sol, the ſon of Oceanus, firſt diſcovered gold, and that too in Panchaia. See Plin. lib. vii. cap. 56. and Polydore, Virgil, lib. ii. de Rer. Invent. cap. 9. Moreover, among the other metals Lucretius mentions iron, though our tranſlator does not. The author of the Diſpenſary deſcribes theſe mines of metals in the earth, in lines worth tranſcribing:

Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore:
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead:
There, glimm'ring in their dawning heds, are ſeen
The more aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin:
The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks,
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks:
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth, and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies:
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire,
Their love's more vi'lent than the chemiſt's fire.

Ver. 1331. Here we may obſerve, that men waged war firſt of all with fire, having, before the invention of iron, braſs, or arms, with which they fought afterwards, diſcovered the deſtructive force of that element.

Ver. 1340. Ariſtotle, in his treatiſe περὶ θαυμάσ. ἀκουσ. ſays, that ſome ſhepherds in Spain having ſet fire to certain woods, and heated the ſubſtance of the earth, the ſilver that was in the bowels of it, melted, and flowed together into a heap: and that a little while afterwards there happened an earthquake, which cleaved the earth, and diſcloſed a vaſt quantity of ſilver, that had flowed together by that means. This too is confirmed by Strabo, lib. 3. where he ſays, that the mines in Andaluſia were diſcovered by this accident. So too Athenæus, lib. vi. c. 4. But of the firſt diſcoverers of metals, conſult the authors mentioned, v. 1336. and Georg. Agricol. lib. i. de Metal.

Ver. 1345. Thus Ovid. Met. i. v. 138.

——Itum eſt in viſcera terræ, [bris,
Quaſque recondiderat, Stygiiſque admoverat umEffodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.
Jamque nocens ferrum, ferroque nocentius aurum
Prodierat, prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque.

Thus Engliſhed by Dryden:

Then greedy mortals, rummaging her ſtore,
Dug from her entrails firſt the precious ore,
(Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid)
And that alluring ill to ſight diſplay'd:
Then curſed ſteel, and more accurſed gold,
Gave miſchief birth, and made that miſchief bold,
And double death did wretched man invade,
By ſteel aſſaulted, and by gold betray'd.

Milton, in the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt, ſpeaking of Mammon;

——By him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid.

Ver. 1359. The author of the Diſpenſary ſays to the ſame purpoſe:

Gold makes a patrician of a ſlave;
A dwarf, an Atlas; a Therſites, brave:
It cancels all defects.——

And Dryden in Amphitryo makes Jupiter ſay,

——When I made
This gold, I made a greater god than Jove,
And gave my own omnipotence away.

Ver. 1360. To the ſame purpoſe, Dryden

Thus ev'ry moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown:
——For former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings.

Ver. 1364. Since it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that the veins of iron, as well as of braſs, ſilver, lead, &c. were melted by the heat of thoſe burning foreſts, how comes it to paſs, that the ancients ſcarce make any mention of iron, but often of braſs? Becauſe, ſays he, in theſe ſixteen verſes, braſs was a more eaſy metal to work, and there was greater plenty of it: therefore the weapons and tools of huſbandry that were firſt uſed, were made of braſs: at length, iron came in play; a fitter metal to plough and till the ſtubborn and hardened earth, and more proper for the daily increaſing roughneſs and cruelty of man.

Ver. 1366. For as Cowley ſays, David. 3.

Theſe were the firſt rude arts that malice try'd,
Ere man the ſins of too much knowledge knew,
And death, by long experience, witty grew.

Ver. 1370. Ovid. Faſt. lib. iv.

Æs erat in prætio, chalybs jam maſſa placebat:
Eheu! perpetuo debuit illa tegi.

Ver. 1372. Heſiod. Ἔργων, καὶ Ἡμερῶν, lib. i. v. 149. ſpeaking of the brazen age:

Τοῖς δ' ἦν χάλκεα μὲν τεύχεα, χάλκεοι δὲ τε οἶ-
κοι,
Χαλκῷ δ' ἐργάζοντο, μέλας δ' οὐκ ἔσκε σίδηρος.

And Euſtathius on Iliad i. v. 236. χαλκὸν δὲ τὸν σίδηρον λέγει διὰ τὴν παλαι χρῆσιν τῷ χαλκῷ &c. to which I add this of Athenæus, lib. vi. cap. 4. Ἱστορῶ τὰ αὐτὰ καὶ Φανίας, ἐν τῷ περὶ τῶν ἐν Σικελίᾳ πυράννων· ὡς χαλκῶν ὄντων τῶν παλαιῶν ἀναθημάτων, καὶ τριπόδων, καὶ λεβήτων, καὶ ἐγχειριδίων· ὧν ἐφ' ἑνὸς καὶ ἐπιγεγράφθαι φησίν

Θάνσαί μ', ἐτεὸν γὰρ ἐν Ιλίῃ εὐρεῖ πύργῳ
Ἦν, ὅτε καλλικόμῳ μαρνάμεθ' ἀμφ' Ἑλένῃ,
Καὶ μ' Ἀθηνορίδης ἐφόρει κρείων Ἑλικάων, &c.

Ver. 1380. Having made mention of wars in the preceding verſe, he takes occaſion to explain in forty-eight verſes, thoſe ſavage, which we call warlike, arts of the firſt men, who improved in cruelty, and grew daily more and more ingenious

to deſtroy. At firſt they fought on horſeback, and a horſe is a tame and gentle animal: then they joined two horſes to a chariot, then four, and armed their chariots with iron bills and ſcythes After this, wild beaſts were brought to the wars, elephants by the Africans, lions by the Parthians, then bulls, boars, &c. But Lucretius himſelf does not believe all this: only having met with theſe relations in ſome hiſtories, he mentions them, and mingles truths with falſities. And yet, ſays he, they are not altogether incredible: For what has not witty rage and cruelty invented? And what kind of aſſiſtance and relief will men not embrace and refuſe, who labour under oppreſſion and deſpair?

Sophocles aſcribes the firſt invention of the bridle, and of riding on horſeback, to Neptune: Lyſias, the orator, to the Amazons: and others, to others: But Virgil abſolutely to the Lapithæ, a people of Theſſalia, that inhabited the mountains Pindus and Othrys, and were next neighbours to the Centaurs. Georg. iii. v. 115.

Frœna Pelethronii Lapithæ, gyroſque dedêre,
Impoſiti dorſo: atque equitem docuêre ſub armis
Inſultare ſolo, et greſſus glomerare ſuperbos.

Thus rendered by Dryden:

——— The Lapithæ add the ſtate
Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the mazy ground;
To ſtop, to fly, the rules of war to know,
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

Ver. 1383. The firſt invention of chariots is by Æſchylus aſcribed to Prometheus, by Cicero to Minerva, by the Trezenians to Hippolytus, and by Virgil to Ericthonius:

Primus Ericthonius currus et quatuor auſus
Jungere equos, rapidiſque rotis inſiſtere victor.
Georg. iii. v. 113.

Bold Ericthonius was the firſt that join'd
Four horſes, for the rapid race deſign'd,
And o'er the duſty wheels preſiding ſate. *Dryd.*

But whether the poet means that Ericthonius, who was king of the Athenians, the ſon of Vulcan and Tellus, who is ſaid to have been ſnake-footed, *anguipes*, and, to conceal that deformity, to have firſt invented a chariot; or that other Ericthonius, the Phrygian, who was the ſon of Dardanus, grandſon of Jupiter, and one of the anceſtors of Æneas, is uncertain. Pliny ſays the Phrygians firſt drove a chariot with two horſes, and Ericthonius one with four: "Bigas primum junxit Phrygum Natio, quadrigas Ericthonius." Nat. Hiſt. lib. vii. cap. 56. Euſebius in Chronic. makes Trochilus, the Argive, who was ſon of Callithea, the prieſteſs of Juno, to be the firſt inventor of chariots; and with him agrees Tertullian de Spectac. However, he is erroneouſly called Orſilochus by Hyginus, who nevertheleſs is followed in his error by Corippus in Panegyr. I. as we find by theſe verſes, which Scaliger on Euſebius cites:

Orſilochum referunt primas junxiſſe quadrigas,
Et currus armâſſe novos, Pelopemque ſecundum
In ſoceri veniſſe necem. ——

But Dempſter, in his edition of Corippus, inſtead of *Orſilochum* reads *Cecropidem*, by which he means Ericthonius, who was the fourth king of Athens from Cecrops, who founded that city: Others again will have it to have been Œnomaus, the king of Elis: But Theon, the Scholiaſt of Aratus ſays plainly, that the conſtellation of Heniochus, which the Latins called *Auriga*, the Charioteer, is, εἴδωλον ἢ Βελλεροφοντου, ἢ Τροχιλου, the repreſentation either of Bellerophon or of Trochilus, the firſt inventor of the *quadriga*. Moreover, as to the manner of joining theſe four horſes in a chariot, the ancients, as they differed from us, ſo they differed among themſelves likewiſe: For ſome chariots had two poles, one between each pair of horſes; for the horſes went "æquatâ fronte," all a-breaſt: ſo that all the horſes were ζύγιοι, i. e. *jugales*, yoked and harnaſſed to the poles: Afterwards Clythenes, the Sycionian, changed that manner, and made chariots with one pole only; ſo that the two middle horſes only were *jugales*; the other two that were outmoſt to the right and left. had only reins, and the other neceſſary harneſs and traces, and were therefore called σειραφόροι, i. e. *funales*; and theſe were more at liberty than thoſe called *jugales*. Of the *funales*, Suetonius, in the life of Tiberius, gives us a remarkable example in theſe words, "Tiberius, pubeſcens Actiaco triumpho, currum Auguſti comitatus eſt ſiniſteriore funali equo, cum Marcellus, Octaviæ filius, dexteriore veheretur:" Which paſſage of that hiſtorian Alexander ab Alexandro undertakes to explain, but is miſtaken in it: for he ſays, that the *equi funales* are ſo called *à funalibus*, i. e. *à facibus triumphalibus*, &c. from the triumphal torches, which their riders carried in their hands: But of this ſee Salmaſius in his Plinian Exercitations, Tom. ii. pag. 899, where he treats of theſe matters at large. The ſeveral figures of the *currus quadrijuges* may be ſeen in the conſular and imperial coins, which we find repreſented in Urſinus, Golizius, and in Panvinius de Ludis Circenſibus: but above all ſee Schefferus, who not long ago publiſhed a treatiſe upon this ſubject, intitled, de re vehiculari Veterum. Tertullian in his book de Spectaculis, acquaints us, That Romulus was the firſt who brought the *quadriga*, or chariot with four horſes, in uſe among the Romans: Pliny makes mention of *currûs ſejuges*, chariots drawn by ſix horſes, and ſays, that the firſt of them among the Romans was in the time of Auguſtus, to whom the ſenate decreed a chariot with ſix horſes, as a triumphal honour, of which nevertheleſs the modeſty of that prince would not permit him to accept.

Ver. 1384. *The armed cars.*] Of them, ſee book iii. ver. 615.

Ver. 1385. *Caſtled elephants.*] Becauſe they carried towers on their backs. Lucretius calls them *Lucas Boves*: and Faber ſays, that *Lucas* is there put for *Lucanas*, as we find *Campas* for *Campanas*

in Plautus: Then he adds, that elephants were ſo called, becauſe the firſt time the Romans had ſeen any, was in the war againſt Pyrrhus, and at *Lucanus*, now called *Lugano*, a town in the Milaneze, Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 6. "Elephantas Italia primum vidit Pyrrhi Regis bello, & boves Lucas appellavit in Lucanis viſas; anno urbis 472." This confirms the opinion of Faber: But Varro, lib. vi. de Linguâ Latinâ, has this Paſſage: "Lucas bos Elephas, cur ita ſit dicta duobus modis invenio ſcriptum: Nam in C. Ælii Commentario à Lybicis Lucas, & in Virginii Commentario à Lucanis Lucas, ab eo quod noſtri maximam quadrupedem; quam ipſi habebant, vocarent bovem; & in Lucanis Pyrrhi bello primum vidiſſent apud hoſtes Elephantes, id eſt, quadrupedes cornutas, (nam quæ dentes multi dicunt ſunt cornua) Lucam bovem appellâſſe: Ego arbitror potius Lucas á luce, quod longe relucebant; propter inauratos regios clypeos quibus eorum tum ornatæ erant turres." But this reaſon of Varro's ſeems but weak: And it is certain, that Pyrrhus firſt made uſe of them in Lucania, and afterwards Hannibal in Africa, againſt the Romans. Lucretius calls them likewiſe *Anguimanos*, ſnake-handed: for the *proboſcis* of the elephant is called a hand, in Cicero ii. de Naturâ Deorum: but that hand is, like a ſerpent, voluble and pliable. *Milton.*

——Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis.——

Ver. 1386. The Africans, but more particularly the Carthaginians, who, as I ſaid before, under their leader Hannibal, fought againſt the Romans.

Ver. 1390. Here the poet teaches, that in their wars, they likewiſe made uſe of bulls, boars, and lions, to help them to fight their battles, but that theſe untractable beaſts often did them more hurt than good; for when the armies were engaged in heat of action, theſe ſavage animals raged not on the enemy alone, but turned back upon their own maſters, and, tearing them to pieces, put all into diſorder. See the note on book iii. ver. 614.

Ver. 1391. The Parthians were a people of Aſia, who long enjoyed the empire of the Eaſt. The country they inhabited was called Parthia, and lay between Media to the weſt, and Aſia to the eaſt; and between Perſia to the ſouth, and Hyrcania to the north: It was called Parthia, ſays Stephanus, from theſe people, who were originally Scythians, and fled out of Scythia to the Medes, who called all fugitives Parthi, and Parthyæi, and thus the country where they ſettled was from them called Parthia. It has now ſeveral names. Mercator calls it Arach: Alphonſus Hadrianus, Jexdi; and Niger, Coraſſau: For, conſiſting of divers provinces, it comes likewiſe to have ſundry names. The Parthians were remarkable for their drunkenneſs; and from them came the proverb, "Parthi quo plus biberint, eo plus ſitiunt." The more the Parthians drink, the more they are adry; nay, to be able to drink a great deal is eſteemed honourable among them: Their wine was made of the fruit of the palm-tree, and their chief food was graſhoppers. Tertullian ſays, they are ſo addicted to venery, that they mix promiſcuouſly with their own ſiſters and mothers: Theft is with them unpuniſhed: They neither built temples, nor erected ſtatues to the gods; but worſhipped their king for their deity: However they offered ſacrifices in the mountains to Jupiter, and to Sol, Luna and Tellus, the ſun moon and earth. They held lying to be the moſt heinous of all crimes.

Ver. 1412. In like manner an Engliſh poet.

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if ſharp wounds their rage inflame,
Liſt up their ſtormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.
Walſh.

Ver. 1428. In theſe eleven verſes he tells us, that in regard to the more civilized arts, their firſt care was to clothe themſelves, which they did at firſt with the ſkins of beaſts, tagged together with thorns, not ſewed, nor were the arts of ſpinning or of weaving yet diſcovered: Nor indeed was it poſſible they ſhould be ſo, before the uſe of iron, without which the tools for ſpinning and weaving could not be made: Nor was ſpinning firſt practiſed by women, but by men; they being the more induſtrious and inventive ſex: till at length the ſturdy peaſants reproached theſe male ſpinſters for their effeminate lazineſs, laughed them from the diſtaff, and brought them to follow the more laborious occupations.

All arts are generally diſtinguiſhed into two ſorts: I. The illiberal, or manual: II. The liberal, or ingenuous: Of the firſt ſort the number is almoſt without number: yet both kinds, though very imperfectly, are reduced each to a ſeptenary diviſion, and expreſſed in the following diſtich:

Lingua, Tropus, Ratio, Numerus, Tonus, Angulus, Aſtra:
Rus, Nemus, Arma, Faber, Vulnera, Lana, Rates.

The firſt of which verſes expreſſes the liberal ſciences, viz grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, muſic, geometry, and aſtronomy: The ſecond, the illiberal; as agriculture, hunting, arts military and fabrile, chirurgery, ſpinning and weaving, and arts nautical: Of the firſt inventors of which, ſee Pliny, lib vii. cap. 56. Polydore Virgil, and Garzone in his Piazza Univerſale: And as to the different eſteem and practice of theſe arts among the Greeks and Romans, you may conſult Aldus Manutius in Quæſt. per Epiſtol. lib. ii. cap. 9.

Ver. 1439. In theſe nineteen verſes the poet teaches, that Nature herſelf taught them to plant: for they had obſerved that the acorns berries, &c. that dropped off the trees, produced new ſhoots; and this put them upon endeavouring to make them do the like: Every one according to his capacity added ſome improvement to the culture of the fields and gardens: And thus by degrees they arrived to the perfection in which we now admire them, by the beau-

tiful order, and regular diſpoſition of greens, flowers, and fruits.

The antiquity of agriculture cannot certainly be conteſted by any other art; ſince the three firſt men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier: Though this be an unqueſtionable truth, yet the ancients differed in opinion concerning the firſt inventor of it: but this variety of opinions might ariſe from the ſeveral perſons that firſt introduced it into ſeveral countries: Varro, lib. iii. de R. R. confeſſes it to be the moſt ancient of all arts: The Egyptians ſaid, it was firſt found out by Oſyris, or Maneros, Joſephus attributes it to Cain, as he does paſturage to Abel. Antiqu. lib. i. cap. 3. The Grecks aſcribed it to Ceres, and the Italians to Saturn. Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 9. ſays, that King Augeas was the firſt who invented manuring of ground by ſtercoration, and that he firſt inſtructed the Greeks in that art, as Hercules did the Italians: who nevertheleſs immortalized, and made a god of their King Stercutius, the ſon of Faunus; if he were not rather the ſame, as ſome will have him to be, with Evander, the Arcadian, who firſt introduced the worſhip of Faunus, that is to ſay, of Pan, or univerſal Nature, into Italy, and taught the Latins the art of manuring ground, for which he was honoured by the name of Stercutius. Tertullian in Apologet. calls him Sterculus or Sterculius; and Servius on Æneid. viii. Sterquilinius, whom he aſſerts to be the ſame with Pitumnus, brother of Pilumnus: By Macrobius he is called Stercutus, which he proves to be one of the names of Saturn: "Saturnum Romani etiam Stercutum vocant, quod primus ſtercore fœcunditatem agris comparaverit." Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 7.

But as no other art can diſpute antiquity with this of agriculture, ſo neither can any lay claim to an equal ſhare of dignity: It is indeed, as Columella, lib. i. cap. 1. calls it, "res ſine dubitatione proxima & quaſi conſanguineâ Philoſophiæ," without doubt the next neighbour, and the neareſt of kin to philoſophy; Varro ſays the principles of it are the ſame with thoſe that Ennius makes to be the principles of the whole univerſe; earth, water, air, and the ſun: And Cicero de ſenectute, ſpeaking of the pleaſures of a huſbandman, ſays of them, that they ſeem to him to approach very near to the pleaſures of a philoſopher, "mihi quidem ad ſapientis vitam proximè videntur accedere." To be a huſbandman, ſays our excellent Cowley, is but a retreat from the city, to be a philoſopher apart from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's. There is no other ſort of life, that affords ſo many branches of praiſe to a panegyriſt: the utility of it to a man's ſelf; the uſefulneſs, or rather neceſſity of it, to all the reſt of mankind: Its innocence, its pleaſures, its antiquity, its dignity: Under all which heads that author has treated of it in his admirable Eſſay of Agriculture, to which I refer the reader.

Ver. 1443. Lucretius. "Stirpes committere ramis;" by which he expreſſes only one of the ſeveral ways of inſition, and what we call to graff cleft-wiſe. Virgil in the ſecond Georgic teaches the ſeveral ways, by which trees are propagated, either naturally, or artificially. They may be produced three ſeveral ways by nature.

I. Of their own accord: as the broom, the withy, the poplar, the oſier, &c. are.

II. By their ſeed that drops by chance: I ſay, by chance; for there is a certain way of ſowing that belongs to art: the trees that grow of fortuitous ſeed, are the cheſnut, the oak, the beech, &c.

III. By their root: for the cherry-tree, hornbeam, laurel, &c. will ſhoot out young trees from their roots.

The ſame poet teaches, that trees may be propagated ſeven ſeveral ways by art, and the induſtry of men:

I. By avulſion, that is to ſay, by plucking up young ſhoots, roots and all, from the bodies of trees, and planting them in the ground.

II. By planting the ſtocks, that is to ſay, the loweſt and thickeſt part of the trunk, together with the roots; or by taking the ſtock without any root, and either cutting it into a ſharp point at the lower end, or ſplitting it at the bottom, and then planting it; but the general way is to ſplit it in form of a croſs; and therefore Virgil calls ſuch ſtocks *quadrifidas*.

——— Hic ſtirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrifidaſque ſudes, et acuto robore vallos.
Georg. ii. *ver.* 24.

III. By propagation, which is chiefly uſed in vines; and this is done by bending the ſhoots or branches in the ſhape of a bow, without cutting them off from the mother-tree, and laying down the top of them into the ground. The branch ſo bent is called *propago*, a layer. Milton deſcribes this way of propagating the Indian fig-tree, which, ſays he,

In Malabar or Decan ſpreads her arms,
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree; a pillar'd ſhade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.

IV. By taking little trees or plants, together with the earth that covers them about the root, and tranſplanting them into another place.

V. By cutting off a ſucker from a tree, and planting it, even though it have no root.

VI. By cutting the ſtem of the tree without any root to it, but in the middle, and into ſeveral pieces, and planting them. This way is chiefly practiſed in the propagation of the olive-tree.

VII. When a branch, or twig, of one tree is inſerted into another tree, and that too of a different kind, and paſſes into the nature of it. This is the true grafting, which is practiſed in two manners: One, which the Latins call *inſitio*, i. e. grafting within a cleft made in the top of the ſtock; which is the ordinary way now uſed, and properly called grafting; the other, inoculation, called likewiſe budding, and grafting ſcutcheonwiſe. Pliny adds a third way, which he calls emplaſtratio; which is generally confounded with inocula-

n; yet there seems to be this difference be-
een these three ways of grafting: That called
ition, was done by cleaving the trunk of the
e, and putting one or more twigs into the cleft.
culation, by making an aperture between the
k and the trunk, and including in it the graff,
twig. And lastly, emplastration, by taking off
rt of the bark of the stock, and substituting in
place the bud of another tree, exactly of the
e bigness, so as to fill up the space of the bark
it is taken away. This is manifest from Pliny,
. xvi. cap. 16, 18, &c. whence it is evident, that
s art of grafting has been variously practised in
ferent ages. And our gardeners at this day dif-
from the method of Virgil, who teaches to
ake the aperture in the very knot or joint of the
ck; whereas they make it either below or a-
ve, in that part of the bark that is brightest and
oothest.

Ver. 1452. See above, ver. 308.

Ver 1458. Music too, like all the other arts, hen first invented, was rude and unpolished; nor as it more at first than an imitation of the chirp-g and singing of birds. Then having observed, at reeds, when shaken by a gentle gale, sent rth a whispering murmur, they made themselves pes of reeds; with these the pensive shepherds ere wont to sooth their cares, and, when the ighbourhood met to be merry, they delighted, irh their uncouth airs, the whole company and emselves. In these merry assemblies they first gan to laugh and jest at one another, and to mple the ground with unequal steps; and this id the first foundation of dancing. Thus they verted themselves, and knew no better; nor do ir more artful and melodious airs delight us ore, than these unharmonious artless strains of eirs did them; but new things always please, id we grow weary of the old. Thus men be-in to loath their acorns, and to indulge their petites with more delicious food. Thus they spised their grassy beds, and invented easy ouches and beds of down. Thus they laid aside eir skins of beasts, and by degrees clothed emselves in purple. This is contained in forty-ght verses.

Ver. 1462. The western winds, says the poet, histling among the reeds, taught them to make pes of the stalks. But of the first invention of pes, see Book iv. ver. 595. and Ovid. Metam. ver. 705.

Ver. 1467. Virgil, Eclog. i.

ormosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

From whence our translator took the thought? t least he had no hint of it from his author. A-aryllis is a fictitious name, used by the ancients n their pastoral poems, and continued down to his day. It is derived from the channels they ade to convey water into their meadow grounds, r to drain them, if too wet; for such a conduit he Greeks called ἡ ἀμάρα.

Ver. 1468. This and the following verse are re-eated below, ver. 1536.

Ver. 1471. Lucret.

——Nam tum sunt omnia cordi:

Which is the reading of all the copies; but Faber says, it ought to be "otia cordi," a judicious emendation, which our translator has followed. Vossius on Catullus, p. 167. corrects this passage of our poet, and says it ought to be read, "omnia chordæ." For after men, says he, have indulged and filled themselves with eating, nothing is more delightful than music, which at that time is, τὰ πάντα, all things.

Ver. 1472. This, and the five following verses are repeated from book ii. ver. 31. Cowley and Anacreon:

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing;
What should I do, but drink away,
The heat and troubles of the day, &c.

Compare Creech's translation of this passage with the original of Lucretius, and with these verses of Cowley, and judge from whence he took it

Ver. 1481. Lucretius:

Tum caput, atque humeros plexis redimire corollis,
Floribus, &c.

Where the poet alludes to the luxury of his own age, when, in their feastings, they used to trim up their bowls with flowers, and to wear garlands of roses on their heads, and round their necks; and, in a manner, to wallow in them. Tibullus:

Et capite et collo mollia serta gerat.

But of this custom see at large book iii. ver. 896.

Ver. 1489. *Morpheus.*] The sun, or rather the servant, of Somnus, the god of sleep. See book iv ver. 1026

Ver. 1495. To the same purpose, Dryden, in the Tragedy of Aurenge-Zebe, says finely:

'Tis not for nothing, that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new.
Each day's a mistress, unenjoy'd before;
Like travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.

Ver. 1502. Faber says, that the first garment, though but a worthless undressed skin of a beast, so pleased these earth-born men, that it was the cause of his death, who first invented and wore it.

Ver. 1506. But this fighting and murder for the skin, says the poet, in fourteen verses, may be in some measure, excused; because, before they had found out the art of weaving, skins were all the covering they had to defend their bodies from the cold. But what excuse is there for men, who destroy, and lay all things waste, with wars and rapine, that they may shine in gold, and clothe themselves in purple? This, nevertheless, they do, transported with an insatiable thirst of avarice and ambition, and because they are ignorant of that true pleasure, which Epicurus taught; and which is not so greedy after delights, as content with necessaries.

Ver. 1514 For man is seldom contented with a competency, and never knows when he has enough nor when to put a stop to what Ovid calls excellently well: "Amor sceleratus habendi." Thus Manilius begins his fourth book:

Quid tam sollicitis vitam consumimus annis,
Torquemurque metu, cæcâque cupidine rerum?
Æterni ilq senes curis, dum quærimus, ævum
Perdimus et nullo votorum fine beati
Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam;
Pauperiorque bonis quisque est, quo plura requirat, [optat.
Nec quod habet memorat; tantum quod non habet,

Which our translator has thus rendered:

Why should our time run out in useless years
Of anxious troubles, and tormenting fears?
Why should deluding hopes disturb our ease,
Vain to pursue, yet eager to possess?
With no success, and no advantage crown'd,
Why should we still tread on th' unfinish'd round?
Grown gray in cares, pursue the senseless strife,
And seeking how to live, consume a life?
The more we have, the meaner is our store,
The unenjoying craving wretch is poor.

Ver. 1520. Men being convinced by a long experience, that the seasons of the year return in a certain order, and that nothing is imbroiled, nothing arrives by chance, (for the atoms that at first fortuitously jumbled together, are composed in such a manner, both by the laws of their own motion, and by the power of nature, that unless some cause from without should hinder and disturb them, they will for ever observe the same motions); they at length embraced a constant and settled way of life. To this end they constituted republics, and established commerce between several nations. Then poets, the authors of history, were born: and lastly, the arts, that are subservient to life, or conducive to pleasure, were found out. For the names of the inventors of them are still preserved and known.

Ver. 1525. The nations, who are famed for the invention of navigation, are, first the Phœnicians, from whom it came to the Egyptians, and from them to the Greeks; among whom the first that sailed are said to be the Cretans. But as to the first building, and use of ships, not to mention Noah's ark, Clemens Alexandrinus ascribes the invention to Atlas, the Libyan, Æschylus, to Prometheus; and Diodorus Siculus, to Neptune: the invention likewise of sails is ascribed by the same Æschylus to Prometheus alio: by Diodorus to Æolus; by Pliny and Pausanias to Dædalus and his son Icarus: by Cassiodorus, lib. 5. Variar. and by Hyginus to Isis; who, for that reason, on the reverse of some of the Roman coins, is represented, holding in her hand, a sail, swelling with the wind: it is certain that the Latins styled her Dea Navigia, as being the president of navigation: to confirm which, we find in Gruterus, p. 312. the following inscription:

DIIS MANIBUS SAC.
SER. SULPITIO AUG. L.
ALCIMO ÆDITUO
AD ISIDEM PELAGIAM.

Of the original and first essays of navigation Claudian in the Preface to the Rape of Proserpine:

Inventâ secuit primus qui nave profundum,
Et rudibus remis solicitavit aquas;
Tranquillis primum trepidis se credidit undis,
Littora secuto tramite summa legens.
Mox longos tentare sinus, et linquere terras,
Et leni cœpit pandere vela Noto:
Ast ubi paulatim præceps audacia crevit,
Cordaque languentem dedidicêre metum;
Jam vagus erupit pelago, cœlumque secutus,
Ægeas hyemes, Ioniumque domat.

Ver. 1526. Thus too Manilius, lib i. ver. 87.

Tum vagus in cæcum penetravit navita pontum,
Fecit et ignotis itiner commercia terris.

Which Creech thus renders:

Through seas unknown the sailor then was hurl'd
And gainful traffic join'd the distant world.

The original of traffic is generally ascribed to the Phœnicians: some indeed, particularly Phornutus or Cornutus, de Naturâ Deorum, and Cæsar, lib. 6. de Bello Gall. attribute it to Mercury, whom for that reason Arnobius calls "Nundinarum, Mercium, Commerciorumque mutator," lib. 3. ad Gentes. And that merchants used to sacrifice to him as to the god of gain, and president of negociation and commerce, is confirmed by Ovid. lib. 4 Fastor. where speaking to Mercury, he says,

Te quicunque suas profitentur vendere merces,
Thure dato, tribuas ut sibi lucra rogant.

This too is confirmed by that ancient inscription that was found at Metz, in the year 1589, and recorded by Philippus Thomasinus de Denarii pag. 274.

MERCURIO NEGOTIATORI
SACRUM
NUMISIUS ALBINUS
EX VOTO.

Ver. 1528. Cicero says, that the invention of letters has circumscribed, in a few literal marks, the sounds of the voice, which seemed infinite: "Sonos vocis, qui infiniti videbantur, paucis literarum notis terminavit." Tusc. 1. Suidas calls it γραμματικὴν φιλοσοφίαν, the grammatical philosophy, and ascribes the invention of it to Prometheus: others to the Phœnicians: thus Lucan:

Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

which passage, Brebœuf, the French interpreter of that poet, applying it to Cadmus, who from the Phœnicians brought most of the letters of the Greek alphabet into Greece, has rendered in these excellent verses.

C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingenieux
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux;
Et par les traits divers de figures tracées,
Donner de la couleur, et du corps aux pensées.

Which I the rather chooſe to take notice of, becauſe they are finely rendered into our own language by a perſon of quality, and not till now made public.

He that ingenious art did firſt deſcry
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eye;
And, by the various ſhapes of figures wrought,
Gave colour, and a body to a thought.

But as to the firſt characterizers of ſpeech, ſee the learned digreſſion of Joſeph Scaliger de Liter. antiqu. upon Euſebius: and Petit. in obſervat. lib. ii. c. 1. To which I add theſe anonymous verſes, as they are recorded by Crinitus and Giraldus, and from them tranſcribed by Gerard. Joh. Voſſius, lib. i. de Arte Grammat.

Primus Moyſes Hebraicas exaravit literas:
Mente Phœnices ſagaci condiderunt Atticas:
Quas Latini ſcriptitamus edidit Nicoſtrata:
Abraham Syras, et idem reperit Chaldaicas:
Iſis arte non minore protulit Ægyptias:
Gulfilas promſit Getarum quas videmus literas.

But the origin of letters is, with greater appearance of truth, referred by others to Adam himſelf: for is it not highly improbable, that he, who was to tranſmit all learning and knowledge down to his poſterity, ſhould want the neceſſary conveyances and inſtruments for ſo great a work? And this opinion is confirmed by the early mention that is made of letters, even in the days of Seth, who was his ſon; and who no doubt received them from him. I know not of what weight it may ſeem, but I cannot omit to take notice, that, in the Vatican Library at Rome, there is extant, to this day, an ancient picture of Adam, with a hebrew inſcription over his head; which indeed makes nothing to our preſent purpoſe: but under his feet there is another in Latin, conceived in theſe words:
ADAM DIVINITUS EDOCTUS, PRIMUS SCIENTIARUM ET LITERARUM INVENTOR. See Lomeier. de Biblioth. p. 10.

OF THE
SEVERAL WAYS OF WRITING
PRACTISED BY THE ANCIENTS.

HAVING given this ſhort account of the firſt invention of letters, it may not be amiſs in this place to give ſome account likewiſe in a ſhort digreſſion, how thoſe characters of old preſerved themſelves from death. And indeed there is ſcarce any matter capable of receiving the marks of letters, that ſome or other of the ancients have not made uſe of for that purpoſe.

The firſt letters that we read of were engraved in ſtone: witneſs the two famous pillars of Enoch, one of which was yet remaining, even in the days of Joſephus: and Jamblicus confeſſes, that he took the principles of his myſtical philoſophy from the pillars of Mercury. Pliny, in his Natural Hiſtory, lib. 7. cap 5. acquaints us, that the Babylonians, and the Aſſyrians, engraved their laws in pillars of brick, "incoctis lateribus." And we know that Moſes writ his on ſtone: Horace too makes mention of this ſort of writing on ſtones:

Non inciſa notis marmora publicis.

The Roman laws of the twelve tables were engraven in braſs; and ſo too was the league made with the Latins, as Livy witneſſes, Decad. i. lib. 2. And Talus. of whom was reported many ridiculous ſtories, was, upon no other ground, feigned by the Cretans, to be a man made of braſs by Vulcan, but likewiſe he carried about Crete the laws that were graven in braſs, and put them ſeverely in execution.

Pauſanias, in Bœoticis, makes mention of all the books of Heſiod, that are intituled, Ἔργων καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in plates of lead: which ſort of plates Suetonius, in the life of Nero, calls "chartam plumbeam," leaden paper: but this cuſtom was in uſe even before the days of Job · who himſelf, chap. 19. cries out: "Oh that my words were graven with an iron pen, and lead in the rock for ever:" which the interpreters explain, that he would have the leaden plates placed upon rocks or pillars.

They uſed alſo of old to write on leaves or plates of ivory; and hence the books were called "libri elephantini; and not as ſome imagine from their bigneſs and huge bulk. Thus Martial. lib. 14. Epigram. 5.

Languida nè triſtes obſcurent lumina ceræ,
Nigra tibi niveum litera pingat ebur.

Waxen table-books were very ancient: for Prœtus ſent a letter in one of them by Bellerophon, as Homer tells us, Iliad 6. Theſe table-books were made of wood, covered with wax, on which they writ with an inſtrument of iron or braſs, and therefore they were called "pugillares, à pungendo," as Aldus Manutius obſerves. De quæſitis per Epiſt. lib 2. epiſt. 1. Georgius Longus, de Annulis Signatoriis cap. 8 deſcribes them to be of a triangular form: but Laurentius Pignorius de ſervis, p. 116. ſays "Pugillarium forma fuit oblonga et quadrata, eminenti quâdam margine circumcirca concluſa, ut vidimus Romæ in veteri arcâ ſepulchrali in hortis Cyriaci Mattheii." The ſame Pignorius in the ſame book, p 117. deſcribes likewiſe the form of the Roman Graphium, or Stylus, with which they uſed to write in theſe waxen table-books: It was firſt made of iron, but that being dangerous to ſtab with, and too frequently abuſed in that practice, was, in after times, forbid at Rome, and publicly prohibited to be worn, as Caſaubon notes on Suetonius, lib. i. cap. 82. and then ſtyles of bone were in uſe: theſe were made ſharp at one end to cut the letters, and flat at the other to deface them; whence the phraſe, "ſtylum vertere:" this ſtylus was uſually carried in a little caſe, called graphiarum, as Beroaldus obſerves on the ſame place of Suetonius. As for ſlates, and plates of wood, it cannot be doubted but that they were uſed to write upon.

Pancirolus tells us, That the Longobards, now by corruption called Lumbards, at their firſt

coming into Italy, made leaves to write on, of thin ſhavings of wood, ſome of which he had ſeen and read in his days. The ancients writ likewiſe on the leaves of palm-trees, ſee Pliny, lib. xiii. cap. 11. and thence letters are called Phœnician, not from the country, but from φοῖνιξ, a palm-tree. Yet Guilandnus de Papyro, makes a mighty buſtle to prove, that palm-leaves were never uſed to write upon; he believes that Phœnicea, which Pliny there uſes, is not the ſame with φοῖνιξ, and would have us read "malvarum," inſtead of "palmarum. It is indeed true, that they did anciently write on the leaves of mallows likewiſe, as appears by Iſidorus, and the following epigram of Cinna, which that author cites:

Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina, queis ignes movimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo malvæ deſcripta libello,
Pruſiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.

But this was not frequent: for the leaves of mallows are too ſoft, to be proper for that uſe. The names of thoſe who were expelled the ſenate at Athens, were written on leaves, though of what kind, is uncertain: but from thence the ſentence againſt them was called Ἐμφυλλοφόρησις; and the names of thoſe baniſhed by the people, were written on ſhells: but at Syracuſe, the names of ſuch ſentenced citizens were written on the leaves of the olive-tree; and thence it was called Πεταλισμος, ἀπὸ τῦ πέταλα ἐλαίας. And the Cumæan Sybil in Virgil was wont to make uſe of this ſort of paper:

Fata canit, foliiſque notas et carmina mandat.
Æn. iii. *ver.* 444.

Upon which Hortenſius cites Varro to prove, that it was peculiar to that Sybil, to deſcribe the oracles in the leaves of palm-trees: but Cerdanus believes it to have been the general cuſtom of thoſe times, and that they did not yet write on the barks of trees, or on the reed called papyrus, or on parchment.

Pliny makes mention in ſeveral places of books made of linen: theſe were public records, and called by ſome "libri lintei," by others, "linteæ mappæ, and "carbaſina volumina," ſilken volumes: Claudian.

——— Quid carmine poſcat
Fatidico cuſtos Romani carbaſus ævi.

And Symmachus Epiſtolar. lib. 4. "Monitus Cumanos lintea texta ſumpſerunt:" and Pliny ſays the Parthians uſed to interweave letters in their clothes.

The ancients were likewiſe wont to write on the thin kind of ſkin, that grows between the outmoſt bark and the body of the tree; and the paper, which the Chineſe and ſome Indians uſe to this day, ſeems to be made of that, or ſomething like it: and from thence a book was called *liber*.

Having tried all theſe experiments, at length they fell to uſe paper, which they called Papyrus, from a reed of that name, that grew in the fens and marſhy grounds in Egypt, and of which paper was made: they likewiſe called it Charta, from a town of that name in the marſhes of Egypt, where it grew. Herodotus in Terpſichore ſays, that even in his days the Ionians called paper, ſkins; becauſe in times paſt they were fain to ſupply the want of paper with ſkins, which ſhows the error of Pliny, in ſaying, that neither paper nor parchment were uſed before the time of Eumenes; from whoſe city Pergamus, parchment firſt came, and thence was called Pergamena: but of the invention, uſe, and improvement of paper and parchment, ſee at large Melch. Guilandin. in his Treatiſe de Papyr. I only add, that the Diphtheræ of the Greeks were only ſkins of beaſts: and that, in which Jupiter is feigned to keep his memorial of all things, was made of the ſkin of the goat, that gave him ſuck: and many are of opinion, that the famous golden fleece was nothing but a book, written on a ſheep's ſkin. Diodorus the Sicilian, affirms in his ſecond book, that the annals of Perſia were written on ſuch ſkins: and many more authorities might be produced, if they were needful.

At length the poets, ſays Lucretius, began to celebrate in their hymns the noble actions of the heroes of thoſe days; and this cuſtom is at this time obſerved amongſt the Indians, whoſe ſongs are the only hiſtories they have. Laſtly, the poet teaches, that all the other arts were invented and improved by the ſagacity and experience of men; inſomuch that it is hard to ſay, which of them was firſt found out.

Ver. 1536. This and the following verſe are repeated from above, ver. 1467.

Ver. 1538. Thus too Manilius, ſpeaking of the invention of arts, ſays,

Semper enim ex aliis alias profeminat uſus.
Lib. 1. *ver.* 98.

Which Creech paraphraſes thus:

New hints from ſettled arts experience gains,
Inſtructs our labours, and rewards our pains:
Thus into many ſtreams one ſpring divides,
And through the valley rolls refreſhing tides.

Conſonant to which is this of Columella, lib. 10.

Ipſa novas artes varia experientia rerum,
Et labor oſtendit miſeris; uſuſque magiſter
Tradidit.——

And Theocritus in Idyl. 21. aſcribes the invention of all arts to want and neceſſity:

Ἀστινία, Διόφαντε. μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει,
Αὐτὰ τῶ μόχθοιο διδάσκαλος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ὕπνῳ
Ἀνδράσιν ἐργατίναισι κακὰ παρίχονθι μέριμναι.

To which may not improperly be applied, what Philoſtratus, in the life of Apollonius, as cited by Photius, reports of the temple of Hercules at Gades; where among other altars, there was one dedicated to penury and art; to intimate, that as penury ſtirs up art, ſo art drives away penury; as Hercules put to flight, and ſubdued monſters, the incitements of his valour. See Riccard. Brixian.

and Casaubon explaining this passage of the prologue to Persius;

Magister artis, ingeniique largitor
Venter.——

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

What Lucretius in this book asserts from ver. 60. to ver. 461. that the sun, the earth, the sea, in a word, the whole frame of this world has not existed from all eternity, nor will continue to all eternity, is believed in general by all pious men, and sound philosophers: but his proving this assertion by some probable, and by many strong and unquestionable arguments, that indeed seems peculiar to Lucretius only: for certainly no stronger proofs, no more cogent reasons [I always except the Holy Scriptures] are any where to be found. This makes me wonder the more, how so excellent a wit could insert those foolish verses from ver. 168 to ver. 266. in which he endeavours to evince, that God did not create the world: for he believes, that God is not generous enough, or rather is too spiteful and envious, to do any thing for the sake of man; and fancies, that whatever he does, he does for the sake of himself, of his own ease and quiet. If any man should give such a character of Epicurus, Lucretius would treat him as an impudent babbler. In the next place he imagines, that neither God nor man can have any notice or knowledge of any things, but by the means of images. And who is this God? Is it not he whom the mind of man perceives, whom all nations acknowledge and adore? In the next place, who can bear with him, while he enumerates the faults, as he calls them, of the world? All of them false and foolishly invented. And were these defects in the new and infant world? Lucretius himself denies they were; and therefore is the more to blame, to impute the decays and flaws in a building, worn out with age, to the fault of the architect.

From ver. 461. to ver. 551. he describes the rise or birth of the world; and among all the physiologers, there is not a description of it more likely to be true, nor more lively and beautiful. The atoms are moved by their own weight, they meet, this makes them rebound, and according to the difference of the stroke and weight, the resilition is made into different places, where they combine and grow into bodies.

Having, as he imagines, freed the Deity from all care and trouble, and kept him in ease and quiet, while the world was making, he proceeds, and from ver. 550. to ver. 824. delineates the order: and because he does not assign any one certain cause of the motions of the heavens, of eclipses, of day and night, with that positiveness as some others do, he seems to some to waver in his opinions. but I insist, that such a constancy as they call it, in an Epicurean physiologer, would be very ridiculous: for he pronounces that all things are made and done by chance: and that no man can determine one, to say, certain cause, of these phenomenons, since they may be explained in several manners. Nor should I indeed think a man worthy of blame, who assigns several causes, while among the rest the only true and certain cause is proposed. Nor can I imagine a man could act more agreeably to his principles, or describe chance better: resolving all philosophy, all our search, and inquiry into those matters, into a naked *may be:* nay, often scarce standing within the comprehensive bounds of possibility: but to pass by all the contradictions that lie in the very principles, and beginning of his hypothesis, let us suppose these infinite atoms, moving in the infinite; and grant they could strike, and take hold, and squeeze out the lesser and more agile parts into seas, heaven, moon, stars, &c. I ask, why this mighty mass of earth as its nature requires, does not constantly descend? Why is it fixed and steady? Lucretius answers: because it lies in congenial matter, and therefore presses not: but still the question returns: why does not this congenial matter fall, since it has weight, the Epicurean property of atoms, and that other fit matter spread below it? The demand constantly returns. Besides, this matter was squeezed out of the earth by the descending heavier particles, and therefore the mass may press, and descend through it. Well then, if this earth cannot be framed, neither can any of the other elements; since, according to his description, the latter depends on the former. And since he refuses to stand to any one cause of the motion of the sun or stars, it would be endless to pursue this flying bubble, and follow him through all the mazes of conceit and fancy. Nor will I add any thing concerning what he alleges of the magnitude of the sun, moon, and stars, having said before, that that opinion is too vulgar to be regarded.

Read the rest of this book, and commiserate a man of so excellent parts, who could forget himself, and play the fool so egregiously: but it is a fate upon all who deny a Divine Providence, to reason foolishly in ethics, and absurdly in physics. Yet in the description he gives of the state of the first men, of their manners and way of life, we have a perfect image of the manners of all the present barbarous and savage nations: and in these earth-born men of Lucretius, you will easily discover the Cannibals, Brasileans, and several others of the people of the West Indies.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE firſt thirty-ſeven verſes of this ſixth and laſt book of Lucretius contain the praiſe of Athens, in which city the great Epicurus was born; together with an encomium of that philoſopher. II. From ver. 37. to ver. 96. the poet explains the argument of this book, in ſuch a manner as might reaſonably be expected from an Epicurean. From thence, to ver. 431. he proceeds to dive into the very nature of the things we call meteors; and, that men might learn not to be diſmayed at the thunder of angry Jupiter, he teaches, that thunder is made either by the colliſion, or corraſion, or diſruption of clouds, when contrary winds fight againſt one another: or, by the force of winds, either ſtruggling within the bowels of the clouds, or driving them with violence againſt each other: or, that it is only the hiſſing of flames, that fall from a dry cloud into a wet: or, laſtly, that thunder is but the craſhing noiſe of bodies of hail and ice, that meeting violently in the air, are daſhed to pieces. As for the lightning, which the Latins called *Fulgur*, he ſays it is nothing but fire forced out of clouds, either by their colliſion, or other motion; or the ſeeds of flames that are driven out of clouds, by the force of winds. And then, as to the thunderbolt, that other ſort of lightning which the ancients called *Fulmen*, he teaches, that it conſiſts of a ſubtile and fiery nature; that it is conceived and bred in thick and high-built clouds; that being grown to maturity, it burſts out of the clouds by the force of wind, that either breaks through them, daſhes them to pieces, or beats from without, with great violence againſt them; that it conſiſts of atoms ſo ſubtile and minute that it is borne along the air with wonderous celerity: and that it is moſt frequent in the vernal and autumnal ſeaſons: then he concludes this diſputation with deriding the ſuperſtitious doctrine of the Thuſcans, and others, who held that thunder and lightning are not the effects of natural cauſes, but proceed merely from the will of the offended, angry gods, and that Jupiter himſelf is the darter of thunder. And becauſe a preſter or fiery whirlwind, which is indeed a ſort of lightning, and all other whirlwinds are certain kinds of meteors, the poet, from ver. 431. to ver. 460. diſputes, IV. concerning them. and explains the nature, cauſes, motions, and differences of them. V. From ver. 459. to ver. 532. he treats of clouds and of rain. Clouds he ſuppoſes to be made either of the rougheſt and moſt dry particles of the air; or of the ſteams, vapours, and exhalations, that ariſe from the earth and waters And as to rain, he ſays, it is generated, either by compreſſion, as they term it, or by tranſmutation: by compreſſion, if the force of the winds ſqueeze the water out of the clouds; by tranſmutation, if the clouds themſelves are changed, and diſtil in falling drops of water. VI. In regard to the other meteors, as the rainbow, ſnow, wind, hail, and froſt, he diſputes briefly of them, or rather only mentions them, from ver. 531. to ver. 541. VII. From ver. 540. to ver. 609 he treats of the ſeveral ſorts of earthquakes, and of the cauſes of them: which he aſcribes, either to hollow parts of the earth, which, falling in, cauſe it to tremble; or to the tremulous motion of the waters, which he ſuppoſes the earth to ſwim in, or to ſubterraneous, and other winds; which either ſhake the earth in ſeveral parts, or drive it to and fro. VIII. From ver. 608. to ver. 646. he treats of the ſea; and teaches, that the reaſon why it does not increaſe, notwithſtanding the immenſe quantity of water that is continually flowing into it, is, either becauſe of the vaſtneſs of the ſea itſelf, or becauſe the heat of the ſun dries up its waters: or becauſe the winds, bruſhing over them, bear much of them away; or becauſe the clouds draw much moiſture from them; or, laſtly, becauſe of the dryneſs of the earth itſelf, which ſucks in, and imbibes, the waters of the ſea. IX. From ver. 645. to ver. 715. he inquires into the cauſes of the fires that are ejected out of Ætna; and imputes them either to the violence of the wind, or to the exeſtuation of the waters of the ſea; which, entering beneath into the cavities of the mountain, extrude and force out the ſeeds of flame, that are engendered and collected there, through the apertures, that are on the top of it. X. From ver. 714. to ver. 735. he treats of the annual increaſe of the Nile; and aſcribes it either to the Eteſian winds, that blow full againſt the ſtream of that river: and thus, hindering its courſe, cauſe the waters to overflow: or to heaps of ſand, which the ſea drives to the mouths of it, and thus chokes them up; or to the rains and ſnows that fall, and are melted, near the fountain of the Nile. XI. From ver. 734. to ver. 831. he diſpures of the Averni, and other tracts of the earth, that are noxious, and even deadly, to birds, men, deer, crows, horſes, &c. XII. From ver. 830. to ver. 894. he teaches, why the water of ſome wells and ſprings is hot in winter, and cold in ſummer. XIII. And thence to ver. 1006. he explains at large the attractive power and virtue of the loadſtone. XIV. Laſtly, from ver. 1006. to the end of the book, he diſcourſes briefly of the cauſe and origin of plagues and diſeaſes; and concludes his poem with an elegant deſcription, taken from Thucydides, of the plague that raged in Athens, and almoſt laid waſte and deſolate the whole country of Attica, in the time of the Peloponneſian war.

Athens first gave us laws, and chang'd our food;
For acorns, tender fruit and corn bestow'd
On wretched man: each was a mighty good!
But then she taught us how to live at ease,
She taught the joys of life, and show'd us peace.
When Epicurus rose; when he began,
That oracle of truth, that more than man;
The fame of whose inventions still survive'd,
And rais'd an everlasting pyramid, [wide.
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis
For he, observing some that could supply
Contented nature's thrifty luxury,
Happy in honours, and in wealth's embrace,
And doubly happy in a noble race,
Still groan'd at home; with cares and fears op-
Each found a sad disturber in his breast, [press'd,
Imagin'd strait, some fault lay hid in man,
Whence this corruption of the joys began:
Because his wish is boundless, vast his mind;
The goods ran through and left no sweet behind:
Or else some ill opinion still destroys
The ent'ring good, and still sours all his joys.
Then he, the mighty he, by pow'rful rules,
And true philosophy reform'd our souls,
He purg'd away all vain and empty care,
And taught what man should hope, what man should fear.
The end, at which our actions aim, he show'd,
And taught an easy way to find the good:
What we from chance, or nature's force may fear,
And taught us how t' avoid, and how to bear,
And prov'd that man is fondly vex'd with care.
For we, as boys at night, at day do fear
Shadows, as vain, and senseless as those are:
Wherefore that darkness, that o'erspreads our souls,
Day can't disperse, but those eternal rules,
Which from firm premises true reason draws,
And a deep insight into nature's laws.
And therefore I'll proceed. Since then the sky
And all that is, or can be, fram'd on high,
Is mortal, once was made and once must die;
Since this is prov'd, now I'll go farther on,
And finish this so happily begun.
The various wonders of the lower air [care,
Perplex mens doubtful thoughts with vexing
And make the wretches bend with slavish fear:
For ignorance of causes heaves the mind
To pow'rs above; as birds soar high, when blind.
We see effects; but when their causes lie
Beyond the ken of vulgar reason's eye,
We then ascribe them to the Deity.
For ev'n those few exalted souls, that know
The gods must live at ease, nor look below;
If they look up, and view the world above,
And wonder how these glorious beings move,
They are entrap'd, they bind their slavish chain,
And sink to their religious fears again;
And then the world with heav'nly tyrants fill,
Whose force is as unbounded as their will.
Deluded ignorants! who ne'er did see
By reason's light, what can, what cannot, be:
How all at last must yield to fatal force;
What steady bounds confine their nat'ral course:
And therefore err. If you refuse to fly
Such thoughts, unworthy of the Deity;
But think they act such things, as break their ease,
And opposite to joy and happiness;
Then thou shalt surely smart, and, fancying still
The gods are angry, fear a coming ill: [ploy;
Though no revengeful thoughts their minds em-
No thirst to punish man disturbs their joy:
Yet thou dost think their happy quiet age
Still vex with waking cares, and vi'lent rage.
Nor shalt thou visit on the sacred days
Their shrines with quiet mind, or sing their praise,
Besides, the images, the forms, that rise
From their pure limbs, and strike thy reason's
And constantly present the deities; [eyes,
Those images will still disturb thy mind,
Strike deep, and wound, and leave despair behind:
And then how sad thy life! what pungent cares
Will vex thy wretched soul? What anxious fears?
But now to chase these phantoms out of sight
By the plain magic of true reason's light;
Though I have sung a thousand things before,
My lab'ring muse must sing a thousand more:
How thunder, storm, and how swift lightning flies,
Singing with fiery wings the wounded skies!
Lest superstitious you observe the flame,
If those quick fires from lucky quarters came;
Or with sad omen fell, and how they burn
Through closest stones, and waste, and then return.
And you, my sweetest muse, come lead me on
I'm eager, and 'tis time that I were gone;
Come lead me on, and show the path to gain
The race, and glory too, and crown my pain.
First, then, the dreadful thunder roars aloud,
When fighting winds drive heavy cloud on cloud:
For where the heav'n is clear, the sky serene,
No dreadful thunder's heard, no lightning seen;
But where the clouds are thick, there thunders rise;
The furious infant's born, and speaks, and dies.
Now clouds are not so thick, so close combin'd
As stones; nor yet so thin, and so refin'd
As rising mists, or subtile smoke, or wind:
For then the upper clouds, like weighty stone,
Would fall abruptly, and come tumbling down:
Or else disperse, like smoke, and ne'er enclose
The hanging drops of rain, nor hail, nor snows.
They give the crack, as o'er a theatre
Vast curtains spread, are ruffled in the air;
Or torn (for such a sound is often known
From thunder's crack), they give a mighty groan;
Or as spread clothes, or sheets of paper, fly
Before the wind, and rattle through the sky.
But clouds meet not directly still, but slide,
And rudely grate each others injur'd side:
And hence that buzzing noise we often hear;
That with harsh murmurs fills the lower air;
Continues long, but with a softer sound;
At length it gathers strength, and breaks the bound.
But more, the thunder, arm'd with pointed flame,
May seem to shake the world, and break the frame;
When e'er a fierce, and strong, and furious wind,
In narrow, thick, and hollow clouds confin'd,

Breaks through the priſon with a mighty noiſe,
And ſhoots at liberty with dreadful voice:
Nor is this ſtrange, when one poor breath of air,
That ſtarts from broken bladders, ſounds ſo far.
Again: 'tis reaſon too that noiſe ſhould riſe
When vi'lent ſtorms rage o'er the lower ſkies,
For thouſand clouds appear, rough, cloſe combin'd,
And thick, and able to reſiſt the wind:
Thus noiſe muſt riſe, as when the woods they wound,
The vext and injur'd boughs ſigh forth a mournful ſound.
And winds oft cut the clouds, and, paſſing through,
With murm'ring ſound fill all the air below:
For that the winds may break the clouds, and fly
Through all reſiſtance in the lower ſky,
'Tis eaſy to diſcover, ſince they break,
And twiſt our trees: yet here there force is weak.
Beſides; vaſt waves of clouds ſeem roll'd above,
And in confus'd and tumbling order move:
Theſe, meeting, ſtrike, and break, and loudly roar,
As billows daſhing on the trembling ſhore.
Or elſe hot thunder falls on rain, or ſnow,
And dies, and hiſſes, as it paſſes through:
As when we quench a glowing maſs, the fires
Fly off with noiſe, with noiſe the heat expires.
But if the cloud be dry, and thunder fall,
Riſes a crackling blaze, and ſpreads o'er all;
As when fierce fires, preſs'd on by winds, do ſeize
Our laurel groves, and waſte the virgin trees;
The leaves all crackle; ſhe, that fled the chaſe
Of Phœbus love, ſtill flies the flames embrace.
Or elſe vaſt hills of hail, and rocks of ice,
May break; and, tumbling, rattle through the ſkies:
For when rough ſtorms conjoin the parts of hail,
Or ſcatter'd ice, their weight muſt make them fall.
Quick lightning flies, when heavy clouds ruſh on,
And ſtrike as ſteel and flint, or ſtone and ſtone:
For then ſmall ſparks appear, and ſcatter'd light
Breaks ſwiftly forth, and wakes the ſleepy night:
The night, amaz'd, begins to haſte away,
As if thoſe fires were beams of coming day.
And firſt we ſee the light, and then we hear
The noiſes: theſe but ſlowly reach the ear;
Becauſe the images of things do fly
More ſwift than ſounds, and quickly ſtrike the eye:
One inſtance clears it; for, obſerve, and ſee,
Whene'er a cruel ax does wound a tree,
The tree ſtrait ſighs: but if at diſtance ſhown,
We ſee the ſtroke before we hear the groan:
So whilſt the noiſe moves ſlow the winged light
Flies ſwiftly on, and ſtrikes the diſtant ſight:
Though both aroſe at once, that moves the eyes,
Before the ſlow-tongu'd thunder ſpeaks, and dies.
But more; a cloud ſeems fir'd, a tempeſt brings
Swift trembling flames upon his dreadful wings;
When ſhut within a cloud, it ſcorns the bound,
And ſtrives to break, and whirls, and tumbles round;
And, whirling, hollows out the wat'ry frame,
At laſt grows hot, takes fire, and breaks in flame:
For motion cauſes heat: thus balls of lead,
From engines thrown, have melted as they fled:
The wind grows hot, when loos'd from cold embrace
Of preſſing clouds, and gets a larger ſpace:
Strait ſcatters ſparks of fire, which ſwiftly fly,
And ſpread quick lightnings o'er the lower ſky:
Then the grave murmur comes: the light appears
Before the heavy ſound can reach our ears,
Now this is done, when cloud lies heap'd on cloud;
Thence lightning flies, and thunder roars aloud.
Nor muſt you think this falſe; becauſe the eye,
When plac'd below, ſees clouds more broad than high:
For look and ſee, the lab'ring winds can bear
Vaſt mountain-clouds, and whirl them through the air;
The lab'ring winds then move but ſlowly on,
And, as oppreſs'd with burdens, ſigh and groan.
Or when upon a mountain's lofty head,
We ſee the higher clouds o'er lower ſpread.
And, though the winds all huſh'd, they ceaſe to move,
Yet ſtill the low are preſs'd by thoſe above:
Then you may gueſs their bulk; how high they rear!
How vaſt theſe real caſtles built in air!
How great, how ſtrong their hollows, where the wind
Shut up, grows fierce, and ſcorns to be confin'd,
But roars through all the clouds; as beaſts diſdain
The den's confinement, and the flaviſh chain,
And roar to get their liberty again:
And, ſeeking way, rolls round the watery frame,
And gathers num'rous ſeeds of ſubtle flame,
And theſe it whirls, until the ſhining ſtreams
Break through the cloud, and ſhow their feeble beams.
But more, theſe glaring fires, theſe flames, may
And fall to earth through all the ſpacious ſkies,
Becauſe the clouds hold num'rous parts of light:
For if they're dry, their colour's fiery bright:
For they muſt catch, and hold deſcending rays,
And thus look fiery red, and often blaze:
Theſe, preſs'd by winds, to narrow place retire,
And ſcatter ſeeds that frame the glaring fire.
But farther; lightning often ſeems to glide
When clouds grow rare; for, as the winds divide,
The clouds muſt loſe the ſeeds: Thoſe ſhow the fire,
But without thunder ſilently expire.
But now what ſeeds the thunder's parts compoſe,
Their ſtinks, their marks, and ſulph'rous odour ſhows:
For theſe are ſigns of fire, not wind, or rain:
Nay, oft they burn our towns, and men complain
Of heav'nly fires, and angry gods, in vain.
Now theſe celeſtial fires are fram'd above,
Of parts refin'd, and thin, and apt to move:
Too ſtrong to be oppos'd, they ſcorn a bound,
And paſs through cloſeſt walls, as voice and ſound:
They fly with eaſe through ſtone, through gold, and braſs:
And in one inſtant melt the ſtubborn maſs.

Nay, oft the caſk entire, the liquors flow,
Becauſe the pointed flames, with ſecret blow,
Widen the veſſel's pores in paſſing through:
Which yet the ſun, with all his beams and rage,
And all his fires can't do within an age:
So quick theſe parts muſt move, ſo ſwift they run,
So much excel in force the vig'rous ſun.
Now, how this force begins, how thunder flies
With that quick ſtrength, how theſe fierce motions riſe,
That break our ſtrongeſt tow'rs, our towns infeſt,
Demoliſh houſes, ruin man and beaſt,
That ſplit our trees, and rage o'er all the wood,
I will explain, and make my promiſe good.
Firſt, then, 'tis certain thunder ſeems to fly
From dark, thick clouds, and thoſe built vaſtly high:
For when the ſmiling heav'n's ſerene and clear,
Or thinly clouded, we no thunder hear:
But now ev'n ſenſe aſſures no ſmiles adorn,
No ſky's ſerene, while mighty thunder's born:
But athic cloud o'erſpreads heav'n's threat'ning face,
As if the ſhades of hell had left their place,
And fill'd the arched ſkies: ſo thick the night,
So dark the horrid clouds, and ſo affright!
Beſides; at ſea dark clouds do often fall,
As ſtreams of flowing pitch, and ſpread o'er all,
Far from the darken'd ſky; and, ſwoln with rain,
And ſtorms, they draw behind a dreadful train
Of thunder-cracks, which rage o'er all the main.
Ev'n we on earth all ſhake, with terror aw'd,
We ſeek for ſhelter, nor dare peep abroad.
Therefore theſe clouds, that ſpread o'er all the ſky,
Muſt needs be thick, and all built vaſtly high:
For elſe they could not ſtop deſcending light
Nor check the rays, and bring ſo thick a night;
Nor ſuch great floods, nor ſo much water yield,
As ſwell our ſtreams, and ſpread o'er ev'ry field.
Theſe winds and fires, when ſpread o'er all the ſky,
Make thunders roar, and the wing'd lightning fly.
For I have taught before that clouds contain
A mighty ſtore of fire, and much they gain
From the ſun's heat, and the deſcending rays,
Theſe when the wind has forc'd to narrow place,
And ſqueez'd ſome ſparkles from the wat'ry frame,
And cloſely mixes with the gather'd flame,
It whirls, and then within the cloud retires;
And, tumbling, forges there, and points the fires:
This, by the rapid whirl, or neighb'ring ray,
Is fir'd; for flame is rais'd by either way.
Thus when the wind, grown hot, ſtill whirls around,
Or when the furious flame breaks o'er the bound,
Then thunder, fit for birth, diſſolves the cloud,
And ſhows the glaring fires, and roars aloud:
The heav'ns then crack, as if the orbs would fall,
And feeble fear, and tremblings ſeize on all: 290
Then ſhow'rs, as if the air were chang'd to rain,
Fall ſwiftly down, and threaten floods again.
So great the thunder-ſtorms, as if they came
From the revengeful clouds to quench the flame.
Sometimes external winds the clouds divide,
And break wide caverns in their injur'd ſide.
Through theſe the infant thunder makes its way:
Theſe winds call forth the flames, and they obey.
And ſometimes too a wind unkindled flies,
But kindles in its paſſage through the ſkies; 300
Loſing ſome heavy parts it us'd to bear,
Which could not ſwiftly cut the middle air;
And gath'ring others of convenient frame, [flame:
Which join, and fly with them, and raiſe the
As balls of lead, when ſhot with mighty force,
Their ſtubborn, their ungentle parts divorce,
And, ſoften'd, melt in middle of their courſe.
Sometimes the fury of the ſtroke may raiſe
Quick ſparks of fire, and make a mighty blaze:
For by the ſtroke ſmall ſtreams of light may ſpring 310
Both from the ſtriking, and the injur'd thing:
As from cold flint and ſteel bright ſparks appear;
They fly the blow, and fly to open air.
And thus the clouds, if of convenient frame,
May well be kindled, and diſſolve in flame:
Nor can the winds be cold, becauſe they move
Through ſuch vaſt ſpace, ſtill tumbling from above:
For, if not kindled by the flames they meet,
Yet ſure they muſt come warm with mingled heat.
The thunder's force comes thus: For, while it lay 320
Confin'd in clouds, it ſtrove to break away:
At laſt prevails, and flies with mighty force;
And hence ſo great the ſtrength, ſo ſwift the courſe!
As mighty weights from ſtrong baliſtæ thrown,
Which break the walls, and ſhake the frighted town.
Beſides, its parts are ſmall, and quick the blows,
And therefore meets with nought that can oppoſe:
No ſtops can hinder, and no lets can ſtay:
The cloſeſt pores will yield an open way:
And hence it flies with ſuch a mighty force; 330
And hence ſo great the ſtrength, ſo quick the courſe.
Beſides; all weights by nature downward go;
But when that motion is increas'd by blow,
The ſwiftneſs, and the force muſt needs increaſe,
And break, whatever dares reſiſt, with eaſe.
Laſtly; ſo vaſt a ſpace ſince thunders run,
Their ſwiftneſs muſt increaſe in tumbling down:
For motions ſtill increaſing run their race,
And all by odd proportions mend their pace:
Or all the ſeeds direct their vi'lent courſe, 340
And ſtrike one part with their united force:
Or elſe, as through the air they ſwiftly rove,
Meet parts which ſtrike, and make them ſwifter move.
And when the pores receive the ſubtle fire,
The force flies through, the thing remains entire:
But when it ſtrikes the ſubſtance, then the maſs
Is broken: Thus it melts ſtrong gold and braſs:
Becauſe its parts are thin, and ſwiftly fly,
And enter in, and ſoon diſſolve the tie.
Now ſpring and autumn frequent thunders hear; 350
They ſhake the riſing, and the dying year:

For winter yields not heat enough; the wind
Flies cold: In ſummer, clouds are too refin'd:
But in theſe middle quarters all concur;
All cauſes join to make the thunder roar;
Becauſe thoſe ſeaſons heat and cold engage;
Both neceſſary things for thunder's rage;
That parts may diſagree, and raiſe a war,
And fires, and rapid whirls diſturb the air.
For, firſt the ſpring within its limits holds
The coming heats, and the retiring colds:
And therefore theſe two parts, thus oppoſite,
When join'd, and mix'd, muſt ſtrive, and fiercely fight.
But then in autumn, ſummer's flames retreat,
And coming winter fights the flying heat.
Theſe are the troubled ſeaſons of the year;
The times that elements go forth to war:
What wonder, then, if frequent thunder flies,
If frequent ſtorms diſturb the lower ſkies;
Since, fighting, all in doubtful wars engage,
Here heat and flames, there cold and waters, rage?
And hence we know the nature of the flame;
And how it works, and whence the fury came:
For not by reading Thuſcan books inquire
The gods' deſign by this celeſtial fire;
Obſerve the moving flame, and then preſage
The kindneſs of the gods, or coming rage:
Or if the clouds in lucky quarters ſwell;
And thunder break, and with ſad omen fell:
And hence we know, how its quick forces paſs
Through cloſeſt ſtones, and melt or break the maſs:
What drives ſwift lightning on, what makes it flow,
And all the harm celeſtial flames can do
For if theſe bolts were thrown by gods above,
Or if they were the proper arms of Jove;
Why do the daring wicked ſtill provoke,
Why ſtill ſin on, ſecure from thunder's ſtroke?
Why are not ſuch ſhot through, and plac'd on high,
As ſad examples of impiety,
That men may ſin no more, no more defy?
And why does heedleſs lightning blaſt the good,
And break his bones, or cruddle all his blood?
Why good and pious men theſe bolts endure?
And villains live, and ſee their fall ſecure?
Why do they throw them o'er a deſert plain,
Why through the empty woods, and toil in vain?
Is it to try their ſtrength? or elſe in play
The wantons ſport, and throw Jove's bolts away?
Or why, the ſenſeleſs rocks, they idly wound?
Why blunt their father's bolts againſt the ground?
Why does he ſuffer this? why not prepare,
And keep his uſeful arms for times of war?
Leſt ſome gigantic, impious rebels riſe,
And unprovided he ſhould loſe the ſkies.
Why then the heav'n is clear, no thunder flies?
What, when thick heavy clouds o'erſpread the ſkies?
Does he deſcend to take the ſurer aim,
At nearer diſtance then, and dart the flame?
Why ſtrike the floods? What mean ſuch bolts as theſe?
Is it to check the fury of the ſeas?
Poor weak deſign! The troubled waters roar,
And, vex'd by whirling flames, ſtill rage the more.
Beſides: this Jove is willing men ſhou'd fly
Theſe bolts, or not: if willing, tell me why
The thunder is too ſubtle for our eye?
If not; why does he ſhow the threat'ning light?
And why o'erſpread the heav'ns with clouds and night?
And make a noiſe, and give us time for flight?
Beſides, how can theſe flames at once be thrown
To diff'rent parts? Or is it never done?
Does Jove at once but throw a ſingle one?
Fond fancy! For, as rain, ſo lightning flies
To many parts at once, and breaks the ſkies.
Nay more: Why does he beat the temples down,
Thoſe of his fellow-gods, and of his own?
Why does he hurt, and break the ſacred ſtone?
Why break the curious ſtatue, ſpoil the grace,
And wound with fiery bolts the ſacred face?
Why does he ſeldom ſtrike the humble plain,
But blunt his fires on hills and rocks in vain?
And hence 'tis known, how fiery whirlwinds riſe,
How they deſcend, and cut the threat'ning ſkies;
For often dark and heavy clouds increaſe,
And pillar-like deſcend, and reach the ſeas,
While all around the troubled ocean raves,
Fierce winds ſtill blow, and raiſe the boiling waves.
And all the ſhips, in reach of danger toſs'd,
Are whirl'd with rapid turns, and wreck'd, and loſt.
This happens when the tumbling winds, that lay
Confin'd in clouds, too weak to force a way,
Do drive it down; for then, by ſlow degrees,
As if ſome hand, or arm above did preſs,
The pillar-clouds deſcend, and reach the ſeas:
When this divides, the ruſhing winds engage
The flood, and make the waters boil and rage:
For then the whirling winds deſcend, and bear
The thick, tough, heavy clouds through all the air,
But when they reach the ſea, they break their bound,
And mingle with the waves, and, whirling round,
With dreadful noiſe, the furious billows raiſe,
And light the waters with a mighty blaze.
Sometimes the whirling wind might whiſk the air,
And, gath'ring parts of clouds that wander there,
Might hollow out itſelf a wat'ry frame,
All like a preſter, but without the flame:
From theſe, as wombs, fierce whirlwinds take their birth,
And impiouſly torment their parent earth:
But ſince, at land, the hills muſt ſtop their way,
Theſe ſtorms are oft'ner ſeen at open ſea.
Now clouds combine, and ſpread o'er all the ſky,
When little rugged parts aſcend on high,
Which may be twin'd, though by a feeble tie.
Theſe make ſmall clouds, which driven on by wind,
To other like, and little clouds are join'd,
And theſe increaſe by more, at laſt they form
Thick heavy clouds, and thence proceeds a ſtorm.
And thus the lofty hills may ſeem to yield
More miſts and vapours than the humble field;

Becauſe when thin and little miſts ariſe,
Not thicken'd yet, and wander o'er the ſkies,
All too refin'd, and ſubtile for our eyes;
The winds do drive them to the mountain's head,
And there the thin and airy cov'rings ſpread;
Which, thick'ning round the top, there firſt appear,
And ſeem to riſe from that, and fill the air.
But farther on; the ſeas give vaſt ſupplies,
From theſe the greateſt ſtores of vapours riſe:
For clothes grow wet, expanded near the ſhore,
And drops ariſe, and ſtand in ev'ry pore:
And therefore from the deep and ſpacious floods,
Great ſtores of miſts may riſe, and frame the clouds.
Beſides; the earth, and rivers, urg'd by heat,
Oft breathe ſoft miſts, and num'rous vapours ſweat:
Which join, and make thick clouds, and ſtop the light;
And ſtain the glorious ſkies with ſudden night:
For the warm vig'rous rays, with conſtant blows,
Still beat them on the back, and preſs them cloſe.
And more: external matter give ſupplies,
And ſeeds of clouds, which ſpread o'er all the ſkies.
For I have prov'd the maſs immenſe, the ſpace
Is infinite, and knows no loweſt place:
And how the atoms through the vacuum rove,
How quick they meaſure ſpace, and how they move:
Slow time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account ſo ſmall.
What wonder, then, that ſudden ſtorms ſhould riſe;
And haſty night ſpread o'er the lower ſkies.
Since from the maſs ſuch vaſt ſupplies are hurl'd
Through ev'ry pore, and paſſage of the world;
And linger here, and join or break the chain,
And fly through the divided ſkies again?
Now ſing, my muſe, how rain is ſpread o'er all,
How wat'ry clouds are join'd, and ſhowers fall.
Firſt, with the clouds moiſt ſtreams of vapours riſe,
From ev'ry thing, and ſpread o'er all the ſkies:
And, as in man; the moiſture, ſweat, and blood
Grow with the limbs, increaſing with the cloud.
And oft as winds do whirl them o'er the main,
The clouds, like wool do dip themſelves in rain,
To ſhake their fleeces o'er the earth again.
The rivers, lakes, and pools, when ſtirr'd by heat,
Breathe forth ſoft miſts, and num'rous vapours ſweat.
Theſe riſe, and ſet in clouds; and there combin'd,
Or by the ambient cold, or driving wind,
They thence deſcend, becauſe the winds divide,
Or elſe the clouds contract, their injur'd ſide;
Or elſe the upper clouds preſs thoſe below,
And ſqueeze the water out, and make it flow.
And when the wind makes thin the wat'ry frame,
Or rays cut through it with a vig'rous flame,
The rain breaks forth, the injur'd cloud appears
Like melted running wax, and drops in tears.
But when the wind with higher clouds agrees,
And their united force begins to ſqueeze,
When both do preſs the cloud, ſwoln big with rain,
Then ſtorms deſcend, and beat the humble plain.
Then conſtant ſhow'rs, when wat'ry clouds, that lie
On one another's back, receive ſupply
From ev'ry quarter of the lower ſky:
And when the thirſty earth has drunk the rain,
And throws it up in vapours back again.
And when the adverſe ſun's bright beauties flow,
And ſtrike thick clouds, they paint the gawdy bow.
And how the other meteors riſe and fall,
What ſtamps the figur'd ſnow, and moulds the hail.
And why the water's pride and beauty's loſt,
When rig'rous winter binds the floods with froſt,
'Tis eaſy to conceive, if once we know
The nature of the elements, or how
Their fighting pow'rs muſt work, or what they do.
And next of earthquakes.———
Firſt, then, you muſt ſuppoſe the earth contains
Some ſeeds of winds, ſpread o'er its hollow veins;
And there, as well as here, fierce vapour reigns:
And many lakes, and pools, and ſpacious caves,
And ſecret rivers there roll boiſt'rous waves:
For nature's laws command, and reaſon's prove,
The parts below reſemble thoſe above:
Theſe things ſuppos'd: when thoſe vaſt courts below
Shall fail, the upper earth muſt tremble too:
For hills muſt ſink, and from the mighty fall
Quick tremblings muſt ariſe, and ſpread o'er all:
No wonder this: while carts go ſlowly on,
Or ſwifter coaches rattle o'er the ſtone,
Although the weight's not great, the houſes feel,
And ſhake at ev'ry jumping of the wheel.
Or elſe from arched caves great ſtones may fall,
And ſtrike the under waves, and trouble all;
Thoſe agitate, and ſhake th' encloſing ball:
For when the liquor, as experience proves,
Is troubled, all the veſſel ſhakes and moves.
Beſides; when winds below, with mighty force
Againſt reſiſting caves direct their courſe,
The earth that way inclines: then fixt before,
Our houſes nod; the higher nod the more:
The hanging beams ſtart from the tott'ring wall,
We fly our houſes, and we dread the fall.
And yet ſome think the world will ne'er decay;
The ſcatter'd ſeeds, diſſolv'd, fly all away;
Though theſe few fighting winds with eaſe diſplace
The heavy earth, and turn the weighty maſs.
For did theſe ſtill ruſh on, no force could ſtay
The coming ruin; all would ſoon decay:
But ſince they preſs but now and then, their courſe
Now here, now there, now fly with mighty force,
And, then repell'd, return with weaker wings,
The earth oft threatens ruin, ſeldom brings:
Inclining only from its uſual plain,
Then turns, and ſettles in its ſeat again:
And therefore houſes nod, and ſeem to fall;
High, moſt; low, leſs; the loweſt, leaſt of all.
But more; the earth may ſhake, when winds begin,
(Or rais'd without in air, or bred within)

To rage through hollow caves, and, whirling round,
Endeavour ſtill to force the narrow bound,
At laſt break through, and leave a gaping wound.
Thus Ægæ, thus Phœnician towns did fall,
The greedy earth gap'd wide, and ſwallow'd all:
Beſides, a thouſand towns, a thouſand iſles,
Whilſt cruel eddies dimpled into ſmiles,
Have fall'n, all ſwallow'd by the greedy main,
And poor inhab'tants ſtrove for life in vain.
But if the vapour's cold, too weak the wind
To force a way, if by ſtrong bounds confin'd,
It ſpreads o'er all the pores the earth contains,
And brings a ſhiv'ring cold through all the veins;
As when froſt comes, it brings a trembling chill,
And makes our members ſhake againſt our will:
Then men begin to fear, and wiſely dread,
And fly the tow'rs that nod their threat'ning head:
Or elſe they think the earth will fail; the ground
Will gape, and all ſink through the mighty wound.
Ev'n thoſe, who think the world muſt ſtill endure,
Eternal ſtill, from fate and age ſecure,
Yet often, waken'd by the preſent fear,
Start all, and think the diſſolution near;
They think the earth will ſink, the world will fall;
And ruin and confuſion ſpread o'er all.
Now I muſt ſing, my muſe, why greedy ſeas
Devour the water ſtill, yet ne'er increaſe;
For it ſeems ſtrange, that rivers ſtill ſhould flow,
And run for num'rous years as much as now;
And, though they daily bring a mighty ſtore,
The ſpacious ocean ſhould increaſe no more,
But ſtill be bounded with the former ſhore:
And yet it is not ſtrange: for theſe, the rain,
And all the moiſture that the clouds contain,
Scarce ſeem a drop, compar'd to ſpacious ſeas;
No wonder then the waves do ne'er increaſe.
Beſides; the ſun draws much; the fiery ray
Deſcends, and forces many parts away:
For ſenſe aſſures, that when the buſy beams
Preſs moiſten'd clouds, the vapours riſe in ſtreams:
Therefore from ſpacious ſeas the rays muſt bear
More wat'ry parts, and ſcatter through the air:
But now, though here and there few parts ariſe,
Yet a vaſt ſpacious maſs of water flies
From the whole ſea, and ſpreads o'er all the ſkies.
And then the winds take ſome, with wanton play
They dip their wings, and bear ſome parts away:
This ſenſe declares; for often after rain,
In one ſhort night, if winds ſweep o'er the plain,
The dirt grows hard, the ways are dry'd again.
Beſides; as winds drive on the low-hung clouds,
And make them ſkim the ſurface of the floods,
They take ſome drops away: and theſe compoſe
And fall to earth, in hail, in rain, and ſnows.
And ſince the earth is rare, and full of pores,
And waves ſtill beat againſt the neighb'ring ſhores,
As rivers run from earth, and fill the main,
So ſome through ſecret pores return again:
Theſe loſe their ſalt, and through ſmall channels ſpread,
Then join where'er the fountain ſhows her head:
Hence ſtreams ariſe, in fair meander's play,
And through the vallies cut their liquid way.
Now next, why Ætna burns, and why the flame
Breaks forth in whirls, and whence the fury came:
For ſure 'tis fond to think that flames ariſe,
Directed by the angry deities,
To waſte fair Sicily, and burn, and ſpoil
The farmer's hopes, and fruits of all his toil,
Whilſt all the neighb'ring nations ſtood amaz'd,
Oppreſs'd with anxious fear, and wildly gaz'd:
The heav'n, all ſpread with flames, they flock'd to view,
And wonder'd what vex'd nature meant to do.
But if you look about on ev'ry ſide,
Conſider that the whole's immenſely wide;
Then view the arched ſkies, and ſee how ſmall,
And mean a portion of the ſpacious all,
How little man, compar'd to earth's vaſt ball!
You then will find your fears and cares decreaſe,
Your jealouſies, and admiration ceaſe.
For who admires to ſee a patient ſweat,
Or hear him groan, when ſcorch'd by fever's heat,
Or when the foot, or eye is vex'd with pains,
Or any hot diſeaſe ſpread o'er the veins?
And this, becauſe there lie vaſt ſtores of ſeed
In heav'n, and earth, all fit, all apt to breed
Such ſtrange and vexing pains; or elſe increaſe
The noxious flame, and feed the ſtrong diſeaſe:
So you may think the maſs ſends great ſupplies,
And ſtores of ſeed through all our earth and ſkies,
Sufficient to raiſe ſtorms, to ſhake the frame,
Raiſe Ætna's fires, and cover ſkies with flame:
For that appears, when ſeeds of flame combine,
As rain, and clouds, when drops of water join:
You'll ſay the fire's too ſtrong, the flame too great:
A vain objection this, and fancy's cheat:
Thus he, that views a river, man, or tree,
Or elſe whatever 'tis he chance to ſee,
Straight thinks them great, becauſe, perhaps, he knows
No larger ſtreams, no greater things than thoſe:
Yet theſe, and all the ſpacious ſkies controul,
Are ſmall, and nothing to the mighty whole.
Now why the flames break forth——
Firſt, then, this Ætna's cave's a mighty one;
A ſpacious hollow, and all arch'd with ſtone:
This ſwells with winds, which whirl and tumble there,
(For wind is nothing elſe but troubled air).
When theſe, by whirling round the arched frame,
Grow hot, and from the flints ſtrike ſparks of flame,
Then, proud, and furious too, and riſing higher,
Break forth at top, in ſmoke, and ſparks of fire:
By the ſame force, ev'n weighty mountains riſe,
And whirling rocks cut through the wounded ſkies.
But more, this hollow, fiery mountain's ſide
The ſea ſtill waſhes with impetuous tide,
And, paſſing through the pores, the flame retires,
The preſſing waters drive the yielding fires,
And force them out; theſe raiſe large clouds of ſand,
And ſcatter ſtones, and aſhes o'er the land
And thus my muſe a ſtore of cauſes brings;
For here, as in a thouſand other things,

Though by one ſingle cauſe th' effect is done,
Yet ſince 'tis hid, a thouſand muſt be ſhown,
That we may ſurely hit that ſingle one.
As when a carcaſe we at diſtance view,
We all the various means of death muſt ſhow,
That in the number we may ſpeak the true:
For whether he was kill'd by ſtrong diſeaſe,
Or cold, or ſword, though 'twas by one of theſe,
We cannot tell; and thus it muſt be done
In other things, a thouſand others ſhown,
When ſenſe determines not our choice to one.
In ſummer Nile o'erflows; his waters drown
The fruitful Egypt's fields, and his alone:
Becauſe the mouth of that wide river lies
Oppos'd to north: for when th' Eteſias riſe
From heavy northern clouds, and fiercely blow
Againſt the ſtreams, theſe ſtop, and riſe, and flow.
For northern winds blow full againſt the ſtreams,
Their ſpring is ſouth, it boils with mid-day beams;
Then cuts its way through ſun-burnt Negroe's land,
And hiſſes, paſſing o'er the fiery ſand.
Or elſe the troubled ſea that rolls to ſouth,
Brings heaps of ſand, and chokes the rivers mouth:
Theſe ſtop the headlong floods; they ſtrive in vain
To force a way, but weary'd turn again,
And break their banks, and flow o'er all the plain.
Or elſe rain makes it ſwell; th' Eteſias bear
The northern vapours through the ſouthern air:
Theſe thicken'd round the hill the rain compoſe.
Or elſe the ſun melts Ethiopean ſnows;
Theſe ſwell the river, and the water flows.
Next of th' Avens ſing, and whence the name,
And whence the rage, and hurtful nature came.
So call'd, becauſe the birds that cut the ſky,
If o'er thoſe places they but chance to fly,
By noxious ſtreams oppreſs'd, fall down, and die:
Death meets them in the air, and ſtrikes them dead;
They fall with hanging wing, and bended head;
And ſtrike the pois'nous lake, or deadly field:
Such vapours boiling ſprings near Cumæ yield.
In Athens, where Minerva's temple ſtands,
There never crow, nor boading raven flies,
Not, though the fat and oily ſacrifice
Allure his ſmell, and call his willing eyes.
Not that he fears Minerva's vain preſence,
Or baniſh'd from her train for an offence;
But 'tis the noxious vapour drives him thence.
A place, as ſtory tells, in Syria lies,
Which if a horſe goes o'er, he groans and dies,
As if by ſudden ſtroke, and vi'lent blow,
He fell a ſacrifice to gods below:
Yet theſe effects agree with nature's laws,
And ſtrict obſervers may diſcern the cauſe:
Leſt you ſhould fancy theſe the gates of hell,
That there the ſmutty gods, and manes dwell;
And through thoſe places draw the wand'ring ſouls,
As deer ſuck ſerpents from their lurking holes:
But that's abſurd, irrational, and vain:
Come, underſtand the cauſe, for I'll explain.

Firſt, ſeeds do lie, as I have prov'd before,
In earth, of ev'ry ſhape a mighty ſtore:
Some, vital parts to men, prolong their breath,
Some apt to breed diſeaſe, and haſten death:
To other animals ſome parts are good:
Some hurt, ſome kill, and ſome give wholeſome food:
And all theſe different effects ariſe
From diff'rent motion, figure, ſhape, and ſize.
A thouſand hurtful parts through ears deſcend,
A thouſand paſs the noſtrils, and offend:
A thouſand hurt the touch, a num'rous ſtore
Diſturb the eye, the taſte a thouſand more:
Beſides, on man, a thouſand atoms wait,
And hurtful all, and carry haſty fate:
Thus often, under trees ſupinely laid,
While men enjoy the pleaſure of the ſhade,
Whilſt thoſe their loving branches ſeem to ſpread,
To ſcreen the ſun, they noxious atoms ſhed,
From which quick pains ariſe, and ſeize the head.
Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whoſe bloſſoms with their odour kill:
And all theſe hurtful things from earth ariſe,
Becauſe the parents earth's vaſt wombs compriſe
Thoſe diff'rent ſtores and kinds of pois'nous ſeed,
Which, fitly join'd, theſe hurtful natures breed:
The ſnuff of candles, this is often known,
Offends the noſe with ſtench, and makes us ſwoon.
Beſides a thouſand other things, that ſeize
The ſoul within, oft make their way with eaſe,
And ſhake the vital pow'rs with ſtrong diſeaſe.
So when the belly's full, go ſit, and ſtay,
And wanton in hot baths, ſtrait flies away
Thy life, thy ſtrength, and all thy pow'rs decay:
From charcoal deadly ſmells the brain engage,
If draughts of water not prevent their rage.
To thoſe whom fevers burn, the piercing ſmell
Of vig'rous wine is grievous, death, and hell.
Beſides, obſerve what pains the earth contains,
And how much pois'nous ſulphur fills her veins.
Laſtly, Whilſt men purſue the hidden ſtore,
And dig in mines of gold, or ſilver ore;
What hurtful damps, what noxious vapours riſe!
The wretched miner o'er the metal dies.
What noxious parts from golden mines exhale!
How ſoon they ſeize, and make the miners pale!
With what quick force they kill the wretched ſlaves!
How ſoon they bury them in precious graves!
Therefore theſe noxious parts muſt often rear,
And ſcatter poiſon through the upper air.
Thus hurtful parts from the Averni riſe,
And with ſtrong poiſons fill the lower ſkies:
And theſe, as birds cut through the liquid way,
Seize them; and then ſome parts of life decay:
Thus they amaz'd on the Averni fall,
And there the poiſons work, and ruin all:
For firſt they make them giddy; then their wing
Grows weak; they fall into the poiſon's ſpring;
There die; there leave their ſouls in deep deſpair,
Becauſe the poiſon's fierce, and ſtronger there;

Or elſe the conſtant riſing ſtreams diſplace
The neighb'ring air, and leave an empty ſpace:
Where, when the birds are come with nimble force,
And ſtill endeavour to purſue their courſe,
Deceiv'd they fall, they clap their wings in vain;
For no reſiſting airy parts ſuſtain,
Their weight does force them on the pois'nous plain.
And while they helpleſs in the vacuum lie,
Breathe out their ſoul through ev'ry pore, and die.
In ſummer, ſprings are cold; for earth contains
Some ſeeds of heat within her hollow veins:
But when the heat's increaſe, and vig'rous ray
Forces a paſſage through, they fly away:
Thus as the ſummer comes, and rays begin
To cleave the earth, the ſtreams grow cold within:
But cold contracts the pores to leſſer ſpace,
And binds the ſeeds of heat with ſtrict embrace:
And theſe, ſqueez'd from the pores, with nimble wings
Paſs into lower wells, and warm the ſprings.
Near Ammon's ſhrine, as fame has loudly told,
A ſpring runs hot by night, by day 'tis cold:
This men admire, and think, when night has ſpread
Her blackeſt curtains o'er our ſleepy head,
The ſun below does caſt his vig'rous beams,
And pierces through the earth, and warms the ſtreams.
Abſurd and vain! For, ſince the furious ray,
When, roll'd above, it makes our warmeſt day,
And beats the open ſurface of the ſea,
Can raiſe but little warmth; when roll'd below,
How pierce the earth, and heat in paſſing through?
Since ſenſe aſſures, that when the rays do beat,
Our houſes yield us a ſecure retreat;
We lie within, and ſcorn the ſummer's heat.
Then what's the cauſe? 'Tis this; a ſpongy ground,
And fill'd with fiery ſeeds, lies all around:
This when cold nights contract, the ſeeds of fire,
Squeez'd out, fly off, and to the ſpring retire,
And make it hot: but when the vig'rous ray
Peeps forth, and opens them an eaſy way,
They leave the cold embrace, and ſoon retreat
To earth again, and take their former ſeat:
And thus, by day, it loſes all its heat.
Beſides, the water grows more rare by day;
In parts, divided by the piercing ray,
So loſe their fire: as when the beams ariſe,
And warm the frozen ſtreams with ſoft'ning kiſs,
They melt in the embrace, and loſe their ice.
And ſome cold ſprings light flax, held o'er the ſtreams,
The flax takes fire, and ſcatters feeble beams:
A torch is kindled too: the flames appear,
And nod at ev'ry little breath of air;
Becauſe the water ſeeds of heat contains,
And many riſe from earth's capacious veins,
And cut the body of the ſtreams, and flow,
Too weak to warm the waves in paſſing through.

Beſides, their own quick force will make them move,
And paſs the yielding waves, and join above:
As little ſtreams, that cut their ſecret way,
And riſe up ſweet i' th' bottom of the ſea;
Beat off the ſalt, and the reſiſting flood
To thirſty ſailors proves a mighty good:
Juſt ſo theſe ſeeds of fire might riſe and flow,
And cut the yielding waves, and paſſing through,
Straight ſtrike, and kindle oily torch, or tow;
Becauſe thoſe parts are of convenient frame,
Hold ſeeds of fire, and fit to raiſe a flame:
Thus take a torch, but lately dead, and ſtrive
To light the ſnuff again, and make it live,
It kindles long before it comes to touch;
And ſure experience ſhows a thouſand ſuch,
Which light at diſtance, ere they reach the flame:
And thus this fountain acts; the cauſe the ſame.
Now ſing, my muſe, for 'tis a weighty cauſe,
Explain the magnet, why it ſtrongly draws,
And brings rough iron to its fond embrace:
This men admire; for they have often ſeen
Small rings of iron, ſix, or eight, or ten,
Compoſe a ſubtle chain, no tie between:
But, held by this, they ſeem to hang in air,
One to another ſticks, and wantons there;
So great the loadſtone's force, ſo ſtrong to bear!
In order to the cauſe, muſt firſt be prov'd
A thouſand things, a thouſand doubts remov'd,
And long deductions made; do you prepare
A ſtrict obſerving mind, and liſt'ning ear.
Firſt, then, from objects ſeen thin forms ariſe,
In conſtant ſubtle ſtreams, and ſtrike our eyes:
Thus odours fly from gums; a gentle breeze
From rivers flows, and from the neighb'ring ſeas
Sharp ſalts ariſe, and fret the ſhores around;
Thus all the air is fill'd with murm'ring ſound;
And while we walk the ſtrand, and pleas'd to view
The wanton waves; or ſqueeze, or mingle rue,
Or ſalt, or bitter taſtes our tongues ſurpriſe:
So that 'tis certain ſubtle parts ariſe
From all, and wander in the lower ſkies;
And never ceaſe to flow, becauſe the ear,
And eye, and noſe ſtill ſmell, and ſee, and hear.
Next I'll repeat what I have prov'd before,
No compound's perfect ſolid, free from pore:
For though 'tis uſeful to direct our eye
Through all the ſecrets of philoſophy,
To prove that ſolid ſeeds can never join,
Unleſs ſome empty ſpace is left between
It has its proper force in this deſign.
Then, firſt, in caves the ſubtle moiſture creeps
Through hardeſt rocks, and even marble weeps:
And ſweat from ev'ry lab'ring member flows,
And ſtubborn hair o'er all the body grows:
And nature drives our food with curious art
Through all the limbs, increaſing ev'ry part:
Strong flames divide the rigid gold and braſs;
And to a liquid ſubſtance break the maſs:
Through ſilver, heat, and cold; and each diſdains
And ſcorns a priſon, though in precious chains:
This ſenſe aſſures; into a well-clos'd room
The parts of odours, ſounds, and heat will come:

And often, as our ſickly ſoldiers feel,
The moiſt and ſubtle air creeps through their ſteel.
Therefore 'tis certain, as I prov'd before,
No compound's perfect ſolid, free from pore.
Beſides:——
The parts that riſe from things, not all alike,
Nor equally agree to what they ſtrike;
For, firſt, the beauteous ſun, with vig'rous ray,
Melts ſnow, and ice, and wax, and hardens clay:
Thus leather ſhrinks in fire; but gold and braſs
Diſſolve; flames ſoften all the rigid maſs:
Thus water ſtrengthens ſteel, grown weak by heat,
But gently ſoftens ſkins, and boiling meat:
Leaves of wild olives yield a ſweet repaſt
To goats; to man a rough and bitter taſte:
Thus pigs fly ſweeteſt odours; thoſe that pleaſe
And tickle man, offend and poiſon theſe;
Yet they will roll in dung, in filth delight;
Though ſqueamiſh man can ſcarce endure the ſight.
Beſides: We muſt remember,——
Since things compos'd do num'rous pores compriſe,
Thoſe muſt have diff'rent ſhape, and diff'rent ſize:
In animals, are various organs found,
And each the proper objects gently wound;
One taſte, another ſmell, another ſound.
Some things through ſtones, or ſilver, gold, or braſs,
Some move through wood alone, and others glaſs:
And thoſe that paſs the ſame, not always flow
With equal eaſe, and cut their paſſage through:
And this depends on the varieties,
And difference of pores in ſhape and ſize,
Which things of diff'rent texture ſtill comprize.
Theſe things thus prov'd, I now will ſing the cauſe,
Explain the magnet, ſhow thee why it draws
And brings rough iron to its fond embrace.
Firſt, from the magnet num'rous parts ariſe
And ſwiftly move; the ſtone gives vaſt ſupplies;
Which, ſpringing ſtill in conſtant ſtreams, diſplace
The neighb'ring air, and make an empty ſpace;
So when the ſteel comes there, ſome parts begin
To leap on through the void, and enter in.
But ſince they're twin'd, the foremoſt parts muſt bring
The latter on, and ſo move all the ring:
For parts of ſteel are very ſtrictly join'd,
Scarce any compounds are ſo cloſely twin'd.
No wonder, then, that when the foremoſt ſtrove,
The other parts ſhould ſtir, and all ſhould move;
Which ſtill they do, they ſtill preſs farther on,
Until they reach, and join the willing ſtone.
The ſteel will move to ſeek the ſtone's embrace,
Or up, or down, or t'any other place,
Which way ſoever lies the empty ſpace.
Not that the heavy ſteel by nature flies,
But blows without will force, and make it riſe.
Beſides, the air before the ſteel is rare,
And emptier than it was, and weaker far;
And therefore all the air that lies behind
Grown ſtrong, and gath'ring like a ſubtle wind,
Muſt force it on, for ſtill the ambient air
Endeavours, ſtill contends to drive it near:
But then alone can move it, when the ſpace
Is free, and fit to take the coming maſs.
This fills the pores, and then with ſubtle gales
Drives on the ſteel, as winds great ſhips, and ſails.
Beſides, all compounds hold ſome parts of air;
For ev'ry compound is by nature rare:
This lurking air, no doubt, with nimble wing,
And conſtant turns, ſtill whirls and beats the ring:
But, once determin'd forward, keeps the courſe
It firſt receiv'd, and that way bends its force.
But more than this: coy ſteel will ſometimes move,
And fly the ſtriving ſtone, and ceaſe to love.
And thus ſteel filings, I have often known,
In little brazen pots held o'er the ſtone,
Will ſtrive, and leap, as eager to be gone;
Becauſe the little brazen parts, that rear,
Fill all the ſteel's ſmall pores, and ſettle there:
And ſo the other riſing ſtreams, that come
From magnets, find no way, no open room,
And therefore ſtrike: thus, flying through the braſs,
They rudely beat, and drive away the maſs;
Which otherwiſe they'd take to their embrace.
Beſides, no wonder this alone ſhould feel
The loadſtone's power, and that move only ſteel,
For ſome their weight ſecures, as gold; and ſome
Their pores: they give the ſtreams too large a room;
And ſo they find an eaſy paſſage through,
And thus the ſubſtance ne'er endures the blow:
But ſteel, when brazen parts fill ev'ry pore,
And ſettle there, when it can take no more,
Is then prepar'd to take the ſubtile ſhove
The loadſtone's ſtreams can give, and fit to move.
Nor is there friendſhip 'twixt theſe two alone;
A thouſand things beſides, but one to one,
Agree: thus lime will faſten only ſtone:
Thus glue, hard boards; and we may often view
The ſolid table break before the glue:
Thus pure and fountain ſtreams will mix with wine,
But oil and heavy pitch refuſe to join:
The purple's blood gives wool ſo deep a ſtain,
That we can never waſh it out again;
No, pour on all the ſea, 'tis all in vain.
Solder ignobly weds the golden maſs
To ſilver; proper ſolder lead to braſs:
Beſides theſe mention'd, there's a thouſand more:
But ſtay; what need of ſuch a num'rous ſtore?
Why ſhould I waſte my time, and trouble thee?
Take all in ſhort: of things, whoſe parts agree,
Whoſe ſeeds, oppos'd to pores, ſecurely lie,
The union there is ſtrong, and firm the tie:
Others by rings and hooks are join'd in one:
This way combine the loving ſteel and ſtone.
Now next I'll ſing what cauſes plagues create,
What drives a peſtilence, ſwoln big with fate,
To waſte, and lay a nation deſolate.
I've prov'd, that num'rous vital parts do fill
The air: ſo num'rous too are thoſe that kill.

Theſe poiſons, whether from the threat'ning ſkies,
Like clouds, they fall, or from the earth ariſe,
When ſhe's grown putrid by the rains, or ſweats
Such noxious vapours, preſs'd by ſcorching heats,
Infect the lower air, and hence proceed
All raging plagues; theſe all diſeaſes breed.
A traveller, in ev'ry place he ſees,
Or hazards, or endures a new diſeaſe,
Becauſe the air or water diſagrees.
How diff'rent is the air of Britain's iſle,
From that which plays upon the wand'ring Nile?
What diff'rent air does Pontus' ſnows embrace,
From that which fans the ſun-burnt Indian's face?
And as mens ſhape or colour diſagrees,
So ev'ry nation has its own diſeaſe:
The lepers are to Egypt only known,
Thoſe wretches drink of Nilus' ſtreams alone:
Athens, the muſes' ſeat, and chief delight,
Offends the feet; Achaia hurts the ſight:
And thus in ev'ry land a new diſeaſe,
New pains on all the other members ſeize,
And diff'rent air is ſtill the cauſe of theſe.
Thus often when one country's air is blown
Into another, and forſakes its own,
It ſpoils the wholeſome air where'er it goes,
And, like itſelf, makes all unfit for us.
Thence plagues ariſe; and theſe deſcend and paſs
Into our fountains, tender corn, and graſs,
Or other food, or hang within the air,
Held up by fatal wings, and threaten there:
So, while we think we live, and draw our breath,
Thoſe parts muſt enter in, and foll'wing death.
Thus plagues do often ſeize the lab'ring ox,
And raging rots deſtroy our tender flocks:
And thus the thing's the ſame, if winds do bear
From other countries an unuſual air,
And fit to raiſe a plague and fever here:
Or if we travel all, and ſuck it there.
A plague, thus rais'd, laid learned Athens waſte;
Through ev'ry ſtreet, through all the town it paſs'd,
Blaſting both man and beaſt with pois'nous wind:
Death fled before, and ruin ſtalk'd behind.
From Egypt's burning ſands the fever came,
More hot than thoſe that rais'd the deadly flame:
The wind, that bore the fate, went ſlowly on,
And, as it went, was heard to ſigh and groan.
At laſt the raging plague did Athens ſeize,
The plague, and death attending the diſeaſe.
Then men did die by heaps, by heaps did fall,
And the whole city made one funeral.
Firſt, fierce unuſual heats did ſeize the head;
The glowing eyes, with blood-ſhot beams, look'd red,
Like blazing ſtars, approaching fate foreſhow'd:
The mouth and jaws were fill'd with clotted blood;
The throat with ulcers: the tongue could ſpeak no more,
But, overflow'd and drown'd in putrid gore,
Grew uſeleſs, rough, and ſcarce could make a moan,
Nay ſcarce enjoy'd the wretched pow'r to groan
Next through the jaws, the plague did reach the breaſt,
And there the heart, the ſeat of life, poſſeſs'd:
Then life began to fail: ſtrange ſtinks did come
From ev'ry putrid breaſt, as from a tomb:
A ſad preſage, that death prepar'd the room.
The body weak, the mind did ſadly wait,
And fear'd, but could not fly, approaching fate:
To theſe fierce pains were join'd continual care,
And ſad complainings, groans, and deep deſpair,
Tormenting, vexing ſobs, and deadly ſighs,
Which rais'd convulſions, broke the vital ties
Of mind and limbs, and ſo the patient dies.
Yet touch the limbs, the warmth appear'd not great,
It ſeem'd but little more than nat'ral heat;
The body, red with ulcers, ſwoln with pains,
As when the ſacred fire ſpreads o'er the veins.
But all within was fire: fierce flames did burn,
No clothes could be endur'd, no garments worn;
But all, as if the plague that fir'd their blood,
Deſtroy'd all virtue, modeſty, and good,
Lay naked, wiſhing ſtill for cooling air,
Or ran to ſprings, and hop'd to find it there:
And ſome leapt into wells; in vain the heat,
Or ſtill increas'd, or ſtill remain'd as great.
In vain they drank; for when the water came
To th' burning breaſt, it hiſs'd before the flame:
And through each mouth did ſtreams of vapours riſe,
Like clouds, and darken'd all the ambient ſkies.
The pains continu'd, and the body dead,
And ſenſeleſs all, before the ſoul was fled:
Phyſicians came, and ſaw, and ſhook their head.
No ſleep, the pain'd and weary'd man's delight:
Their fiery eyes, like ſtars, wak'd all the night.
Beſides, a thouſand ſymptoms more did wait,
And told ſad news of coming haſty fate:
Diſtracted mind, and ſad and furious eyes;
Short breath, or conſtant, deep, and hollow ſighs,
And buzzing ears; and much, and frothy ſweat,
Spread o'er the neck; and ſpittle, thin with heat,
But ſalt and yellow; and the jaws, being rough,
Could hardly be thrown up with violent cough:
The nerves contracted, ſtrength in hands did fail,
And cold crept from the feet, and ſpread o'er all:
And when death came at laſt, it chang'd the noſe,
And made it ſharp, and preſs'd the noſtrils cloſe;
Hollow'd the temples, forc'd the eye-balls in,
And chill'd and harden'd all, and ſtretch'd the ſkin.
They lay not long, but ſoon did life reſign:
The warning was but ſhort, eight days or nine.
If any liv'd, and ſcap'd the fatal day,
And if their looſeneſs purg'd the plague away,
Or ulcers drain'd; yet they would ſoon decay:
Their weakneſs kill'd them; or their poiſon'd blood,
And ſtrength, with horrid pains, through noſtrils flow'd.
But thoſe that felt no flux, the ſtrong diſeaſe
Did oft deſcend, and wretched members ſeize:
And there it rag'd with cruel pains and ſmart;
Too weak to kill the whole, it took a part:

Some loſt their eyes, and ſome prolong'd their breath,
By loſs of hands: ſo ſtrong the fear of death!
The minds of ſome did dull oblivion blot;
And they their actions and themſelves forgot.
And though the ſcatter'd bodies naked lay,
Yet beaſts refus'd; the birds fled all away,
And us'd their wings to ſhun their eaſy prey:
They fled the ſtench: whom tyrant hunger preſs'd,
And forc'd to taſte, he prov'd a wretched gueſt;
The price was life: it was a coſtly feaſt!
Few birds appear'd; no wing could ſerve for flight:
The beaſts ſcarce dar'd to truſt themſelves to night:
The plague walk'd through the woods: in ev'ry den
They lay, and ſigh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd, like men.
The faithful dogs did lie in ev'ry ſtreet,
And dy'd at their departing maſters' feet.
Diſorder'd funerals were hurry'd on;
No decent mourners, nor a friendly groan:
Neglecting others' fates, all wept their own.
No common remedy did health impart
To all; phyſic was grown a private art:
For that which gave to one freſh vigour, eaſe,
And health, and ſtrength, and conquer'd the diſeaſe;
Ev'n the ſame thing, with equal art apply'd,
Another took, and by the phyſic dy'd.
All the infected lay in deep deſpair,
Expecting coming death with conſtant fear;
Pale ghoſts did walk before their eyes, and fright:
No dawning hopes broke through their diſmal night,
No thoughts of help: this was a grievous ill,
This ſharpen'd the plague's rage; theſe fears did kill.
Beſides, the fierce infection, quickly ſpread,
When one poor wretch was fall'n, to others fled:
One kill'd, the murderer did caſt his eye
Around, and, if he ſaw a witneſs by,
Seiz'd him, for fear of a diſcovery.
Thoſe wretches too, that greedy to live on,
Or fled, or left infected friends alone,
Strait felt their puniſhment, and quickly found
No flight could ſave, no place ſecure from wound:
A ſtreng infection all their walk attends;
They fall as much neglected as their friends:
Like rotten ſheep, they die in wretched ſtate;
And none to pity, or to mourn their fate.

Thoſe whom their friends' complaints, and piteous cries,
Did force to come, and ſee their miſeries,
Receiv'd th' infectious and the fatal breath:
An inn'cent murd'rer he that gave the death.
This kind of death was beſt; ſo men did chooſe
(A wretched choice!) this way their life to loſe:
Some rais'd their friends a pile; that office done,
Return'd, and griev'd, and then prepar'd their own:
A treble miſchief this, and no relief:
Not one but ſuffer'd death, diſeaſe, or grief.
The ſhepherd, midſt his flocks, reſign'd his breath:
Th' infected ploughman burnt, and ſtarv'd to death:
By plague and famine both the deed was done:
The ploughman was too ſtrong to yield to one:
Here dying parents on their children caſt,
There children on their parents breath'd their laſt:
Th' infected ploughman from the country came,
They came, and brought with them additional flame:
Men flock'd from ev'ry part, all places fill'd:
Where crowds were great, by heaps the ſickneſs kill'd:
Some in the ſtreets, ſome near the fountains lay,
Which quench'd their flame, but waſh'd their foul away;
And ſome in public, half alive, half dead,
With filthy cov'rings o'er their members ſpread,
Did lie and rot; the ſkin, the poor remains
Of all the fleſh, the ſtarting bones contains,
All cover'd o'er with ulcers, vext with pains.
Death now had fill'd the temples of the gods:
The prieſts themſelves, not beaſts, are th' altar's loads:
Now no religion, now no gods were fear'd;
Greater than all the preſent plague appear'd:
All laws of burial loſt, and all confus'd:
No ſolemn fires, no decent order us'd;
But, as the ſtate of things would then permit,
Men burn'd their friends, nor look'd on juſt and fit:
And want and poverty did oft engage
A thouſand acts of violence and rage;
Some, O imperious want! a carcaſe ſpoil,
And burn their friend upon another's pile;
And then would ſtrive, and fight, and ſtill defend,
And often rather die, than leave their friend:
The other loſt his pile by pious theft;
A poor poſſeſſion! all that fate had left.

NOTES ON BOOK VI.

Lucretius, who, throughout his whole poem, is profuſely laviſh in praiſe of Epicurus, begins this ſixth and laſt book with the praiſes of Athens; which city, he declares, men ought to honour and revere, not only becauſe humanity, learning, religion, the tillage of the earth, the uſe of corn, laws, and civil ſocieties, are believed to have taken riſe there, and to have been from thence diſtributed amongſt all the nations of the earth: [Cicero Orat. pro Flacco. "Ab Athenis

enim humanitas, doctrina, religio, fruges, jura, leges orta, atque in omnes terras distributa putantur:"] but chiefly because it was the place that gave birth to Epicurus, who, when he observed men flowing in abundance of all things necessary to lead a happy and quiet life, and that nevertheless they wasted their days in cares, and sorrows, and anxieties, applied himself to inquire into the origin of this great evil; and at length discovered, that the vessel itself, that is, the mind of man, was the cause of this calamity: for, as whatever things we put into a stinking vessel are soon corrupted and tainted with the same offensive odour; in like manner, if the mind of man be insincere, and not sound, he will never be able so to govern himself, as may be most conducive to his own felicity: In the first place, therefore, he says, that Epicurus was the man who first purged and cleansed the minds of those whom he instructed in wisdom; to whose affections he put stops and bounds of restraint; from whose minds he expelled terror; to whom he revealed the chief good, and showed the easy and direct road that leads to the attainment of it; to whom he taught the means to obviate all evils, and, lastly, whom he proved to be tormented with vain anxieties, and to tremble, and be disquieted with causeless and empty fears. And this is what the poet says in the first thirty-seven verses of this book.

Ver. 1. *Athens.*] The most famous and ancient city of Greece, situate on the sea coast of Attica, and built by Cecrops, A. M. 2407. and from him called Cecropia: As to its name, Athens, the fables say, that a contest arising between Neptune and Minerva, which of them should give the name to that city, the gods, to compose the difference, were pleased to decree, that the city should be called by the name of either of them, who should confer the greatest benefit on mankind. The gods were assembled in judgment, and Neptune darted his trident against the earth, which opening was delivered of a horse, a warlike animal: Minerva struck her spear into the ground, and up starts an olive-tree, the emblem of peace. The gods decided it in favour of Minerva, who named the city Athenæ, from her own name, Ἀθήνη, for so the Greeks called her.

Justin. lib. ii. Cicero pro Flacc. Diodorus Sicul. lib. xiii. Plin. lib. vii. cap. 56. say, that the Athenians were the first who taught men, that fed before upon acorns, to plough the earth, and to sow corn; and that they were the first likewise who made laws, and compelled men to quit their savage way of life, and to enter into civil societies.

Ver. 6. *Epicurus.*] Of whom, B. I. v. 88. and the beginning of B III.

Ver. 9. This and the following verse are transcribed out of Cowley's Ode on the Death of Mrs. Phillips. A pyramid is a figure broad at bottom, and smaller and sharper by degrees upwards, till it end in a point like our spire-steeples. It is so called from πῦρ, fire, because flame ascends in that figure.

Ver. 17. This and the following verse run thus in the original:

Intellexit ibi vitium vas efficere ipsum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpier intùs.

Where by *vas*, the vessel, the poet means the mind of man: for, in like manner as a vessel, when it is once imbued with an unsavoury odour, corrupts all the liquors it receives: so men too, says the poet, because they have admitted into their minds the fear of the gods, and the dread of punishments after death, do therefore lead their lives in tormenting inquietudes, while anxious cares fluctuate in their uneasy breasts; from which cares and terrors they might deliver their minds, if they would once consider and believe that the gods are not the authors of things, and that death to them is nothing: an impious assertion, but the main drift of our poet.

Ver. 19. Dryden from Juvenal, Sat. 10.

Such is the gloomy state of mortals here,
We know not what to wish, nor what to fear;
Ev'n he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monstrous height,
Which, mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the weight.

Ver. 20. Lucretius here alludes to the fable of the Danaides, or daughters of Danaus; of whom book iii. ver. 1005. The allusion is clear in the original, though obscure in this translation.

Ver. 26. For Epicurus would have had men set bounds to their desires, and content themselves with what the necessities of nature required: for he said, that the things, that are neither necessary nor natural, are infinite in number, and fit only for fools.

He delivered the minds of men from fear, by proving the soul to be mortal, by taking away all belief of Providence, and overthrowing all religion: for he taught that the gods need not be feared because they cannot be angry; and that no sense remains after death. An opinion no less weak than impious.

Ver. 29. Epicurus held that all the ills, to which mortality is subject, happen from chance, or are the effects of nature: and that all the calamities that attend us, of what kind soever they be, must be ascribed to one of those two causes: all is chance or nature: there is no third to fly to: for the god of Epicurus, as Tertullian more than once observes, "pene nemo est," is next to nobody.

Ver. 32. You will find these six verses in the second book, ver. 58. See there the note upon them.

Ver. 38. Hitherto has been only the praise of Epicurus and of Athens. Now follows in 58 verses, an explication of the argument of this book. He says, that having in the preceding book treated of the beginning of all things, and of the celestial motions, he will now dispute of meteors, and of the other wondrous effects of nature, which men

who are ignorant of the causes of them, ascribe to the gods: whence proceed, religion, the vain dread of powers above, groundless fears, idle apprehensions, tormenting anxieties, &c. These are the ruin of true piety, and the reason that vain superstition reigns in the minds of deluded and mistaken man.

Ver. 42. Here our translator has wholly omitted the three following verses of his author;

Quandoquidem semel insignem conscendere currum
Vincendi spes hortata est, atque obvia cursu
Quæ fuerant sunt placato conversa furore.

And indeed Lambinus utterly rejects them: and the other interpreters read them so variously, and give them such different explications, as evidently shows, that, upon the whole matter, they knew not well what to make of them: and for these reasons I resolved not to add them in the text of this translation.

Ver. 43. He means the meteors, thunder, lightning, storms, whirlwinds, rain, snow, hail, &c.

Ver. 47. This similitude, though it be not in the original, is so pertinently applied in this place, that Lucretius himself, were he living, would judge it worthy of him.

Ver. 48. This and the two following verses are in book i. ver. 185. and they should be repeated again below after ver. 91. of this translation, for Lucretius does so in the original, but Creech has nevertheless omitted them in that place.

Ver. 51. This, and the ten verses that follow it, are likewise repeated from book v. ver. 87.

Ver. 57. Severe and cruel gods; whom such wretches as are ignorant of the causes of things, fear and adore, as if they were the authors of them. See Book v. ver. 94.

Ver. 60. This and the two next verses are in book i. ver. 99. as well as book v. ver. 96.

Ver. 71. Horace in like manner:

——Namque Deos didici securum agere ævum,
Nec si quid miri faciat Natura, Deos id
Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.

Ver. 78. Epicurus foolishly believed, that a god, who foresees all, protects all, and provides for all, must be indeed, a terrible and dreadful god: insomuch, that the image of such a god can never enter into the mind of man, but anxiety, fear, and terror will be the immediate effect.

Ver. 82. It is next to incredible to believe, to how great a degree wilful ignorance and dulness prevailed among the ancients: and that too, even in the midst of Athens, the chief seat of learning. Plutarch, in the Life of Nicias, tells us; that they could not discover the reason of the eclipses of the moon, but thought it a portent that foreboded some great disaster. For, says he, Anaxagoras, who first treated of the celestial phenomenons, durst not discourse of them in public, but only in private, and with some particular friends: for neither natural philosophers, nor those they called Μετεωρολόγους, i. e. such as argued concerning meteors; were suffered among them: they being looked on as men, who endeavoured to limit the Divine Power, and to derogate from it, by ascribing all things to natural causes: for which reason Protagoras was banished, and Anaxagoras thrown into prison: but Pericles with much ado, procured him to be set at liberty: Socrates was taken off, merely for the name of a philosopher: for he was averse to studies of that nature. At length, the authority of Plato, as well by reason of the probity of his life, as for that he subjected natural effects, to more potent and divine causes, wiped off the scandal from those studies, and opened a way to the doctrine of the mathematics. Thus Plutarch; who, in the life of Pericles, farther teaches us, what great advantages that Athenian general gained by his acquaintance with Anaxagoras: for he there informs us, that he delivered his mind from all superstition, which strikes a terror into those, who are ignorant of the causes of the celestial meteors; and tremble at the things above, which consternation, adds the same author, the knowledge of natural causes takes away; and, instead of that frightful and disquieting superstition, inspires a secure and quiet religion together with good hope. Thus we see to what tend the endeavours of Lucretius, in the following disputation, and how much they ought to be esteemed.

Ver. 89. This relates to the discipline of the Thuscans: of which Cicero in the second book de Divinat. "Cœlum in sex decim partes diviserunt Etrusci: facile id quidem fuit, quatuor, quas nos habemus, duplicare: post idem iterum facere, ut ex eo dicerent, fulmen quâ ex parte veniisset." The Thuscans divided the heaven into sixteen parts: it was indeed easy for them to do so, by doubling the four we have, and then doing the same again: that they might know by that means, from what part comes the lightning: but the same quarters were sometimes reckoned lucky, sometimes unlucky, lucky as in this of Virgil:

——Subitoque fragore
Intonuit lævum. Æn. ii. ver. 692.

Unlucky, as in this of the same poet,

Sæpè malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,
De cœlo tactas memini prædicere quercus:
Sæpè sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.
Eclog. i.

Thus the left side was ambiguously taken by the Romans often as a good omen, often as a bad: and the right, in like manner, was sometimes a lucky omen, sometimes unlucky But whence came the same part to have so different, nay, contrary a power? Was it because, in the interpretation of their auspices, they sometimes had regard to the place and site of the gods, by whom those bodings were given them, and sometimes to that of the augurs, who asked those tokens of the gods? for the right of the giver is the left of the asker or receiver: some favour this opinion, and ground their belief on the testimony of

Plutarch lib. de Quæſtionibus Romanis: but Cicero ſuggeſts another reaſon, for lib. ii. de Divin. he ſays, that the Greeks and Barbarians take the omens from the right to be beſt, as the Romans do thoſe from the left. Hence the Romans may, in the affair of divination, be ſaid to ſpeak often after their own manner, often after that of the Greeks. However, it is certain, that amongſt the Romans, in "auſpiciis, quæ ſiniſtra ſunt, benè eventura putantur;" the auſpices on the left were thought to forebode good ſucceſs: as Alexander ab Alexandro in his Gen. dier. lib. v. cap. 13. & Tiraquel. on that place prove at large; without omitting the reaſon of it: for they acquaint us, that in taking their "Auſpicia ex cœlo," their auſpices or omens from heaven, which was the chief kind of all; and on which they moſt depended; the thunder or lightning that came from heaven, was ſuppoſed to come from the right hand of God, when it was on the left of the auſpex, or ſooth-ſayer: as, on the contrary, when it happened on his right ſide, they believed it to come from the left hand of God; becauſe, they always took it for granted, that his face was turned towards the auſpex. Thus too Donatus, on the "intonuit lævum," of Virgil, which I cited before, ſays, "Quod dixit lævum, debet proſperum intelligi: cujus ratio hæc eſt; læva in aliis contraria ſignificant; in ſacris autem ſignis idcircò proſpera accipiuntur quæ læva ſunt, quia ſacrificantis, vel precantis latus lævum dexterum eſt ejus, qui poſtulata largitur." So likewiſe in the omens taken from the voices of birds, the rule was, that thoſe on the left were always lucky; "ſemper cantus Oſcinis, quum ſiniſter eſt, ſecundiſſimus fuit," ſays Alexander ab Alex. in the place above cited: indeed he makes ſome exceptions to this doctrine, but delivers it in general to be true. And here we may obſerve by the way, that of the birds, from which the ancients took their augūries, ſome were called Oſcines, and from the voices of theſe they drew their divinations; and others Præpetes, from the manner of whoſe flight, they took their omens: crows, ſwallows, kites, owls, and ſuch like birds, were counted inauſpicious; and others, as vultures, eagles, ſwans, &c. in ſome caſes portended good luck, in others bad: but even this depended too on which ſide the bird was; and ſome birds were held to be lucky on one ſide, and unlucky on the other. A raven was lucky on the left, a crow on the right: "Cornix à ſiniſtrâ, corvus à dextrâ, ratum facit," ſays Cicero, de Divin. lib. i. But which auguries did the ancient Greeks and Latins take to be left, which right? for both of them, though they ſpoke differently, yet meant the ſame thing: that is to ſay, the oriental omens, or thoſe that came from the eaſt, did to both of them ſeem to be the beſt, for this reaſon, becauſe the beginning of light and motion is from that part of the heavens: and yet what the Greeks called right omens, the Romans called left. Concerning the Greeks it is manifeſt from Homer, Iliad. xii. ver. 239. where Hector ſays, that he values not the augural birds, whether they go to the right towards the Aurora and the ſun; or to the left towards the duſky weſt:

Εἴτ' ἐπὶ δεξί' ἴωσι προὸς ἠῶ τ' ἠέλιόν τε,
Εἴτ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ ποίγε, ποὶ ζόφον ἠερόεντα.

As to the Romans, it is evident from Varro, who, Epiſt. Quæſt. lib. v. ſays, "A deorum fede cum in meridiem ſpectes, ad ſiniſtram ſunt partes mundi exorientes, ad dexteram occidentes: factum arbitror, ut ſiniſtra meliora auſpicia, quam dextera, eſſe exiſtimentur." Feſtus Pompeius quotes this paſſage, and mentions others of the ancients of the ſame opinion: which Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 54. confirms in theſe words: "Læva, proſperia exiſtimantur, quoniam lævâ parte mundi ortus eſt." Now the reaſon of the different appellation is, becauſe, in taking their auguries, the Greeks turned themſelves towards the north, the Romans towards the ſouth. But to inquire why they did ſo, would engage me into too long a digreſſion.

Ver. 90. See below, ver. 379.

Ver. 92. The poet invokes his muſe in theſe four verſes, of which, our tranſlator, not having fully rendered them, obliges me to give the original.

Tu mihi ſupremæ præſcripta ad candida calcis
Currenti ſpatium præmonſtra, callida Muſa,
Calliope, requies hominum, divûmque voluptas;
Te duce ut inſigni capiam cum laude coronam.

Whence we ſee, that, notwithſtanding what ſome imagine, that Lucretius never finiſhed his poem, or at leaſt writ more books that are loſt, he never propoſed to himſelf to write above ſix; and that he is now haſtening "ad præſcripta candida ſupremæ calcis:" which Seneca helps us to explain: for that author, Epiſt. 19. teaches, That what in the Circus was in his days called Meta, the goal, the ancients called Calx, becauſe the end of the courſe was often marked with chalk. Calliope was one of the muſes, ſo called from καλὸς, beauty, and ὄψ, ὄπος, a voice: ſhe was mother of Orpheus, and preſident of heroic verſe. See book i. ver. 932.

Ver. 93. This verſe our tranſlator ſeems to have been fond of: for he repeats it from book i. ver. 930. where it is placed with as little authority from Lucretius, as it is here.

Ver. 96. Lucretius begins his diſputation of meteors; and firſt of thunders: the various motions and differences of which he explains ſeveral ways: and I. in theſe thirteen verſes, teaches, that the noiſe of thunder is made by the colliſion of clouds, that are driven and daſhed againſt one another by adverſe winds. And if it be objected, that clouds are rare and thin bodies, and therefore very improper and unlikely to make ſo great a noiſe, the anſwer is, that the clouds do not equal ſtones and wood in denſity; nor on the other hand, are ſo rare as miſt, or ſmoke: for then indeed they would vaniſh away: but they are however of a middle nature between both, and denſe enough to contain hail and ſnow.

Diogenes Laërtius ſays, this was the opinion of Epicurus and Anaxagoras, and we read in Sto-

bæus, that Democritus and the Stoics too were of the ſame belief: nor does Seneca oppoſe it, cap. 39. Nat. Quæſt. where he ſays, " Quid enim non quemadmodum illiſæ manus plauſum edunt ſic illiſarum inter ſe nubium ſonus poteſt eſſe magnus quia magna concurrunt?" Since even the hands clapped together make a noiſe, why ſhould not the noiſe of clouds daſhing againſt one another be great, ſeeing they are great bodies that meet, and ſtrike one another? And to one that objected, " nubes impingi montibus nec ſonum fiere," that clouds ſtrike againſt mountains, but make no noiſe, he anſwers: " Non quomodocunque nubes illiſæ ſunt, ſonant, ſed ſi aptè ſunt compoſitæ ad ſonum edendum. Adverſæ inter ſe manus colliſæ non plaudunt: ſed palſa cum palmâ collata plauſum facit," the clouds do not make a ſound in what manner ſoever, they are daſhed againſt one another, but only when they are compoſed in a due manner to make a noiſe: The backs of our hands ſtruck one againſt another, do not make that ſound of applauſe, as when we clap one palm againſt the other. This was the opinion of many of the ancients, and, if we will give credit to ſome of our philoſophers at this day, it is next to truth.

Ver. 98. For the Epicureans denied that it ever thunders, when the ſky is clear; and therefore Horace when he was about to leave that fooliſh wiſdom, as he calls it, ſays,

————Namque dieſpiter
Igne coruſco nubila dividens,
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

Ver. 109. In theſe ſix verſes, he explains, by a compariſon, the noiſe that clouds make when they are daſhed by winds againſt one another, and at the ſame time brings a ſecond explication of thunder. For one ſingle cloud driven by the wind, is ſometimes rent aſunder by the violence of the blaſt; nor ſhall we condemn this interpretation, if we compare the noiſe that a cloud ſo torn makes, with the ruffling of curtains that are hung up in a large theatre; with that of paper when you tear it haſtily, or of clothes hung abroad, and ruffled by the wind.

Nardius obſerves, that what Lucretius in this place advances, that the noiſe of thunder may be made by the mutual confrication of clouds, that juſtle againſt one another; like the noiſe made by ſails or curtains ruffling in the wind, and the like, is altogether improbable, but agrees but ill with his own doctrine. For having, ver. 102. aſſigned a middle conſiſtency to the clouds, he baniſhes from them that dryneſs and ſolidity, which of neceſſity all ſuch bodies muſt have, as, by their colliſion excite a ſound, that can be perceived from far. Beſides, that ſort of noiſe, which is made in the clouds, is not like the mutual arietation of ſolid bodies. For then one only noiſe anſwers to one only blow; but the roar of thunder laſts, and is repeated. Nay, ſometimes the cloud grumbles for a conſiderable ſpace of time; and ſince the poet pretends, that this is done by contrary winds that violently drive the clouds againſt one another; we add, that when two oppoſite winds, ſuppoſe the north and the ſouth, contend with each other, no thunder, but roaring blaſts only are then heard. And this laſt obſervation is ſtrong againſt Lucretius; for it never thunders except when the clouds move ſlowly, at leaſt not when the rack drives with violence; and, which is chiefly to be conſidered, the clouds grumble, and burſt out in thunder, when they are not agitated by winds.

The Roman theatres were uncovered at top; and to keep off the ſun or rain from the ſpectators, curtains were ſpread over them, as appears by what Lucretius himſelf ſays, book iv. ver. 75. Propertius too mentions theſe curtains, lib ii. Eleg.

Nec ſinuoſa cavo pendebant vela theatro.

Quintus Catulus was the firſt who introduced the uſe of them, when he dedicated the capitol; and Lentulus Spinter firſt brought up the uſe of ſilken curtains, in the Apollinarian games. This we have from Pliny, lib. xxiii. in theſe words: " Vela in theatris tantum umbram fecêre, quod primus omnium invenit Q. Catulus, cum capitolium dedicaret. Carbaſina deinde vela primus in theatrum duxiſſe fertur Lentulus Spinter, Apollinaribus Ludis." Of theſe curtains ſee more, book iv. ver. 75.

Ver. 115. In theſe ſix verſes, he gives us a third explication of the noiſe of thunder. Sometimes the noiſe of thunder is like a craſhing, or creaking ſound; and this happens when the clouds do not meet full; but as we call it, but only rudely juſtle and ſhock the ſides of one another in an oblique manner. From whence proceeds that clangour, which Lucretius calls " aridus ſonus," a dry ſound; and our tranſlator, ver. 118, a harſh murmur. Thus Milton:

————The clouds,
Juſtling, or puſh'd by winds, rude in their ſhock,
Tine the ſlant lightning, &c.

Ver. 119. Dryden in Troïlus et Creſſida, deſcribes this ſort of thunder-clap.

It comes like thunder, grumbling in a cloud
Before the dreadful break, &c.

Ver. 121. Theſe eight verſes contain the fourth explication. Wind, ſays he, pent up in a cloud, rages to get free. Thence proceeds a grumbling noiſe, till the wind having burſt its paſſage, makes a dreadful roar. Pliny, lib ii. cap. 43. favours this opinion, and ſays, " Poſſe ſpiritum nube cohibitum tonare, naturâ ſtrangulante ſonum dum rixetur, edito fragore cum erumpat, ut in membranâ ſpiritu intentâ." That wind, while it continues ſhut up in a cloud, may thunder; becauſe ſo long as nature chokes the ſound, it makes a grumbling noiſe, but when the wind frees its paſſage, and breaks out, it gives a horrid clap; as when we break a bladder, blown hard with wind. If you are diſpoſed to laugh, ſee Ariſtophanes in Nubibus, Act. i. Scen. 4. Moreover, this was likewiſe the opinion of Strato, and Diogenes, but chiefly of Leucippus, Empedocles, and Ariſtotle.

who allow nothing but this to be the cause of thunder. Moreover, this sort of thunder which Lucretius explains by the bursting of a blown bladder, may yet better be explained by the report of our cannon, elegantly described by Pontanus in Meteor. in these verses.

Ut cum armata manus tormento exclusit aheno
Fumantem pilam, versatque volubile saxum,
Inclusi erumpunt ignes nigrantibus auris;
Fit tremor, horrendumque sonat; tum plurimus antè
Sternit iter fragor, et gemitu saxa icta resultant;
Disjectæque ruunt prostratis mœnibus arces.

And by Milton in Paradise Lost, book vi.

————Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heaven appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes, &c.

Now, though these implements of mischief were wholely unknown to the ancients; yet Epicurus in Laertius, lib. x. uses almost the same comparison, and says, that thunder may be made by wind shut up in hollow clouds, even in like manner as our vessels burst with noise, when they are heated by included fire. Moreover, Anaximander and Metrodorus seem to have been of the same opinion. For they held thunder to be a wind conceived, and enclosed within the bowels of a thick cloud; and which, breaking out with violence, makes the noise we call thunder; and that the lightning is caused by the breaking of the cloud. In like manner, added Anaximenes, who subscribed to this belief, as the sea, when dashed and broken with oars, sparkles and shines.

Ver. 129. In these six verses is contained explication fifth. We see, says the poet, some clouds, whose branchy edges resemble the boughs of trees, growing out on all sides from the body; and if winds get in among them, why should they not cause thunder? For when a rough blast of wind blows through a thick forest, the shaken branches clash against one another, and make a rattling noise.

Ver. 135. In these six verses, he gives explication sixth. The clouds, says the poet, may likewise be broken to pieces by the winds, when they beat hard upon them; and none can doubt but that winds can shatter the clouds, since we often see that they tear up the stoutest trees, and toss their broad roots into the air

Ver. 141. Explication seventh, in these four verses. If you like not these reasons, imagine the air to be an immense sea, and the clouds its waves. Let them dash against one another; and they roar no less than the vexed billows of a boisterous ocean, when they insult the shores that bound them.

Ver. 145. Some philosophers taught, that thunder was caused by the falling of stars into a wet cloud, and their struggling with the moisture. Now Lucretius for the eighth cause of thunder, in the room of their stars, substitutes the flame of lightning, which, falling from a dry cloud into a wet, hisses like red hot iron, when plunged into the smithy. This was particularly the opinion of Anaxagoras.

Ver. 149. Explication ninth. That he may be sure to omit none of the causes of thunder; he now, in those six verses, sets the very clouds on fire; and pretends, that as laurels and other things crackle in the flames, clouds may do so too.

Ver. 152. Pliny, lib. xv. cap. ult. says that Cato distinguished between two sorts of laurel; the Delphic, and the Cyprian; this last has a short blackish leaf, turning up at the edges and indented. The other, a very large leaf, and bears very large berries, that turn from green to red; with this the victors at Delphi, and those that triumphed at Rome, were wont to be crowned. Pompeius Lernæus added a third sort of laurel, which he called "mustas, quod mustaceis subjiceretur." Lucretius here calls it "Delphica laurus," the laurel being a tree sacred to Apollo, because, as Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. xv. cap. 30. says, many very fine laurels grew on the Mountain Parnassus; and because, as the interpreter of Hesiod says, ἐνεργεῖ πρὸς ἐνθουσιασμοὺς. Dryden from Chaucer's Tale of the Flower and the Leaf.

The laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor, shaken, falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay;
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is May:
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below;
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.

Because Daphne flying from Apollo, to whose love, she would not consent, was changed into a laurel. See the next note.

Ver. 153. Pliny, lib. xv. cap. 30. "Laurus manifestò abdicat ignes crepitu." The laurel, by its crackling in the flames, shows its natural detestation of fire.

This alludes to the known fable of Phœbus and Daphne, who was feigned to be the daughter of the River Peneus in Thessalia, because the banks of that stream abound with laurels. With this nymph, Phœbus fell in love, and she, refusing to yield to his desires, who would have offered violence to her, fled from him, and in her flight arriving on the banks of her father's flood, and imploring his assistance, was changed into a laurel. Her transformation is described at large by Ovid. Metam. 1. and finely translated by Dryden, as follows:

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground;
A filmy rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs;
The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
The smoothness of her skin remains alone;

Yet Phœbus loves her ſtill, and, caſting round
Her bole his arms, ſome little warmth he found:
The tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind,
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his embrace declin'd:
To whom the God: becauſe thou canſt not be
My miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my tree.
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathleſs poet, and the poem, crown:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove;
Unfading, as th' immortal powers above:
And, as the locks of Phœbus are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual green thy boughs adorn;
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid,
And ſhook the ſhady honours of her head.

Ver. 155. In theſe four verſes is contained the tenth and laſt cauſe of the noiſe of thunder. When it thunders, hail, and many little fragments of ice, fall in ſome places, but chiefly in the northern climates. Therefore, that noiſe may well be aſcribed to the breaking into ſhivers of congealed and frozen clouds.

To this laſt opinion ſubſcribes our countryman Hobbes, who holds thunder to be the breaking of a cloud, congealed to ice; and that breaks by the ſtruggling of encloſed air. The Stoics held it to be a noiſe occaſioned by the colliſion of two hollow clouds; and that the lightning proceeds from their attrition. This I hinted before; and mention it in this place again, only to ſay, that Des Cartes differs not much from the opinion of theſe philoſophers: for he conceives thunder to be cauſed, when ſeveral flat clouds, "tabulatorum inſtar," ſays he, like ſo many floors, are driven with violence, the higher on thoſe below them, and clatter one upon another; and the lightning to proceed from the nature of exhalations, that are included in the interſtices, or ſpaces between the clouds, and which, by their falling upon one another, is cruſhed out, and explored with violence. But much more conſonant to truth, nay, indeed true, is their opinion, who hold thunder to be a hot and dry exhalation, of a ſulphurous and nitrous matter, contracted and ſhut up in a cold and moiſt cloud; whence ſtruggling to get free, it kindles itſelf by the agitation, and violently breaks forth from its confinement. And according to this opinion, Cowley ſays finely,

Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar ſo loud.
David. iii.

Ver. 159. Hitherto of thunder: He comes now to inquire into the cauſes of lightning, which may be ſtruck out of hardened clouds, daſhed againſt one another; in like manner as fire is out of iron, flint, or wood; for we ought to believe that ſome ſeeds of fire are lurking in the clouds, as well as in thoſe other things, ſays Lucretius in theſe ſix verſes.

But before we proceed any farther, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that under the general name of thunder, three ſeveral things are comprehended: I. The noiſe, which the Greeks called Βροντὴ, the Latins, *tonitru*, in Engliſh, thunder. II. The coruſcation, by the Greeks called Ἀστραπὴ, by the Latins, *fulgur*, which anſwers to what we call the lightning. III. What the Greeks cali Κεραυνὸς, the Latins *fulmen*, and we a thunderbolt. I know that the ancients, eſpecially their poets, no leſs than we at this day, often confounded theſe three things, taking one of them for the other, though they are different, as will more plainly appear by what ſhall be ſaid by and by, when I come to explain the difference between the *fulgur* and *fulmen* of the ancients. I now return to Lucretius, who held, that as in ſtone, iron, and wood, there are ſeeds of fire, which by attrition may be forced out, and ſtruck into ſparkles. So in the clouds likewiſe there are ſeeds of fire, that by the attrition of thoſe clouds, cauſed by the violent force of the wind, may be ſtruck out into lightning. For though the clouds be moiſt, yet fire may nevertheleſs be generated and produced by their attrition. This Seneca ſeems to confirm, Nat. Quæſt. lib. ii. cap. 25 and 26, where he ſays, that neither is fire produced without ſome moiſture, nor are the clouds wholly watery, but contain a part that may take fire; in like manner, as we often ſee the ſame piece of wood burning in one part, and ſputtering out moiſture in another: "eo modo, quo ſæpe in ligno alia pars ardet, alia ſudat." Nor is this opinion contradicted by Pliny, who, lib. ii. cap. 42. ſays, "Poſſe et attritu, dum in præceps fertur, illum, quiſquis eſt, ſpiritum accendi: poſſe et conflictu nubium elidi, ut duorum lapidum ſcintillantibus fulgetris." And Seneca, in the place above cited, adds the example of the wood of laurel, and of ivy, which by attrition produce fire. Thus too Democritus in Stobæus, Eclog. Phyſ. ſays, that lightning is the colliſion of clouds; by which colliſion, the corpuſcles, that are the efficient cauſes of fire, being by various confrications, got together, and kindled in one body, are, as it were, ſtrained through the many pores and apertures of the clouds.

Therefore, what the Latins called *fulgur*, is nothing elſe than light emitted from the flame of *fulmen*, and diffuſed through the air. Yet Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 43. Seneca, lib. ii. cap. 16. and 18. and Ariſtotle, lib. ii. de Meteor. cap. 9. will have the fire of *fulgur* to be more looſe and rare, inaſmuch as it only cleaves the cloud, and vaniſhes into air; but the fire of *fulmen* to be more compreſſed and cloſe; becauſe it breaks the cloud with violence, and ſometimes daſhes againſt the earth. But this ſeems probable only in the coruſcations without thunder; but cannot be in thoſe that are attended, "cum tonitu ac fulmine." For ſuch coruſcations break the cloud to pieces, and cannot be ſaid to cleave it, but rather to ſcatter and diſperſe it on all ſides, while the *fulmen* itſelf is directed to one part only. And thus the very moment that the matter of *fulmen* is kindled, the *fulgur* or coruſcation is produced; but this *fulgur* is momentary, becauſe the flame of the *fulmen* is ſo too; and if the *fulgur* have ſometimes any duration, the flame of the *fulmen* muſt of neceſſity con-

tinue the longer. This is manifeſt in our cannon; which being fired in the night, a coruſcation from the flame of the powder is diffuſed all around; whence men that ſtand at a diſtance eaſily gueſs, that they ſhall ſoon hear the report.

Ver. 162. This and the two next verſes our tranſlator has added to his author. The thought ſeems to be taken from Waller's ſea-fight.

Ver. 165. But if thunder and lightning be both made by the ſame colliſion of the clouds, why do we ſee the lightning before we hear the thunder? Becauſe, ſays he, in theſe twelve verſes, light is ſwifter than ſound: For common experience evinces, that the ſpecies of a viſible thing is ſooner conveyed to the eyes, than the noiſe it makes is to the ears. Thus Ariſtotle, lib. ii. Meteor. ſpeaking of lightning, ſays, γίνεσθαι δὲ μετὰ τὴν πλῆγὴν, καὶ ὕστερον τῆς βροντῆς, ἀλλὰ φαίνεται πρότερον διὰ τὸ τὴν ὄψιν πρόσιεσθαι τῆς ἀκοῆς. The coruſcation is made after the ſtroke and after the thunder; but it is ſeen firſt, becauſe the ſenſe of ſeeing is ſwifter than that of hearing: And in the ſame place he brings an inſtance of men rowing a boat in the water, and ſays, that they are ſeen lifting up their oars the ſecond time out of the water, by that time the noiſe of the firſt ſtroke is heard.

That the action of light is quicker than that of ſound; and that light is therefore ſooner conveyed to the eyes, than ſound to the ears, is true beyond any contradiction; and the inſtance Lucretius brings to prove this aſſertion is juſt: for nothing is more certain, than that we ſee the motion of the hatchet, lifted up the ſecond time to ſtrike, before we hear the ſound cauſed by the firſt blow, even though we are placed but at a ſmall diſtance from the ſtriker. The reaſon of which is, becauſe the "materia ſubtilis" in lucid bodies, which is the medium by which we ſee, conſiſts of particles, that are much leſs, and more ſolid than thoſe of the air, the medium by which we hear: And conſequently the motion of that ſubtile matter is more quick than that of the air: becauſe more ſtrength is requiſite to overcome the reſiſtance of a greater body, than that of a leſs: Beſides, the greater body loſes much of its motion, in conquering the reſiſtance of the body it meets: Therefore the air, whoſe particles are intricate, and, like thoſe of all other ſulphureous bodies, twiſted and entangled in one another; and in their magnitude far ſurpaſſing thoſe of the ſubtile matter, whoſe very name ſuppoſes ſomething the moſt minute that can be conceived; therefore, I ſay, the air cannot move with equal ſwiftneſs, as does the "materia ſubtilis," whoſe particles being extremely minute, and ſolid, and inflexible, muſt therefore move more nimbly, and retain their motion longer. And this is the reaſon that the ſenſe of ſeeing is quicker than that of hearing.

Ver. 177. In theſe fourteen verſes, he ſays, that if thunder be cauſed by the winds breaking and tearing the clouds, lightning is likewiſe made by the ſame winds, that by the ſwiftneſs of their motion grow hot, and kindle into flames, as they are agitated and whirled about in the bowels of the clouds. Thus Creech interprets this paſſage, and ſays that Gaſſendus, and all that follow him, are miſtaken in their interpretation of it. Now to confirm this opinion of Epicurus, we may obſerve, that ſeveral of the ancients ſeem to have been of the ſame ſentiments: For Heraclitus, as Seneca, lib. ii. cap. 56. witneſſes, held, that this fulguration is like the attempts of our fires, when they begin to kindle, and reſembles the firſt uncertain flames, now dying, now riſing again at every puff of the bellows. And we learn from Plutarch de Placit. Philoſoph. lib. iii. cap. 3. that Metrodorus believed, that this coruſcation is produced, when a cloud is aſſaulted and daſhed to pieces by the wind. And theſe opinions are like theirs, who hold, That motion is the cauſe of heat: For we ſee many things grow hot by motion, as wheels, the axletrees on which they are hung, &c.

Ver. 183. This is no truer than what Virgil writes of the arrow of Aceſtes,

Qui tamen æthereas telum contorſit in auras,
Oſtentans artem pariter, arcumque ſonantem:
——volans liquidis in nubibus arſit arundo,
Signavitque viam flammis, tenueſque receſſit
Conſumpta in ventos: cælo ſeu ſæpe refixa
Tranſcurrunt, crinemq. volantia ſydera ducunt.
Æn. v. *ver.* 520.

Who, ſhooting, upwards, ſends his ſhaft to ſhow
An archer's art, and boaſt his twanging bow:
Chaf'd by the ſpeed, it fir'd, and as it flew,
A trail of foll'wing flames aſcending drew;
Kindling they mount, and mark the ſhiny way,
Acroſs the ſkies, as falling meteors play,
And vaniſh into wind, or in a blaze decay.
Dryd.

Ver. 193. In theſe twenty-three verſes he anſwers the objections of thoſe, who pretend that the clouds, though they are broad, yet cannot be deep or thick enough to contain within their bowels, ſuch vaſt hollows, as could be capable to encloſe ſo much wind: To which he adds ſomething of the winds grumbling within the clouds, and then burſting out into flames.

Ver. 197. For this and the following verſe, our tranſlator has no authority from his author: but has tranſcribed them from the Biſhop of Rocheſter's Plague of Athens, and repeats them again almoſt word for word, ver. 1099. of this book. Where indeed they are better applied than here: For how come the winds, that, in the preceding verſe, whirled the clouds through the air, which implies a violent and ſwift motion, to be able to move but ſlowly in this, and to groan under the weight of their burdens? Dennis ſpeaking of a row of oaks, as he calls them, ſays finely,

The tempeſt ſees their ſtrength, and ſighs, and
paſſes by.

Ver. 203. Sir R. Blackmore gives a lively deſcription of theſe mountain-clouds in the following verſes:

When on their march embattle'd clouds appear,
What formidable gloom their faces wear!
How wide their front! How deep and black their rear!
How do their threat'ning heads each other throng!
How flow the crowding legions move along!
The winds, with all their wings, can ſcarcely bear
Th' impending burden of th' oppreſſive war.

Ver. 205. Thus after our poet Virgil ſays of the winds,

Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum clauſtra fremunt ——

This way and that th' impatient captives tend,
And, preſſing for relief, the mountain rend;

Ver. 214. In theſe eight verſes he propoſes another cauſe of lightning, and ſays, that not only the ſeeds of fire, agitated and whirled about in the clouds, may be kindled into flames, but the clouds themſelves contain many corpuſcles of fire, which they receive from the ſun, or from elſewhere: and this is evident from the bright and flamy colour of ſome clouds: Now theſe corpuſcles, or ſeeds of fire, being forced out by the wind that drives and compreſſes the clouds together, make the lightning. Ariſtotle ſays, that ſeveral adhered to this opinion, which nevertheleſs he confutes, lib. ii. Meteor. Empedocles held that this fire, that catches in the clouds, is kindled by the beams of the ſun: but Anaxagoras will have it deſcend from the higheſt ether, which he holds to be fire.

Ver. 222. He ſaid in the laſt place, that the ſeeds of fire that are in the clouds, are driven out by the ſtrength and violence of the wind: But now in theſe four verſes, he ſays, that if they are not driven out in that manner, yet they muſt of neceſſity fall down, when the clouds grow thin, and break, and open of themſelves: and that from thence proceeds the mild and gentle lightning, whoſe ſplendor dazzles the eyes, though no thunder invade the ear.

By this breaking, or rather rarefaction of the clouds, and the falling down of the atoms that make the lightning without any thunder or noiſe, the poet ſeems to inſinuate the opinion of Clidemus, who, as Ariſtotle ſays, believed lightning not to be real fire, but only an empty ſpecies, that is to ſay, that the cloud, being agitated, and as it were ſtruck and beaten in the humid part of it, brightens in like manner as the ſea foams and turns white, if it be beaten with a rod. To this purpoſe too Anaximenes in Stobæus alleges the example of the ſea turning bright when the oars cut the waves. Thus likewiſe Xenophanes ſaid, that the cloud by its motion conceives the ſplendor that lightens: And, laſtly, Animaxander favoured this opinion, when he ſaid, that lightning is only the wind that turns bright by forcing its way through the blackneſs of the cloud.

Ver. 226. Hitherto the poet has treated of the coruſcation of lightning, which the Latins called *fulgur*: he is now going to diſpute concerning the *fulmen*, by which the ancients meant the lightning, that falls and does miſchief upon earth, and which in Engliſh is called a thunderbolt: The French call it "Carreau de Foudre:" which anſwers to our denomination of it: The Greeks called it κεραυνὸς; and Ariſtotle defines it in theſe words: τὸ δὲ ἀτρέψαν ἀναπυρωθὲν βιαίως ὡς ἄχρι τῆς γῆς διιχθέον, κεραυνὸς καλεῖται· i. e. the lightning, if it continues its courſe to, and daſhes upon the earth, is called a thunderbolt; Lucretius, even in this diſputation, confounds the words *fulgur* and *fulmen*, often uſing one for the other: and indeed they both ſignify lightning, and the ſole difference is in the effects they produce: Our tranſlator too does the like; nay, ſometimes uſes the word thunder for lightning, particularly in this verſe; though thunder properly means only the noiſe. This diſtinction was neceſſary to be obſerved in order to the better underſtanding of the following diſputation; in which the poet treats of many things relating to lightning: I. Of its nature: II. How it is generated: III. Of its motion: IV. In what ſeaſons of the year it is moſt frequent: And V. he inveighs againſt the ſuperſtition of ſuch as aſcribe thunder to Jupiter; and againſt the Thuſcans, who drew their auguries from thunder and lightning. This diſputation continues to ver. 431; and, firſt, in theſe eighteen verſes, he diſputes of the nature of lightning, and teaches that it muſt conſiſt of a fiery ſubſtance, becauſe it ſinges and burns whatever it touches, ſets fire to houſes, &c. But that it pierces through walls, that it melts gold, braſs, and other metals, that it draws out the liquor and leaves the veſſel entire, muſt be aſcribed to the ſwiftneſs of its motion, and the tenuity and ſubtleneſs of its fire.

Ver. 227. For things that are blaſted by lightning not only ſeem burnt, but retain a ſulphurous ſmell.

Ver. 234. While the poet here takes notice of the wonderful effects of lightning, he obſerves the ſeveral ſorts of it. Ariſtotle allows only two; one, which he calls καπνώδης, ſmoky, which occaſions the ſwarthy colour of the things it blaſts: the other, λαμπρὸς, clear, to which he aſcribes its penetration. But Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 51. adds a third ſort, which he calls *ſiccus*, dry; whoſe nature, ſays he, is indeed wonderful, ſince by that veſſels are exhauſted of their liquors, and drawn dry, while the veſſels themſelves remain untouched: Since gold, and ſilver, and braſs, are melted by it, while the bags that contain them are not ſo much as ſinged, nor even the wax which ſeals them in the leaſt melted, nor the impreſſion diſordered: Nay, what is yet more ſtrange than all this, "Martia Romanorum princeps," ſays he, "ictа gravida, partu exanimato, ipſa citra ullum aliud incommodum vixit:" Martia, a Roman princeſs, was ſtruck with lightning when ſhe was big with child; which killed the child within her; but ſhe received no other hurt whatever. To which we may add what Seneca ſays, that it melts the ſword without doing any hurt to the

ſcabbard; and all the iron of a ſpear, without ſo much as ſcorching the wood: that it breaks the veſſel, and hardens the wine, ſo that it will continue as it were in a lump, and not run away: but that this ſtiffneſs or congelation of the liquor laſts not above three days, "nec citra triduum rigor ille durat," &c. lib. ii. cap. 31. And cap. 52. of the ſame book, he ſays, "Valentiora, quia reſiſtunt, vehementius diſſipat: cedentia nonunquam ſine injuriâ tranſit: cum lapide, ferroque, & duriſſimis quibuſque confligit, quia viam neceſſe eſt per illa impetu quærat; itaque faciat viam, quâ effugiat: teneris et rarioribus parcit, quamquam et flammis opportuna videantur, quia tranſitu patente minus ſævit:" &c. But here, ſince Lucretius gives us this opportunity, we will, with Nardius, propoſe ſeveral queſtions and problems, relating to thunder and lightning, and give the anſwers and ſolutions of them.

PROBLEMS CONCERNING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

1. Why is a man debilitated, and deprived of all his ſtrength by lightning, even before he is actually ſtruck by it? This was the obſervation of Thages the Thuſcan, as Ammianus Marcellin. lib. xiii. witneſſes.

Becauſe the blaſt is quicker than the bolt: and therefore every thing is ſhaken and blaſted, before it is ſtruck. But that which blaſts is pernicious, and collected out of the Averni, ſays Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 54.

2. Why, as it is reported, is not he ſtruck, who either firſt ſees the lightning, or hears the thunder? Plin. loc. cit.

Becauſe he provides for his ſafety by his flight: and, as Seneca ſays, No man ever feared lightning, without avoiding it "Nemo unquam fulmen timuit, niſi qui effugit." Nat. Quæſt. lib. ii.

3. Why does one ſort of lightning pierce, another daſh to pieces, and another burn? Senec. loc. citat.

This depends on the quality of the thing that is ſtruck, and of the matter of which the lightning is compoſed; which matter, if it be ſubtle, and chance to light on a thin and unreſiſting body, pierces it through and through: if the matter be more denſe, and meet with a more ſolid body, it enters it indeed, but in the penetration daſhes and tears it to pieces: when the matter is bituminous, it clings to combuſtible bodies, and burns them.

4. Why does it lighten more without thunder, in the night, than by day? Plin. lib. ii. cap. 54.

It lightens likewiſe in the day time; but the coruſcations are drowned by the ſuperior light of the ſun, unleſs they be vaſt indeed.

5. Why is it ſeen to lighten without thunder? Plin lib. ii. cap. 54.

It does thunder, but at too great a diſtance to be heard; but if no object intercepts the flame, it may be ſeen at the moſt remote part of the horizon.

6. Why is man the only animal, that lightning does not always kill outright, though it ſtrikes any other creature dead in a moment? Plin. lib. citat.

The matter of lightning may be leſs noxious to man than to brutes; or, perhaps, becauſe his lungs are ſofter and more lax, whence coming to breathe without any forcible endeavour, without ſtraining, more ſeldom, and at longer intervals, he does not ſo eaſily reſpire and ſuck in the ambient infection: Thus too it happens to the ſeal-fiſh, or ſea-calf.

7. Why do all things, that are ſtruck with thunder, always fall down and lie on the contrary part? Plin. loc. citat.

The violence of the blow tumbles them down in that manner.

8. Why is a man, who is ſtruck with lightning, when he is awake, found with his eyes winking, or half cloſed; and a man ſtruck when aſleep, with his eyes broad open? Plin. loc. citat.

This obſervation is not always true. But when it does happen, the reaſon is, becauſe the bodies, blaſted by lightning, grow ſtiff in an inſtant, and continue exactly in the ſame ſite they were in before; the man awake, with eyes winking and half-ſhut for fear; the ſleeper, wakened by the ſudden noiſe.

9. Why was it not permitted to burn the body of a man thus ſlain? Plin. loc. citat.

Becauſe, though they held that the purging fire of the funeral pile cleanſed the ſoul of its contracted filth, yet they deſpaired that ſo great pollution would ever be admitted into their ſociety. And this too was the reaſon why the Greeks burnt not the bodies of ſuch as laid violent hands on their own perſons. Servius in Æneid. iii. Quintil Declam. x.

10. Why did they eſteem it a piece of religion to bury them in the earth? Philoſtrat. in Heroic.

Leſt beaſts and birds of prey ſhould mangle and devour the body, or the ferryman of the Stygian lake refuſe to waft over the wandering ſouls. Plin. loc. cit.

11. Why are the wounds of the thunder-ſtruck colder than the reſt of their body? Plin. ibid.

Becauſe the heat in the other members is only ſuffocated, but quite conſumed in the wounded: for all ſuffocated things long retain their heat; but ſuch as corrupt and waſte by degrees, grow ſtiff and cold immediately.

12. Why were men blaſted by lightning never removed, but buried in the very place where they were ſtruck, wherever it happened to be?

Becauſe the law of Numa forbade funeral rites to be paid to a man killed with lightning; which would have been in ſome meaſure done, if the body had been removed, and carried from the place where it lay.

13. Why did they bury the body of ſuch a man, by heaping up dirt over it?

Becauſe they believed that to touch it would offend the gods.

14. Why were the augurs permitted to handle ich bodies?

Becauſe holineſs becomes the holy. "Sacros ecra decent."

15. Why were the places that were blaſted by ghtning, hedged in and encloſed around?

Leſt a ſacred thing ſhould be trampled on una- vares.

16. What means Lucan by this verſe,

Incluſum Thuſco veneratur ceſpite fulmen?

Becauſe the place was immediately eſteemed acred

17. For what reaſon was it thought ſo?

They believed that God ſeemed to conſecrate it o himſelf.

18. What then was their opinion of a perſon who was killed by thunder?

They ſeem to have had the ſame opinion of im too; for Artemidorus held that a man, kill- d in that manner, was not polluted, but ought o be worſhipped as a god.

19. Why is the money melted, and the bag ntouched: and in like manner the ſword, while he ſcabbard receives no damage? Seneca in Quæſt. Nat. lib. i. Q. 51.

Becauſe of the ſubtle force of the lightning. vhich paſſes through ſome things; though ſuch s are denſe, and reſiſt its force, it inſtantly tears o pieces.

20. Why are metals melted by lightning in a nonient's time, while the workmen receive no lamage? Sen. loc citat.

Becauſe of the arſenical ſpirits that are in the ightning For even the coiners of money can ender metals fluid with a very ſmall quantity of rſenic.

21. Why does the wine ſtay in a broken veſſel? Senec ibid.

Becauſe it is congealed by the nitral ſpirits.

22. Why does not that ſtiffneſs laſt above three lays?

Becauſe the remaining ſulphurous ſpirits, fa- voured by the ambient air, at length overcome he nitral.

Why is the wine hurtful, and even pernicious? Senec. lib. cit. Q. 3.

By reaſon of the virulence of the arſenic, that the wine has conceived; for wines will retain ſomething of ſulphur, as we know by experience in Rheniſh wines.

Why is the venom of ſerpents taken away by lightning?

Becauſe lightning conſumes it: Thus the poi- ſon of ſcammony abates by the bare ſteam of ſul phur; which, continued for ſome time, totally takes away its cathartic virtue.

Why are ſome things turned black by light- ning?

Becauſe, being burnt, they retain the ſooty marks of the fire.

Why are ſome things diſcoloured?

Becauſe there is a leſs portion of ſulphur in the lightning, and a greater of ſome other combuſ- tible; for fire alone gives iron a violet colour, and the foils that are put under precious ſtones are coloured by fire only.

To all which I add what Nardius relates of the wife of a certain apothecary at Florence, who had been blaſted with lightning, but was ſtill liv- ing in his days, and who, after that misfortune had happened to her, became, of a very cold temperament, as ſhe had been of before, to be of a conſtitution ſo extremely hot, that ſhe could ſcarce endure to wear any clothes, though ever ſo thin; of which he gives this reaſon: Becauſe, ſays he, that moſt ſubtle fire conſumed immedi- ately the ſuperfluous humidity that had been long ſtagnating in her members, and imprinted and left behind it ſome of its own fiery quality.

Ver. 244. In inquiring into the cauſe of thun- der, it muſt be obſerved, that it never thunders but when the ſky is over-caſt with clouds: For unleſs the clouds were thick and high-built, ſo great a quantity of rain or hail could not fall at the ſame time. Therefore, in thoſe clouds you may imagine a wind agitated and whirled about in a turbulent motion, growing hot with that motion, and forcing out of the clouds many ſeeds or atoms of fire: And that at length the wind itſelf takes fire, either by its own motion, or by thoſe fiery particles, and breaks out with a horrid roar; and that, by that violent eruption, it ſo ſhakes and tears the parts of the clouds, that they are all ſhivered into hail, or diſſolved into a ſhower of rain. This is contained in fifty-one verſes.

Ver. 252. The ſame matter compoſes wind, thunder, lightning, and earthquakes, that is to ſay, a dry exhalation, ſays Ariſtotle, lib. ii. Me- teor. cap. ult. For of this dry exhalation wind is made in the air, earthquakes within the earth; ſhowers, tempeſts, thunder, and lightning in the clouds.

Ver. 256. Theſe four verſes Lucretius has be- fore in book iv. ver. 172.

Ver. 260. Sir R. Blackmore's excellent deſcrip- tion of a ſtorm at ſea, will illuſtrate this paſſage of Lucretius:

Now gath'ring clouds the day begin to drown;
Their threat'ning fronts through all th' horizon frown:
Their ſwagging wombs low in the air depend,
Which ſtruggling flames, and in-bred thunder rend:
The ſtrongeſt winds their breath and vigour prove,
And through the heav'ns th' unwieldy tempeſts ſhove:
O'ercharg'd with ſtores of heav'ns artillery,
They groan, and pant, and labour up the ſky:
Loud thunder, livid flames, and Stygian night,
Compounded horrors, all the deep affright:
Rent clouds, a medley of deſtruction ſpout;
And throw their dreadful entrails round about:
Tempeſts of fire, and cataracts of rain
Unnat'ral friendſhip make t' afflict the main:
This orb's wide frame with the convulſion ſhakes,
Oft opens in the ſtorm, and often cracks:

Horror, amazement, and deſpair appear
In all the hideous forms that mortals fear.

Ver. 266. Suetonius ſays of Tiberius, that he was frighted at the noiſe of thunder, that he ran to hide himſelf in caves and cellars.

Ver. 268. It is therefore evident, that there can be no thunder except in thick and deep-bellied clouds, that the matter that compoſes it may be included within them: For what Pliny ſays to the contrary, "Catilianis prodigiis Pompeiano ex municipo M. Herennium decurionem ſereno die fulmine ictum fuiſſe:" and Horace, who, Carmin. lib. i. ſpeaking of Jupiter, ſays, that he "plerumque per purum tonantes egit equos, volucremque currum:" Theſe inſtances, I ſay, are no farther to be credited than that thunder may perhaps have ſometimes been heard, and lightning ſeen by perſons, over whoſe head the ſky was clear: but then ſome other part of the horizon muſt have been covered with clouds, from which the thunder and lightning broke out.

Ver. 273. The poet having taught, that lightning is generated in thick and high-built clouds; he now, in theſe twenty-two verſes, farther ſhows, that the fires and winds, contained within the clouds, oft produce lightning, which is followed by a roaring noiſe, a trembling of the earth, and a violent ſhower of rain. For, firſt, ſays he, The clouds contain many ſeeds of fire: Secondly, The wind drives and compels thoſe clouds, as it were, into high mountains, and by that means ſqueeze out of the clouds thoſe particles of fire, by whoſe contact, or at leaſt by the violence of its own motion, the wind itſelf is kindled into flame: Thirdly, When that wind is thus kindled, the lightning grown mature, cleaves the clouds, and glares around in dreadful flaſhes: Laſtly, The thunder roars, the earth trembles, mortals are ſeized with conſternation and diſmay, and the rain falls with ſuch violence, as if the heavens were deſcending in the ſhower.

Ver. 287. Milton in Paradiſe Regained, Book iv.

——— Either tropic now
'Gan thunder: at both ends of heav'n the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain, with lightning mix'd; water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: Dreadful was the rack
As earth and ſky would mingle.——

And Sir R. Blackmore:

Heav'n's cryſtal battlements, to pieces daſh'd,
In ſtorms of hail were downward hurl'd:
Loud thunder roar'd, red lightning flaſh'd,
And univerſal uproar fill'd the world:
Torrents of water, floods of flame
From heav'n in fighting ruins came:
At once the hills that to the clouds aſpire;
Were waſh'd with rain, and ſcorch'd with fire.

Ver. 295. In theſe four verſes, he ſays, that if the wind that is pent up in the cloud cannot break through, it may be aſſiſted by other winds from without: and by whatever means the cloud be opened, the flames that is ripe for birth will neceſſarily fall down.

Ver. 299. Lucretius adds two other ways by which lightning may be cauſed; the firſt in nine verſes. For unkindled wind breaking out of a cloud may grow hot and take fire, by the ſwiftneſs of its motion, and the length of its courſe: Nor is this in the leaſt incredible, ſince a ball of lead, driven with mighty force, will melt as it flies. Thus the poet: and though the inſtance he brings might be confirmed by ſeveral authorities of the ancient poets and hiſtorians, yet it ought to be reckoned among the fables of antiquity: Nevertheleſs, no man will deny but that many things take fire by the ſwiftneſs of their motion.

Ver. 305. This inſtance the poet brought before ver. 183. See the note upon it.

Ver. 308. The ſecond, in theſe twelve verſes. If the wind beat furiouſly upon any thing, the ſeeds of fire may flow together upon the ſtroke, as well out of the wind as out of the thing it ſtrikes. Thus the wind takes fire, and lightning is made. But that ſuch a confluxion of the ſeeds of fire may be made in that manner, is evident from the ſtriking of flint and iron: And the objection of the wind's being cold (though even that can by no means be granted, by reaſon of the ſwiftneſs of their motion), is of no weight: for the nature of iron is full as cold, yet fire will ſparkle out when we ſtrike it.

Ver. 320. Hitherto he has treated of the nature and generation of thunder, he comes now to argue of its ſwiftneſs, and violence of ſtroke; which, ſays he, may be gathered and explained from what has been ſaid already. For wind ſhut up in a cloud, rages and grows hot; ſtruggles on all ſides to get out of its priſon; and, therefore, where it finds a paſſage, it muſt of neceſſity burſt out with mighty force and violence, in ſix verſes. Beſides, it conſiſts of ſmooth and ſmall particles, and therefore paſſes through the void and empty paſſages of the air, in ſix verſes. Add to this its weight, and that too very much increaſed by blows, in four verſes. And, laſtly, in eight verſes, that it falls from a great diſtance, and therefore every moment increaſes the ſwiftneſs of its motion: perhaps, too, it is helped forward by the air. And what wonder that a heavy body, burſting out with violence out of a cloſe priſon, and ſhoved forward by other bodies, falls impetuouſly and daſhes to pieces all it meets in its way?

Ver. 324. The baliſta was a warlike engine which the ancients made uſe of in their wars to ſhoot darts or ſtones. It was called baliſta from βάλλω, I caſt.

Ver. 326. In theſe ſix verſes, he proves the ſwiftneſs of lightning, from the tenuity of the atoms of which it conſiſts. See book ii. ver. 365 where the poet has already proved, that lightning is compoſed of ſmooth and ſubtle principles, which is the reaſon that nothing can withſtand the violence of its ſtroke.

Ver. 332. In theſe four verſes, the poet argues for the ſwiftneſs of lightning, and the violence o

its blow, from the deſcent that is natural to all heavy bodies; to which, if any external force be added, they deſcend with yet greater velocity: But lightning is a heavy body, and, falling from above, is impelled by the force of the wind; therefore, it is not ſtrange, that it overturns and tears to pieces whatever oppoſes its paſſage.

Ver. 336. In theſe eight verſes, he brings his laſt argument for the celerity and impetuous force of lightning, from the great diſtance from whence it comes; and ſays of it, as Virgil of Fame, that

Mobilitate viget, virefque acquirit eundo,
Æn. iv. ver. 175.

——— Ev'ry moment brings
New vigour to her flight, new pinions to her wings.

It was anciently obſerved by thoſe who made it their ſtudy to inquire into natural things, that the motion of all moveables is the ſwifter, the nearer they approach to the place for which they are deſigned; inſomuch that they move ſwifteſt of all when they are almoſt at their journey's end. Thus a ſtone gives a heavier blow to a plate of braſs, or tin, for example, when it falls upon it from a great height, than it does when it drops from a leſs diſtance: according to the variety of which diſtance, experience evinces, that the effect varies likewiſe, and that the deſcending thing gains a ſurpluſage of gravity, though not of weight. This, nevertheleſs, is denied by Simplicius, in his Comment upon Ariſtotle de Cœlo, lib. i. cap. 85. where he derides this increaſe of gravity, and declares it a vain fiction. But we may aſk him why that ſtone deſcends? Is it not by reaſon of its weight? And ſince nothing is done without cauſe, why does it deſcend ſwifter this moment than it did the laſt? Its ſwiftneſs muſt increaſe either by ſome external or internal cauſe: which laſt can be only a more intenſe gravity: the firſt, Lucretius aſcribes, as we have ſeen already in the foregoing argument, to the additional and like ſeeds, that the deſcending ſtone meets in its paſſage, and that help to drive it down with greater ſwiftneſs. And, according to the doctrine of Epicurus, a more proper ſolution of this problem cannot be given. Others again aſcribe it to a certain, I know not what, quality, that the medium through which it paſſes imparts to it; and that ſtill preſſes it more and more: Others impute it to the natural, ſympathetical, and attractive power of the centre; to which, ſay they, all heavy bodies, the nearer they approach, move the ſwifter. According to which opinion, which is indeed conſonant to many other experiments in nature, Cowley ſings,

And now the violent weight of eager love
Did with more haſte ſo near in centre move.
David. iii.

And if it cannot be denied, that the air, though it be light in its own nature, does nevertheleſs deſcend, and inſinuate itſelf into the pores of the earth, as compelled by a certain neceſſity ſo to do, by reaſon of the impurity it has contracted, then this queſtion is eaſy to ſolve; for the deſcending ſtone may be ſaid to be borne through the air, as a boat that goes down the river with the ſtream; and both of them, the air as well as the ſtone, move the ſwifter when they are near the centre; for the air is there more thick and impure, and conſequently has a greater propenſity to tend downwards: Beſides, when it is arrived on the confines, as I may ſay, of its journey's end, it is ſwallowed up, and ingulfed as by a certain violence, and imparts the ſame lot to its companion in the fall.

Ver. 340. For the ſeeds of thunder, like thoſe of other things, wander undetermined to any certain place, but being driven by that length of violence, are determined and moved in a direct line.

Ver. 344. But lightning does not break in pieces all that it falls upon: for all rare bodies remain ſafe and unhurt, becauſe the ſubtle fire finds a free paſſage through their pores: it diſſolves ſolid bodies, as braſs, gold, &c. becauſe it ſtrikes into their ſolid corpuſcles, and being once entered into their pores, and not finding a paſſage out, it diſjoins the very principles, melts metals, and reduces ſtones into powder.

Ver. 356. In theſe twenty-two verſes, the poet ſolves the fourth queſtion which we propoſed above, in the note on ver. 226. and inquires into the reaſon why it thunders more frequently in the ſpring and autumn than either in winter or ſummer? [But this muſt be taken to be meant only of ſome countries of Italy.] And the reaſon is, ſays he, becauſe, ſince thunder is of a fiery nature, and breaks out of thick clouds, it is then moſt to be expected, when the weather is warm, and not altogether free from cold: for where there is no heat, it is in vain to look for fire, and where there is too much heat, it ſuffers not the clouds to thicken. But in the ſpring, and in autumn, the cold and the heat are blended together: thence proceed clouds, winds, fire, and at length tumults and tempeſts in the air, and from them thunder and lightning.

In this opinion Seneca agrees with Lucretius; and ſo too does Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 50. where he teaches that it never thunders in winter and ſummer, except in as much as "mitiore hyeme, et æſtate nimbosâ, ſemper quodammodo vernat, vel autumnat;" in a mild winter, and in a cloudy ſummer, the weather is neither violently cold, nor violently hot, but partakes in ſome meaſure of the middle temperatures of the ſpring, or of autumn. and he ſtrengthens this argument, by inſtancing in ſome countries, where by reaſon of the extreme cold, as in Scythia, or of the violent heat, as in Egypt, it never thunders at all. But of theſe matters you may conſult P. Gaſſend. in lib. 10. Laert. de Meteorolog.

Ver. 370. In the ſpring, and in autumn, heat and cold contend for maſtery: in ſummer heat governs, and cold in winter.

Ver. 372. Here the poet inſults the college of augurs and ſoothſayers at Rome, who pretended to teach divination, as if it had been a ſcience: this, ſays he, is to know the nature of thunder, &c.

a ſcience not to be met with in your books, that are made up of nothing but trifling and falſe conjectures.

Ver. 374. The books that treated of divination were compoſed by the Thuſcans, a people of Italy, whom Tages had inſtructed in that art: from him theſe books were called Tagetici; and Macrobius ſays they were handed about in his days. Of this Tages, Cicero gives us the following account. "Tages quidam dicitur in agro Tarquinienſi, cum terra araretur, et ſulcus altius eſſet impreſſus, extitiſſe repentè, et eum affatus eſſe, qui arabat. Is autem Tages, ut in libris eſt Hetruſcorum, puerili ſpecie dicitur viſus, ſed ſenili ſuiſſe prudentiâ. Ejus aſpectu cum obſtupuiſſet bubulcus, clamoremque majorem cum admiratione edidiſſet, concurſum eſſe factum, totamque brevi tempore in eum locum Hetruriam conveniſſe: tum illum plura locutum multis audientibus, qui omnia ejus verba exceperint, literiſque mandaverint: omnem autem orationem fuiſſe eam, quâ Haruſpicina Diſciplina contineretur, eam poſtea creviſſe rebus novis cognoſcendis, et ad eadem illa principia referendis," lib. 2. de Divinatione. As they were ploughing in the Tarquinian field, and the ſhare ſtriking deep into the ground, one Tages is ſaid to have ſtarted on a ſudden out of the earth, and to ſpeak to the ploughman. This Tages, as we find in the Tuſcan books, is ſaid to have had the look of a boy; but the prudence and wiſdom of old age. The peaſant diſmayed at the apparition, cried out aloud, and people flocked about him, inſomuch that in a little time the whole country of Etruria were got together in that place: then Tages ſpoke a great deal in the hearing of many perſons, who writ down all his words: the ſubject of his diſcourſe was only the doctrine of divination: which afterwards got footing in the world by new additions of knowledge, built on the principles he had taught them: Ovid. Metam. lib. 15. ver. 553.

——Cum Tyrrhenus arator
Fatalem glebam mediis aſpexit in arvis,
Sponte ſuâ primum, nulloque agitante, moveri:
Sumere mox hominis, terræque amittere formam;
Oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis:
Indigenæ dixêre Tagen, qui primus Etruſcam
Edocuit gentem caſus aperire futuros.

See likewiſe Lucan, lib. i. ver. 530, 587, 606.

Ver. 379. *Omen.*] This word, as we find in ſome authors, ſeems not to have had originally ſo extenſive a ſignification, as we generally give it. Feſtus explains it, "Omen quaſi orimen, quod ore fiat augurium." Now auguries were drawn either from tokens given by the gods, or by men: and thoſe given by men were properly called omens: "neque ſolùm Deûm voces Pythagorei obſervabant; ſed etiam hominum, quæ omnia vocabant," ſays he, in lib. 1. de Divinat. Apuleius de Deo Socr. ſays, "Ita eſt apud Platonem; ne quiſquam arbitretur, omnia eum vulgo loquentûm captâſſe:" and ſoon after he adds, "videmus pleriſque uſu venire, qui nimiâ omnium ſuperſtitione non ſemper ſuopte corde, ſed alterius verbo reguntur:" yet other authors reſtrain not the ſignification of this word to the voice, or utterance of the mouth only, but extend it to all the actions of life; making it to ſignify the ſame with the *σύμβολα* of the Greeks, who by that word underſtood the foreboding ſigns or tokens of proſperous or improſperous events: thus to begin with Cæſar, we read that Auguſtus, contrary to his cuſtom, had put on his left ſhoe firſt, the day that he narrowly eſcaped being killed in a mutiny of the ſoldiers: and Lampridius recounts among the ſigns of Alexander's future empire, that the picture of the emperor Trajanus, which hung over his father Philip's genial bed, fell down upon it, while his mother was in labour of him in the temple: and this omen Feſtus and other authors call "caducum auſpicium." Spartianus, in the Life of Hadrian, ſays, that while he was ſpeaking in praiſe of Antonius, a "prætexta" [a gown worn by the children of noblemen] dropt down of its own accord, and covered his head; and that a ring, on which his figure was engraved, fell off his finger, of its own accord likewiſe: Ovid too believed in omens, when he ſaid,

Omina ſunt aliquid: modo cum decedere vellet,
Ad limen digitos reſtitit icta Nape.

Pliny too ſpeaks of theſe remoras, theſe obſtacles, and hindering omens, which he calls "offenſiones pedum; et Plautus, auſpicia & religionem: ante auſpicium commoratum eſt:" In Amphit. And in another place, "an religio tibi objecta?" Of like nature is that, which was offered to Otho, going againſt Vitellius; when ſome adviſed him to defer the expedition becauſe the bucklers were not all ready. This Tacitus relates in theſe words: "Fuêre qui proficiſcenti Othoni moras religionemque non conditorum ancilium afferrent." See Suetonius likewiſe in the life of Nero, cap. 19. And Tibullus elegantly of theſe ſtumblings;

O quoties ingreſſus iter mihi triſtia dixi
Offenſum in portâ ſigna dedidiſſe pedem!

And ſuch were the omens they regarded in going to a place: but they likewiſe drew auguries from their departure; as if any one who went with an intention to go to a certain place, returned on a ſudden unexpectedly, and without executing his deſign: but this took place only in ſacrifices. Apollonius concerning the ceremonies of the goddeſs Trivia, or Diana, is thus rendered:

——— Sacriſque peractis
Ruſus abire pyra moneo: convertere nullus
Te retro ſtrepituſque pedum, fremituſque caninus
Cogat; nam ſacri fiat labor irritus omnis.

where he ſeems to imply, that the ſolemn myſteries were rendered of no effect by a noiſe, or any other interruption. Valerius Max. lib. iii. cap. 5. "Ne ſacrificium Alexandri aut concuſſo thuribulo, aut edito gemitu impediret:" but this was chiefly obſerved in ſacred rites; yet Pythagoras gave the like precaution by a perpetual ſymbol: *βαδίζοντας ἐὶς ἀποδημίας μὴ μίσγεσθαι* of which he adds

the reaſon: for the furies are paſſing along. And of greater moment, but not unlike this, is the admoniſhment of the author of Human Salvation: "qui aratro manum applicuit, ne reſpiciat:" moreover, as they named theſe omens, "religionem objectam," ſo, on the other hand, we learn from Plautus, that when they had a mind to give a favourable interpretation to an omen, they called it, "religionem à ſe rejicere," and the Greeks, ἀποτόμωσιν. This might be confirmed by many examples; but we have one illuſtrious indeed in the perſon of Julius Cæſar, who, at his landing in Africa, as he leaped aſhore, happened to fall down, and to avert the unlucky omen of that accident, cried out, I have thee, Africa. Suetonius: "Cum Cæſar Africæ oram appuliſſet, et in terram inſulturus corruiſſet, dixit, ut infauſtum ex caſu omne averteret, Teneo te Africa." And the ſame Cæſar always diſcovered an undaunted greatneſs of ſoul, and his mind was ſo much ſuperior to theſe ſuperſtitions, that we no where read that any omen whatever could deter him from any enterpriſe, or make him delay the execution of any deſign he had reſolved to attempt. The ſame Suetonius tells us, that though the victim had eſcaped from the altar, he would not put off his expedition againſt Scipio and Juba. "Licet," ſays he, "immolanti aufugiſſet hoſtia, profectionem adverſus Scipionem et Jubam non diſtulit." To which Seneca alludes in Conſolat. ad Marciam, where he ſays, "tam cito dolorem vicit, quam omnia ſolebat." Moreover, the left parts of the body, as the left hand, the left foot, &c. are in many authors eſteemed unlucky: but, on the contrary, Apuleius repreſents them as omens of good ſucceſs: and ſpeaking of the left hand, ſays: "Quartus æquitatis oſtendebat indicium, deformatam manum ſiniſtram porrecta palmula; quæ genuina pigritia, nulla calliditate, nulla ſolerita prædita, videbatur æquitati magis aptior quam dextera." And Macrobius in Saturnal. lib. i. cap 9. "Ideo Apollinis ſimulacra manu dextra Gratias portant, arcum cum ſagittis ſiniſtra; quod ad noxam ſit pigrior, et ſalutem manus promptior largiatur:" which the following paſſage of Catullus at once illuſtrates and explains:

Hæc ut dixit, amor ſiniſtra amanti
Dextram ſternuit approbationem.

After which he adds:

Nunc ab auſpicio bono profecti,
Mutuis animis amant, amantur.

But theſe omens properly relate to the actions of human life; and the ancients had beſides ſome more occult and ſecret omens, which they took from things, from days, from names, and even from places and clothes: to things ſeem to relate the omens that were taken to be unlucky, as ſhipwrecks, and the remains of them: and thoſe things chiefly which from ſome unfortunate accidents have given riſe to proverbs; as "aurum Toloſanum," and Equus Sejanus:" which, becauſe they are ſo well known, I purpoſely forbear to explain. But I cannot omit a remarkable paſſage in Virgil, which makes much to our purpoſe, and which that poet, who was deeply read in the augural and Pythagorean doctrine, has ſecretly veiled with this ſuperſtition. For to avoid openly to aſſert, that thoſe gifts of Æneas to Dido, as being ſaved from the deſtruction of Troy, were unlucky to her, he has inſinuated that they were ſo by circumlocution, in the following verſes:

Munera prætercà Iliacis erepra ruinis
Ferre jubet, pallam ſignis auroque rigentem,
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ, quos illa Mycenis,
Pergama cum peteret, inconceſſoque Hymenæos,
Extulerat, Ledæ matris mirabile donum.
Æn. i. *ver.* 651.

And ſoon after; ver. 683.

Dona ferens pelago, et flammis reſtantia Trojæ.

This Statius underſtood, and has imitated, lib. 2. Thebaid.

Nec mirum: nam tu infauſtos, donante marito,
Ornatus Argiva geris, dirumque monile
Hermiones. Longa eſt ſeries, ſed nota malorum
Perſequar, unde novis tam ſæva potentia donis.

The belt of Pallas too ſtrengthens this opinion: for Æneas would have ſpared the life of the proſtrate Turnus, had not that unlucky token, which Turnus had taken from the ſlain Pallas, called afreſh to his remembrance, and renewed his grief for the loſs of his deareſt friend:

——— Stetit acer in armis
Æneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repreſſit:
Et jam jamque magis cunctantem flectère ſermo
Cœperat: infælix humero cum apparuit ingens
Balteus; et notis fulſerunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri, victum quem vulnere Turnus
Straverat, atque humeris inimicum Inſigne gerebat.
Ille oculis poſtquam ſævi monumenta doloris,
Exuviaſque hauſit; furiis accenſus, et ira
Terribilis: tunc hic ſpoliis indute meorum
Eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.

And Homer, in like manner, deſcribes Achilles ſwelling with rage and fury, at ſight of the arms that Hector had taken from Patroclus. As to the days, ſuch as were noted for any overthrow in battle, or any the like unfortunate event, were called religioſi, nefaſti, and atri: of all which ſee Augellius, lib. i. cap. 18. who there fully handles this matter; to which I will only add this paſſage out of Tacitus, lib. 2. "Hiſtor. Funeſti omnis loco acceptum eſt, quod maximum Pontificatum adeptus Vetellius de Ceremoniis XV. Cal. Aug. edixiſſet, antiquitùs infauſto die Cremerenſi Allienſiq. cladibus." Of names, ſome were omens of proſperity and diuturnity; others of the contrary: Craſſus, Valerius, Macrobius, Luciùs, Lucris, were names foreboded good. Plautus in Perſ. Luc. "Nomen atque omen quantivis eſt pretii: Dor. Si te eam mihi quoque Lucridem confido fore re." Furius, Hoſtilius, Macer, were ill names. Martial. lib. v Epigram 22.

Quinctum pro decimo, pro Craſſo, regule, Macrum
Ante ſalutabat Rhetor Apollonius.

See likewiſe Feſtus in Lacu Lucrino. Nor may we omit Aul. Gellius, who, lib. i. cap. 28. ſays, "Cavenda igitur non improprietas ſola verbi, ſed etiam pravitas animi, ſi quis ſe nunc ſenior Advocatus adoleſcenti ſupereſſe dicat." Places were held to be ominous, either from their names, or for their having been polluted with dead bodies, or otherwiſe: Plautus in Menæchm. had regard to the name: "Ne mihi Damnum in Epidamno duas." And Petronius, "Epidamni Nomina quære." As to any thing that foreboded ill in the places themſelves, we find a remarkable teſtimony in Tacitus, Annal. lib. i. where Germanicus purges by ſacrifices the places where Varus had encamped with his whole army: "Quid Tiberio," ſays he, "haud probatum, ſeu cuncta Germanici in deterius trahenti, ſive exercitum imagine cæſorum inſepultorumque tardatum ad præli. et formidoloſiorem hoſtium credebat. Neque Imperatorem auguratis et vetuſtiſſimis Cæremoniis præditum attrectare feralia debuiſſe." Of clothes or garments we have an inſtance in Q. Curtius, who believed them ominous, and even to portend the change of empire in Alexander, inaſmuch as he affected and took delight to wear a foreign, or Perſian dreſs: to which the judicious Tertullian ſeems to allude: "Vides," ſays he, quaſdam et capillum croco vertere: pudet eas etiam nationis ſuæ, quod non Germania aut Gallia procreatæ ſint. Ita patriam capillo transferunt. Male ac peſſime ſibi auſpicantur flammeo capite." Where by "flammeo capite," he means that perpetual fire, which in another place he calls "ignem jugem." St. Jerome in like manner: "Ne caput gemmis oneres, nec capillum irrufes, et ei aliquid de Gehennæ ignibus auſpiceris." This paſſage is in the Epiſtle to Læta, and no doubt copied after Tertullian, as many other paſſages in that father are.

Ver. 384. Here the poet takes away the thunder from Jupiter, and the other gods, who ſeem to him not to employ it ſo prudently as it were to be wiſhed they did: and at the ſame time he overthrows the whole doctrine of the Thuſcans: for, if it be not the gods who dart the thunder, there can be no divination by thunder; and if they do, why do they let the wicked eſcape, and often deſtroy the innocent? What does it avail the thunderer to launch his bolts upon uninhabited deſarts? What, when he throws his unerring ſhafts into the middle of the ſea? or upon the bare tops of mountains, which he does very often? And laſtly, why is there no thunder without clouds? Why does he ſtrike down his own temples, and thoſe of his undergods? All this the poet has included in forty-ſeven verſes, in which there are many things ſpoken ſatirically, and many by way of deriſion.

Ver. 384. The Thuſcan books taught, that Jupiter gave leave to nine gods to dart thunder down upon the earth. Plin lib. ii. cap. 52. Arnobius, p. 122. "Diis novem Jupiter poteſtatem jaciendi ſui fulminis permiſit."

Ver. 385. Why Jupiter is ſaid to be the author of thunder and lightning, Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 20. gives this phyſical reaſon: the fires of the three higheſt planets, ſays he, falling to the earth, bear the name of lightning: but chiefly that of the three, which is placed between the two others, that is to ſay of Jupiter: becauſe, participating of the exceſſive cold and moiſture of the circle of Saturn, which is above him, and of the immoderate heat of Mars, that is next under him, he, by that means, diſcharges the ſuperfluity of either: and hence it is commonly ſaid, that Jupiter is the darter of lightning. But Seneca, much better than our poet, and with more analogy to truth, takes not away the thunder from Jupiter, when he ſays, that Jupiter is not indeed the darter of thunder: but all things are ordered in ſuch a manner, that even the things that are not made by him, are not made without cauſe and reaſon, which are his. The force and power of them is his permiſſion: for though he makes them not now himſelf, he was the cauſe that they are made: "Interim hoc dico, fulmina non mitti à Jove, ſed ſic omnia diſpoſita, ut etiam ea, quæ ab illo non fiunt, ſine ratione non fiunt, quæ illius eſt: vis eorum illius permiſſio eſt: nam etſi Jupiter illa nunc non facit, fecit ut fierent; ſingulis non adeſt, ſed ſignum, et vim, et cauſam dedit omnibus." Thus Seneca, in lib. ii. Nat. Quæſt. 48 who is miſtaken only in the true name of the firſt Divine Cauſe. Horace;

Tu parum caſtis inimica mittes Fulmina lucis.

And according to the doctrine of the Tagetic books, nothing was ever blaſted with fire from heaven, but what had before been ſtained with ſome pollution.

Ver. 386. Seneca propoſes this queſtion in a few words: "Quare Jupiter, aut ferienda tranſit, aut innoxia ferit?" And the laſt exceptions, which Lucretius brings againſt Providence, are drawn from that common obſervation; Good men are oppreſſed with trouble and miſery, ſubject to all the rage and violence of the wicked; whilſt the impious ſwell with the glories, and revel in the delights of life: This has been the ſubject of many ſollicitous diſquiſitions: Diſputes have been multiplied; and ſome have been as induſtrious to vindicate the methods of Providence from all ſeeming irregularities, as others to defame them. Some have ſent us to look for retribution in another world, and indeed this is an eaſy way of ſolving the difficulty, and with little pains deducible from the immortality of the ſoul, which I have already aſſerted. But becauſe to look beyond the grave, requires a ſharp and ſteady eye, I ſhall obſerve the reaſons of the philoſophers, and propoſe what Plutarch has excellently delivered. And here we muſt take notice, that only that part of the objection, which concerns the proſperity and impunity of the wicked, ſeems formidable and concluding; for all thoſe men we generally call good, as their own conſcience will tell them, deſerve thoſe afflictions which the moſt miſerable have endured. And upon this the poets, orators, and hiſtorians have been very copious.

Τολμῶ κατειπεῖν μήποτ' οὐκ εἰσὶν θεοί·
Κακοὶ γὰρ εὐτυχοῦντες ἐπιπλήττουσί με.

I dare to say no gods direct this whole,
For villains prosperous distract my soul

says Aristophanes: and Diagoras resolved to be an Athiest, as Empiricus delivers, because he did not see vengeance fall presently on the perjured person, and consume him: Velleius Paterculus produces the long and quiet reign of Orestes, as a convincing proof, that the gods directed him to murder Pyrrhus; and approved the action: and Martial has contracted all the force of the argument into one Epigram.

Nullos esse Deos, inane Cœlum
Affirmat Selius, probatq. quod se
Factum, dum negat hæc, videt beatum.

Seneca in his treatise, "Cur Malis benè & Bonis malè, cum sit Providentia," talks much of the privilege of sufferings, that to afflict argues care and kindness; and, in short, thinks this a great commendation of virtue.

Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν
Ἀθάνατοι——

Th' immortal pow'rs have sweet near virtue plac'd.

But this is not the way to answer the demands of an Epicurean, to satisfy his doubts, who had rather be accounted a happy servant, than a miserable son of the Deity, who would not be fond of torments, that he might show "spectaculum Jove dignum, virum fortem cum malâ fortunâ compositum:" who cannot think that fears and jealousies are the necessary products of irreligious opinions; but makes such the only means of obtaining happiness and perfect serenity of mind: who is most delighted with the most pleasing physic, and would think him cruel, who makes use of saws and lances, when a gentle cordial would restore the patient to his health; we must therefore look for other answers, and Plutarch presents us with enough, some of which have a peculiar force against the Epicureans; who confess man to be a free agent, and capable to be wrought on by example and precept.

First, then, quick vengeance does not blast the wicked, that they themselves might learn lenity, and not be greedy to revenge injuries to others: τέλος τῶν ἀλαθῶν τὸ ὁμοιοθῆναι Θεῷ· it is the end of good men to be like God, says Plato; and Hierocles places the life of the soul in this imitation: Here God sets forth himself an example, and any noble and generous mind would rejoice to have the most excellent for a pattern of his actions: Lucretius followed Epicurus, because he thought him so, and the rest of his admirers make his fancied virtues the ground of their respect. This, taken by itself, I confess, is but a weak answer, since one thunderbolt would secure them from doing mischief, whilst mercy and forbearance often exasperate; and, because God holds his tongue, they think he is even such a one as themselves: but if we consider it as a consequent of another reason, that is drawn from the goodness and kindness of the Deity, then it proves strong and satisfactory.

The second reason follows: God doth not presently punish wicked men, that they may have time to become better; and here Plutarch brings examples of such, whose age was as glorious as their youth infamous: if Miltiades, says he, had been destroyed, whilst he acted the part of a tyrant; if Cimon in his incest, or Themistocles in his debaucheries, what had become of Marathon, Erymedon and Dianium, what of the glory and liberty of the Athenians? for as the same author observes, οὐθὲν αἱ μεγάλαι φύσεις μικρὸν ἐκφέρουσι, οὐ δὲ ἀργεῖ δι' ὀξύτητα τὸ σφρδρὸν ἐν αὐταῖς, καὶ δραστήριον, ἀλλ' ἐν σάλῳ διαφέροντας πρὶν εἰς τὸ μόνιμον, καὶ καθεστηκὸς ἦθος ἐλθεῖν· great spirits do nothing mean, the active principles that compose them will not let them lie lazily at rest, but toss them as in a tempest, before they can come to a steady and settled temper.

Thirdly, The wicked are sometimes spared to be scourges to others, and execute just judgment on men of their own principles: this is the case of tyrants and outrageous conquerors; such was Phalaris to the Agrigentines, such Pompey and Cæsar to the Romans, when victory had made them swell beyond their due bounds; and pride and luxury fled from other countries upon the wings of their triumphing eagles: Such Alexander to the Persian softness, and, if we look abroad, ten thousand instances occur and press upon us; Cedrenus, page 334, tells us, that when a monk inquired of God, why he suffered cruel Phocas, treacherous to his emperor Mauritius, and an implacable enemy of the Christians, to obtain the empire, and enjoy power as large as his malice? a voice ἀοράτως, gave this answer to his demand, χείρονα οὐκ εὗρον πρὸς τὸν κακίαν τῶν κατοικοῦντων ἐν τῇ πόλει· because I could find none worse to scourge the wickedness of the citizens: and Alaricus declared, οὐκ ἐθελοντὴς τὰ ἐκεῖ πορεύμαι, ἀλλά τις καθ' ἑκάστην ὀχλεῖ μοι βασανίζων καὶ λέγων, Ἄπιθι τῶν Ῥωμαίων πόρθησον πόλιν· it is not of my own accord that I attempt this, but something will not let me rest, but urges me on, and cries, Go sack Rome: and this requires, that they should not be only free from punishment, but likewise enjoy wealth and power, and all the opportunities and instruments of mischief: and this answer is equal to the objection in its greatest latitude, and gives satisfaction to all those numerous little doubts, which lie in the great objection, as it was proposed.

Fourthly, The impious are not presently consumed, that the method of Providence may be more remarkable in their punishment. The history of Bessus and Ariobarzanes in Curtius is an excellent instance of this; and, amongst others, Plutarch gives us a memorable one of Belsus, who, having killed his father, and a long time concealed it, went one night to supper to some friends; whilst he was there, with his spear he pulled down a swallow's nest, and killed the

young ones, and the reaſon of ſuch a ſtrange action being demanded by the gueſts, his anſwer was, οὐ γὰρ μοῦ πάλαι καταμαρτυροῦσιν αὗται ψευδῶς, καὶ καταβοῶσιν ὡς ἀπεκτενόντος τὸν πατέρα; do not they bear falſe witneſs againſt me, and cry out, that I killed my father? Which being taken notice of, and diſcovered to the magiſtrate, the truth appeared, and he was executed.

A great many other reaſons are uſually mentioned, but theſe are the principal, and ſuppoſe the liberty of the will; for if a man follow fate blindly, he is driven on, not perſuaded to act: if he be an automaton, and move by wheels and ſprings, bound with the chain of deſtiny, it is evident that fate is the cauſe of all his miſcarriages, and the man no more to be blamed for wicked actions, than a clock for irregular ſtrikings, when the artiſt deſigns it ſhould do ſo. No example can prevail on him, no promiſes entice, no threatenings affright him; being as unfit to rule himſelf, or determine his own actions, as a ſtone in its deſcent; and a piece of iron may be ſaid to act as freely as a man, if he be led on by fate, and its motion as ſpontaneous, if liberty conſiſted in a bare abſence of impediments.

Ver. 395. In theſe ten verſes, he argues, ſecondly, That thunder is the effect of natural cauſes, and not made by the gods: for if it were, they would not be ſo laviſh of their bolts, as to throw them into ſolitary deſerts: Had not Jupiter better keep them in ſtore to deſtroy his enemies, in time of need?

Ver. 405. The poet in theſe eight verſes argues, thirdly, That thunder comes not by the will of the gods, but is made by the laws of nature: for otherwiſe, why does it never come without clouds and noiſe? Why does it fall alike upon the ſeas and earth? What crime have the waters been guilty of, that they are thus puniſhed?

To what has been ſaid of this already in the note on verſe 68, and the example we gave verſe 268, in the perſon of M. Herennius, the Decurion, who was killed by thunder in a clear day, we add this of Lucan. lib. i.

Emicuit cælo tacitum ſine nubibus ullis
Fulmen———

And this diſtich, which we find in Tully, de Divinat.

Aut cum terribili percuſſus fulmine civis
Luce ſerenanti vitalia lumina liquit.

For they held that thunder, in a clear and unclouded ſky, was an evincing proof of a Deity, and a certain preſage of ſome extraordinary event: Cicero, in great indignation againſt the Atheiſts of his days, and ſpeaking of this accident, cries out: "Negemus omnia, comburamus annales, ficta hæc eſſe dicamus; quidvis denique potius, quam Deos res humanos curare, fateamur?" Lib. de Divinat.

Ver. 409. Why does he throw his bolts on any thing that is not guilty of ſome crime? Thus Cicero, lib. ii. de Divinatione. "Quid enim proficit, cum in medium mare fulmen jacit Jupiter? Quid cum in altiſſimos montes? Quod plerumque fit. Quid cum in deſertas ſolitudines? Quid cum in earum gentium oras, in quibus hæc ne obſervantur quidem? And, to the ſame purpoſe, Ariſtophanes, Νεφέλ. If Jupiter's bolts, ſays he, are aimed againſt the perjured, how comes it to paſs, that neither Simon, Cleonymus, nor Theodorus are blaſted by that celeſtial flame? They, who are perjured with a witneſs! Why does his own temple, why does Sunion, the promontory of Attica, and why do mighty oaks, rather feel the effect of the fire? No doubt, becauſe they are all perjured.

Ver. 413. In theſe ſix verſes, he, by way of dilemma, propoſes two other wonderful arguments to deprive Jupiter of his thunder. Either he would have us avoid his bolts, or he would not: If he would, why is his thunder ſo ſubtile, and ſo ſwift, that we cannot perceive it coming, and get out of its way? And if we would not, why does he give us notice before hand of its coming, by overcaſting the air with gloomy clouds, by the grumbling of his thunder? &c.

Ver. 419. In theſe five verſes he argues, ſixthly, That thunder muſt be the effect of nature, ſince it thunders in ſeveral places at the ſame time: a taſk too laborious for any one Jupiter. But let us hear Seneca delivering the opinion of the ancients upon this matter: They did not believe, ſays he, that a Jupiter, like him we worſhip in the capitol, darted his thunders with his hand: but they meant the mind and ſpirit, who is the maker, lord and ruler of this mundane ſyſtem, to whom every name agrees: The Thuſcans too therefore held that thunder is ſent by Jupiter, becauſe nothing is done without him. "Ne hoc quidem crediderunt, Jovem, qualem in Capitolio, & in cæteris ædibus colimus, mittere manu fulmino; ſed eundem, quem nos Jovem, intelligunt, cuſtodem rectoremque univerſi, animum, ac ſpiritum, mundani hujus operis dominum, & artificem, cui nomen omne convenit. Idem Etruſcis quoque viſum eſt: & ideo fulmine à Jove mitti dixerunt, quia ſine illo nihil geritur. L. ii. Q. 45.

Ver. 424. In theſe ſeven verſes, he argues, ſeventhly, to this purpoſe: If thunder were directed by the will of the gods, is it credible they would beat down their own ſtately temples? Would they daſh to pieces ſuch elaborate ſtatues, the very maſterpieces of Polycletes? a poor mean-ſpirited revenge! The poet ſpeaks this by way of ridicule.

Ver. 429. In theſe two verſes he argues, eightly, That it is but reaſonable to believe, that thunder is produced by natural cauſes, ſince, for the moſt part it falls on the higheſt mountains. Doſt thou not ſee, ſays Artabanus, the uncle of Xerxes, that God ſtrikes with his lightning the largeſt animals, nor ſuffers them to grow inſolent, and that he leaves the leſs unhurt? Doſt thou not ſee that his fiery darts always throw down the moſt lofty edifices, and the talleſt trees? For God takes delight to depreſs and humble the haughty. Herodotus, lib. vi. And Horace agrees with Lucretius,

——Feriant altos
Fulmina montes:

Of which Seneca gives a phyſical reaſon, and ſays, That the tops of the mountains, being oppoſite to the clouds, are expoſed to ſtand the brunt of every thing that falls from heaven; ſo that they intercept the lightning in its courſe.

Thus Lucretius concludes his diſputation concerning this amazing meteor; which made no ſmall part of the religion of the ancient Romans, whoſe many ſuperſtitious opinions concerning thunder and lightning will not improperly find a place here; and therefore I promiſe myſelf, that the reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee them at one view, as I find them collected by Nardius, page 452. in his 27th accurate animadverſion on Lucretius.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS OPINIONS

OF THE ANCIENTS CONCERNING LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

The Romans derived theſe ſuperſtitious opinions from the Thuſcans, and, ſoon imbibing the precepts of this new religion, they committed them to the care of certain prieſts: who, nevertheleſs, diſmayed at the enormity of ſome lightnings, did, at the general requeſt of the people, repair to the Thuſcan augurs, from whom they had their firſt inſtructions, to be informed what thoſe dreadful ſheets of flame, and burſts of horrid thunder portended: For the Thuſcans, as Diodorus Siculus, lib. vi. cap. 9. witneſſes of them, having employed much time in ſearching into the cauſes of natural events, and in the ſtudy of theology, were of all men the moſt knowing in the interpretation of lightning: inſomuch, ſays he, that, even to this day, almoſt the whole world admire their depth of ſcience, and apply to them to be inſtructed in the art of interpreting that celeſtial fire. Verrius, the grammarian, relates, that theſe Thuſcan diviners were ſent for to Rome, and, being diſaffected to the Romans, wilfully ordered undue ſacrifices, and ſuch as were diſpleaſing to the gods: and that, by their treacherous advice, the people of Rome were prevailed on unfortunately to remove the famous ſtatue of Horatius Colches to a certain place, where, being ſurrounded by high-built houſes, the ſun might never ſhine upon it: but, their treachery being diſcovered, they were accuſed before the people, and, being convicted of the perfidy, were put to death: And upon this occaſion was made this ſenary verſe,

Malum conſiilum conſultori peſſimum eſt,

which was ſung about by the boys in all the ſtreets of Rome. This accident of the Thuſcan augurs increaſed the credit of the books of the Sybils, which, according to Servius on Æn. 6. were kept in the temple of Apollo, as well as of thoſe of the Marſians, and of the nymph Bygois, who had writ the art of divination, as practiſed by the Thuſcans.

We have already ſpoken in the foregoing notes of the matter, of which the ancients held lightning to conſiſt, and of the manner of its generation, which it is needleſs to repeat in this place: we likewiſe have ſaid already, that the Latins often confounded "fulgur" and "fulmen:" and how they came to do ſo, Feſtus teaches in theſe words: "Fulgere priſci pro ferire dicebant, unde fulgur dictum eſt; fulguratum id, quod eſt fulmine ictum." And they believed there was no other difference between them, than only that of more or leſs, which among logicians makes no difference whatever of the ſpecies: And we find a remarkable paſſage in Seneca, who, after an accurate diſputation, concludes, by determining the difference between "fulgur" and "fulmen," as follows: "Ergo," ſays he, "et utramque rem ignem eſſe conſtat, et utramque rem inter ſe meando diſtare. Fulguratio eſt fulmen non in terras uſque perlatum et rurſus licet dicas, fulmen eſſe fulgurationem uſque in terras perductam. Non ad exercendum verba hæc diutius pertracto, ſed ut iſta cognata eſſe, et ejuſdem notæ, ac naturæ probem. Fulmen eſt quiddam plus, quam fulguratio: vertamus iſtud; fulguratio eſt pene fulmen." Nat. Quæſt. lib. ii. cap. 21. And in Quæſt. 57. of the ſame book: "Et, ut breviter dicam," ſays he, "quod ſentio, fulmen eſt fulgur intentum." And lib. citat. Quæſt. 16. "Quid ergo inter fulgurationem et fulmen intereſt? Dicam: Fulguratio eſt late ignis explicitus: Fulmen eſt coactus ignis, et impetu factus."

The poets, according to their cuſtom, ſhadowed the nature of either under the veil of fables, which nevertheleſs Servius accurately explains, upon the following paſſage of Virgil, which I am obliged to tranſcribe at length, for the better underſtanding of what follows:

Inſula Sicaniam juxta latus Æoliumque
Erigitur Laparen, fumantibus ardua ſaxis.
Quam ſubter ſpecus, et Cyclopum exeſa caminis
Antra Ætnæa tonant, validique incudibus ictus
Auditi referunt gemitum, ſtriduntque cavernis
Stricturæ chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat:
Vulcani domus et Vulcania nomine tellus.

Æn. 8. *v.* 416.

Which is thus rendered by Dryden:

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an iſle does lie
Between Sicilia's coaſt and Lipare;
Rais'd high on ſmoking rocks; and deep below
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal:
Loud ſtrokes and hiſſings of tormented ſteel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar,
And ſmoking flames through fuming tunnels ſoar.

This paſſage of Virgil is explained by Servius, as follows: By Vulcan, ſays he, is meant fire, which is called Vulcanus, "quaſi Volicanus," becauſe it flies through the air: For fire is generated in the clouds: And for this reaſon too Homer ſays, that Vulcan was precipitated from the air upon earth, becauſe all lightnings fall from out the air; and becauſe it often lightens in the iſland Lemnos, therefore Vulcan is ſaid to have fallen upon that iſland. "Vulcanus, ut diximus ignis,

eſt, ei dictus Vulcanus, quaſi Volicanus, quod per aerem volat, ignis enim nubibus naſcitur. Unde etiam Homerus dicit eum de mare præcipitatum in terras, quod omne fulmen ab aere cadit: quod quia crebro in Lemnum inſolam jacitur, ideo in eam dicitur Vulcanus cecidiſſe." Thus Servius: and this fall of Vulcan is deſcribed by Milton in the following verſes.:

——In Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber: and, how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chryſtal battlements. From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy night;
A ſummer's day: and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos, the Ægean iſle.——.

The ſame Servius, on the above cited paſſage, teaches, that Vulcan is ſaid to be lame, becauſe flame, by nature, is never ſtraight: "Claudius autem dicitur Vulcanus, quia per naturam nunquam rectus eſt ignis." And, what is more than all this; Virgil ſays, the thunder is forged in ſubterranean caverns

Hic tunc ignipotens cœlo deſcendit ab alto:
Ferro exercebant vaſto Cyclopes in antro, [racmon:
Bronteſque, Steropeſque, et nudus membra Py-
His informatum manibus jam parte polita
Fulmen erat, toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
Dejicit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat:
Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquoſæ
Addiderant, rutuli tres ignis et alitis auſtri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, ſonitumque, metumque,
Miſcebant operi, flammiſque ſequacibus iras.
Æn. viii. *ver.* 424.

Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight;
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointleſs thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the ſkies:
Theſe darts for angry Jove they daily caſt,
Conſum'd on mortals with prodigious waſte:
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more;
Of winged ſouthern winds and cloudy ſtore
As many parts the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Dryd.

The phyſiology of which is thus explained: Vulcan is ſaid to have a forge in thoſe places, between Mount Ætna and the iſland Lipare, that is to ſay, between fire and wind. becauſe thoſe two things are very proper, nay neceſſary for ſmiths: "Phyſiologia eſt cur Vulcanus in ipſis locis officinam habere fingantur inter Ætnam et Liparum, ſcilicet propter ignem et ventos, quæ apta ſunt fabris," ſays Nardius. "in proluſione de igne ſubterraneo." The ſeveral offices of his ſervants,

Bronteſque, Steropeſque, et nudus membra Py-
racmon,

their very names in part declare: For Brontes was ſo called ἀπὸ τῆς βροντῆς, from thunder; Steropes, ἀπὸ τῆς στροπῆς, from lightning; and Pyracmon, ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς καὶ τῆς ἄκμονος, becauſe he never ſtirs from the burning anvil: And Virgil himſelf more particularly, Georg. iv. ver. 170.

Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina maſſis
Cum properant: alii taurinis follibus auras
Accipiunt, redduntque: alii ſtridentia tingunt
Æra lacu: gemit impoſitis incudibus Ætna:
Illi inter ſeſe magnâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum; verſantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.

As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunders haſten for their angry god;
Subdu'd in fire the ſtubborn metal lies:
One brawny ſmith the preſſing bellows plies,
And draws, and blows reciprocating air;
Others to quench the hiſſing maſs prepare:
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their ſounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike; huge flakes of flame expire:
With tongs they turn the ſteel, and vex it in the fire. *Dryd.*

Moreover, on the ancient marbles, thunder is figured with twelve rays, diſpoſed into a circle; the rays not ſtraight, but bending into ſeveral angles, each of which ends in three ſharp-pointed fangs: Such too is the figure of this Virgilian thunder; of whoſe form Cerdanus thus: It generally thunders, either when it hails, or in great ſhowers of rain, or when the air is hot and ſultry; or, laſtly, when the winds blow: Now, by rain, "imber tortus," Virgil means hail; by "aquoſæ nubes," great ſhowers of rain; by "ignis," the heated ſultry air, and by "auſter," blaſts of wind; for tempeſts are more frequent when auſter, the ſouth wind, blows, than when any other.

After this, not uſeleſs, but neceſſary digreſſion, it is time to return and keep cloſe to our ſubject: firſt, then, The art and doctrine of thunder, according to Seneca, is divided into three parts: I. Inveſtigation. II. Interpretation. III. Exoration. The firſt part relates to the form; the ſecond to divination; the third to the propitiation and pacification of the gods; of whom, ſays he, we ought to pray for good things, and to deprecate from us all manner of evil: to pray that they would make good their promiſes; to deprecate that they would remit their threats; beſides, to imprecate and draw down thunder on the heads of our enemies: which laſt I add to Seneca; not to give occaſion to the learned Muretus, to take in ill part the omiſſion of it. The form I interpret to be the ſpecies and nature of the lightning, together, with whatever elſe can conduce to the phyſical and perfect knowledge of it; in the diſquiſition of which, according to the Thuſcans, its riſe, that is to ſay, whether it burſts out of the earth, or breaks from the ſkies, deſervedly claims the firſt to be inquired into. Now the Thuſcans held that the earthly lightning darts in a ſtraight line, the aerial obliquely. It was believed to be of great moment too, from what part of heaven the lightning came; whither it directed its courſe, and where it fell. For we muſt not forget what Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 54. teaches, That the Thuſcans

of old divided and quartered out the heavens into ſixteen parts, which they called temples, as is obſerved by Varro de lingua Latina, lib. 3. Nor did they lay any ſmall ſtreſs upon this circumſtance; whether the thunder ſtruck down the ſtrongeſt buildings, and overturned the towers and caſtles of kings; or whether it was weak, and vaniſhed inoffenſive in the air. Its force and violence too was likewiſe conſidered: that is to ſay, whether it ſtruck in an inſtant, or lingered in its flight: and, in ſome meaſure, gave warning of the blow: They likewiſe obſerved the ſize and magnitude of it; which they meaſured and determined by the events and effects it produced. Beſides, by the conſent of all, there are properly three ſorts of lightning, which, according to Seneca, are, I. That which pierces. II. That which ſhakes to pieces: And, III. That which burns. According to Servius, which blaſts, which burns, which cleaves; and according to Feſtus, which burns, which blaſts, which pierces; and from hence it came to be called "triſulcum," three-forked; unleſs we had rather aſcribe that epithet to the three kinds of lightning mentioned by Pliny, i. e. the dry, the humid, and the bright; which were ſo called from their effects: For the dry does not burn, but diſſipate; the humid does not burn, but infuſcates; and that, which they called the bright, is indeed of a wonderful nature, as we ſhall ſee by and by. I go now to that ſort of lightning that infuſcates, or renders ſwarthy the things it ſtrikes: Now this, ſays Seneca, either ſtrains, or colours, which is thus diſtinguiſhed: that is ſaid to be ſtained, whoſe colour is tarniſhed, not changed: that to be coloured, whoſe colour is changed from what it was before, as cerulean, or black, or pale, &c. They obſerved beſides, the manner of the lightning's coming, and the number of the flaſhes and claps; whether even or odd, and whether alone, or with hail or rain: They had regard beſides to the quality of it, whether it were reſplendent and glittering, which, perhaps, is that which Suidas calls white, or ſwarthy and obſcure: and it was of the greateſt importance, whether it thundered in a clear or cloudy ſky, whether in the night or by day; whether in the morning, or the evening, or at noon: And ſo much for the diagnoſtic part. We come now to the prognoſtic or divining.

The prognoſtic doctrine of lightning was, no doubt, contained in their fulgular books, and the prieſt, or interpreter of lightning, was called Fulgurator. The ancients aſcribed to lightning and thunder a power of foreboding future events, ſuperior to all other ominous portents: For whatever any other omens might have portended as a fixed and certain event, was all taken away, and held to be of no effect, if thunder chanced to intervene; but not on the contrary: For whatever thunder had portended was unalterable, and could not be changed by the intervention of any other omen whatever. It is not certain, who they were that did at firſt diſtinguiſh lightning into two ſorts; "brunum et fatidicum," brute and fatidic, or fate foretelling, as they afterwards called them; for they held, that whatever was the cauſe of lightning, it was always deſtined to forebode ſome future event; whether it proceeded from a fortuitous colliſion of the clouds, as the Latins believed, or whether the clouds ſuffered that colliſion, by the command of the Deity, that lightning might be ſtruck out of them by that means, which was the belief of the Thuſcans, who likewiſe held, that lightning does not portend, becauſe it is made, but is made on purpoſe that it may portend ſomething. But Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 43. ſays, That no doubt fortuitous lightnings do ſometimes happen, which either forebode nothing at all, or at leaſt if they do, the knowledge of what they portend comes not to us. Hence they were called brute lightnings, as coming on no deſign, and, as I may ſay, upon no errand whatever. Theſe, ſays Seneca, ſtrike the mountains, fall into the ſeas, and do no manner of harm: But the lightnings that are called fatidic, come from their own ſtars, and are deſtined to forebode ſome unavoidable event: Of theſe, ſays Cæcinna, there are three ſorts; which he calls "conſiliarium, auctoritatis, and ſtatus:" The "conſiliarium," or counſel-giving, precedes the action, but comes after the thought; as when we are conſidering in our minds, whether we ſhall do a certain thing or not, and are perſuaded to do it by a flaſh of lightning, or diſſuaded from the attempt: That of authority comes after the action is done, and forebodes whether the event will be proſperous or unlucky: That which he calls "ſtatus," of ſtation, is when lightning happens at a time when we are in total inaction, neither doing, nor even thinking of any thing; this either threatens, or promiſes, or admoniſhes: therefore he calls it "monitorium," monitory: He makes no mention of a fourth ſort, which was called "executivum," the executive, and that inflicts puniſhments on tranſgreſſors; of which anon.

But before we proceed any farther, it will be neceſſary to know from whom theſe thunders were ſent: The Thuſcan books, as Pliny witneſſes, taught, that nine gods had the privilege of darting theſe fiery bolts, and that there are eleven kinds of them: of which Jupiter launches but three: Of theſe eleven ſorts the Romans had retained but two, and aſcribed the diurnal to Jupiter, the nocturnal to Pluto: The firſt Manubia, as they called it, that is, thunder-bolt of Jupiter, gently forewarns, and is mild: this he ſends at his own pleaſure, whenever he will: He indeed ſends a ſecond but by the advice of his council, which conſiſts of twelve gods, whom he ſummons for that purpoſe. This ſhaft does ſometimes do good: but in ſuch a manner that the good it does is always attended with ſome hurt; its chaſtiſements avail, but puniſh. The ſame Jupiter ſends alſo a third bolt, but not without the advice and conſent of the gods, whom they call "Dii Majores, Dii Valentes, et Dii Potentes," Θεοὶ μεγάλοι, Θεοὶ χρησὸι, καὶ Θεοὶ δυναλοὶ. This bolt deſtroys whatever it meets; it changes and overturns the ſtate of things, as well public as private: For fire ſuffers nothing to remain in

the ſame condition in which it finds it. Others plunder the armoury of Jupiter, (Acron in Horat.) and ſcarce reſerving to him the red and bloody thunderbolts, they aſſign the white and black to Minerva.

———Scit triſte Minervæ
Sydus———*Æn. viii.* 265.

Hence "Minervales Manubiæ," ſays Servius on that paſſage of Virgil, by the power of which the Grecian fleet was driven on the rocks of the Mountain Caphareus, and periſhed there. Nor is Pallas idle,

Prima coruſcanti ſignum dedit Ægide Virgo,
Fulmineam jaculata facem———
Flacc. Argonaut. 4.

And ſhe is the more to be feared, becauſe not content with her own, but

——Fulmine irati Jovis
Armata——Sen. Trag. Agamemn.

armed with the thunder of angry Jove, ſhe threatens ſore, and exterminates her enemies. This privilege Juno envies her,

Ipſa Jovis rapidum jaculata è nubibus ignem,
Disjecitque rates, evertitque æquora ventis.
Æn. i. *ver.* 46.

For Minerva could come at the thunder, when ſhe would, as ſhe herſelf boaſts in Æſchines in Eumen.

Καί κλυδὰς οἶδα μόνη δῶμ[illegible]ων θέων
Ἐν ὦ κεραυνὸς ἐστι.———

I alone, of all the gods, know the keys of the magazines where the thunder is kept. And Servius, "ex actio," obſerves, that Juno too had her thunder: Hence ſhe upbraids Jupiter for darting her thunderbolts:

———Mea fulmina torques. *Statius.*

Thus we have three thundering gods: Mars was the fourth, and his bolts are red-hot and burning: thoſe of Saturn, cruel and execrable, nor are Pluto's more mild: What can we expect from Vulcan and the ſouth wind, which is ſaid to be "pollens fulminibus," potent in thunderbolts?

The Romans, loath to weary ſo many gods, gave the thunder but to two: they aſſigned the day-lightning to Jupiter, who was called Dieſpiter, i. e. the father of the day: and the night-lightning to Pluto: the lightning which they called *fulmen pervorſum*, becauſe it was uncertain whether it happened in the night, or by day, they gave ſometimes to the one, ſometimes to the other. Beſides this, they had, I. Their Poſtularia Fulmina, which ſignified the breach of vows, and the profane neglect of religious ſacrifices: II. Monitoria, by which they were taught what to avoid. III. Peſtifera, lightnings, which portended death and baniſhment. IV. Fallacia, which were fatal under an appearance of good: theſe gave the conſulſhip to perſons, to whom that office would be fatal; and an inheritance t[illegible] thoſe who were to be ruined by getting it. V. Deprecanea, which brought a ſhow of danger where there was none. VI. Peremptalia, which utterly deſtroyed the threatening tokens of other lightnings. VII. Ateſtata, that confirmed the promiſes of former. VIII. Atterranea, that happened in cloſe places. IX. Obruta, by which things that had been ſtruck before, were ſtruck again, before they had been purged by ſacrifice. X. Regalia, which fell upon the courts of juſtice, or other public buildings, or places, belonging to a free city. Concerning the duration, they ſay, that lightnings are either, I. Perpetua, whoſe tokens belong to the whole life: nor does this ſort denounce one ſingle thing only, but embraces the whole context and ſeries of whatever is to happen in the future age of a man. Theſe are the lightnings that happen next after the enjoyment of a patrimonal eſtate, and in any new circumſtance or condition of any man, or city. II. Finita, whoſe prognoſtications extend only to a certain day. III. Prorogativa fulmina, are thoſe whoſe threats may be delayed to be executed, but can never be wholly averted, or taken away: and ſuch of theſe as they called Privata, becauſe they related only to particular perſons, they held could not be delayed for more than ten years, except from the day of firſt marriage, or the birth-day: nor the publica, which regarded communities, and civil ſocieties, for above thirty years, except in the dedication of towns.

Moreover: we ſaid before, that the lightnings, which fly in a direct line, burſt out of the earth: Theſe the Thuſcans called Infera, they are moſt frequent in the winter, and are held to be the moſt fatal and execrable; becauſe they come from a ſmall diſtance, and out of a troublous matter. The Syderial and general, which dart obliquely, and from thence are called Obliqua Fulmina, are not always lucky, and the moſt unlucky of them are thoſe that go from weſt to north; thus it is of the higheſt importance, from whence the lightning comes, and which way it directs its courſe. The moſt lucky is that which returns towards the eaſtern parts of the heavens: therefore, when they come from that part of heaven, and incline the ſame way again, they portend the greateſt felicity: we read that an omen of this ſort was given to Sylla the dictator. The others in that part of the world are leſs proſperous, if not abſolutely unlucky. They held it unlawful to interpret, or even to inquire into ſome: unleſs they were ſent as indications of future events to a gueſt, or a parent: the lightnings that happened on the left were eſteemed lucky, becauſe the eaſt is in the left part of the world: the coming of it was not ſo much regarded, as its return: whether fire re[illegible]nded from the ſtroke, or whether the work [illegible]ng perfected, or the fire conſumed, the blaſt returned back. The Greeks in general, and ſome of the Latins, held the lightning on the right to preſage good fortune: of this we have frequent examples in Xenophon, ſome in Homer, and many in the Latin poets: however they all agreed, that none portended good fortune, except thoſe

that happened in the day; forasmuch as the nocturnal were unlucky, from whatever part of heaven they came. There is a verse of Ennius recorded by Cicero de Divinat. lib. 2. which makes to our present purpose:

Cum tonuit lævum benè tempestate serena.

And though, as Capitolinus tells us in the life of of M. Antonius Pius, the lightning was innoxious, that in a clear sky fell into the court of his palace, yet it was ominous, and a presage of death to Titus. Diodorus Siculus, and Suetonius both witness in general, that in those days lightnings were often seen in a serene and unclouded sky: but those historians have neither of them thought fit to particularize any of them.

Besides, they had great regard to the number of the flashes; and an even number seems to portend good fortune, rather than an odd; at least, it betokens neither calamity nor death: But if the lightning fell on temples or public buildings, or if men were blasted by it, in either of those cases it was judged to signify some great misfortune: To a free city it threatened a kingly power; and to others the subversion of their present state, or total destruction. And this, as Cicero in Vatin. observes, was the reason, that from the first building of the city, it was not permitted, but even held irreligious, to hold any assembly of the people, or to continue the sittings of their courts of justice, whenever it happened to thunder. And Livy, lib. v. decad. 3. relates, that Marcellus, being created consul, was removed from that office, because it had thundered when he entered upon the consular dignity: what would have been done, if a tempest of wind and hail had accompanied the thunder? Which accident was held to forebode calamity. And even at Rome, as the same Livy, lib. x. decad. 4. affirms, a tempest only did sometimes make the senate break up their assemblies: For the minds of men had already imbibed the superstitious credulity, that lightning portended future events, and gave tokens, not of particular things only, but denounced in a successive order the whole series of future fates; and that too by decrees more plain and evident, than if they had been written in the most visible characters: This Seneca teaches, Nat. Quæst. xxxii. lib. 2. Pliny too seems to have been tainted with the same superstition; for, lib. ii. cap. 53. he says in express terms, That the science of the interpretation of lightnings was improved to that degree, as was evident from innumerable, both public and private examples, that it foretold what should happen even on a fixed and certain day, and whether the lightning foreboded the delay, or the total obstruction of fates, already foretold, or revealed, or gave tokens of others, that lay till then concealed: Wherefore let them be, as it has pleased nature to make them, certain to some, doubtful to others, approved by some, and condemned by others. Thus Pliny.

It now remains, that we say something of their expiations, by which they endeavoured to avert the imminent dangers that threatened them. In the first place, the fulgural books pronounce, That a place struck with lightning ought neither to be regarded, nor trod upon: For which reason, says Ammianus Marcellinus in Jul. it was lawful to hide or bury the lightning; but a crime against the gods to uncover it. Now the lightning was then said to be buried, when an altar was erected over the place where it had fallen: And this altar had a hole in the top of it, open towards heaven; and was called Puteal, or Capitium, by Vulpianus, Operculum. The place itself Nigidius Figulus calls Bidental, because two sheep were sacrificed there; after which, says he, it was immediately deemed holy. And Augustus consecrated and dedicated to Apollo the area in the palace he had bought, because lightning had fallen in it: But bidental signifies sometimes the sacrifice likewise, and sometimes too the person that was struck, as in Persius, Satir. ii. ver. 27.

Triste jaces lucis evitandumque bidental.

Moreover, to this custom of burying the lightning, Lucan alludes, lib. i.

———Dispersos fulminis ignes
Colligit, & terræ mœsto cum murmure condit.

And the ancient interpreter of Juvenal, on this verse,

Atque aliquis senior, qui publica fulgura condit, *Sat. 6.*

says, that lightning is then said to be buried, when the priest has collected together the scattered fires, by which we may reasonably conjecture, that they meant, when he had collected together what was scorched by the lightning; and consecrated the place by a certain prayer, pronounced with a low voice to himself, and by heaping up earth upon it. Thus it had fared but ill with the Parthian magicians, if, as Pliny, lib. xxxvii cap. 9. says they had tried to find, by digging for it, the gem, which is called "ceraunia," and some take for a real thunderbolt, because it is never found, but in places blasted with lightning, since it was not permitted even to look upon such places. Besides, we learn from Festus, that, by an old law of Numa, it was forbid to burn the body of a man, who had been killed by thunder, or to allow him the rites of funeral. Every man, who was slain by thunder, was buried in the place where he was struck; except, as Quintilian, and some other learned men observe out of Festus, the place belonged to the public. Such men had this privilege, that the priests were permitted to gather up their scattered members: This we have from Seneca, who besides, speaking of such as apprehend and tremble at the danger of thunder, has this remarkable passage: "Non maximum ex periculis, sed speciosissimum fulmen est. Male scilicet erit actum tecum, si sensum mortis tuæ celeritas infinita prævenerit, si mors tua procurabitur, si tu nunc quoque cum expiras, non supervacuæ, sed alicujus magnæ rei signum es." Lib. ii. Nat. Quæst. in calce. The earth

was heaped up, not dug into the ground, as Cornutus is of opinion, till it raiſed a monument high enough, to give notice of the place to paſſers by. Plutarch. in Symp. iv. Probl 2 aſſerts, That the bodies of men blaſted with lightning never putrify: for many, ſays he, neither burn them, nor bury them, but ſuffer them to lie where they were ſtruck: and hedge in the place, that thoſe uncorrupting carcaſes may remain as a ſpectacle of admiration: And for this reaſon they fooliſhly thought ſuch perſons to be honoured by Jupiter. But Seneca, Nat. Quæſt. lib. ii with more conſonance to truth, ſays, that bodies, killed by thunder, crawl with worms in a few days; and adds beſides, that they were buried with the lightning: Whence the ſaying, "Male tecum agitur, ſi cum fulmine conderis:" The places were hedged about, that they might not be trod on unawares; and the bodies were interred to avoid the ſtench of their corruption: For it is known by experience, that as well men as beaſts, are for the moſt part ſuffocated by the blaſt of lightning, not burnt with the fire; and when the innate heat of the animal decays, the remaining moiſture is prone to corruption. Yet ſome perſons, ſtruck with lightning, were not buried, but only covered with a white garment; as well becauſe they believed ſuch bodies did not putrify, as that they might be ſeen by the people; who, nevertheleſs, were not permitted to look at them, except at ſome diſtance: for none were permitted to come within the enclоſure, but the prieſts.

I ſhall paſs by many things relating to thunder, but cannot omit one, which Pliny mentions, lib. xxviii. cap. 25. where he ſays: "Fulgetras Poppyſmis adorare, conſenſus eſt gentium:" All nations agree in adoring the thunderbolts, by preſſing their lips cloſe together, and then, by drawing in the air by force, to make ſuch a ſound as horſemen generally do, to encourage and put forward their horſes, for ſuch a noiſe the word "poppyſmus" ſignifies and this was the cuſtom both of the Greeks and Romans in their expiatory ſacrifices: Some of the learned add likewiſe the clapping of hands, which others nevertheleſs take to be only the noiſe that is made, by cloſing the palms of the hands, and hiſſing between the thumbs. But to proceed:

When the portents and prodigies were uncommon, or more than uſually frequent, they conſulted the Thuſcan Fulguratores, or the Sybilline books, and the city was expiated, by public ſacrifices and ſupplications, and by the ceremonies they called Lectiſternia, i. e. bringing their beds, on which they lay down to eat, into the temples, where they uſed to feaſt themſelves in honour of the ſacred rites; as alſo by votive games, Livy in decad. iv. lib. 10. gives an example of the purgation of the city, after the fall of lightning, in theſe words: "Ob ea decemviri juſſi adire libros, edidere quibus diis, et quot hoſtiis ſacrificaretur: Et a fulminibus complura loca deformata, ad ædem Jovis ut ſupplicatio diem unum eſſet. Ludi denique votivi Q. Fulvii Conſ. per dies decem magno apparatu facti." For to diſtinguiſh to which god the ſacrifice was due, was not ſo eaſily diſcerned by the Romans, but that they equally ſacrificed ſometimes to Jupiter and Pluto, when the lightning happened at a doubtful time, that is to ſay, either in the morning or evening twilight; and this lightning, as we ſaid before, they called "perverſum." Joannes Magnus, in his hiſtory, lib. iii. cap. 8. relates a ridiculous cuſtom of the Goths and Vandals; and which is likewiſe confirmed by his kinſman Olaus Magnus. They tell us, that thoſe people, when they heard the noiſe of thunder in the clouds, were wont to ſhoot arrows up into the air, to expreſs their earneſt deſire to aſſiſt their own gods, whom they believed to be then engaged in battle with other gods; and that, not contented with this fooliſh ſuperſtition, they had mallets of an unuſual weight, bound about with braſs, and which they held in great veneration, on purpoſe that, by their help, as by the imitative thunder of Claudian, they might expreſs the noiſe they heard in the heavens, and which they believed was made by mallets likewiſe: And they held it very meritorious to be thus preſent, and aſſiſt in the battles of their gods.

It remains only to ſpeak of the lightnings, which the ancients called Elicia, and theſe were either commanded and compelled from heaven, or allured and obtained by holy rites. Pliny tells us, That lightning may either be compelled, or implored from heaven, by certain holy rites and ſupplications; that there was an old tradition in Etruria, that it had been obtained by holy rites, when a monſter they called Volta, entered into the city Volſinii, after having firſt depopulated the country round it: And the ſame author, on the teſtimony of Piſo, whom he calls an author of credit, ſays, That Porſenna, king of the Thuſcans, drew down thunder from heaven; and that, before him, Numa had often done the like. He adds, that Tullus Hoſtilius, endeavouring to imitate them, and either not knowing, or for not obſerving the due rites, was himſelf ſtruck dead by a thunderbolt. "Extat annalium memoria, ſacris quibuſdam et precationibus, vel cogi fulmina, vel impetrari: Vetus fama Hetruriæ eſt, impetratum; Volſinios urbem, agris depopulatis, ſubeunte monſtro, quod vocavere Voltam. Evocatum et à Porſenna ſuo rege, et ante eum à Numa ſæpius hoc factitatum, in primo Annal. ſuorum tradit L. Piſo, gravis Author: quod imitatum parum rite Tullum Hoſtilium, ictum fulmine. Lucoſque et aras, et ſacra habemus inter quæ Statores, et Tonantes, et Feretrius, Elicium quoque accepimus Jovem." Plin. lib. ii cap 52 He concludes with making this remark: "Varia," ſays he, "in hoc vitæ ſententia, et pro cujuſque animo. Imperari naturæ adacis eſt credere: nec minus hebetis, beneficiis abrogare vires." Thus Pliny. In relation to Numa, Livy relates the matter at large, in decad i. lib. 1 where, among many other things, he tells us, that Numa, in order to allure down thunderbolts from the divine minds, erected an altar on the Aventine hill, to Jupiter Elicius: "Ad ea (ſcil. ful-

mina) elicienda, ex mentibus divinis, Jovi Elicio aram in Aventino dicavit; deumque confuluit auguriis, quæ capienda eſſent." And that nothing might be wanting to this fable, Valerius Antias, as cited by Arnobius, adverſ. gent. lib. v. ſays, that king Numa, not having the ſcience of procuring lightning, and, by the advice of the nymph Ægeria, being deſirous to know it, gave chains and fetters to twelve chaſte young men, and placed them in ambuſcade, near a certain water, in which Faunus and Martius Picus were went to bathe, with orders to ſurpriſe and bind them: This they did, and extorted from them the art of alluring Jupiter, of whom Numa by this means learnt the art of drawing down thunderbolts out of heaven. The Greeks, however, will not allow this honour to be firſt due to Numa, but aſcribe it to Prometheus; who, as Servius on the 6th Eclogue of Virgil, relates, by reſiding long upon the top of Mount Caucaſus, diſcovered the art of alluring down lightning, and taught it to men; from whence the fable of his having ſtolen fire out of heaven. Laſtly, Theſe "elicia fulmina" were of three ſorts: I. "Hoſpitalia," which Seneca mentions in lib. ii. Nat. Quæſt. and theſe by ſacrifices compel, or rather, to uſe their milder expreſſion, invite Jupiter from heaven: But if his godſhip ſhould happen to be unwilling, or in an angry mood, they invite him to their own coſt: and this, ſays the ſame Seneca, was the misfortune of Tullus Hoſtilius, the third king of the Romans, whom we mentioned before. II. The "Auxiliaria," which were alſo called "Advocata," but theſe always came for the good of thoſe that called them. III. The "Imprecatoria," which cannot be reckoned in the number of auxiliary lightning; for no man deſires deſtruction, or imprecates thunderbolts on his own head. After all, Pliny, lib. xxviii. cap. 2. obſerves out of old authors, that it was a very difficult taſk to allure down lightning by ſupplications and ſacrifices. And ſo much for the ſuperſtition of the ancients, in regard to thunder and lightning.

Ver. 431. Hitherto the poet has been treating of thunder and lightning; and is now about to diſpute of another kind of meteor, called whirlwinds: And for the better underſtanding of ſuch diſputation, it will be neceſſary, with Ariſtotle, lib. iii. Meteor. and with Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 48. to diſtinguiſh between the ſeveral ſorts of whirlwinds, which the ancients called by ſeveral names, according to their ſeveral natures; as "ecnephias, preſter and typho:" For ſince all theſe things, thunder, lightning, "ecnephias, preſter, and typho," and thunderbolts, are only ſeveral winds, we ought to diſtinguiſh between them. Firſt, then, if the wind be thin and ſubtle, and if it be blown and ſcattered piecemeal here and there, it produces thunder and lightning. If it be more denſe and thick, it begets the tempeſt, which the Greeks call Ἐκνεφίας, i. e. a ſtorm without rain, a hurricane, as Pliny ſays, lib. ii. cap. 48. But if the wind burſting out of the bowels of a cloud, meet with other winds, breaking out of other clouds likewiſe, and without fire, it comes to be that ſort of whirlwind, which the Greeks called τύφος, of which there are two ſorts, called by the Latins "vortex and turbo:" "Vortex," if it make a great and roaring noiſe: "Turbo," if it make none at all, or but a whiſtling one. But if the wind, when it breaks from the clouds, takes fire, and kindles into flame, it makes a "preſter," called by the Greeks πρηστὴρ, which ſignifies, inflaming, ſwelling, and making hot, "quaſi comburens contacta, pariter et proterens," ſays Pliny, in the place laſt cited: If the wind, after it breaks from the clouds, do not take fire; but burſts out in a flame, it makes the lightning, which the Greeks call κεραυνὸς, a thunderbolt: And, laſtly, if the wind cannot break the cloud, but forces and drags it down upon the earth, or ſea, it then makes the whirlwind, which the Latins called "columna," a pillar. And of theſe whirlwinds the poet diſputes in the following twenty-nine verſes, and ſeems to call the "columna, vortex, and turbo," all of them certain preſters. And firſt, in theſe twenty-one verſes, he explains the cauſe of a fiery whirlwind, called a preſter; which, ſays he, is a wind impetuouſly whirled about, and that takes fire by the continuance and vehemence of the agitation. If this wind burſt out of the clouds, and move violently in a ſtraight line, it kindles into lightning only; but if the cloud be ſo tough, that it cannot break through, but bears it down into the ſea, and, there impetuouſly whirling round in the waves, it becomes a preſter, the ſure deſtruction of ſailors.

Ver. 452. Preſters are ſeldom felt at land, but chiefly infeſt the ſea. There is another ſort of whirlwind, which is not fiery: and this too is a wind, that turns and whiſks about with violence in a cloud, and tumbles down with that cloud upon the earth; where breaking out without being kindled into flame, it whirls and tumbles down all things where it lights: Neither is this ſort of whirlwind frequent at land; for the hills hinder its deſcent, and break its force; but at ſea the poor ſailors often feel its violence.

Of this ſort of whirlwind, Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 48. "Sin vero flatus repentini depreſſo ſinu arctius rotati nubem effregerint, ſine igne, hoc eſt, ſine fulmine, Vorticem faciunt:" which agrees with what Lucretius ſays of it. But whatever he ſays of their being moſt frequently felt at ſea, they are very common in Florence, and in ſeveral other countries.

But before we leave this ſubject of whirlwinds, it will not be improper to give a ſhort account of the cauſe of wind; the original of which is reckoned among the hidden ſecrets of nature. Ariſtotle will have it to proceed from the earth, and defines it to be a dry earthy exhalation: Metrodorus and Animaxander held, that it proceeds from the water: of the ſame opinion too is Vitruvius, who, lib i cap. 6. ſays, "Ventus eſt ăĕris fluens unda, cum incerta motus redundantia; naſciturque cum fervor offendit humorem & impetus fervoris exprimit vim ſpiritus flantis:" This he illuſtrates, by the example of *æolipilæ*,

windballs: and Des Cartes pretends to demonſtrate the truth of this opinion in the ſame manner. And Salmaſius, lib. de Anno Climacter. aſſerts the ſame opinion, in the very words of Vitruvius. There is a third opinion, which ſeems to have been more ancient than either of the former; and according to that, wind is nothing but air put in motion. Apuleius de Mund. is of this laſt opinion. "Nec enim," ſays he, "aliud eſt ventus, niſi multum et vehemens in unum coacti aëris flumen:" But this is not ſatisfactory; for, by not aſſigning the firſt cauſe of that motion, it leaves the matter in ſuſpenſe, and undetermined. The moſt probable opinion therefore is, that wind is an earthy or watery exhalation, mixed with ſaline ſpirits, and other vapours, drawn or forced out of the earth or ſea, by the power of the ſun, or of ſubterranean fires, which being rarefied by heat, or condenſed by cold, and impelled for the moſt part by a tranſverſe, but ſometimes by a direct motion, exagitates the earth, air, and ſea. But of this ſubject ſee particularly my Lord Bacon's treatiſe de Ventis; Des Cartes in the place above cited; Gaſſendus's Animadverſions on Epicurus; Fromend. in Meteor.; Kircher. in Mund. ſubterran.; and Iſaac. Voſſius, de motu Marium & Ventorum.

Ver. 460. The poet is now going to treat of the generation of clouds; which, he ſays, may be produced three ſeveral ways: And firſt, in theſe ſeven verſes, he teaches, that certain rough and hooky atoms, that are flying to and fro in the air, meet and join together: Theſe form the thin clouds firſt; and theſe thin clouds, condenſing and joining with one another, make the thick and heavy clouds.

Anaximenes, Plutarch, and Seneca, held the clouds to be made of the very concretion or congelation of the air itſelf: The firſt of them indeed believed, that all things proceed from the air: And Plutarch, de Placit. Philoſ. l. iii. c. 4. calls the clouds ἀέρος πυκνότητας, thickenings of the air; and Epicurus in Laërtius, ἀέρος πιλήσεις, accumulations or heaps of air; but Seneca, lib. ii. c. 30. "Spiſſitudinem aëris craſſi," the thickneſs of groſs air: for he will not allow, that clear and unmuddy air can thicken and grow into clouds; becauſe it is too ſubtile, and free from vapours; by virtue of which only it can condenſe into clouds. Macrobius, "Aër terreni frigoris exhalatione denſatus, in nubem cogitur." In Somn. Scipionis, lib. i. cap. 22.

Ver. 467. In theſe nine verſes he obſerves, that clouds frequently ſeem to riſe from the tops of high mountains: the reaſon of which, he ſays, is this; becauſe ſome thin miſts and watery ſteams, that are too ſubtile to be ſeen, are driven up thither by the wind; where joining together, and growing thick, they become viſible. Moreover, our tranſlator has omitted the two laſt verſes of this argument, which, in the original, are as follows.

Nam loca declarat ſurſum ventoſa patere
Res ipſa, & ſenſus, montes cum aſcendimus altos.

And indeed they are of no great moment; and therefore I have foreborn to tranſlate and inſert them in the text of this verſion. What they ſay is only this: For, when we aſcend a high mountain, the thing itſelf and ſenſe demonſtrate, "ventoſa loca ſurſum patere," i. e. that the winds tend to the higheſt places, and reign there. This is the interpretation Creech himſelf gives them in his Latin edition of Lucretius.

Ver. 476. In theſe ſix verſes Lucretius propoſes a ſecond reaſon of the generation of clouds: and that matter may not be wanting to compoſe ſuch vaſt bodies of clouds as are rolling up and down in the air, he raiſes vapours and exhalations from the ſea; and then, in ten verſes, from the rivers and other waters, nay, even from the earth itſelf; not that he believes any earthy particles aſcend, as Gaſſendus interprets, but becauſe the earth, being moiſtened with dews and rain, ſeems to ſmoke, and breathe forth watery exhalations, which the particles of heat, that are continually deſcending from above, meet in their aſcent, and preſs them into clouds. The laſt verſe of this argument is likewiſe omitted by Creech in this verſion: It runs thus in the original:

Nam ratio cum ſanguine abeſt humoribus omnis.

And indeed the interpreters know not well what to make of it: ſome place it above, after ver. 410. others below, after ver. 531. In either of which places it ſeems to have but as little to do as here: ſo that upon the whole matter, their opinion ſeems beſt, who will not allow it to be genuine, and therefore abſolutely reject it.

Ver. 478. This the poet has mentioned before, b. i. v. 357.

Ver. 486. This and the following verſe in the original run thus:

Urget enim quoque ſigniferi ſuper ætheris æſtus,
Et quaſi denſando ſubtexit cærula nimbis:

In his interpretation of which we may obſerve, that Creech has followed the opinion of Gaſſendus, and ſome others, who interpret *ætheris æſtus* to mean the ether itſelf, whoſe heat condenſes the clouds; and this muſt be explained, ſay they, to be intended of the antiperiſtaſis, by reaſon of which the region of the clouds grows cold. But our tranſlator, in his Latin edition of Lucretius, has changed his opinion, and ſays, that this antiperiſtaſis of theirs, as they call it, will avail them nothing; and that they allege a cauſe, by which the clouds may indeed be attenuated, but never condenſed: And Lucretius himſelf, a few verſes lower, urges the heat of the ſun for one of the reaſons of the liquefaction and diſſolution of the clouds into rain:

Aut diſſolvuntur ſolis ſuper icta calore,

ſays he, v. 513. And therefore Creech explains *ætheris æſtus* to mean the little bodies that are ſtill deſcending from the heavens in a confuſed and turbulent manner. And indeed this interpretation ſeems more conſonant to reaſon than the

other: therefore inſtead of, For the warm vig'rous rays, &c. read, For the deſcending parts, &c.

Ver. 488. In theſe fourteen verſes, as a third cauſe of clouds, he fetches the ſeeds of them from the infinite ſpace, and from the other worlds. For Lucretius, after Epicurus, believed, that the atoms which aſſemble in the concretion of clouds, came not only out of the air, water, and earth, but out of the void likewiſe: for having taught, book i. ver. 1005. & ſeq. that the ſpace in which, out of which, and through which the infinite atoms are continually flying, is immenſe and infinite likewiſe, what wonder is it, if they ſupply from that inexhauſtible magazine a ſufficient quantity of ſeed for the production of clouds?

Ibid. *External matter.*] That is to ſay, matter that comes not only from the ſea, nor only from the earth, nor only from the air, but from without; i. e. from the immenſe and infinite ſpace of the univerſe.

Ver. 490. See book i. ver. 960. & ſeq. & 1050. & ſeq. where the poet has brought many arguments to prove the univerſe to be infinite, and that it has no centre.

Ver. 493. See book ii. ver. 134. &c.

Ver. 494. This and the following verſe are tranſcribed from Cowley, and repeated in this place, from b. iv. v. 226.

Ver. 502. Theſe thirty verſes contain a ſhort diſputation of rain. Many ſeeds of water riſe up together with the ſeeds of the clouds, and grow bigger together with the clouds, in like manner, as the blood, and other humours increaſe in proportion with our bodies. For a cloud may be ſuppoſed to be a body, that contains the rain, which may be compared to the blood in the bodies of animals. To theſe ſeeds of water and clouds, add thoſe particles of water that the clouds, like fleeces of wool, which they ſeem to reſemble, draw from the rivers and ſea. And thus when the clouds are full of water, if they are preſſed either by the force of the wind, or their own weight, water muſt of neceſſity be ſqueezed out, and drop from them: This in ſeventeen verſes. Then he ſays in four verſes, that if the winds rarefy the clouds, the rain will likewiſe drop from them; and if the heat of the ſun pierce the clouds, they will flow like melted wax. That a violent haſty ſhower is occaſioned by a violent compreſſion of the clouds: in four verſes, and laſtly, in five verſes, that conſtant ſhowers happen, when many clouds are heaped upon one another, and when the earth reſolves into vapours the rain it has received, and ſends it up again into the region of the clouds.

Ariſtotle and his followers, who held that the elements change from one into another, and ſo make a circle of generation, define rain to be air converted into water, and diſtilling from a cloud in drops. Epicurus held that rain might be generated two ſeveral ways: I. By tranſmutation. II. By compreſſion. By tranſmutation; becauſe ſuch is the nature of the air, that it changes by condenſation into water; and ſuch too is the nature of a cloud; that by the retreat and abſence of heat, and by the acceſſion of cold, its parts are ſo tranſpoſed and varied, as renders them more apt to flow and fall. This is exemplified by vapours gathering together in a limbeck, and then falling in drops. By compreſſion, when by wind or cold the cloud is compreſſed, and the vaporous corpuſcles within the hollows of it are crowded together; and thus, by that acceſſion of weight, or by the force of the wind, are driven and ſqueezed out of the cloud, in like manner as water out of a ſponge. From whence it appears, that the drops of rain are formed by coalition, rather than by diviſion; and that rain is not, as it is vulgarly taken to be, a watery maſs effuſed from a cloud, as water out of the roſe of a watering pot, nor as Trepſiades and Ariſtophanes, deriding this opinion, ſays, does it proceed from Jupiter's making water through a ſieve. For, if there were any ſuch ſtagnation of water in a cloud, it would fall from thence in a torrent, or as water does from ſpouts, rather than in drops. Moreover, there are reckoned three kinds of rain. "Stillicidium, Imber, and Nimbus." The firſt is a miſty rain. The ſecond more intenſe, and compoſed of larger drops, a ſober rain. The third, a violent pouring rain; which, as Fromondus ſays, falls "decumanis guttis:" Apuleius de mundo, ſums up the whole matter in a few words: "Tot diverſitatibus," ſays he, "pluviæ cadunt, quot modis aër nubium conditionibus cogitur."

Ver. 505. Hippocrates agrees with Lucretius in this opinion, and lib. de Aër. Aqu. et Loc. ſays expreſsly, that there is moiſture in all things.

Ver. 508. Here the poet teaches in five verſes, that while the clouds are driven by winds over the ſurface of the ſea, or other waters, they, like wool, hung in damp places, imbibe and ſuck in the moiſture.

Ver. 513. In theſe ſix verſes, the poet mentions one of the ways, by which rain diſtills from the clouds, that is, by compreſſion; when the clouds, compreſſed by the force of the wind, or by the great quantity of water, contained within their bowels, let drop the rain; as water is ſqueezed out of a ſponge, by preſſing it.

Ver. 519. Theſe four verſes contain the other way, by which Epicurus, and, after him, Lucretius held, that rain might be made, to wit, by tranſmutation, that is to ſay, when the clouds, being ſtruck and rarefied, either by the force of the wind, or the heat of the ſun, diſtil in rain, as is explained above, ver. 502.

Ver. 523. Theſe four verſes, that give the reaſon of a violent ſtorm of rain, are ſufficiently explained in the note on ver. 502. and ſo likewiſe are the five that follow them, and aſſign the cauſe of conſtant ſhowers.

Ver. 532. In theſe two verſes, he tells us, that a rainbow is made by the beams of the ſun, ſtriking upon an oppoſite and wet cloud.

Lucretius ſays not any thing of the various colours of the rainbow; a ſubject which nevertheleſs has employed many of the philoſophers; and concerning which, there are two things chiefly to

be inquired into; their number, and their order. As to the firſt, Ariſtotle diſcerns only three diſtinct colours; φοινίκεον, a light red, or ſaffron, as ſome interpret it; χλωρὸν, green, and πορφύρεος, purple, or violet, and cerulean; and thence he called the rainbow three coloured: but Ptolomæus calls it ſeven coloured, becauſe of the mingled colours that intervene among thoſe three chief colours. Others call it many-coloured, as if the number of its colours could ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed. Whence Virgil, Æn. iv. ver. 701.

Mille trahit varios adverſo ſole colores.

A rainbow is only the picture of the light of the ſun, in an oppoſite cloud, moiſt or wet, and juſt ready to be diſſolved, and fall down in rain. It is in itſelf of no colour; and the various colours that appear, are but reflections of the light of the ſun received differently, according as the cloud is more or leſs denſe: this is evident by artificial rainbows. And yet this ſhadow, this almoſt nothing, does, by reflection, ſometimes make another rainbow, though not ſo diſtinct and beautiful. Sir R. Blackmore deſcribes a rainbow poetically, and like a philoſopher too.

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the air,
Hangs ev'ning clouds, his ſable canvaſs, where
His pencil, dipt in heav'nly colours, made
Of intercepted ſun-beams, mix'd with ſhade
Of temper'd ether, and refracted light,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the ſight.

There are only four chief colours in a rainbow. I. A light red. II. A yellow, or ſaffron. III. A green. IV. A purple. Theſe colours change their ſite and order, according to the difference of the rainbow; for there are two diſtinct ſorts of rainbows; "iris primaria," and "iris ſecundaria," the primary and ſecundary rainbow. The primary rainbow is that which, for the moſt part, appears alone, and in which the ruddy colour is outmoſt, or higheſt; the yellow next, the green the third colour, and the purple the inmoſt, or loweſt. But the "iris ſecundaria," or ſecundary rainbow, is that which never appears alone, but always above, and larger than the primary, and has the ſame colours, but more faint, and quite inverted; that is to ſay, in the ſecondary rainbow, the purple colour is the outmoſt, or higheſt, the next to that the green, the third the yellow, and the ruddy the inmoſt or loweſt. This rainbow is not ſo diſtinct and beautiful as the other, of which it is held to be only a reflection. It is agreed by all, that there are two cauſes of the colours of the rainbow; the ſun, and the watery cloud placed againſt it; but they do not explain this in the ſame manner. Metrodorus in Plutarch de Placit. Philoſ. l. iii. c. 3. believes, that the redneſs of the rainbow proceeds from the beams of the ſun, and the cerulean colour from the cloud. Seneca aſſents to this opinion, and adds, that the other colours are only a mixture of theſe two. Ariſtotle, 3. Meteor. will have the cloud to be in the nature of a mirror, from which the beams of the ſun, being variouſly reflected, produce the various colours: the light red, becauſe they are reflected from that part of the cloud that is neareſt to his orb; the green, becauſe they are reflected from the part that is farther off; laſtly, the purple, becauſe they are ſcarce reflected at all, by reaſon of the yet greater remoteneſs of the cloud; nor does he diſtinguiſh the yellow from the red, only becauſe it grows whitiſh, by reaſon of the vicinity of the green. Scaliger believes the cloud to conſiſt of the particles of the four elements, and therefore will have the upmoſt parts of it to turn red, when they receive the light of the ſun, becauſe they are fiery; the next to become yellow, as being aërial, and the third to grow green, as holding of the earth. As to the figure of the rainbow, it is round; but it would be too tedious to relate the various opinions why it is ſo. Of this conſult P. Gaſſendus on the tenth book of Laërtius. Animad. de Meteorolog. p. 1123.

Ver. 534. Lucretius ſays nothing in particular of the cauſes of ſnow, wind, hail, hoar-froſt, ice, &c. but only takes notice in theſe ſeven verſes, that whoever contemplates on theſe things, and conſiders the clouds and ſhowers, and at the ſame time reflects on the various figures and motions of the principles, will eaſily be able to comprehend the cauſes of theſe and the other meteors, which he leaves unexplained.

Ver. 535. Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 2. calls ſnow, the foam of celeſtial waters, when they daſh againſt one another; which, ſays Cowley, is ingeniouſly expreſſed for a poet, though but ill defined for a philoſopher. Ariſtotle, and after him, moſt of our modern philoſophers, hold it to be generated of a moiſt, but rare and thin cloud, which, being condenſed by cold, as it falls down, that it may the more eaſily cut through the air, divide itſelf into flakes, like fleeces of wool; to which the Pſalmiſt alludes, "Qui dat nivem, ſicut lanam," Pſal. 147. He gives ſnow like wool. Yet Bodinus, in Theatro Naturæ, is of opinion, that the Royal Pſalmiſt reſembles ſnow to wool, becauſe of the warmth it affords to plants and vegetables in the cold of winter, as woollen garments do to men, rather than for its fleecy ſimilitude. The whiteneſs of ſnow is derived from its efficient cauſe, which is cold; and alſo from the copious mixture of aërial ſpirits. Anaxagoras affirmed it to be black; and in Armenia it is of a ruddy colour; which, as Euſtathius on the ſecond Iliad obſerves, is cauſed by the terreſtrial particles, or atoms of the ſoil of that country, which abounds with minium. For thoſe particles, mixing with thoſe of the air, tinge the ſnow, and give it that hue. Of the wonderful contexture and figure of ſnow, which is ſaid to be always ſexangular, ſee Kepler, who has written a particular treatiſe upon that ſubject.

Ibid. Hail is nothing elſe but rain congealed in its fall: and this congelation or concretion is made not far from the earth, becauſe hail is never ſeen upon the high mountains, which are often covered with ſnow; beſides; hail, the nearer to the earth the cloud is, out of which it falls, is the more triangle or pyramidal in its figure: the

higher the cloud, and the more remote from the earth. the rounder the hail. the reaſon of which is, becauſe thoſe inequalities, or angles, are worn away, and rounded by the length of its paſſage and deſcent through the air: and its congealed hardneſs proceeds from the antiperiſtaſis of the lower region of the air: and this too is the reaſon why hail falls more frequently in ſummer than in winter; and ſeldom in the night, unleſs the night be warm. See more in Fromondus, Meteorolog lib. v. cap. 9. I will only add Ariſtotle's ſhort, but true, definition of ſnow and hail: ſnow, ſays he, is a cloud congealed, and hail congealed water.

Ver 541. Before we enter on this diſputation, of earthquakes, it may not be amiſs to take notice of the ſeveral ſorts of them. Apuleius, lib. i. de Mundo, reckons up ſeven ſeveral ſorts of earthquakes. I. The firſt is termed Epiclintes, ſeu inclinator, from ἐπικλίνω, I incline. becauſe it moves ſidelong; and, thus, ſtriking at oblique angles, overturns things by inclination or ſideward. II. The ſecond is called Braſtes, ſeu efferveſcens, from βράζω; I boil. the ſimilitude of boiling water, becauſe it bears all above it in a direct line. III. The third, Chaſmatias, from χασμάω, I gape, becauſe it makes an hiatus or chaſm, in which the place it forces, is ſwallowed up. IV. The fourth, Rhectes, from ῥήσσω I break, becauſe it forces its way by a rupture: though it opens not ſo wide a chaſm as the former. V The fifth ſort is called Oſtes, from ὠθίζω I thruſt with violence: and this both ſhakes and overturns VI. The ſixth, Palmatias, from πάλλω, I ſhake or throb: this ſhakes the ground and buildings, but not ſo as to overturn them. VII. The ſeventh is called Mycematias, or Mycetias, from μύκασμαι, I bellow, becauſe it makes a roaring noiſe. But Ammianus Marcellinus, and, after him, Cœlius Rhodiginus, allow but four kinds of earthquakes.

Thales and Democritus aſcribe the cauſe of earthquakes to ſubterranean winds, that undermine the bowels of the earth, and then force out their paſſage: the Stoics attribute it to moiſture, rarefied into air; which ſtruggling for room to get free, and meeting with the thick and tough body of the earth, ſhakes it by its ſtruggling. Others hold that earthquakes proceed from encloſed air, or ſpirits ariſing from combuſtible matters, as ſulphur, nitre, allum, ſal-armoniac, bitumen, or the like; which being ſet on fire, and conſequently rarefied, cauſe the ſame effects as gunpowder does in mines. See Fromond. Meteorolog. lib. iv. cap. 2. where thoſe authors treat of theſe matters at large. I now return to Lucretius, who, in order to give a right explication of earthquakes, firſt ſuppoſes ſeveral things, which I think no man ever doubted: and firſt, ſays he, in eight verſes, you may ſuppoſe the earth to be full of hollows, that the caverns are full of vapours, into which the wind can eaſily ruſh: in the next place, that there are many lakes, many broad pools of water, and rivers too, rolling their waves within the bowels of the earth. Theſe things being granted: the poet aſſigns the firſt cauſe of earthquakes to the earth itſelf; and in eight verſes more tells us, that one cauſe of earthquakes may be this: when any of thoſe ſubterranean cavities are decayed by length of time; and it is certain they will decay: the upper part of the hollow will fall down: nor can it be doubted, but that a trembling of the earth muſt be cauſed by ſuch a concuſſion, ſince we ſee, that when coaches or waggons go along the ſtreets, the houſes on either ſide are ſhaken.

This was the opinion of Anaximenes, who in Seneca. lib. vi. ſays, that the parts of the earth, which moiſture has looſened, or ſubterranean fire undermined and conſumed, or the violence of wind has ſhaken, or that the length of time has brought to moulder and decay, may fall in. But Ariſtotle and Plutarch ſay, that Anaximenes held, that theſe fallings in of the earth could not proceed, except from dryneſs and moiſture. Epicurus in Seneca lib. vi. cap 20. ſpeaks of this firſt cauſe of earthquakes, in theſe words: "Fortaſſe aliqua parte terræ ſubito decidente terra ipſa percutitur, & inde motum capit Fortaſſe calida vis ſpiritûs in ignem verſa & fulmini ſimilis cum magna ſtrage obſtantium fertur." Perhaps, ſays he, ſome part of the earth falling down on a ſudden, the earth itſelf is ſhaken, and thence is cauſed the motion. perhaps in ſome parts the earth is ſupported as with pillars, which being decayed, and giving way, the ſuperimpoſed weight trembles: perhaps the hot force of wind is changed into fire, and borne about like lightning, makes a wide deſtruction of all things that reſiſt its paſſage. And in the ſame author, lib. vi. cap 9. Anaxagoras holds almoſt a like cauſe of earthquakes, which, he ſays, are the effect of lightning.

Ver 553. Seneca, Nat Quæſt. lib. vi. cap. 22. "Si quando magna onera per vicos vehiculorum plurium tracta ſunt, (perhaps per vicos vehiculorum plurium ordine tracta ſunt) & rotæ majori niſu in ſalebras inciderunt, terram concuti ſentes. Aſclepiodorus tradit, cum petra è latere montis abrupta cecidiſſet, ædificia vicina tremore collapſa. Idem ſub terris fieri poteſt, ut ex his, quæ impendent, rupibus aliqua reſoluta magno pondere & ſono in ſubjacentem cavernam cadat, eo vehementius, quo aut plus ponderis habuit, aut venit altius: & ſic commovetur omne tectum cavatæ vallis." When heavy loads are drawn in carts along the ſtreets; if the wheels happen to plunge into a hole, you will feel the ground tremble. Aſclepiodorus relates, that a rock, breaking off from the ſide of a mountain, ſhook down the neighbouring buildings as it fell. The ſame thing may happen in the hollows under ground: many of the impending rocks break off with mighty weight and noiſe, and tumble down into the ſubjacent cavern, and that too with more violence and impetuoſity, the greater the weight is, and the higher it falls; then all the bulk of earth, that covers that cavity, will be moved and tremble.

Ver. 557 Another cauſe of earthquakes, and which he aſcribes to water, is contained in theſe five verſes, to this effect. If a vaſt quantity of

earth fall down into a great pool of water, it will cauſe an agitation in that water, and that agitation may cauſe a ſtaggering or reeling of the earth, that contains that water, as in a veſſel.

Democritus, as Ariſtotle, lib. ii. " de rebus ſuperis" witneſſes, was of opinion, that the earth, ſince it abounds with water, and admits into its bowels a great quantity of rain, is moved and ſhaken by it: for, becauſe the cavities cannot contain all the water, the earth ſwells and increaſes with it: and thus the water, forcing its way into the earth, cauſes an earthquake: and the earth growing dry, and attracting the water from the places, that are full, into thoſe that are empty, is moved by the water, and changes place, and glides from one into another. Thus Epicurus in Seneca, lib. vi. cap. 20. " Ergo, ut ait Epicurus, poteſt terram movere aqua, ſipartes aliquas eluit & abraſit, quibus deſiit poſſe excavatis ſuſtineri, quod integris ſerebatur " Thus in A. Gellius, lib. ii. cap 28. the poets feign, that Neptune, that is, water, is the mover and ſhaker of the earth: to this likewiſe may be referred the opinion of Thales, that the earth is ſupported by water, and ſometimes runs adrift, and floats, like a ſhip, got looſe from her anchor. And indeed, in earthquakes, when the earth opens and gapes, water for the moſt parts breaks out, almoſt in the ſame manner, as it works itſelf into a ſhip that has ſprung a leak. But Lucretius believes that the earth ſhakes, by reaſon of huge pieces of it, that break off and fall down into a cavern of water: as, for example, a veſſel full of water cannot remain without motion, if the water it contains fluctuate; till that water ceaſes its agitation, and be at reſt. Thus he ſeems to ſpeak after the opinion of Thales, who held that the earth floats in water.

Ver. 562. In theſe twenty verſes, he propoſes the wind as a third cauſe of earthquakes, and ſays, that the wind, ruſhing into the caverns of the earth, makes it incline, and, as it were, drives it forward: but ſince the blaſt is not continued on [for if it were, the whole earth would fly before the driving violence], and ſince, ſometimes meeting with oppoſition, it is repelled, and goes back, the earth, after ſeveral fluctuating motions, ſettles again in its ancient former ſeat. But by this fluctuation of the earth, buildings are ſhaken and tumbled to the ground.

To this ſort of earthquake may be referred, that amazing prodigy, which Pliny, from the authority of the Thuſcan books, relates of two mountains in the country of Modena, which Lucius Marcius and Sextus Julius being conſuls, met, and butted againſt each other, making a dreadful noiſe, and caſting out ſmoke and fire into the air, and then retiring: he adds, that this was ſeen by many Romans from the Æmilian way. " Namque montes duo inter ſe concurrerunt crepitu magno aſſultantes; inter eos flamma fumoque in cœlum exeunte interdiu; ſpectante è viâ Æmiliâ magnâ equitum Romanorum familiarumque et viatorum multitudine," Plin. lib. ii. cap. 83. Moreover, the ſort of earthquake which Lucretius here ſpeaks of, is that which they call " Epiclintes," or " inclinator;" and is compared to the nodding motion of a veſſel in the water. But Ariſtotle allows only two ſorts of earthquakes, which he calls a trembling and a pulſion; the trembling is compared to the ſhaking that ſeizes us in a fit of an ague; the pulſion to the beating of the arteries. Now, becauſe this laſt ſeems to be a ſucceſſion of the earth while it is ſhaken, or an intermitting and perpendicular motion: and becauſe the trembling ſeems to be without intermiſſion, and a lateral or ſidelong motion, therefore ſome bethought themſelves of this ſort of earthquake, which they call an inclination, while the earth inclines and nods towards the horizon. This inclining earthquake is mentioned by Milton in Paradiſe Loſt, Book vi. As if, ſays he,

Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Side long, had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his pines.——

Ver. 572. To this purpoſe, Ovid ſpeaking of the wind, ſays,

His quoque non paſſim mundi fabricator habendum
Aëra permiſit. Vix nunc obſiſtitur illis,
Cum ſua quiſque regant diverſo flamina tractu,
Quin lanient mundum. *Met.* i. ver. 57.

Nor were theſe bluſt'ring breth'ren left at large,
O'er ſeas and ſhores their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs where they paſs.
Dryd.

And Virgil yet more cloſely to the ſenſe of Lucretius, ſays, that Æolus

Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frænat.
Æn. i. ver. 57.

Ni faciat, mare ac terras, cœlumq. profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi ſecum, verrantque per auras.
Ver. 63.

With pow'r imperial curbs the ſtruggling winds,
And ſounding tempeſts in dark priſons binds:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted ſway
Would ſweep the world before them in their way: [roll,
Earth, air, and ſeas, through empty ſpace would
And heav'n would fly before the driving ſoul.
Dryd.

Ver. 582. In theſe twenty-one verſes, he ſays, that this inclination and fluctuating motion of the earth is often attended with a violent beating and ſucceſſion of it; for if the wind break through the caverns, and cleave the earth, then cities, iſlands, &c. together with all their inhabitants, are ingulfed and ſwallowed up in the hideous chaſm; but if the wind do not break through them, there is then only a trembling, or as it were, a ſhuddering of the earth, which is cauſed by the chilling wind that is diffuſed through all its pores. Now, though there ſeem but little or no danger to be apprehended from a bare tremb-

ling of the earth only, yet it may be joined with the other ſorts of earthquakes: Nor can any one be certain but that the trembling may be often repeated, and that too with ſtill more and more violence, ſo as to overthrow the buildings, and make the earth gape a little. Seneca ſays, that Epicurus held wind to be the chief cauſe of earthquakes, "Nullam tamen placet Epicuro cauſam eſſe majorem, quam ſpiritum." Nat. Quæſt. lib. vi. cap. 20.

Ver. 587. *Ægæ.*] The name of ſeveral towns. I. In Macedonia, not far from the river Halyacmon, and where the kings of Macedonia were buried, Plin. lib. iv. cap. 10. II. In Cilicia, on the banks of the river Pyramus, now Malmiſtra, Plin. lib. v. cap. 27. III. In Æolia, Plin. lib. v. cap. 30. IV. In Eubœa, now called Negroponte, and from which Strabo ſays the Ægæan ſea took its name. V. In Lydia. VI. In Ætolia. VII. In Locris, Steph. But Lucretius ſpeaks of Ægæ in Achaia, and which is commonly called Ægira, Plin. lib. iv. cap. 5. And the earthquake which the poet here mentions is perhaps the ſame of which Ariſtotle, lib. ii. Meteor. cap. 8. and ſome other of the ancients make mention, and ſay, that two great towns, not far from Ægira, and whoſe names were Helice and Bura, were ſwallowed up by an earthquake. Of which Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 293.

Si quæras Helicen et Buran, Achaïdas urbes,
Invenies ſub aquis; et adhuc oſtendere nautæ
Inclinata ſolent cum mœnibus oppida merſis.

Phœnician towns.] Lucretius mentions Sidon, a city of Phœnicia, one of the provinces of Syria, and which was built by the Tyrians, who at firſt inhabited the midſt of the country, where, being afflicted with continual earthquakes, they left their abodes, and built a new city near the ſeaſhore, and called it Sidon, from the great plenty of fiſh with which the ſea abounded. For Sidon in the Phœnician language ſignifies a fiſh. "Tyriorum gens condita à Phœnicibus fuit, terræ motu vexati, relicto patriæ ſolo, Aſſyrium ſtagnum primo, mox mari proximum littus incoluerunt, condita ibi urbe, quam à piſcium ubertate Sidona apellaverunt. Nam piſcem Phœnices Sidon vocant." Juſtin, lib. xviii. And what Lucretius ſays of this town, is confirmed by Poſſidonius, who in Strabo writes, that a city, ſituate above Sidon, was totally ſwallowed up by an earthquake, and that near half of Sidon itſelf was thrown down. But notwithſtanding theſe authorities, Faber believes that ſome other earthquake is meant in this place. For, ſays he, that paſſage of Juſtin is taken erroneouſly; for Juſtin is not ſpeaking of that earthquake which threw down the town of Sidon, but of that which did great miſchief to the Phœnicians, not on the coaſt where Sidon ſtood, but in the country of the Idumeans; for the Phœnicians of Juſtin are the Idumeans: and Herodotus, Pliny, and Dionyſius the African, witneſs, that they were originally inhabitants of the coaſt of the Red Sea; to which he adds, that by the Stagnum Aſſyrium of Juſtin is meant that very ſea or lake which in Holy Scripture is called the Lake of Genneſareth. Sidon is the port in the Mediterranean now called Sayde.

Ver. 589. Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 80. mentions twelve cities of Aſia that were deſtroyed by an earthquake all in one night. The like happened not many years ago to the city of San Severo in Apulia, now Puglia: and part of Raguſa was lately ſwallowed up.

Ver. 590. If this verſe were left out, the ſenſe of Lucretius would not be interrupted nor imperfect, therefore Creech might have left it where he found it. Cowley, David.

The terror of their brows, ſo rough e'er while,
Sunk down into the dimples of a ſmile.

Ver. 596. Lucret. "Diſpertitur ut horror." Which Celſus, lib. iii. cap. 3. ſpeaking of fevers, explains, interpreting horror to be a trembling of the whole body. "Horrorem voco," ſays he, "ubi totum corpus intremit."

Ver. 603. In theſe ſix verſes, he inſults over thoſe who believe the world eternal and immortal, even though they perceive the earth, that great part of it, to be thus ſhaken and impaired; nay, though they themſelves fear the diſſolution and ruin of the whole frame.

Ver. 609. Since ſo many and ſo great rivers are continually diſcharging their waters into the ſea, why does it not increaſe and overflow its bounds? Lucretius anſwers, in eleven verſes, I. That the gulf into which the rivers diſembogue their ſtreams is ſo vaſt, that all their waters, together with the rain, ſnow, hail, &c. ſeem not to add one drop to the ſea. II. In nine verſes, that the ſun drinks up a great deal of its moiſture. III. In five verſes, that the winds bruſh off and carry away no ſmall quantity. IV. In four verſes, that the clouds take ſome away. And, V. In eight verſes, that as the rivers run into the ſea, ſo they are reconveyed from thence through the hidden veins of the earth back to their own ſprings. Thus the waters roll in a revolving courſe, and therefore no wonder the ſea does not increaſe.

Thus too the author of Eccleſiaſ. ſolves this queſtion: "Omnia flumina intrant in mare, et mare non redundat, quoniam ad locum, unde exeunt flumina revertuntur, ut iterum fluant." Eccl. i. And for this reaſon Homer and the other poets call Oceanus, not only the origin and parent of all ſeas, rivers, fountains, lakes, &c. but the gulf and tartarus of them all likewiſe: For all rivers flow into that abyſs, and from thence again derive their origin.

Ver. 620. This ſecond reaſon why the ſea does not increaſe, the poet has given already, book v. ver. 300.

Ver. 629. This reaſon too we have ſeen before in book v. ver. 302. and ver. 432.

Ver. 638. This laſt and true reaſon why the ſea does not increaſe, the poet has likewiſe given already, book v. ver. 306.

Ver. 642. This and the three following verſes are repeated from book v. ver. 305. Conſult the place and notes upon it.

Ver. 644. *Meanders.*] Of this we have ſpoken at large on the note on book v. ver. 308.

Ver. 646. Lucretius having, as he thinks, ſufficiently explained the cauſes of meteors, of earthquakes, and of ſome of the phenomenons of the ſea, he now endeavours to ſhow the cauſes of the other wonders of nature, which he ſuſpects may create a belief of the gods, and of Divine Providence. And, firſt, in thirty-nine verſes, he diſputes of the fires of Mount Ætna, which, ſays he, though they ſometimes burſt out with great violence, and lay waſte the iſland of Sicily, ought not, nevertheleſs, ſo much to ſurpriſe us, as to make us fooliſhly believe they ſurpaſs the ſtrength of nature. Some may ſay that the flames are vaſt indeed, and their force wonderful, becauſe they ſee no other like them; but in many things we are deceived by judging over-haſtily of them. If we contemplate the infinite univerſe, there is nothing that can be ſaid to be great, nothing that deſerves our admiration: For, from that univerſe may flow together, on a ſudden, an infinite quantity of the ſeeds of fire, or of wind, and they, gathering together in a body in Mount Ætna, or in any other mountain, may aſſume ſtrength and violence, may cauſe earthquakes, may at length burſt out, and ſcatter far and wide, ſmoke, flame, aſhes, and coals of fire. But theſe eruptions are, as it were, the diſeaſes and convulſions of this world: And as the ſeeds of diſeaſes may be derived, and flow out of this world into man [for we are often in fevers, our teeth ache, &c.], ſo may they likewiſe out of the univerſe into this world: For, to make a compariſon, a man is, in reſpect to this world, what the world is in reſpect to the univerſe.

Ver. 646. *Ætna.*] Of Ætna, the greateſt mountain of Sicily, and now called Mongibello, beſides what is contained in this diſputation, and the notes upon it, ſee book i. ver. 742.

Ver. 650. *Sicily.*] An iſland of Italy, and the largeſt of all the iſlands in the Mediterranean ſea; being, according to the modern geographers, at leaſt 700 miles in compaſs. See the reſt, book i. ver. 737.

Ver. 654. That Mount Ætna throws out fire, flames, and aſhes, almoſt all authors witneſs; but chiefly St. Auſtin, lib. iii. de Civitate Dei. cap. 31. in theſe words: "Legimus apud eos, Ætneis ignibus ab ipſo montis vertice uſque ad littus proximum decurrentibus ita ferviſſe mare, ut rupes exurerentur, et pices navium ſolverentur. Hoc utique non leviter noxium fuit, quamvis incredibiliter mirum. Eodem rurſus ignium æſtu tanta vi favillæ ſcripſerunt oppletam eſſe Siciliam, ut Catanenſis urbis tecta obruta, et oppreſſa diruerint, qua calamitate permoti miſericorditer ejuſdem anni tributum ei relaxavêre Romani." We read, ſays he, that Mount Ætna has caſt out fires with ſuch violence, that they have flown even to the ſea-ſide, heated the waters of the ſea, burnt the rocks, and melted the pitch of the ſhips. This; though incredibly wonderful, muſt have done much damage. They write beſides, that the country round is ſometimes overwhelmed with the vaſt quantity of cinders it throws out; and that the roofs of the houſes at Catana [a city ten miles diſtant from Ætna] were broken down by the weight of the cinders that fell upon them, inſomuch that the Romans, commiſerating the condition of the inhabitants, forgave them the tribute of that year. Thus, too, the mountains, Veſuvius in Naples, Hecla in Iſland, and Quit in Peru, ſometimes eject coals and flames. Cicero ſays that Mount Ætna has caſt out ſo much ſmoke among the flames, as has darkened the country round to that degree, that the inhabitants, for two days together, could not know one another. "Nos autem tenebras cogitemus tantas, quantæ quondam eruptione Ætnæorum ignium finitimas regiones obſcuraviſſe dicuntur, ut per biduum nemo hominem homo agnoſceret," lib. ii. de Naturâ Deorum. And Pliny the younger witneſſes, in his epiſtles, that his uncle, the great Pliny, was ſuffocated by the ſmoke, ſtones, and cinders that Veſuvius had thrown out. Appian, lib. v. de Bello Civili, adds horrid noiſe; and Lucretius takes notice of all theſe things, and more, as we ſhall ſee by and by.

Ver. 666. Lucret.

Exiſtit ſacer ignis, et urit corpore ſerpens
Quamcunque arripuit partem, repitque per artus.

Where the poet deſcribes the diſeaſe which the Latins call "ſacer ignis," the Greeks Ἐρυσίπελας, and we, St. Anthony's fire. Celſus, lib. v. cap. 20. calls it an ulcerous diſeaſe. "Sacer ignis," ſays he, "malis ulceribus annumerari debet." Virgil. Georg. iii. ver. 556.

——Contactos artus ſacer ignis edebat.

But of this diſeaſe, ſee at large Celſus in the place above cited, and Paulus Ægineta, lib. iv. cap. 20.

Ver. 674. Of the fiery eruptions of Ætna, Virgil, Æneid, iii. ver. 571.

Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla:
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſydera lambit:
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoq. exæſtuat imo.

Thus rendered by Dryden:

By turns, a pitchy cloud ſhe rolls on high,
By turns, hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mounting flames that lick the ſky:
Oft from her bowels maſſy rocks are thrown,
And, ſhiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down:
Oft liquid lakes of burning ſulphur flow;
Fed from the fiery ſprings that boil below.

But of theſe eruptions, ſee at large Cluverius, de Siciliâ, lib. i. cap. 2.

Ver. 685. In theſe thirty verſes, the poet explains the reaſon why the flames that are gathered together in the cavities of Mount Ætna burſt out with ſo great violence. He ſays that the eruption is cauſed by the force of wind; that the

ſeeds of that wind come from the infinite univerſe, and, gathering together in the mountain Ætna, drive out either the flames that lurk within the bowels of the mountain, or thoſe they ſtrike and force out from the very ſtones of it; or elſe, that wind ruſhes in at the hollows that are at the foot of the mountain, and whoſe entrances are open, when the ebbing ſea leaves the ſhore (for the ſea waſhes the foot of the mountain) and blows out the flames. Laſtly, He ſays, that winds are bred in the very hollows of the mountain. And then he tells us, he gives many reaſons, that among them one at leaſt may be true and certain.

By the wind that rages within the caverns of Ætna, may be underſtood the ſulphurous and bituminous exhalations which are continually generated and agitated within thoſe hollows, and which, when they can no longer, by reaſon of their great quantity, be contained within them, break their priſon, and burſt out in flames. Thus Trogus in Servius, on the third Æneid: "Nam Sicilia terra cavernoſa et fiſtuloſa: Quo fit, ut ventorum flatibus pateat; unde ignis concipitur: Intrinſecùs ſulphur habet et bitumen; in quæ ubi ventus per ſpiramenta cavernarum incubuit, diu luctatus, ignem concipit: Sic Ætnæ durat incendium.

Ver. 689. There are three opinions concerning the wind. I. Ariſtotle, Meteor. lib. ii. and Theophraſtus, as Olympiodorus, in 1ſt and 2nd Meteor. witneſſes, held the matter of winds to be an exhalation ariſing out of the cavities of the earth. And this opinion moſt of the philoſophers, ſince them, have followed. II. Others aſcribe the origin of winds to the water; as Metrodorus, who, in Plutarch de Placit. 37. defines wind to be an ebullition, or violent ſurging of a watery vapour; and Vitruvius, who, lib. iii. cap. 6. calls the wind, "Aëris fluens unda, cum incertâ motûs redundantiâ. III. And others held the wind to be only an agitation of the air. Of this opinion was Hippocrates, lib. i. de flatibus, where he calls it a violent flux and motion of the air. And with him agree Animaxander in Plutarch 2. de Placit. Philoſoph. 7. Anaxagoras in Laërtius, Seneca, lib. v. cap. 1. and 6. and Lucretius in this place. But the opinion of Ariſtotle is chiefly followed. And it is generally held, that in thoſe concavities of the earth, when the exhalations, which Seneca calls ſubterranean clouds, overcharge the place, the moiſt vapours turn into water, and the dry into wind; and theſe are the ſecret treaſures out of which God is ſaid in the ſcripture to bring them. This too is what the poets meant when they feigned that Æolus kept the winds impriſoned in a vaſt cave. Thus Virgil, Æn. i. ver. 56.

—— Hic vaſto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frænat.

Upon which Seneca ſeems too critical, when he ſays, "non intellexit, nec id quod clauſum eſt, eſſe adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus eſt, poſſe claudi: nam quod in clauſo eſt, quieſcit, et aëris ſtatio eſt: omnis in fuga ventus eſt." For though it get not out, it is wind as ſoon as it ſtirs within, and attempts to do ſo. Juvenal, in his fifth ſatire, deſcribes very well the ſouth wind in one of theſe dens:

—— Dum ſe continet Auſter,
Dum ſedit, et ſiccat madidas in carcere pennas.

See more above in the note on ver. 452. where we have already ſpoken of the cauſe of wind.

Ver. 694. Milton in the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt:

—— As when the force
Of ſubterranean winds tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with min'ral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
In ſtench and ſmoke.——

Ver. 696. In theſe ſix verſes, the poet ſubjoins another peculiar cauſe why Ætna vomits flame; and ſays, that the ſea waſhes the foot of the mountain; and entering into the cavities where the fire is conceived, the flames yield to the driving flood, which compels them to belch themſelves out at the breathing holes on the ſummit of the mountain. Our tranſlator has totally omitted the two laſt verſes of this argument, which in the original are as follows:

In ſummo ſunt ventigeni crateres, ut ipſi
Nominitant, nos quas fauces perhibemus et ora.

i. e. On the top of the mountain there are certain "crateres," for ſo the Greeks call them, baſons or ciſterns, but we, the Latins, call them "fauces" and "ora," mouths and jaws. Now the apertures of Ætna were called "crateres," becauſe through them winds are almoſt continually iſſuing out of the bowels of the mountain. Of this no man can doubt, if any credit may be given to Strabo, who, in lib. vi. has theſe words: Οὔτε γὰρ προσίσον εἶναι τὸν τόπον, ὡϑ' ὁραῖον· Εἰκάζειν τὲ μηδὲ καταῤῥιφϑῆναι τι δύνασϑαι ἐκεῖσε, ὑπὸ τῆς ἀντιπνοίας τῶν ἔξ βάϑους ἀνέμων, καὶ τῆς ϑερμότητος, ἣν προσπαντῶν ἔυλογον πόῤῥωϑεν, πρὶν ἢ τῷ στομίῳ τῷ κρατῆρος προσελάσαι· εἰ δὲ καταῤῥιφϑείη, φϑάνοι ἂν διαφθαρεὶς πρὶν ἀναῤῥιφϑῆναι πάλιν, ὁποῖον παρειλήφϑη πρότερον· τὰ μὲν ὧν ἐκλείπων, ποῖ τὰ πνεύματα καὶ τὸ πῦρ, ἐκλειπόντος πότε τῆς ὕλης, οὐκ ἄλογον· ὃ μὲν ἐπὶ τοσοῦτόν γε, ὅσ τε ἀντὶ τῆς τοσαύτης βίας, ἐφικτὸν ἀνθρώπῳ γενέσϑαι τὸν πλησιασμόν· that is to ſay, for that place can neither be approached, nor look upon, and that he conjectured even that nothing could be thrown in it, becauſe of the oppoſite blaſt of the winds and heat that come from the bottom; which, it is probable, comes from far before it approaches the mouth of the crater: But if any thing were caſt in, the figure it had when injected, would be changed long before it was thrown out again: Beſides, that it is not abſurd to ſay, that if the matter for ſome time fail, the wind and fireceaſe for ſome time likewiſe; but that

that intermiſſion is not ſo great that any man can approach near and place himſelf againſt that force. Apuleius likewiſe retains the Greek word, and calls the mouths or apertures by which flames, ſmoke, ſtones, coals of fire, &c. belch out of this mountain, "crateres:" "Ex Ætnæ cervicibus quondam effuſis crateribus per declivia, incendio divino, torrentis vice, flammarum flumina concurrerunt." Apul. lib. de Mundo, page 73. Now what Lucretius ſays, in theſe two verſes, is, that the wind enters into the caverns, not only at the apertures in the foot of the mountain, but is generated in the mouths and breathing holes on the top of it. Nor, indeed, is this in the leaſt improbable, ſince nothing is more certain than that air ruſhes on all ſides to flame, and that wind is thence generated. Thus Creech himſelf upon this paſſage.

Ver. 702. In theſe thirteen verſes, the poet makes an excuſe for his having aſſigned ſo many cauſes: but, ſays he, this is the ſafeſt way of proceeding in doubtful things; and among them all, ſome one may, perhaps, ſatisfy the reader: and, laſtly, he confirms this method by a ſimilitude. We may obſerve, that Lucretius takes no notice of the ſnows that are continually lying on the top of this mountain. It is, nevertheleſs, very extraordinary, that ſnow and fire ſhould inhabit ſo near each other; and many of the ancients mention it as ſuch; particularly Pindar, Od. i. Pyth. Solinus, cap. xi. and Claudian, who, in 1. Rapt. Proſerp. ſays,

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æſtu,
Scit nivibus ſervare fidem; pariterque favillis
Dureſcit glacies, tanti ſecura vaporis,
Arcano defenſa gelu, fumoque fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.

Thus too Silius Italicus, lib. 14.

Summo cana jugo cohibet, mirabile dictu,
Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore
Ardentes horrent ſcopuli; ſtat vertice celſi
Collis hyems, callidaque nivem tegit atra favilla.

And this deſcription of the neighbourhood of fire and ſnow upon Mount Ætna, Cowley has imitated from thoſe poets, in his Pindaric Ode to Hobbes.

So contraries on Ætna's top conſpire;
Here hoary froſts, and by them breaks out fire:
A ſecure peace the faithful neighbours keep:
Th' embolden'd ſnow next to the flame does ſleep.

Tacitus ſays the ſame of Mount Libanus, and uſes the like expreſſion. "Præcipuum," ſays he, "montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumque nivibus;" ſhady in the midſt of ſuch great heats, and faithful to the ſnow: but theſe expreſſions are too poetical for proſe, and become the poets better than the hiſtorian. See likewiſe Seneca, Epiſt. 79.

Ver. 715. From the ſummer ſolſtice to the autumnal equinox, the river Nile then ſwells to ſuch a degree, that it overflows the country of Egypt, and, covering the fields with a ſlimy mud, manures and renders them fruitful, though without it they would be barren and produce nothing. A manifeſt and wonderful monument of Divine Providence! "Ægypti incolæ aquarum beneficia percipientes, aquarum colunt," ſays Julius Firmicus de Err. Prof. Rel. The Egyptians, perceiving the great benefits of this inundation, worſhip the water. Lucretius, according to his cuſtom, aſſigns natural cauſes for the overflowing of this river: and firſt, in ten verſes, ſays, that the Eteſian winds, which blow from the north, repel and drive back the ſtream of the river, that comes from the ſouth, and are the cauſe that it fills up its channel, and overflows its banks. Now if it ſhould be objected, that the Eteſian wind, for winds are light bodies, is too weak to ſtop ſo great a weight of waters, he adds, in five verſes, that the ſands, which the ſea, being agitated by thoſe winds, caſts into the mouths of the Nile, choke them up, and thus cauſe the inundation. To theſe he adds two other cauſes: the rains that fall at the ſources of the river, in three verſes, and the melting of the ſnows, in two verſes. For all theſe cauſes conſpiring, will make the Nile, or any other river, overflow.

Thales Mileſius held the firſt of theſe to be the true cauſe of the overflowing of the Nile; nor does Philo the Jew, lib. 1. de vit. Moſ. nor Pliny, lib. 5. cap. 9. diſapprove of his opinion. Euthymenes, likewiſe in Seneca, l. 4. Nat. Quæſt. c. 2. aſcribes the cauſe of the overflowing of this river to the Eteſian winds; for he believes that the Nile increaſes by means of the waters of the Atlantic Sea, which the Eteſias drive into the channel of the river. Theſe are his words: "Inde [from the Atlantic Sea] enim Nilus fluit major, quamdiu Eteſiæ tempus obſervant; tum enim ejicitur mare obſtantibus ventis: cum reſederint, pelagus conquieſcit, minorque diſcedenti inde vis Nilo eſt; Cæterum dulcis mari ſapor eſt, et ſimiles Niloticæ belluæ." But this reaſon is good for nothing. For ſometimes the Nile increaſes before the Eteſias blow, and decreaſes even while they are yet blowing: nay, though they blow exactly contrary to the ſtream, the Nile nevertheleſs runs into the ſea. Beſides, why does not the like happen to other rivers that run againſt the Eteſian winds? But the truth is, thoſe winds are unable to keep back, much leſs to repel the current of that river.

In ſummer.] For the Nile never begins to ſwell till after the ſun has entered into Cancer: which is about the eleventh of June. Thus Manilius, lib. iii. ver. 630.

——— Niluſque tumeſcit in arva,
Hic rerum ſtatus eſt, Cancri cum ſidere Phœbus
Solſtitium facit, et ſummo verſatur Olympo.

The reaſon of which we will give by and by.

The Nile o'erflows, when with exalted ray,
In ſummer ſolſtice Phœbus bears the day
Through Cancer's ſign, and drives the higheſt way.

Ver. 718. Ariſtotle, lib. 2. de rebus ſuperis: οἵδε Ἐτησίαι πνέουσι μετὰ τροπάς, καὶ κυνὸς ἐπιτολήν· The Eteſians blow after the ſolſtice, and the riſing of the Dog-ſtar: and this wind continues generally for eleven or twelve days. They are called Eteſias, from the Greek word ἔτος, which ſignifies a year, as who ſhould ſay annual, becauſe they blow conſtantly at a certain ſeaſon of the year: Strabo calls them "ſubſolanos," eaſtern winds; but Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 47. "Poſt biduum exortus Caniculæ Aquilones conſtantius perflant diebus quadraginta, quos Eteſias vocant." When the Dog-ſtar has been two days riſen, the northern winds, called Eteſias, blow conſtantly for forty days together. And Lucretius himſelf ſays, ver. 720. The Eteſias bear the northern vapours; which ſhows the miſtake of Fayus, who takes it for a ſouth wind.

Ver. 722. Many of the ancients deſpaired, that the ſource of the Nile would ever be diſcovered: Hence Ammianus Marcel. lib. 22 "Origines fontium Nili, ſicut adhuc factum eſt, poſteræ quoque ignorabunt ætates:" Hence too thoſe complaints of the poets, Tibull. lib. 1.

Nile Pater, quanam poſſum te dicere cauſa,
Aut quibus in terris occuluiſſe caput?

Claudianus Epigr.

Se certo de fonte cadens, qui ſemper inani
Quærendus ratione licet; nec contigit ulli
Hoc vidiſſe caput: fertur ſine teſte creatus.

And Lucan, lib. 10.

Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli,
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.

And again,

——— Ubicunque videris,
Quæreris, et nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo ſit læta ſuo———

Hence Homer calls the Nile διὸς πεδάμοιο, the river ſent down from heaven. And Diodorus, lib. 1. tells us, that the inhabitants of Meroe call it in their language "aſtapoda," that is to ſay, dark or obſcure. Herodotus, after he had travelled four months in ſearch of the fountain of this river, ſtopped in his journey, being told that it flowed from beyond the iſland of Mero. Ptolemy Philadelphus ſent perſons on purpoſe to diſcover the ſource of it, but without effect, as Strabo witneſſes, lib. 17. and Lucan ſays, that Alexander the Great ſent on the ſame errand, but his meſſengers had the like ſucceſs. Pliny, lib. vi. c. 6. ſays, that Nero ſent two centurions, and that when they came back, he heard them ſay: "Ad ulteriora quidem pervenimus, ad immenſas plaudes, quarum exitum nec incolæ noverant, nec ſuperare quiſquam poteſt." The ſacred authors believed the Nile to ariſe in the terreſtrial paradiſe. Pomponius Mela thinks it riſes at the Antipodes. Euthymenes in Seneca, lib. iv. c. 2. and in Plutarch 4. Placit. 1. brings it out of the Atlantic Sea: Pliny from a mountain of the lower Mauritania: and Ptolemy from two lakes beyond the Equinoxial Line. And Voſſius, de Ætat. Mund. and in Melam. obſerves, that before the diſcovery of the Indian Ocean, many of the ancients were ſo ignorant as to believe, that the Nile derived its ſource from the utmoſt eaſt, even from India itſelf. With which error, not to mention many others of the ancients, Virgil ſeems to have been tainted, as appears, Georg. iv. ver. 290.

Quaque pharetratæ vicinia Perſidis urget,
Et viridem Ægyptum nigra fœcundat arena,
Et diverſa ruens ſeptem diſcurrit in ora,
Uſque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.

Thus various were the opinions of the ancients, and none of them true; for the Nile is now known to riſe on the ſouth of a great lake called Zambre, at the foot of the mountains, called the Mountains of the Moon, Lunæ Montes, which are in the province of Guyoma, a country inhabited by the Æthiopian Abyſſines. And one of the titles of Preſter John is, King of Guyoma, where the Nile begins: but of this the ancients were totally ignorant, inſomuch that it was reckoned among the famous properties of that river, that it concealed its ſpring: "Fontium qui celat origines." And indeed the Nile is incomparably the moſt famous river in the whole world, whether we conſider the largeneſs of it, and the length of its courſe, for it runs about 900 German miles, or the things that it produces, and its miraculous overflowing, and returning again within its banks. Seneca, lib. iv. Nat. Quæſt. cap. 11. ſays, it brings both water and earth too, to the thirſty and ſandy ſoil: for flowing thick and troubled, it leaves, as it were, all its lees in the clefts of the parched and gaping ground, and ſpreads the dry places with the fatneſs it brings with it; and thus does good to the country two ways, both by overflowing and manuring it: for this reaſon Herodotus calls it Ἐργάϊκον, the huſbandman. Tibullus.

Te propter nullos tellus tua poſtulat imbres;
Arida nec pluvio ſupplicat herba Jovi.

And Lucan ſays that Egypt has no need of Jupiter:

——— Nil indiga mercis
Aut Jovis; in ſolo tanta eſt fiducio Nilo.

And one in Athenæus yet more bold, calls it the Egyptian Jupiter, Αἰγύπτιος Ζεὺς Νεῖλος· Nay, the Egyptians themſelves called it ἀνῖμιμμας τῷ οὐρανῷ, the river that emulates and contends with heaven; and even in the Scripture itſelf it is called abſolutely Nachal Miſraim, the river of Egypt: from whence the word Nile may not unnaturally be derived, Nahal, Naal, Neel, Neil; as Bahal, Baal, Beel, Bel, βῆλος· And Pomponius Mela, lib. v. cap. 10. reports that the fountain of Nilus is called Nachal by the Ethiopians. The learned Maſſacus, upon Plutarch de Fluv. and Mont. nominibus, has collected the ſeveral names that were given by the ancients to this river. It was firſt of all called Oceanus, or (but as he ſays, bar-

barously) Oceames: then Aëtos, or Aquila, and Melas, from its depth or profundity, because all deep waters seem black; or from Melas, the son of Neptune: afterwards Ægyptus, either from Ægyptus, the son of Belus, or of Vulcan and Leucippes, who threw himself into it; or παρὰ τὸ αἴγας πιάνειν, from fattening of goats; from whence likewise the whole country of Egypt seems to be so named. The Hebrews call it Gehon, and Schior, the last of which signifies black, or troublous, and from hence perhaps came its Æthiopian name, Siris. It was also called Νῦς; or Nus, and Triton; and last of all Nilus, either from what we said before, or from Nilus, the son of Cyclops, or Nileus, or Nilesius, Egyptian princes: or lastly, and rather than all the other, παρὰ τὸν νίλην ἄγειν, from bringing new mud or slime. By the Latins it was particulary called Melo, as is evident from the testimonies of Ennius, Festus, Servius, and Ausonius.

Ver. 723. He means Æthiopia, in the south parts of which country the Nile arises. Manil. lib. i. ver. 44.

——Gentes, in quas et Nilus inundat.
Qua mundus redit, et nigras superevolat urbes.

Ver. 725. This reason is mentioned likewise by Pomponius Mela; and that too with a seeming approbation of it.

Ver. 730. There were three parties who favoured this opinion. I. Democritus; who held that exhalations arise from the melted snows in the northern climates, and being driven by the Etesian winds into Æthiopia, they dash against the mountains, where they stop and thicken into rain. This opinion Lucretius here approves. II. The philosophers of Memphis, now called Grand Cairo, who, as Diodorus witnesses, held that the Nile flows out of the temperate southern zone; and that, since it is winter in those countries when it is summer with us, that river swells by reason of the frequent rains that fall near its fountain, during the winter of those southern regions. III. Agatharchides, who, as the same Diodorus reports, held that the Nile is increased by the great rains that are continually falling all the summer long in the mountains of Æthiopia. And to strengthen the probability of this opinion, he urges, that during the whole summer, it rains about the river Hydaspes, snows on Mount Caucasus, and hails in many parts of India.

Ver. 733. This opinion is ascribed to Anaxagoras, who believed that the Nile swells by means of the snows that are melted during the summer in the mountains of Æthiopia. But that this belief is erroneous, Herodotus gives these reasons: because those countries are very warm, and exempt from snows; nay, even the very air is always hot; besides, the sun is very remote from those regions, when the snows must be melted to swell that river.

Æthiopian.] Ethiopia is a vast region of Africa, that borders upon Egypt: the country of the Abyssines. It lies beneath the torrid zone, extended from the Tropic of Cancer to beyond the Equator. The river Nile cuts its way almost through the middle of it, as it does through Egypt.

OF THE ANNUAL INUNDATION OF THE RIVER NILE.

The constant and annual increase of the Nile has long and much employed the thoughts of the studious; and that too not without reason; for many things occurred that deservedly claimed their admiration. Among others, not the least is this, that it constantly overflows about the middle of June, or rather a day or two after; some positively fix it to the time of sun-rising on the 17th of that month; besides, it gives beforehand such certain tokens, to what height the flood will rise, that they, whose business it is to discover it, are never deceived in their conjectures, whether they weigh the sand in a balance, or measure the future inundation by a rule, which they call a Niloscope. The event is certain, the cause doubtful: For it is controverted, whether the swelling is occasioned by its mouths being stopped and choked up, or by the rains that fall in Ethiopia, and by the melted snows of the mountains of that country; or, lastly, by the water of the sea, driven into the channel of the river by the Etesian winds: And here we may not omit an Egyptian erudition, which we find in Horus Apollo, touching the symbols of the Nile: "Tres porro Hydrias, nec plures, nec pauciores pingunt, quod triplex ex eorum sententia fit inundationis causa effectrix: unam quidem Ægyptiæ terræ ascribunt, quæ ex sese aquam producit: alteram oceano, ex quo, inundationis tempore, aqua in Ægyptum exæstuat: tertiam imbribus, qui per id tempus, quo intumescit Nilus, ad austrinas Æthiopiæ partes contingunt." The Egyptians, says he, make three water pots, neither more nor less, because in their opinion there are three efficient causes of the inundation: one of them they ascribe to the land of Egypt, which produces water out of itself; another to the ocean, out of which, at the time of the flood, the water surges into Egypt; the third to the rains, which, at the time when the Nile swells, happen in the southern parts of Ethiopia: As to the first of these reasons, it is evidently false; for the parched and thirsty soil of Egypt gapes indeed for moisture; but in no part of the country does the land ooze out water: Nor can we judge more favourably of the second, when we consider the difference between the sea water, and that of the river Nile: And as for the rain, which they assign for the third cause, we will speak of that by and by: Meanwhile we will observe, that those mounds of sand, with which they dam up the river, are soon borne down, and washed away by the never-ceasing course of the stream; and, what is chiefly to be considered, if any let or opposition whatsoever were the cause, that the Nile, by retrogression, overflowed its banks, the waters of that river would be observed to rise first in the lower

part of the country, that is to ſay, from the Mediterranean to Cairo, rather than on the contrary, in the more inland parts of it; but that it does ſo, is allowed by the unanimous conſent of all. We muſt therefore travel out of Egypt, for the cauſe of this inundation. No doubt but a plenteous acceſſion of waters ſwells the river, before it waſhes the land of Egypt: And this it was that perſuaded ſome to believe (ſee the note on ver. 733.) that the Nile increaſes by means of the ſnows that melt in Ethiopia. And indeed they are certainly miſtaken, who hold with Herodotus, that it never ſnows in that country: For they go contrary to experience and obſervation: Neither are thoſe others to be credited, who aſſert, that at the ſeaſon when the Nile inundates the land of Egypt, it is the depth of winter in Ethiopia. For who can believe that the ſnow, which was congealed by cold, can be diſſolved by cold likewiſe? This would be repugnant to the laws of nature, who has ordained, that things congealed by cold ſhall be melted by heat. The third cauſe is aſſigned to rain, (ſee the note on ver. 730.) and to this adhere the authors of greateſt note, though it has been long and ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by ſome of no mean reputation: They who call it in queſtion, object the great heat of the country, and the ſcarcity of vapours; but there are ſeveral things, of which theſe perſons ought not to be ignorant: The firſt is, that in thoſe countries there are two winters, and as many ſummers, in the year; though of unlike effect indeed, if compared with ours. The winter is more ſevere with us; but not ſo mild with the Ethiopians, as not to produce ſnows in the mountains, together with conſtant rains, that continue for 40 days, as is affirmed by the natives, as well as by travellers into thoſe parts. This truth Democritus has learned in his travels, and, as by tradition, delivered it down to poſterity, till at length it became known in Italy, by the care of our Lucretius. Beſides, in ſummer, the ſun is nearer to Ethiopia, than it is to us; and his rays, though troubleſome to the inhabitants, yet ſuffer themſelves to be overcaſt by a very thick miſt, that hangs over a certain mountain, which mariners call Serra Leone, perhaps from the noiſe it makes; for it generally roars, and from the duſky miſt almoſt continually darts out lightning, together with dreadful thunder, that is heard 40 miles around. And a maſter of a ſhip, as he was ſailing to the iſland St. Thomas, obſerved, that all this happened when the ſun ſtruck perpendicularly on Ethiopia. Let ſuch then, as object the heat of the country, make the moſt of that weak argument; nor will they fare better, who deny vapours to that region. For they ought to reflect on the lakes and rivers that Africa contains; and to have ſome regard to the ocean that waſhes its coaſts: all which may furniſh an immenſe quantity of matter for future rain; and then eſpecially, when the ſun, retiring, permits the inferior elements to extend their own bounds: The Mediterranean too conduces ſomething to increaſe the ſtore, by gratefully ſending into Ethiopia a vaſt quantity of clouds, which the winds, that ariſe in Greece, bear thither: This Proſper Alpinus, who was himſelf an eye witneſs of it, relates in theſe words: "Cayri, in toto fere augmenti fluminis tempore, Eteſiæ, perflantes ſingulis fere diebus ab orto ſole, uſque ad meridiem, multas nubes nigras, craſſas, pluvioſas in altiſſimos uſque Libyæ, Ethiopiæque montes, propellunt atque aſportant: in quibus montibus hæc concreſcentes, in pluvias vertuntur, quæ, ab his in Nilum cadentes, ſunt cauſæ ipſius augumenti. Obſervatur quotidie Cayri, dum flumen hoc augetur, qua die multæ nubes ſupra Ægyptum verſus meridiem à ſeptentrionalibus iis ventis aſportatæ tranſierint, multùm flumen augeri; atque ex contrario, clara apparente die, nulliſque nubibus in eo cœlo apparentibus, parùm creſcere: Et hæc eos nunquam fallit obſervatio," Lib. 1. de Medic. Egypt. At Cairo, ſays he, during almoſt the whole time of the ſwelling of the river, the Eteſias blow almoſt every day, from ſun-riſing till noon, and bring, and drive before them, many black, thick, and rainy clouds into the high mountains of Libya and Ethiopia: In which mountains, theſe clouds gathering together, are turned into rains; which, falling from thence into the Nile, are the cauſe of its increaſe: It is obſerved every day at Cairo, that ſo long as this river is increaſing, on what day ſoever many clouds are brought by thoſe northern winds, and carried over Egypt towards the ſouth, the river that day ſwells very much; and, on the contrary, that in a clear day, when no clouds appear in the ſky, it increaſes but little. And this obſervation never fails them. It is credible enough, that when the clouds are come into Africa, they are reſolved into rain, not that, as Lucretius thought, it is ſqueezed out of them, as water out of a ſponge, but becauſe, by reaſon of the cold of the place, the included fire of the clouds flies away, or is extinguiſhed; and then the vapours grow thick, and return into their former nature. But on what day the rains begin to fall, and how much time the waters take up in their courſe, while they are flowing into the Nile, has not been inquired into, or at leaſt is doubtful: But this in our age we know for certain, that theſe things happen in the kingdom of Guyoma, which is ſubject to the emperor of the Abyſſines. Hence the great hoſpitality of the Egyptians to the Abyſſines, that come to ſojourn among them; not ſo much out of gratitude, as for fear of a famine and general inundation: For the monarch of Ethiopia, whom we commonly call Preſter John, commands the cataracts of the Nile; for which reaſon the emperor of the Turks pays him a yearly tribute, on condition, that he do not divert the waters of the Nile, nor ſuffer them to come in too great a quantity, either of which would be the deſtruction of Egypt. Hence in the laſt age ſprung up a cruel war, as Natalis Comes relates. In the year 1570, ſays he, Selim emperor of Conſtantinople, who was then at war with the Venetians, received an unfortunate piece of news; for David, the great king of Ethiopia, whoſe empire extends from the equinoctial, almoſt to either tropic, ſince many kings are ſubject to

him, had begun to deſtroy, by an inundation of the river Nile, the city of Cairo, and all the neighbouring country of the Turks, together with many other cities thereabouts: The reaſon of this hoſtility was, becauſe Selim owed him 400,000 crowns for two years tribute; for he paid him 200,000 a year: Now the country of Egypt has not rain enough to render the land fertile; for it rains there very ſeldom, and the ſoil is of all others the moſt fruitful, and owes its fertility to the waters of the Nile, which are in the power of the king of the Abyſſines, who can ſend them down in what quantity he pleaſes, and either refreſh the thirſty land with a gentle flood, or, by cutting certain dykes, pour in ſuch an inundation, as will lay waſte the whole country. Now the Sultan, becauſe he would not pay the tribute that was due, levied a great army, and, invading Arabia, put all to fire and ſword. Thus Natales Comes, hiſtor. lib. 23. But more prudently Oſiris, who, if we may give credit to Diodorus Siculus, lib. vi. cap. 2. when he was in the mountains of Ethiopia, mounted up the banks on either ſide the Nile, that the inundation might not be too great; and made ſluices to let in only ſuch a quantity of water, as would be neceſſary for the fertility of the land: The increaſe of the Nile, therefore, is more due to rains than melted ſnows; whatever Anaxagoras ſay to the contrary: And indeed the true cauſe of the overflowing of the Nile is only the great rains that conſtantly fall in Ethiopia, from about the beginning of June, to the month of September: This is teſtified by Alvarez Fernandus, and many others of late date: And, in confirmation of their opinion, it is obſerved, that the river Niger ſwells at the ſame time, and never fails to increaſe when the Nile does: And that the rains, which fall in Ethiopia, are the cauſe of the ſwelling of the river Niger, is certain beyond diſpute: Nor was this unknown to Pliny, who, lib. v. cap. 8. ſays, "Nigro fluvio eadem natura quæ Nilo." Beſides, the reed papyrus grows on the banks of both thoſe rivers, and they produce the ſame ſorts of animals. See Gaſſendus, page 1084. on the tenth book of Diogenes Laertius.

Proſper Alpinus propoſes two problems concerning the Nile, but deſpairs of the ſolution of either of them: I. Why that river conſtantly ſwells the 17th of June at ſun-riſing? II. How, by weighing the earth, or ſand of the river, the inhabitants foretel the meaſure and degree of its increaſe? For, ſays he, in the month of June, ſeveral days before the ſun's acceſſion to the tropic, they take ſome of the ſand of the river, that has been kept and dried for a whole year before; they weigh this ſand in ſcales, and, by adding or ſubtracting, make the number of the weights anſwer exactly to the drachms of the ſand: For example, let us ſuppoſe the ſand to weigh three drachms, which they lay by, and keep in a dry place, cloſe ſhut up on all ſides: this they weigh every day, and obſerve it nothing increaſed or diminiſhed in weight, till the 17th day of June; on which day they find its weight augmented: and from the weight, more or leſs increaſed, they foreknow that the river will be more or leſs augmented likewiſe: and from the knowledge of the exact increaſe of the weight, they know for certain before hand, how many cubits the river will ſwell that year: The cauſe whereof, ſays the ſame Alpinus, I cannot conceive, can be diſcovered by natural principles. His very words are as follows: "Nam menſe Junio, ante ſoliis ad tropicum acceſſum, multis diebus Egyptii terram illiuſce fluminis toto integro anno adſervatam, et ſiccatam, areſactamque accipiuut, quam lance expendunt, faciuntque ut ponderum numerus, addentes, ac ſubtrahentes, drachmis ſedulo reſpondeat: ut exempli gratia, terra ſit trium drachmarum pondere, quam in loco ſicco, undique concluſo reponunt, et conſervant: quotidieque librantes, ipſam obſervant nihil auctam, nihilque imminutam pondere eſſe, uſque ad diem decimam ſeptimam menſis Junii, in aqua die auctam ipſo pondere inveniunt; ex cujus pondere, multùm vel parùm aucto, multùm vel parùm flumen illud auctum iri prænoſcunt: à diligentique perauctì illius ponderis notitia, quoties etiam cubitibus ipſam ſit augendum, certo prænoſcunt. Quorum cauſas naturalibus principiis poſſe cognoſci, nullo modo fieri poſſe arbitror." However, it is not forbid to inquire into this matter: Now Seneca acquaints us, that in the tenth and eleventh year of queen Cleopatra, the Nile did not increaſe at all; which, he alſo tells us, on the authority of Calliſthenes, had happened in former ages for nine years together: Of this Ovid was not ignorant, when he ſung:

Dicitur Egyptus carniſſe juvantibus arva
Imbribus, atque annis ſicca ſuiſſe novem.

Let this ſuffice for the inconſtancy of its increaſe: and as to the uncertainty of the time, there was a remarkable delay of it in the reign of the emperor Theodoſius, which is recorded by Nicephorus and Sozomen. Nor can that be imputed to the want of rain; for the Nile, not long after, ſwelled to ſuch a degree, that the higheſt parts of Egypt were covered with the inundation: Now, though theſe events happen but ſeldom, yet they are ſufficient, if not to deſtroy, at leaſt to render ſuſpected, that generally believed conſtancy of time: Let us nevertheleſs grant Alpinus, what he for ſeven years ſucceſſively obſerved with great diligence and ſedulity: the rather, becauſe it is not civil to diſtruſt, or derogate from, the teſtimony of an eye-witneſs: The queſtion is, Why the Nile begins every year to increaſe, for the moſt part, at a certain day? The cauſe muſt proceed from the conſtant and certain return of the ſeaſon, which the invariable conſtitution and revolution of the heavens have preſcribed them: For, ſince the ſun is at that time at his remoteſt diſtance from Ethiopia, nothing can hinder the vapours from coming to a conſiſtency, nor from condenſing into rain, becauſe the ambient air is changed from hot into cold, at leaſt has loſt its effervescency. And the winds, that blow from the north, cannot there, as they frequently do with us, haſten the winter; for in that ſcorching

climate, the matter of the winds is ſoon diſſolved, and their piercing nature qualified immediately. And ſo much for the ſolution of the firſt problem: The other is not ſo difficult, though at firſt ſight the cauſe of it ſeem obſcure. For the ſand that has been long kept for the ſake of making the experiment, being grown thorough dry, and, as I may ſay, thirſty, does, when it is expoſed to the ſurrounding air, attract to itſelf the moiſture, with which that air is newly grown damp, and the weight of the dry body is increaſed in proportion to the degrees of its dampneſs: And that the near approaching waters of the Nile taint the air with humidity, the ſagacity of the birds in Egypt is a pregnant and convincing proof: For they never lay their eggs, except in ſuch a place, as they perceive before hand, will not be covered by the inundation. Men, indeed, who enjoy a perfect ſtate of health, are leſs ſenſible of ſuch ſmall mutations of the air, as nevertheleſs brute animals ſeem to have ſome foreknowledge of, and of which even inanimate bodies give foreboding ſigns. The geeſe, we know, often gaggle, and the frogs croak in uncertain weather, but not in ſettled fair, which cinders ſticking to the tongs foreſhow: The very ſtuff of lamps give bodings of rain, and that too ſo viſible, that even our drudging maids perceive them: Virg. Georg. I. ver. 390.

Nec nocturna quidem carpentes penſa puellæ
Neſcivere hyemem, teſta cum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum, et putres concreſcere fungos.

But of this ſee Aratus, lib. iii. var. lect. cap. 21. and chiefly Theophraſtus, in his book "de Indiciis Ventorum, Serenitatis, et Pluviæ," who firſt of any, ſays P. Victorius, fully adorned this ſubject. And no doubt the dried dirt, and ſlime of which we were ſpeaking, would have imbibed ſome portion of the humidity, the day before the Nile overflowed, had it not been kept ſo cloſe: but being once releaſed from that cuſtody, it forthwith ruſhes into the embraces of the deſired moiſture, following the natural propenſity of dry bodies to wet.

Ver. 735. Lucretius does not acknowledge a beneficent, but flatly denies an angry God: and as he takes from the gods above the phenomenons of the heavens and of the air, ſo does he too from the powers below ſome noxious things that paſs for prodigies upon earth. For, ſays he, there are certain places, which we call Averni, and that are fatal to birds that fly over them, and to other animals that chance to paſs by them. One of theſe Averni is at Cumæ, another near Minerva's temple in Athens, and a third in Syria. Theſe places men believe to be the entrances of the roads that lead to hell, to the palace of Pluto, and that the manes, or ſouls of the dead, paſs that way to the ſubterranean abodes. Now the poet, that he may more fully and diſtinctly explain the force and nature of theſe places, teaches, firſt, that the earth contains many ſeeds, as well noxious as wholeſome, both to men and other animals: and then he brings a heap of examples, to prove that the exhalations that flow from many things, are hurtful and deadly to many things. Having premiſed this, he comes to the queſtion, and ſays, that a noxious vapour breathes from the Averni, and either that poiſonous ſteams ſtrike with ſudden death the birds that fly over them, or that the riſing exhalation attenuates and drives away the air to that degree, that the birds cannot ſupport themſelves, nor ſuſtain their flight in ſo void and empty a ſpace, and that, falling into that void, they forthwith expire. This is contained in ninety-ſix verſes.

Ver. 737. In theſe ſeven verſes, the poet premiſes the etymology of the word Averni, or rather the reaſon why theſe places were ſo called. Virgil too gives the ſame reaſon of the name, and has imitated this paſſage of Lucretius in his ſixth Æneid, v. 237. in theſe verſes.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris;
Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impunè volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis eſe halitus atris
Faucibus effundens ſupera ad convexa ferebat;
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum.

Which Dryden thus interprets:

Deep was the cave, and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough deſcent:
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends,
And here th' unnavigable lake extends,
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight;
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.

For the Greeks called it Ἄορνος, from the privative particle ἀ, and ὄρνις, a bird, becauſe the noxious vapours that exhaled from the Averni, were ſo poiſonous, that they ſtruck dead the birds that flew over them. Thus Homer, Odyſſ. 12.

Τῇ μὲν τ' οὐδὲ ποτητὰ παραίσχεται, οὐδὲ πέλειαι,

i. e.

Where neither dove, nor other bird can fly.

And ſo much for the reaſon of the name Avernus, which extends to all places, whoſe deadly exhalations kill the birds that fly over them.

Ver. 741. Lucretius:

Remigii oblitæ pennarum vela remittunt.

For the wings do the ſame office to birds, as oars and ſails to ſhips, which are ſaid to fly with ſails, as with wings. Virg. Æn. iii. v. 520.

——Velorum pandimus alas.

And, on the contrary, birds are ſaid to ſwim Virg. Æn. vi. v. 15. ſpeaking of Dædalus,

Præpetibus pennis auſus ſe credere cœlo,
Inſuetum per iter gelidos enavit ad Arctos.

And in the ſame book, ver. 19. we find the very expreſſion of Lucretius, "Remigium alarum:" And Æn. i. ver. 304. ſpeaking of Mercury,

——Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio alarum.———

But not only Virgil after Lucretius; for all the ancient poets uſed this metaphor. Ovid, in his Epiſtles, applies it to mens arms:

——Remis ego corporis utar.

I'll uſe the bodies oars.

See more, book v. ver. 315.

Lucret. "Molli cervice profuſæ:" A fine image of a fainting, dying bird; and not unhappily rendered by our tranſlator.

Ver. 743. This verſe runs thus in the original:

Qualis apud Cumas locus eſt, montemque Veſe-
Oppleti calidis ubi fumant fontibus auctus. [vum,

In which two verſes the poet teaches, that there is ſuch a place at Cumæ, and on the mountain Veſuvius. Cumæ was a city of Campania, not far from Puteoli, now called Puzzuolo, in the kingdom of Naples: but of Cumæ there are no footſteps remaining. The lake Avernus is to this day called Lago d'Averno, and lies between Baia and Puzzuolo. Near this lake there are now to be ſeen the remains of two caves; one on the ſouth ſide of it, ſtill called Grotta di Sibylla, where dwelt the Cumæan Sibyl, and ſeems to be the mouth of that paſſage under ground, which led from Avernus to Cumæ, but is now ſtopt up by the falling in of the earth; the other is that which to this day leads from Puzzuolo to Naples, being dug through the mountain Pauſilypum, now known by the names of Antignana and Conocchia. Now the true nature of the lake Avernus was this: The waters of it were very clear and deep: whence Herodotus, lib. 4. calls them cerulean, that is to ſay, black; for all deep waters ſeem of that colour. This lake was ſurrounded with ſteep rocky hills, covered with thick woods, that rendered it inacceſſible, except in one place only. This we learn from Strabo, lib. v. And Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. acquaints us, that all that tract of land abounded with innumerable ſprings of hot water, mixed with ſulphur, alum, ſalt, nitre, and brimſtone. But that the vapours which ſteam from this lake are fatal to birds, is by Strabo, in the place above cited, deemed a fable, becauſe of the clearneſs and tranſparency of the water: of which Ariſtotle too takes notice. Veſevus, or Veſuvius, is a mountain of Campania, not far from Naples, and that vomits out flame and ſmoke, like Ætna in Sicily. Sir R. Blackmore deſcribes it thus:

As high Veſuvius, when the ocean laves
His fiery roots with ſubterranean waves,
Diſturb'd within, does in convulſions roar,
And caſts on high his undigeſted oar,
Diſcharges maſſy ſurfeit on the plains,
And empties all his rich metallic veins,
His ruddy entrails: cinders, pitchy ſmoke,
And intermingled flames the ſun-beams choke.

Ver. 744. In theſe ſeven verſes the poet ſays, there is ſuch another place at Athens, at the very top of the tower, near the temple of Pallas.

Eſt & Athenæis in mœnibus, arcis in ipſo
Vertice, Palladis ad templum Tritonidis almæ.

Of Athens, ſee the note on the firſt verſe of this book.

Ibid. *Minerva.*] She was the ſame with Pallas, who was called Minerva, either from *minari*, to threaten, becauſe ſhe is painted in armour; or from *memini*, I remember, becauſe ſhe is ſaid to be the goddeſs of memory; or rather from the old word *minervo*, I admoniſh, becauſe ſhe gives good advice to men, as being the goddeſs of wiſdom and of arts. She was called Pallas, from the Greek word πάλλω, I ſhake, becauſe ſhe is feigned to be born out of the brain of Jupiter, and armed, and brandiſhing a ſpear. She is ſaid to be the firſt who invented building, and even to have built herſelf the tower at Athens, which was called Ἀκρόπολις, becauſe it ſtood in the higheſt place of the city. Hence Virg. Ecl. ii. v. 61.

——Pallas, quas condidit arces,
Ipſa colat.———

She refuſed to marry with Vulcan, and kept her virginity. Whence the ſame Virgil, Æn. ii. ver. 31. calls her innupta Minerva. She was likewiſe called Tritonis, or Tritonia, either from the Greek τρίτη, which ſignifies a head, becauſe, as we ſaid before, ſhe was produced out of the head of Jupiter; or becauſe, in the time of king Ogygius, ſhe was firſt ſeen in the habit of a virgin, on the banks of the river Triton. This is confirmed by Pomponius Mela, lib. i. cap. 7. where, ſpeaking of Triton, the name of a lake and river in Africa, not far from the Syrtis Minor, he ſays, that Minerva was called Tritonis, becauſe, as the inhabitants believe, ſhe was born there; and that they celebrate her birth-day with ludicrous ſports, of virgins contending with one another. "Unde," ſays he, "Minervæ cognomen inditum eſt, ut incolæ arbitrantur, ibi genitæ: faciuntque ei fabulæ aliquam fidem, quod quem natalem ejus putant, ludicris virginum inter ſe decertantium celebrant." Thus too Lucan, lib. ix. ver. 347.

Torpentem Tritonos adit illæſa paludem:
Hanc & Pallas amat: patrio quæ vertice nata,
Terrarum primam Libyen, (nam proxima cœlo
eſt,
Ut probat ipſe calor) tetigit: ſtagnique quietâ
Vultus vidit aquâ, poſuitque in margine plantas;
Et ſe dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab undâ.

Or perhaps the Latin authors allude to the Greek epithet of Pallas, who, Iliad. ii. ver. 157. and elſewhere, is ſaid to be ἀτρυτώνη, untamed, void of fear, from privative ἀ, and τρέω, to tremble.

Ver. 746. The raven, ſays Lucretius, has ſuch an averſion to that place, that, although ſacrifices are offered there, he will not even then come near it, though the ſmell of the tempting fleſh ſeem to invite his hunger to taſte.

Ver. 748. Lucretius alludes to the known fable of the nymph Coronis, who, flying from Neptune, who would have offered violence to

her, was changed by Minerva into a raven, and permitted nevertheleſs to attend her train: But when that goddeſs had given Ericthonius, ſhut up in a baſket, in charge to Pandroſos, Herſe, and Aglauros, with orders not to open it, the raven ſaw them tranſgreſs the commands of Minerva, and acquainted her with it: for which garrulity ſhe baniſhed her from her protection and train. The fable is related at large in Ovid. Metam. 2. by Coronis herſelf, who ſays,

Acta Deæ refero: pro quo mihi gratia talis
Redditur, ut dicar tutelâ pulſa Minervæ.
———Mea pœna volucres
Admonuiſſe poteſt, ne voce pericula quærant.

Ver. 751. In theſe four verſes the poet ſays, there is a place in Syria that ſtrikes dead in a moment any four-footed beaſt. But Lambinus believes the poet ſpeaks of the Plutonium in Hierapolis, not far from Laodicea; which is a cave ſo called from Pluto, becauſe it was believed to be the breathing hole of that infernal god. Strabo, lib. 13. deſcribes it to be a hole in a hollow place, under the brow of a mountain, wide enough to receive the body of a man, but immenſely deep; that it is preſent death to any animal that goes into it. Bulls, ſays he, led to the place, drop dead immediately. He adds the like of ſparrows, that were put in at the mouth of it. To which we add, what is reported of the cave called Panium, at the foot of mount Libanus: That it exhales a vapour, that cauſes likewiſe ſudden death.

Ibid. *Syria.*] Is a province of Aſia, and the largeſt of that quarter of the earth. It is generally divided into four: Syria, Aſſyria, Cœloſyria and Leucoſyria.

Ver. 755. In theſe eight verſes he ſays, that all theſe things proceed from natural cauſes: Therefore the poets falſely taught, that theſe Averni are the gates of the roads that lead to hell: which fables they invented only to ſtrike a terror into eaſy believers. And he promiſes, that he will explain all theſe matters, and ſhow the natural cauſes of theſe ſeeming wonderful effects.

Ver. 757. The Latin poets, when they treat of the affairs of their own country, make that Avernus, of which ver. 743. to be the gate of hell. Virg. Æneid. vi. ver. 126.

——Facilis deſcenſus Averni.

And Æneas, with the Sybil, deſcended that way. But when the ſame poets deſcribe the affairs of the Greeks, they place the gates that lead to the infernal manſions in the caves of the mountain Tænarus, which is a promontory of Laconia, in the moſt ſouthern part of Peloponneſus, between the Laconic and Meſſeniac Gulfs, and now called Capo Maina. Orpheus is ſaid to have deſcended this way, Georg. iv. ver. 467.: and ſo too are Hercules and Theſeus, in the Herc. Fur. of Seneca.

Ver. 758. *The ſmutty gods.*] The infernal gods. Lucretius names Orcus, whom Silius Italicus takes for Cerberus, and others for Charon; but Cicero, de Naturâ Deorum, lib. iii. cap. 43. for Pluto, the brother of Jupiter and of Neptune; and to whom by lot fell the empire of hell. He raviſhed Proſerpina, the daughter of Ceres. He was called Dis, as well as Pluton, both which names he has from riches, which are ſaid to be dug out of the bowels of the earth. For he was called Dis by the Latins, from *divitiæ*, and Pluton by the Greeks, from πλοῦτος, which ſignifies the ſame thing.

Ibid. *Manes.*] Of the manes, and the ſeveral acceptations of the word, we have ſpoken at large in our note on ver. 52. of book 3.

Ver. 760. Pliny ſays, that the breath of elephants draws ſerpents out of their holes; and that the breath of deer burns them. "Elephantorum anima ſerpentes extrahit, cervorum item urit." Nat. Hiſt. lib. xi. cap. 53. But if this be falſe, the raillery of Lucretius is not the leſs ſharp and pleaſant.

Ver. 763. In the following forty-nine verſes, the poet, before he demonſtrates that all theſe things happen by natural cauſes, puts us in mind of what he taught in the firſt and ſecond books, viz. that in the earth are contained atoms of many various ſhapes; and that by reaſon of the diſſimilitude of their nature, and the different texture of their figures, ſome of them are beneficial, others pernicious to men; but that ſome of them are hurtful to the eyes, others to the ears, others to the tongue, &c. all which he confirms by ſeveral examples.

Ver. 777. In theſe five verſes, he brings example firſt of things that are hurtful to man; but ſays nothing of the name of the tree, whoſe ſhade is offenſive. Pliny, lib. xvii. cap. 12. ſays, that the ſhade of the walnut-tree offends the head, and that no plants will thrive under it. Fayus, in his note on this place, cites theſe two verſes of Virgil, Eclog. x. vet. 75.

Surgamus; ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra; nocent & frugibus umbræ.

But the ſhade of the juniper is very grateful, being an odorous tree, and that ſuffers nothing venomous to grow near it. But the meaning of Virgil was, that to continue long in the ſhade, might be dangerous, becauſe of the cold: and ſome editions read not *cantantibus*, but *cunctantibus*. And Lucretius means the ſame thing, and not the ſhade of any particular tree. The ſhade of the box-tree, however, is ſaid to cauſe the headach.

Ver. 782. In theſe ſix verſes, he propoſes his ſecond example. What tree he means is hard to ſay: ſome ſuppoſe it to be the box; of which Pliny, lib. xvi. cap. 10. But beſides that the "floris odore necare," which are the words of Lucretius, agrees but ill with that tree, why ſhould he ſend us to Helicon for a tree that is very plentiful in Italy? Helicon is a hill in Bœotia, not far from Parnaſſus, which our tranſlator here means by the learned hill: and they have both of them equal title to that appellation, be-

ing alike facred to Apollo and the muſes. Of Helicon, ſee more in the note on ver. 557. book iv.

Ver. 788. Third example. To which we may add what Pliny ſays, lib. vii. cap. 7. that it often cauſes abortion in women.

Our tranſlator has omitted the fourth example, which Lucretius brings of an ointment made of the teſticles of the beaver, which by its nauſeous ſmell, ſays Pliny, makes women with child miſcarry: But Lucretius ſays only, that it ſtupifies women, and throws them aſleep; and that if they ſmell the odour of it at the time when they have their monthly diſeaſe, it makes them let fall whatever they hold in their hands. This in the original runs thus:

Caſtoreoque gravi mulier ſopita recumbit,
Et manibus nitidum teneris opus effluit ei,
Tempore eo ſi odorata eſt, quo menſtrua ſolvit.

Ver. 793. In theſe three verſes he brings example fifth, of bathing: for, ſays he, it is hurtful to continue long in a hot bath immediately after eating. The cuſtom among the Romans was to bathe before ſupper: but the riotous uſed to bathe themſelves alſo after ſupper; and this they did to procure digeſtion. See Pliny, lib. 29. However the phyſician in Perſius adviſes his patient not to bathe after eating, that being a cuſtom very pernicious to health: but the gluttonous youth, refuſing to take his advice, paid dear for his obſtinacy, if the effects of his bathing were truly ſuch as they are deſcribed by that poet, Sat. iii. ver. 30. in theſe verſes:

Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre lavatur,
Gutture ſulphureas lente exhalante mephites:
Sed tremor inter vina ſubit, calidumque trientem
Excutit è manibus; dentes crepuêre retecti;
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris, &c.

Juvenal too, Satyr. i. ver. 142. mentions the danger of this practice of bathing with a full ſtomach, and ſays,

Pœna tamen præſens, cum tu deponis amictus
Turgidus, & crudum pavonem in balnea portas.

Moreover, we may farther obſerve, that at their baths there were three cells; the cold, the warm, and the hot: all which were baths of water. But in ſome of their bathing houſes there was a fourth cell, which they called "laconicum," or "cella aſſa," that is to ſay, "ſicca ſine lotione:" ἀφιδρωτήριον· and where theſe were, the places were rather called "balnearia," than "balnea:" according to the property, of which, as Marcilius notes, Tully, lib. 3. ad Q. Frat. epiſt. 1. ſpeaks, when he calls them "aſſa in balneariis." Horace likewiſe, and others, often mention the faintneſs that ſeizes ſuch as bathe themſelves after a full meal.

Ver. 796. Example 6th in two verſes, and example 7th in two verſes likewiſe, need no explication.

Ver. 800. In theſe two verſes, which contain example 8th, the poet obſerves, that ſulphur and all bituminous matter, whoſe ſteams and vapours are very offenſive and hurtful to man, are generated in the very bowels of the earth.

Ver. 882. In theſe ten verſes, the poet brings the 9th and laſt example; and ſays that the mines, in which metals are dug, exhale ſuch noxious damps and vapours, as often kill the wretches, who are condemned to that ſlaviſh drudgery. Thus, from theſe veins of the earth, as well as from the other things above mentioned, breathe forth poiſonous and deadly exhalations.

Ver. 806. It is obſerved, that all metals have not the ſame ſmell. Gold, heated in the crucible, is ſweet: Silver not ſo pleaſing: melted braſs ſtinks: and the ſteam of melted iron is intolerable.

Ver. 812. In theſe ten verſes, he concludes by way of ſimilitude from the inſtances above given, That in theſe places, which are called *Averni*, the earth exhales virulent and deadly vapours, and ſends out noxious atoms, which kill the birds as they are flying over thoſe places.

Ver. 822. In theſe nine verſes, he adds another, but ridiculous cauſe, why the birds drop down dead into the *Averni*: As if the vapours that exhale from thence, change the air into *vacuum*, or rather totally expel, and drive it away, ſo that the birds cannot bear themſelves up, nor ſupport their flight in a mere void.

Ver. 831. There are many things ſo excellently well accommodated to the uſe of man, that they are alone ſufficient to evince a bountiful and gracious Providence: Thus in ſummer well-water is cold, as if it were ordered ſo on purpoſe to moderate the heat of that ſeaſon: and on the contrary, it is warm in winter, to refreſh and revive us. But Lucretius, in theſe ten verſes, endeavours to elude this difficulty: and gives this natural reaſon of that change: In ſummer, ſays he, the ſurface of the earth, is rarified by the heat of the ſun; and the ſeeds of fire, that are contained in the earth, break out into the air: but in winter the ſame ſeeds are conſtrained, and, being bound faſt in the earth by the cold of that ſeaſon, are compreſſed and ſqueezed into wells; and thence proceeds the warmth of the water.

Ariſtotle ſays this is cauſed by an "antiperiſtaſis," i. e. "circumobſiſtentia," a reciprocation, and ſurrounding on all ſides, by means of which, where heat is, thence cold is expelled: where cold, thence heat. And Cicero, after the opinion of the Stoics, explains it thus: "Omnes igitur partes Mundi, tangam autem maximas, calore fultæ ſuſtinentur: quod primum in terræ natura perſpici poteſt: nam & lapidum conflictu, atque tritu elici igem videmus: & recenti ſoſſione terram fumare calentem: atque etiam ex puteis jugibus aquam calidam trahi, & id maximè hibernis fieri temporibus, quòd magna vis, terræ cavernis, contineatur caloris; eaque hieme fit denſior: ob eamq. cauſam calorem inſitum in terris contineat arctius," Lib. ii. de Nat. Deorum. Therefore, ſays he, all the ſeveral parts of the world are ſupported by heat: this is evident from the nature of the earth itſelf: for, by ſtriking and rubbing of ſtones, we urge out fire, and new-dug ground exhales a warm ſmoke: beſides,

we draw warm water out of our wells, and that too chiefly in winter: the reaſon is, becauſe much heat is contained in the caverns of the earth: and the earth becomes more denſe and contracted in winter; and for that reaſon keeps in the more cloſely its innate heat and fires. There are ſome, however, who controvert the truth of this matter, and aſſert it to be only a vulgar error, and not a ſolid and certain obſervation. But moſt are of a contrary opinion, and aſſign two cauſes of this effect: One of them they call privative; the other, poſitive: The firſt of them is, by reaſon of the departure of the heat, or hot bodies (for we are permitted to ſpeak thus in the ſchool of Epicurus, and of Ariſtotle too, who will not allow, that accidents paſs from ſubject to ſubject), out of the earth. That innate heat of the earth is occaſioned by ſubterranean fires; and evaporates in ſummer, attracted by the ambient heat: for, according to the obſervation of Hippocrates, like things reſort to like, and naturally delight to be together.

Ver. 841. But it may be objected, that though the Divine Power be not in all ſprings and wells, it is certainly viſible in the fountain, that is at the temple of Jupiter Ammon, of which Curtius, lib. iv. ſect. 7. ſays: "Ammonis nemus in medio die, cum vehementiſſimus eſt calor, frigida eadem fluit; inclinatio in veſperum, caleſcit; media nocte fervida exæſtuat: quôque propius nox vergit ad lucem, multum ex nocturno calore decreſcit, donec ſub ipſum diei ortum aſſuoto tempore langueſcat:" In the midſt of the grove of Ammon, there is a ſpring of water, called the Water of the Sun: at ſun-riſing it flows out luke-warm, at noon, when the heat is moſt violent, it comes out quite cold: in the evening it grows warm again; at midnight it guſhes out very hot; and as the night wears away, and the morning approaches, the heat it had in the night decreaſes, till about the uſual time, at break of day, it becomes again barely warm. This is confirmed by Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 103. by P. Mela, lib. i. cap. 8. in theſe words: "Ammonis Oraculum fidei inclytæ; & fons, quem ſolis appellant:——Fons media nocte fervet: mox & paulatim tepeſcens, fit luce frigidus: tum, ut ſol ſurgit, ita frigidior: ſubinde per meridiem maximè rigit: ſunt deinde tepores iterùm; & prima nocte calidus: atque, ut illa procedit, ita calidior: rurſùs, ut eſt media, perfervet." Nor may we omit the teſtimony given by Ovid. Metam. lib. xv. ver. 308. in theſe words:

——Quid? non & lympha figuras
Datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,
Unda die gelida eſt; ortuque, obituque caleſcit.

See likewiſe Potanus in Meteor. And Ammianus, lib. iii. But this too, ſays Lucretius, is alleged in vain, and ſignifies nothing: For though they are miſtaken, that impute the cauſe of it to the ſun, who, as they pretend, when he is beneath the earth, warms thoſe waters through the body of the whole earth thick as it is; yet the reaſon may be, becauſe the earth, being contracted by the cold of the night, ſqueezes down and tranſmits the ſeeds of fire into the water, which by that means grows warm; but the ſame earth being looſened and ſet at liberty by the heat of the day, receives, and, as it were, ſwallows them in again: and thus the waters loſe much of the heat they had in the night. Beſides, that very water, which becomes warm, becauſe the cold and chilling night depreſſes and keeps down the ſeeds of fire, grows cold again in the day; becauſe the beams of the ſun, darting into the water, and rarifying it, open a free paſſage for thoſe ſeeds to get out into the air: For the heat of the ſun diſſolves ice in ſuch a manner, as to releaſe and ſet at liberty the ſlender ſtalks of corn, and other things of like nature, which by the cold of the night, were detained and bound in icy fetters. This is contained in twenty-eight verſes. Thus Lucretius aſſigns two cauſes; but whether either of them be true or not, it is not worth while to inquire, ſince the thing itſelf is a mere fiction: for none of our hiſtorians or geographers, who deſcribe fountains, pretend that they ever ſaw this. Yet we have pretty good authority for a fountain, that was diſcovered not long ago in the woods, near Clermont in Auvergne: whoſe waters freeze hard in the months of July and Auguſt; but never in the winter. "Prope urbem Claramontem fons, nuper inventus, dicitur, La Cave de la glace: Qui fons certe mirabilis: nam ejus aqua, Julio, & Auguſto menſibus, gelu vehementer aſtringitur, minime vero hyeme," ſays a certain eye-witneſs of it.

Ibid. *Ammon.*] Jupiter Ammon had an oracle that was in great renown with the Egyptians and Africans, and a temple in Lybia, to the eaſt of the country of Cyrenaica, to the weſt of Egypt, and to the north of the Garamantes and Naſamones, in a moiſt and palm-bearing ſoil, though all the country round be moſt dry and deſert. The origin of this is variouſly reported: the moſt common opinion is, that Liber or Bacchus, after he had conquered all Aſia, and was leading his army through the deſerts of Lybia, was in danger of periſhing, he and all his men with thirſt: In this diſtreſs a ram appeared to him, and with his horn ſhowed him a fountain of water: now he ſuppoſed this ram to be his father Jupiter, and therefore erected a temple to him, and gave him a ram's head and horns. He called him Ammon from the ſand, which in Greek is ἄμμος, or ψάμμος. But Plutarch, "lib. de Iſide," ſeems to deny this name to be of Greek extraction, and ſays it is derived from the Egyptian language: Whence ſome believe that Ham or Cham, the ſon of Noah, and who was the firſt that cultivated the land of Egypt, was worſhipped under that name: others will have Ammon to be the ſun; Macrob. Saturnal. lib. i. cap. 21. "Ideo & Hammonem, quem Deum ſolem occidentem Libyes exiſtimant, arietinis cornibus fingunt, quibus maximè id animal valet, ſicut ſol radiis; nam & apud Græcos ἀπὸ τῦ κεραυρίος, apellatur." And, to ſtrengthen this opinion, the Hebrew word "Hamma," ſignifies the ſun and heat: But whoever it was that

was there worſhipped under the name of Ammon, Alexander the Great, when he was in Egypt, went to this temple, and made the prieſts acknowledge him for the ſon of their god.

Ver. 847. In theſe eight verſes the poet confutes their opinion, who believed, that the water of the fountain of Ammon grew cold by day, and hot in the night, for the ſole reaſon of the departure, or acceſſion of the ſun: And this he proves to be impoſſible by an argument, "a majori," as they call it. For, if the ſun cannot warm the open and naked body of the water, when he ſhines upon it from above, much leſs can he impart his heat to the waters through the thick and cloſe-compacted body of the earth: For the heat of the ſun muſt of neceſſity paſs through the whole body of the earth to warm by night the waters of that fountain: And yet we ſee that even our houſes ſhelter and protect us from the fierceſt of his beams.

Ver. 855. In theſe nine verſes, he aſcribes the firſt cauſe of the nocturnal heat, and diurnal cold of the waters of the fountain of Ammon to the ſeeds of fire or heat, that are in the earth about that fountain, and beneath the water: He explains this in the manner that follows: The earth, ſays he, being compreſſed by the cold of the night, ſqueezes out, and tranſmits into the water, thoſe ſeeds of heat; by means of which the water grows hot: but, being looſened by the heat of the day, ſhe receives again into her bowels thoſe very ſame ſeeds, and thus the water becomes cold.

Ver. 864. In theſe five verſes, he refers the ſecond cauſe to the heat of the ſun: as if it were poſſible that the water, which in the night is made hot by the ſeeds of fire, could grow cold again in the day, by reaſon of the beams of the ſun penetrating into the ſame water, and rarifying it in ſuch a manner, as to open a free paſſage into the air for thoſe ſeeds of fire.

Ver. 867. Here our tranſlator had his eye upon Cowley; who ſays,

So the ſun's am'rous play
Kiſſes the ice away.

Ver. 869. In theſe twenty-five verſes, he mentions a ſpring, that will both extinguiſh a lighted torch, if it be plunged into the water, and light it again, if it be moved gently to touch the ſurface of the water: The reaſon of which, ſays he, is, becauſe there are in that water, or in the earth under it, many ſeeds of fire, which, breaking out of the water, ſtick to the tow, or torch newly extinguiſhed, and ſet fire to them again. Nor is it more incredible, that ſeeds of fire ſhould force their way out of water, than that a ſpring of freſh water ſhould riſe up in the middle of the ſea: And we every day ſee candles, torches, &c. that are but juſt put out, kindle again, even before they come to touch the fire towards which they are moved.

Lucretius mentions neither the name nor place of this miraculous ſpring: but having ſhown that there is nothing wonderful or divine in the ſpring of Jupiter Ammon, he here attacks the fountain of Jupiter of Dodona: for he never gives any quarter to that god. Now, not far from Dodona, a city of Epirus, there was a grove of oaks ſacred to Jupiter, where the oaks are ſaid to have pronounced oracles; though others ſay the anſwers were given by two doves ſitting on theſe oaks, and one of which flew away to the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the other to that of Jupiter Ammon, where they continued their old trade of fortune-telling. Pliny, lib. ii. cap. 103, ſays, "In Dodonæ Jovis autem Fons, cum ſit gelidus, & immerſas faces extinguat, ſi extinctæ admoveantur accendit." And Gaſſendus, on the tenth book of Laërtius, page 157, ſays, that not far from Grenoble, there is an ardent fountain, that will take fire, if it be touched with a lighted torch, and continue burning for more than a few days. Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2, ſays, that there is a fountain in India, called Lycos, whoſe water will light a candle; and he reports the ſame thing of another at Echbatan, which Solinus confirms to be true. And ſince we are on this ſubject of wonderful fountains, we will mention ſome of the many recorded by the ancients, and whoſe effects, if true, are indeed miraculous. There is a fountain in the Iſland Cea, that perfectly ſtupifies thoſe that drink of its waters: Plin. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. Another, near Clitor in Arcadia, whoſe water cauſes a loathing of wine: Plin. Loc. citat. And Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 322.

Clitorio quicunque ſitim de fonte levârit,
Vina fugit; gaudetque meris abſtemius undis.

On the contrary, the water of Lynceſtis in Macedonia inebriates, ſays the ſame poet, lib. citat. ver. 329.

Huic fluit effectu diſpar Lynceſtius amnis,
Quem quicunque parùm moderato gutture traxit,
Haud aliter titubat, quam ſi mera vina bibiſſet.

And Plin. lib. i. cap. 103, reports from Mutianus, that there is a fountain in the Iſland Andros, whoſe waters have the taſte of wine, and inebriate likewiſe. The river Athamas in Phthia kindles wood, if it be thrown in, in the wane of the moon: Ovid. Metam. xv. ver. 311.

Admotis Athamanis aquis accendere lignum
Narratur, minimos cum Luna receſſit in orbes.

A river at Coloſſæ turns wood into ſtone: Plin. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. And Ovid ſays, the Ciconians, have a river that petrifies the bowels of thoſe that drink of it: and brings a ſtony hardneſs on all things that touch the waters.

Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum ſaxea reddit
Vicera quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.
Metam. xv. *ver.* 313.

But Pliny ſays only, that a ſtony bark grows over wood, thrown into this river; and that the lake Velinus, now Lago di Pie di Luca, the rivers Silarus and Surius turn wood or leaves into ſtone. Nat. Hiſt. lib. ii. cap. 103. A fountain at Perperene in Lydia turns earth that is moiſtened

with its waters into ſtone, Pliny, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. There are two fountains at Orchomenus in Eubœa; the water of one of them confers memory: that of the other cauſes forgetfulneſs, Plin. loco citat. Mutianus witneſſes, that there is one at Cyzicus, which delivers from the uneaſy paſſion of love. A pool at Samoſata breeds a ſort of ſlime, that burns when put into water, and is extinguiſhed with earth. Plin. lib. ii. cap. 104. Whatever is thrown into the lake Sides, or Sideris in India, inſtantly ſinks to the bottom. Idem, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. The waters of a fountain at Zama in Africa, render the voice harmonious, Idem, lib. xxxi. cap. 2. There is a lake at Troglodytæ, the water of which grows bitter, and then again ſweet, three times every day, and as often every night. Plin. lib. xxxi. cap. 2. And many other wonderful ſtories are related of other rivers and waters; but I may not omit to mention what many now living have experimented, and know to be true. There are two baths or fountains at Baia, not far from Naples, into one of which, when a dog is thrown, he is immediately deprived of ſenſe, and ſeems to be dead; but, thrown into the other, he comes to himſelf, and revives in as little time. And from thence the place is called Grotto del Cane.

Ver. 877. In theſe ſeventeen verſes, Lucretius argues, that the reaſon why the water of this fountain kindles tow, &c. may be this: Thoſe ſeeds of fire, riſing up to the ſurface of the water, may there be condenſed, and gathered together in ſuch a manner, as to kindle any combuſtibles, that are apt to take fire, if they be advanced to them. Thus too fountains of freſh water bubble up in the midſt of the ſea; and as thoſe ſeeds of freſh water, riſing up, join into one body, and flow in a ſtream of freſh water; ſo too theſe ſeeds of fire, riſing up, and combining into one, may eaſily create a flame. Thus a candle, newly extinguiſhed, if put to a burning taper, or to fire, catches again, and is lighted even before it touch the flame.

Ver. 879. Thus Alpheus, a river of Peloponneſus, after it flows into the ſea, is ſaid to preſerve its waters unmixed with thoſe of the briny flood, and, flowing in one continued courſe, to dive into the earth, and break out again at the head of the fountain Arethuſa, in the weſt of the iſland Ortygia. Virg. Æn. iii. ver. 694. ſpeaking of Ortygia,

———Alpheum fama eſt huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egiſſe vias ſubter mare; qui nunc
Ore, Arethuſa, tuo ſiculis confunditur undis.

And this the ancients would have to be true, becauſe in the Olympic games, which were celebrated at Elis every fifth ſummer, the garbage of the victims being thrown into Alpheus in Greece, was reſtored through the mouth of Arethuſa in Ortygia. Plin. lib. ii. cap. 107. "Quidam fontes odio maris ipſa ſubeunt vada, ſicut Arethuſa, fons Syracuſanus, in quo reddunturjacta in Alpheum." But Strabo, lib. vi. explodes this fiction. This, however, gave occaſion to the fabulous loves of Alpheus and Arethuſa. Pliny reports the like of the rivers Lycus and Eraſinus; the firſt in Lydia, the other in Arcadia; which is likewiſe confirmed by Ovid. Metam. lib. xv. ver. 273.

Sic ubi terreno Lycus eſt epotus hiatu,
Exiſtit procul hinc, alioquè renaſcitur ore.
Sic modò combibitur, recto modo gurgite lapſus
Redditur Argolicis ingens Eraſinus in arvis.

Thus Lycus, ſwallowed up, is ſeen no more;
But far from thence knocks at another door:
Thus Eraſinus dives, and, blind in earth,
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth;
Starts up in Argo's meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
Dryden.

Ver. 894. The following 156 verſes, contain a diſputation concerning the loadſtone. And here too, ſays Creech, the drift of the poet is the ſame as in all his other diſputations; which has not been hitherto obſerved. For Hercules is ſaid to have found out this ſtone; and no doubt his godſhip is well-pleaſed that men ſhould hold themſelves obliged to him for ſo great a benefit; and that the virtues of that ſtone are aſcribed to him. Jupiter has already loſt his fountains, and why ſhould the poet give quarter to the ſon, ſince he never would ſpare the father?

In the three firſt of theſe verſes, the poet tells us, he is going to diſpute of the virtue or power of the loadſtone; which, though Lucretius acknowledge but one, is known nevertheleſs to have a twofold power, or two different virtues, which are thus diſtinguiſhed: I. The power, by which it attracts the ſteel to itſelf. II. The power, by which it directs both itſelf and the ſteel towards the poles of the world. The firſt of theſe is called its attractive power, the ſecond, its directive. As to the firſt of them, though it may ſeem a very hard paradox, nay, even an abſurdity, to aſſert, that attraction is unjuſtly aſcribed to the loadſtone, and that we ſpeak not properly, when we ſay, that it draws and attracts iron, yet we ſhould not want great authority, nor even experiment itſelf, to confirm this aſſertion. For, in the firſt place, Renatus Des Cartes, in his principles of philoſophy, has theſe expreſs words: "Præterea magnes trahit ferrum, ſive potius magnes et ferrum ad invicem accedunt; neque enim ulla ibi tractio eſt." This too is ſolemnly determined by Cabius: "Nec magnes," ſays he, "trahit propriè ferrum, nec ferrum ad ſe magnetem provocat; ſed ambo pari conatu ad invicem confluunt." And with theſe authors agrees the aſſertion of Doctor Ridley, phyſician to the emperor of Ruſſia, and who, in his tract of Magnetical Bodies, defines magnetical attraction to be a natural incitation and diſpoſition, conforming to contiguity; or a union of one magnetical body with another, and not a violent and forcible attraction, and hauling of the weaker body to the ſtronger. And this is likewiſe the doctrine of Gilbertus, who terms this motion a coition, which, ſays he, is not made by any attractive faculty, either of the loadſtone,

or the iron, but by a ſyndrome, or concourſe of both of them: a coition always of their vigours, and of their bodies likewiſe, if not obſtructed by their bulk, or ſome other impediment; and therefore thoſe contrary actions, which flow from oppoſite poles or faces, are not ſo properly expulſion and attraction, as "ſequela et fuga," a mutual following of, and flight from, each other.

Moreover, the foregoing opinions are confirmed by ſeveral experiments: For, I. If a piece of iron be faſtened to the ſide of a bowl, or baſon of water, a loadſtone, ſwimming freely in a boat of cork, will preſently make to it. II. If a ſteel, or knife, untouched, be offered towards a needle that is touched, the needle moves nimbly towards it, and ſtrives to unite to the ſteel, that remains without motion. III. If a loadſtone be filed very fine, the powder, or duſt of it, will adhere and cleave to iron that was never touched, in like manner, as the powder of iron does likewiſe to the loadſtone. And, IV. Laſtly, if a loadſtone and ſteel be placed in two ſkiffs, or ſmall boats made of cork, and within the orbs of their activities, neither of them will move, while the other ſtands ſtill; but both of them, if I may uſe the expreſſion, hoiſt ſail, and ſteer to each other; inſomuch, that if the loadſtone attract, the ſteel too has its attraction; becauſe, in this action, the alliciency is reciprocal, and, being jointly felt, is the reaſon, that they mutually approach, and run into each others arms. Thus, therefore, upon the whole matter, more moderate expreſſions than are often uſed, would more ſuitably expreſs this action; which, nevertheleſs, ſome of the ancients have delivered in the moſt violent terms of their language. Thus St. Auſtin calls the loadſtone, "mirabilem ferri raptorem;" and Hippocrates, λίθος ὅτι τὸν σίδηρον ἁρπάζει· "Lapis, qui ferrum rapit:" Galen, diſputing againſt Epicurus, uſes the term, ἰλκεῖν, which ſeems likewiſe too violent. Ariſtotle alone among the ancients ſpeaks more warily, and calls it, λίθος ὅτις τὸν σίδηρον κινεῖ, the ſtone that moves the iron, and him, Aquinas, Scaliger, Cuſanus, and others have followed.

I return now to Lucretius, and muſt firſt obſerve, that our tranſlator has omitted the third and fourth verſes of this argument, in which the poet explains how this ſtone came to be called the magnet: Theſe verſes run thus in the original:

Quem magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graii;
Magnetum quia ſit patriis in finibus ortus.

i. e. which ſtone the Greeks call the Magnet, from the name of the country; becauſe it is produced and found in the country, inhabited by the Magnetes. This country is a region of Lydia, and called Magneſia, whence the inhabitants had their name. Ariſtotle, by way of excellence, calls it barely, λίθος, the ſtone: Some, "Herculeus lapis," either becauſe Hercules firſt diſcovered it; or from the city Heraclea, where it is ſaid to be found: or, laſtly, from its great ſtrength, or wonderful power. The Italians call it "pietra d'amante," the loving ſtone: the name of the loadſtone, by which it is commonly known among us, is a word of Saxon extraction; but the French know it only by the name of "l'aimant," the lover: And this modern name agrees with what Orpheus ſings in Claudian, Epig. iv. That iron ruſhes to the loadſtone, as a bride to the embraces of the bridegroom.

Pronuba fit natura Deis, ferrumque maritat
Aura tenax.——————
Flagrat anhela filex, et amicam faucia ſentit
Materiem; placidoſque chalybs cognoſcit amores:
Jam gelidas rupes, vivoque carentia ſenſu
Membra feris: jam ſaxa tuis obnoxia telis,
Et lapides ſuus ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
Illecebris, &c.

Now Lucretius, the better to explain the attractive virtue of this ſtone, premiſes four heads, or chief poſitions, which, though he has proved them already, yet, becauſe of the great difficulty of the taſk he is now going to undertake, he thinks fit to inculcate here again. I. That certain corpuſcles are continually flowing out of all things, in twenty-ſix verſes. II. That no concrete body is ſo ſolid, as not to contain ſome empty little ſpaces, in twenty-three verſes. III. That the corpuſcles, that are emitted from things, do not agree with all things alike, and in the ſame manner, and produce not the ſame effects on them, in fourteen verſes. IV. That the void little ſpaces are not alike in all things, but differ in ſize and figure, and therefore cannot be fit for all bodies indifferently, in thirteen verſes. This being premiſed, he endeavours to tell the reaſon why, or the manner how, the loadſtone attracts iron, or the iron is conveyed to the loadſtone, which conſiſts in this. Many particles flow from the loadſtone, and diſſipate the air all around it; and thus many void little ſpaces are made: But when the iron is placed within the ſphere of that diſſipated air, there being a great deal of empty ſpace between that and the loadſtone, the corpuſcles of the iron leap more freely forward into that void (for the ſeeds of all bodies fly forward on a ſudden into empty ſpace), and for that reaſon are carried towards the loadſtone: now they cannot tend that way, without dragging along with them their coherent ſeeds (for the ſeeds of iron are moſt intricately entangled, and twined together), and conſequently the whole maſs of iron, in ſeventeen verſes. But becauſe the iron moves any way, upwards, downwards, acroſs, or in any obliquity, without the leaſt diſtinction, according as it is placed to the loadſtone, he teaches in five verſes, that this could not be, but by reaſon of the empty ſpace that is made by corpuſcles that flow from the magnet, and into which all bodies, that otherwiſe tend only downwards, are protruded indiſcriminately, by the ſtrokes and blows of other bodies. And this is in general what Lucretius teaches concerning the loadſtone; we will examine his arguments a part, in the order he has obſerved in the diſpoſition of them.

Ver. 897. In theſe ſix verſes, he takes notice of the firſt power and virtue of the loadſtone; and ſays, that it draws five, or more iron rings, ad-

hering one to another. This is the virtue of the magnet, which is called the attractive; but of the other, the directive, he says nothing; nor indeed do any of the ancients treat of this last power of the loadstone. The moderns alone have inquired into that matter; and that too, only since the invention of the magnetic needle; which, according to some, was first discovered a little more than five ages ago, that is to say, A. D. 1200. At which time Guyotus, a native of Provence in France, writ a poem, which he called Marineta, in praise of this invention. And hence, say the French authors, the Flower de Luce, which is the arms of France, is every where, even among the barbarous nations, represented at one of the ends of that needle. Petrus Peregrinus, another Frenchman, about three hundred years ago, writ a treatise of the Magnet, and of a perpetual motion to be made by it; which treatise has been preserved by Gasserus. Paulus Venetus, and Albertus Magnus, who flourished about five hundred years ago, both of them, mention this verticity of the loadstone, and cite for it a book of Aristotle's, intituled, De Lapide; but Cabeus and others rather judge that book to be the work of some Arabic writer, who lived not many years before the days of Albertus. And, indeed, it is very probable, that the knowledge of the loadstone's polary power and direction to the north was unknown to the ancients; and Pancirollus justly places it among the modern inventions; though Levinus Lemnius, and Cœlius Calcagninus are of another belief; but their strongest argument is only the following passage in Plautus:

Hic ventus jam fecundus est; cape modo versoriam.

Now the word "versoriam" they interpret to be the compass; but, according to Pineda, who has particularly discussed this matter, and to Turnebus, Cabeus, and several others, it rather signifies the rope that helps to turn the ship, or that makes it tack about; for the compass shows that the ship is turned, rather than contributes to its conversion. As for the long expeditions and voyages of the ancients, which may seem to confirm the antiquity of this invention, it is not improbable, but they were performed by the help of the stars, by the flight of birds, or by keeping near the shore: for thus the Phœnician navigators, and Ulysses too, might sail about the Mediterranean; and thus likewise might Hanno coast about Africa. And as to what is contended, that this verticity of the loadstone was not unknown to Solomon, who is presumed to have had a universality of knowledge, it may as well be averred, that he knew the art of typography, of making guns and powder, or that he had the philosopher's stone, though he sent to Ophir for gold. It cannot indeed be denied, but that, besides his political wisdom, he was very knowing in philosophy; and perhaps too, as some believe, from his philosophical writings, the ancient philosophers, especially Aristotle, who had the assistance of the acquisitions of Alexander, collected many things worthy of note; yet it must be granted, that if he knew the use of the compass, his ships were very slow sailers, since they made a three years voyage of it from Eziongeber in the Red Sea to Ophir, supposed to be Taptobana, or Malaca, in the Indies, which is not many months sail; and since too in the same, or a less, time, Drake and Cavendish performed their voyage round the earth.

Moreover, some are of opinion, that this directive power of the loadstone depends upon, and is derived from the two poles of the heavens: others from the Arctic pole only: Cardanus, from the tail of the Bear; Des Cartes from I know not what tractorious point, as he calls it, and which he imagines to be I know not where too, beyond the heavens; Fracastorius, from certain magnetic mountains under the Arctic Pole: Gulielmus Gilbertus, from the earth itself, which, as one huge loadstone, conforms and brings into its native and natural site, that is to say, towards the north and south, the loadstone itself, as a small earth, and the iron as its offspring. In regard to the attractive virtue of the loadstone, the opinions likewise are different. Thales, Aristotle and Hippias ascribed it to the soul, with which they held it to be endowed. But it is not certain what hands, or what senses nature has given to this stone. Cardanus intimates that it is only a certain appetite, or desire of nutriment, that makes the loadstone snatch the iron; and according to this opinion, Claudian Epig. 4.

Ex ferro meruit vitam, ferrique rigore
Vescitur: has dulces epulas, hæc pabula novit.

And Diogenes Apolloniota, lib. ii. Nat. Quæst. cap. 23. confirms the same opinion, when he says, that there is humidity in iron, which the dryness of the magnet feeds upon. Others fly to sympathy, and certain occult qualities. The opinions of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, are explained in the following notes.

Ver. 903. In these four verses, the poet only tells us, that to give a methodical account of the attractive power of the loadstone, it will be necessary to take the matter higher, and to repeat some of the maxims he has taught already.

Ver. 907. In these thirteen verses, he premises, I. That corpuscles are perpetually flowing from all things: and this he has taught before, Book IV. ver. 47. et seqq.

Ver. 919. This and the ten following verses are repeated from B. IV. ver. 240. et seqq. Consult there the notes upon them.

Ver. 920. In these twenty-three verses, he premises, II. That no compound body is so solid, as not to consist of some void: that is to say, as not to contain some empty little spaces. And this the poet has demonstrated at large. B. I. ver. 402. et seqq.

Ver. 933. This, and the three next verses are repeated word for word, from book i. ver. 335. though Lucretius varies them in the original; but the sense indeed is the same.

Ver. 939. This and the following verſe run thus in the original,

——Quin ferri quoque vim penetrare ſuevit,
Undique qua circum corpus lorica coërcit,
Morbida vis quæcunque extrinſecus inſinuatur.

This paſſage has puzzled the interpreters, and after all, they know not well what to make of it: Creech in this tranſlation has followed the opinion of none of them, and indeed diſapproves of them all in his Latin edition of Lucretius: for, ſays he, what can Lucretius mean by a coat of mail? No man ever believed, that the infectious power of diſeaſe ever pierced through a coat of mail. He diſlikes alſo all the other explications given by the ſeveral other annotators to this paſſage: which at length he corrects, and inſtead of "morbida vis," reads "fervida vis;" which lection, ſays he, makes all things plain and eaſy: for often, when men armed from head to foot, ſcaled the walls of a city, the beſieged poured down upon them melted pitch, ſulphur, ſcalding water, &c. the heat of which pierced through their armour, and made them ſenſible of it. This expoſition ſeems the moſt natural of any that have been given to this paſſage, and agrees beſt with the preceding part of the argument. But he is evidently miſtaken in the interpretation he gives it in this tranſlation: and this may ſerve for one of the many inſtances might be given, that he had not ſtudied his author ſo thoroughly, when he rendered him into Engliſh, as afterwards, when he came to publiſh his Latin edition.

Ver 943 In theſe fourteen verſes, the poet premiſes, III That the corpuſcles which flow from things, do not agree with all things, nor affect them alike, or in one and the ſame manner. This he has demonſtrated in many places of the preceding books; but chiefly in the fourth.

Ver. 957. In theſe thirteen verſes, he premiſes, IV. That there are different little ſpaces, or pores of various figures in all compound bodies: from whence it comes to paſs, that all things cannot be adapted to, nor fit, and agree with, every one of them this he has proved before, in the ſecond and fourth books: and confirms again in this place, by the ſame examples he there alleged in proof of this doctrine.

Ver 970 In theſe three verſes he concludes, and ſays, that theſe things being premiſed, it is eaſy to diſcover and underſtand, how, and for what reaſon the loadſtone attracts iron. And this is what he is going next to explain.

Ver 973 Epicurus explained two ſeveral ways the attractive virtue of the loadſtone; and it is ſtrange Lucretius has omitted one of them: or rather it has been loſt out of the text, ſince what Lucretius has ſo carefully premiſed, ſeems more properly adapted to that cauſe, than to the other that remains. If you are deſirous to know more of it, ſee Gaſſendus, tome ii. p. 129. where you will find many things, by which this doctrine of Epicurus is illuſtrated, and fully explained But to proceed: Lucretius having premiſed the four propoſitions abovementioned, undertakes in this place to ſhow the reaſon why, or manner how, the loadſtone attracts the iron, and the iron, on the other hand, is carried and moves towards the loadſtone. To this end, in theſe fourteen verſes, he teaches, I. That many corpuſcles flow as well from the loadſtone as from the iron; but the greater quantity, and the more ſtrong from the magnet: whence it comes to paſs, that the air is always diſperſed, and driven away to a greater diſtance round about the loadſtone, and conſequently, that fewer empty little ſpaces are made around the iron. And becauſe, when the iron is placed within the ſphere, as they ſay, of the air, that is removed and driven away, there muſt be a great deal of void ſpace between that and the loadſtone; the corpuſcles of the iron fly the more freely into that empty ſpace, and therefore neceſſarily towards the magnet; but thoſe corpuſcles of the iron cannot hurry that way in a great quantity, without dragging along with them the particles that adhere to them, and by conſequence the whole maſs of iron.

Ver. 987. Theſe five verſes Gaſſendus thus explains: inaſmuch as the iron tends indiſcriminately upwards, downwards, acroſs, in a word, any way, according as it is placed above, below, on one ſide, &c. of the magnet; the poet teaches, that it could not move in that manner, but by reaſon of the induction of the void, into which the corpuſcles of the iron, that would otherwiſe move downwards only, are carried indifferently, and without the leaſt diſtinction. Thus Gaſſendus believes, that theſe five verſes relate to the explication laſt above propoſed; but I, ſays Creech, am of another opinion: for the whole matter there relates to the corpuſcles of the iron leaping forward into the void, that is made by the effluviums from the loadſtone: but here, in theſe verſes, the little bodies are protruded into the void by blows: therefore they more properly belong to what follows. Creech. in Edit. Lat.

Ver. 992. Lucretius labours hard to prove, that the motion of the ſteel is helped forward by the air, becauſe of its certain continual motion and agitation. And firſt, in theſe ten verſes, he ſays, it is aſſiſted by the exterior air, which, ſince it is always driving forward, and that too with more force, the more there is of it, cannot but puſh on the iron into that place where there is leaſt air, and conſequently moſt void: which muſt be towards the loadſtone Then, in ſix verſes, by the interior air, which for the ſame reaſon, ſince it always agitates, moves, and drives forward cannot but begin the motion towards that place, which is rendered moſt void and empty.

Ver. 1008. Gaſſendus here obſerves, that Lucretius ſeems to have ſeen that experiment, in which the loadſtone ſometimes manifeſtly repels, or at leaſt ſeems to repel, the iron. What he means is this: it is diſcovered, that there are in the loadſtone two oppoſite parts [we now commonly call them poles; one the northern, the other the ſouthern], to one of which, if one end of the iron needle be moved, it is drawn and attracted by it; and if the ſame end of the needle

be afterwerds applied to the other pole, it leaps, and ſeems to be repelled from it. But that great man, ſays Creech, indulges himſelf too much in his own opinion: for the poet propoſes nothing in theſe verſes concerning the flight of the iron from the loadſtone, nor do any of the following examples ſpeak fully of it: but Lucretius had ſeen little rings, and filings or ſegments of iron, when put into a veſſel of braſs, move and dance about, if a loadſtone were applied to the bottom of the veſſel: and, perceiving this to be cauſed by the interpoſition of the braſs (though the ſame will happen if glaſs, wood, ſtone, or any other ſubſtance be interpoſed), in theſe twelve verſes, he gives this reaſon of it, That ſome corpuſcles are emitted from the braſs into the filings, or little bits of iron, and that theſe corpuſcles ſo fill up the little void ſpaces of the iron, that the magnetic corpuſcles, which come afterwards, and are tranſmitted through the braſs, finding theſe little empty ſpaces already taken up, heave and drive forward the bits of iron with all the ſtrength they can.

Ver 1010. *Steel filings*] Lucretius calls them "Samothracia ferrea," which were hollow iron rings, made to open, and in which they wore their amulets: at firſt the "Flamen Dialis" wore them: "annulo, niſi pervio caſſoque, ne utitor." At length ſervants took upon them to wear them; and, in the age of Pliny they were laid over with gold: "ſervitia jam ferrum auro cingunt; alia per ſeſe mero auro decorant: cujus licentia origo nomine ipſo in Samothrace, id inſtitutum declarat." Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. xxxiii. cap. 1.

Ver. 1020. It may be aſked, why a loadſtone does not make the filings of other bodies move in like manner? The poet teaches in theſe ten verſes, that the reaſon is, becauſe they are either too heavy to be moved, or if they are light, they are then too rare; inſomuch that the corpuſcles of the magnet find a free and open paſſage through them.

Ver. 1030. Hitherto of the motion of the iron towards the loadſtone, or of its flight from it. Now, as to its adheſion to it, he tells us in twenty verſes, that it ought not to ſeem ſtrange, becauſe there is a like conſent and agreement between other things alſo, which refuſe to be joined, or connected, except to one certain thing only. Thus ſtones are cemented with plaſter and lime: boards with glue; and that too ſo ſtrongly, that the planks themſelves will break, rather than the glue disjoin: water mingles with wine, but not with oil and pitch: wool is dyed with the blood of the purple fiſh: and gold is ſoldered with ſilver, but not with lead; which nevertheleſs ſolders braſs to braſs. And thus the adheſion of the ſteel to the loadſtone is made in this manner: on the ſurface of the magnet there are hooks, and on the ſurface of the ſteel little rings, which the hooks catch hold of.

Ver. 1033 Lucret. "glutine taurino:" for the ſtrongeſt glue was made of the ears and genitals of bulls: "glutinum præſtantiſſimum fit ex auribus taurorum, et genitalibus." Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. xxviii. cap. 17.

Ver. 1036. *Oil and heavy pitch*] Both of them refuſe to mix with water; but differently: for oil riſes above the ſurface of the water; therefore Lucretius here calls it "leve olivum;" but pitch ſinks to the bottom.

Ver. 1037. The purple of the ancients was dyed with the blood of a ſhell-fiſh, called Purpura; it was found in a white vein, running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boiled; and the blood, uſed in dying, produced the colour "nigrantis roſæ ſublucentem," which Pliny ſays is the true purple, though there were other ſorts too of it, as the colour of violet, hyacynth, &c. Of this invention, ſee Plin. lib. ix. cap. 38. and Pancirollus. The greateſt fiſhing for theſe purples was at Tyre; and there was the chief manufacture and trade of purple, as likewiſe the firſt invention of it; which is attributed to Hercules Tyrius, who, walking upon the ſhore, ſaw his dog bite one of thoſe fiſh, and obſerved his mouth all ſtained with that excellent colour, which gave him the firſt hint of teaching the Tyrians how to dye with it: from this invention of this colour, it is called in Greek ἁλιεργὸς becauſe, ſays Ariſtotle, de color. it is, as it were ἁλὸς ἔργον, the work of the ſea; and Plate in Timæus defines ἁλιεργὲν, to be red mingled with white and black. See Guil Tyrenſis, Pontif. lib. 13. Belli Sacri, cap. 1. where he ſpeaks of Tyre. The purple of Africa, a country nearer to the ſun, was, as we are told, for that reaſon, of a violet colour: the ingredients of which conſiſt of much white, and a little red: but the common purple now-a-days is, as the beſt artiſts tell us, a mixture of a great deal of red and a little black; yet the Tyrian purple is generally held to have been more inclining to red, which is a certain mixture of white and black, or rather to ſcarlet. But this ſort of purple, ever ſince the fiſhing for the purpura, is by the taking of Tyre, come into the power of the Turks, has been totally loſt: not for want of materials; for the fiſh is ſtill to be found; but becauſe the true art of ordering it is no longer known. Pancirollus tells us, we may gueſs at the colour of it by the Italian July-flower; and that it was not, as ſome believed, like the amethyſt, but rather like the ruby, pyropus, or carbuncle. Some will have it to have reſembled the colour of the elemental fire: and others, that of what they never ſaw, the empyrean heaven. But to gueſs what the colour of this true purple was, by the deſcription, which the ancients have left of it, we may call to mind, that Juvenal calls it "ardens purpura," flaming purple; and we find in Cicero, "Qui fulgent purpurâ," who ſhine in purple, which Statius yet improves:

"Illius è roſco flammatur purpura vultu:"

And many the like inſtances might be produced from the ancients, of the refulgency of this colour. Some mention an extraordinary way of dyeing the purple colour with the blood of apes: and the Indians make trial of the beſt common purple, by dropping ſome oil on a piece of purple ſilk, which, they ſay, will not ſtain it, if the purple be good: but theſe two particulars I mention only for the

ſake of their extravagancy. Whatever the purple of the ancients was, our purple is made of what the druggiſts call turneſol, which is a mixture of vermilion and blue byſſe, or cynnaber. As to the ancient wearing of purple, Lemazzo, lib. iii. cap. 14. obſerves, that the kings of Troy, and the chief of the nobility, were wont to dreſs themſelves in ſeveral colours, on the ſeveral days of the week, and wore a particular colour on each day; and that the chief of them was the purple: thus on Sunday they wore yellow, on Monday white, on Tueſday red, on Wedneſday blue, on Thurſday green, on Friday purple, and on Saturday black. Now the reaſon, why they dreſſed themſelves in purple on Friday, may have been, becauſe that day was ſacred to Venus, whoſe buſkins are ſaid to have been red, between which and purple, there was but little difference, ſays the ſame Lomazzo, in the place above cited. He farther obſerves, cap. 19. of the ſame book, that they wore likewiſe ſeveral colours on the feſtivals of ſeveral months of the year: in thoſe that happened in January, they wore white, in February aſh-colour, in March tawny, in April dark green, in May light-green, in June carnation, in July red, in Auguſt yellow, in September blue, in October violet, in November purple, and in December black. Now the month of November was under the protection of Diana amongſt the Romans, who derived themſelves from the Trojans, and that goddeſs, like Venus, wore red, or rather purple, buſkins: and therefore, for the like reaſon, it may be conjectured, that they wore purple on the holidays of that month. Beſides, in November their feſtival dedicated to Jupiter, and therefore they might probably go then dreſſed in purple: for many of the Roman cuſtoms, as well as their pretended original, were derived from the Trojans: and laſtly, that author takes notice, that in ſucceeding ages, whenever the emperor himſelf went into the field, the ſtandard was of a purple colour. Thus wee ſee, that purple was anciently the wear of princes: and therefore honeſt Umbritius in Juven. Sat. 3. conceived ſo great indignation, that the meaner ſort of people began to clothe themſelves in that regal colour, that he alleges it as one of the reaſons of his retiring from Rome: "Horum ego non fugiam conchylia?" ver. 81. And Auguſtus, as we find in Suetonius, in his life, forbid the promiſcuous uſe of it: for which Tacitus commends that emperor, and at the ſame time gives the reaſon of that prohibition in theſe words: "Præclarè vero prudentérque Cæſar ordines civium veſte diſcriminavit, ut ſcilicet qui locis, ordinibus, dignationibus anteſtant, cultu quoque diſcernerentur." Annal, 2. Yet at length, liberty prevailed at Rome, and the meaner ſort, if their money could reach it, clothed themſelves in purple; and lived as in the Spartan commonwealth, where, by the laws of Lycurgus, it was forbid to all alike, that any one man ſhould go better dreſſed than another.

Ver. 1038. Thus Waller:

The fleece that has been by the dyer ſtain'd,
Never again its native whiteneſs gain'd.

Ver. 1040. *Solder.*] What the goldſmiths uſe to ſolder gold, is called borax, a ſort of chryſocol, which is a kind of mineral, found like ſand in mines of braſs, ſilver, or gold.

Ver. 1045. Here Lucretius tells us, that the juncture is moſt ſtrong, and the union moſt firm and laſting, between things, whoſe parts exactly correſpond and ſquare with one another: thoſe things, ſays he, whoſe textures mutually anſwer to one another, in ſuch a manner, that the cavities of this thing agree with the plenitudes of that and the cavities of that with the plenitudes of this, may be conjoined moſt eaſily, and in the ſtricteſt manner: and ſome things may be ſo joined to others, as if they were faſtened together with hooks and rings: and in this manner it is, that the loadſtone ſeems connected to the ſteel.

Thus our poet concludes his diſputation concerning this wonderful ſtone: which is alone ſufficient to humble the towering arrogance of prying man, and to baffle and mock his vain pretence to knowledge; ſince he never could attain to the diſcovery of what it is, nor of the great power, that the Divine Wiſdom has beſtowed upon it: well may it be ſtyled Herculean, it being inſuperable on many accounts: the ancients knew ſcarce any thing of it; and the modern philoſophers, that they might ſeem to be ignorant of nothing, pretend to explain this hidden ſecret of nature; but have failed in the attempt, and have only involved it in yet greater difficulties: for what is more abſurd, or more repugnant to common obſervation, than to imagine to ourſelves, that the whole earth is compacted of ſolid iron, or than to call it the great loadſtone, whoſe purer ſegments do now and then by chance fall into our hands. Is it thus that we philoſophize, and think it better to pervert than ſuffer things to lie hid in the inſcrutable majeſty of nature? Lucretius endeavoured to diſcover the cauſe of a moſt notorious effect, viz. Why iron runs to the loadſtone, and obſtinately adheres to it? But ſetting ſail imprudently, was ſhipwrecked in the port. His firſt aſſertion is, that the corpuſcles of the loadſtone ſtrike and chaſe away the air: but this we know by experience to be falſe: for the water is not moved, when a loadſtone is put under the veſſel that contains it: neither will you find the air to be moved, if, for trial's ſake, by the exhalation that ſteems from a cenſer, or the vapour of hot water, you render it ſo thick, that from perſpicuous it become conſpicuous: for the ſmoke will go alike forward, whether you apply the loadſtone, or take it away: and if no force be offered to the medium, the loadſtone will ſtill ſtrongly attract the ſteel: therefore the place is not made empty, nor the air expelled: but grant the ſpace to be void, whence proceeds that great ſedulity of the ſteel, to fill immediately the vacant place? If it be anſwered, from the eſtabliſhed order of things, to the end, nothing in the univerſe may be void of body; it may be replied, that it then overthrows their opinion, who hold the void to be the ſecond principle of natural things. Beſides, corpuſcles flow no leſs from the iron, than

from the magnet: therefore, if the effluviums of the iron have filled the vacant ſpace, why is not the ring ſtopped, and why does it haſten onward? If it be anſwered, that it is driven forward by external air, why is not that protruſion perpetual, even while the magnet is away? And whence proceeds this inconſtancy, that compels the air to renounce its natural gravity, and move by aſcent? Nor is the internal air, included in the ring, of any greater moment: For ſince the iron emits corpuſcles on all ſides, why does it incline and move one way rather than another? Beſides: how ill does what Lucretius here aſſerts, that the air reſides in, and fills up the pores or open paſſages of concrete bodies, agree with his doctrine of a void, which he endeavoured before to perſuade us to believe, and which he grounded on thoſe very pores of bodies? In vain, therefore, has been the ſearch of our poet into this miraculous ſecret of nature, ſince it has led him unawares into arguments, that tend to the confutation of that philoſophy, which he has been labouring to eſtabliſh.

Ver. 1050. Hitherto our poet has been diſputing of the things, that are commonly ſaid to be, "fecundùm naturam," natural: he is now going to try the ſtrength of his philoſophy in thoſe, which by the phyſicians are called, "præter naturam," preternatural; and theſe are held to be three: I. Diſeaſe. II. The cauſe of diſeaſe. III. The ſymptom, or the effect, accident, or paſſion, attending any ſickneſs: for ſymptom, in the general acceptation of the word ſignifies whatever happens to an animal preternaturally: i. e. diſeaſe, and the internal cauſe of diſeaſe, together with whatever ſupervenes in the diſeaſe. As to what relates to the cauſe of diſeaſes, and their ſymptoms, Lucretius takes but little notice: for he diſdains common diſeaſes; and is going to treat of plagues only, and to inquire into the cauſes of them. And here we may take notice, that phyſicians allow two ſorts of diſeaſes, which they call, "communes, & ſparſim vagantes," common diſeaſes, and ſuch as wander here and there, and come not after an ordinary manner: theſe laſt Hippocrates in his language calls σποραδικὰς· the diſeaſes they call common, are thoſe that are peculiar and naturally incident to one place or country; for which reaſon they are likewiſe called Endemii, that is to ſay, regional; and, becauſe they often ſeize many perſons, popular or vulgar; but by the Greeks ἐπιδημικοὶ, i. e. public or univerſal. Now if theſe diſeaſes, beſides that they ſeize many perſons at the ſame time, and in one and the ſame place, have this to boot, that they kill many perſons likewiſe, they are then called a plague; by the Greeks λοιμὸς; by the Latins "peſtis, à paſcendo," in like manner as, according to Iſidorus, peſtilentia is ſaid, "quaſi paſtulantia, quòd veluti incendium depaſcit," becauſe it conſumes and devours like a burning flame. But in the art of phyſic, diſeaſes likewiſe admit of another diſtinction; taken from their longer or ſhorter duration; for ſome diſeaſes are lingering, and of long continuance; for which reaſon, they are called chronic, from χρόνος, time: others diſpatch the patient in a little time, or elſe he recovers, and therefore they are called acute: I now return to Lucretius, who ſeems to imply, that the only tokens of an offended and angry deity, that he has left unmentioned, are epidemical diſeaſes and plagues: and if there be nothing wonderful and divine in theſe things neither, we may then indeed diſclaim, and bid adieu to all providence. But our poet tells us, that there is no need of much ceremony, nor to beat about the buſh, to diſcover the cauſes of plagues: for, ſays he, in eight verſes, as in the univerſe, there are many corpuſcles that are healthful to man, and other animals, ſo there are many too that are noxious and deadly. Now, when theſe noxious corpuſcles, whether they ariſe out of the earth, or whether they fall down from the ſkies, fill the air, it grows diſeaſed and infectious; and thus plagues and contagions enter into the bowels of men and other animals. If we will not allow of theſe foreign corpuſcles, he bids us, in ſeven verſes, ſearch into the air itſelf, and we ſhall find the cauſe of this great calamity and deſtruction: for the air of different countries is different, and that which is healthful to the native inhabitants, is unhealthful to foreigners, who are not uſed to it: and this, ſays, our poet, in nine verſes, is the reaſon, that certain diſeaſes are peculiar to certain countries: then he teaches, in ſeven verſes, that when the air of our region is blown into another, the whole air of the ſky muſt of neceſſity be corrupted; and thus, ſays he, in twelve verſes, the ſprings and herbs are infected; or the corrupted air itſelf proves mortal. Laſtly, he confirms this diſputation, by the example of that memorable plague which happened in Athens, during the heat of the Peloponneſian war, and deſcribes it at large in one hundred and ſixty-five verſes.

Here we muſt obſerve, that our tranſlator has not fully rendered the beginning of this diſputation; which in the original is as follows:

Nunc, ratio quæ ſit morbis, aut unde repentè
Mortiferam poſſit cladem conflare coorta
Morbida vis hominum generi pecudumque catervis,
Expediam.

In which verſes the poet propoſes, that he is now going to treat of the cauſes of thoſe diſeaſes, that are mortal both to men, "pecudumque catervis," and to beaſts. of which laſt our interpreter has taken no notice; though it be certain, that plagues are not peculiar to man alone; but promiſcuous and common to beaſts likewiſe; as ſhall be ſhown by and by in our note on ver. 1087.

Ver. 1053. In theſe eight verſes the poet ſays, that the cauſe of diſeaſes may be aſcribed to the very noxious nature of the air itſelf; and teaches, how the air comes to be morbiferous: for, ſays he, many atoms, that bring both diſeaſe and death, are continually flying to and fro in the air; as many others are likewiſe, that are healthful and vital, or conducing to the maintenance and preſervation of life: but thoſe diſeaſed and ſickly

atoms fall from without into the air; being either sent from above out of the sky, or raised up from beneath out of the earth, whenever it has contracted any filthy and unwholesome stench, by being drenched with excessive and unseasonable rains, and pierced by the scorching beams of the sun. Hippocrates too held the air that surrounds us, to be the most general and common cause of all diseases: for the air, says he, varying from its proper nature, whilst it is altered, corrupted, or defiled, infects almost all the animals that breathe within the circuit of it: but whether there be any other common causes of diseases, or the air alone be to blame, we will examine by and by.

Ver. 1061. In these seven verses, the poet being about to advance a position, that may seem incredible to such as have had no experience of it, concerning the diseased and noxious power, that by some means or other is imparted to the air, and perceptible to none of the senses, alleges by way of example, the inconveniencies and harms, that happen to us in an air, to which we have not been accustomed, even though that air be not in the least tainted or corrupted: and he confirms, that the air of one climate is different from that of another: for, no doubt, the air, that surrounds Great Britain, says he, is quite different from the air of Egypt: nor is the air in Pontus less different from that of Gades and Æthiopia: the truth of which is daily experienced by such as travel into foreign countries, and from this difference of air proceed the different colours and complexions of men. Aristotle too argues to the same purpose in his treatise, "de aëre, aquis, & locis."

Ver. 1063. This reason is not to be controverted; for the difference of air, and change of water, are often prejudicial to travellers into foreign countries: the banished Ovid had therefore just reason to complain, that

"Nec cœlum ferimus, nec aquis affuescimus istis."

Ver. 1064. This, and the three following verses run thus in the original:

Nam quid Britannis cœlum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quâ mundi claudicat axis?
Quidve, quod in Ponto, est differre à Gadibus, atque
Usque ad nigra virûm percoctaque fæcla calore?

In which verses the poet confirms by examples, his last assertion, concerning the difference of air in different climates: and instances in the air of Egypt as opposed to that of Great Britain; from whence Egypt is distant the whole extent of the Mediterranean sea: besides, by Egypt, which is a country of Africa, he means the south part of the world, and by Britain the north: by Pontus which is a country of Greece, he means the east part of the world; and by the Gades, which are islands in the occidental ocean, where Europe is divided from Africa, he means the west part of it: for he chose to mention those four places, because they were the most noted, that in his days were believed to be the farthest distant from one another: that is to say, two from the north to the south, Britain and Egypt, which is the distance of latitude: and two from the east to the west, Pontus and Gades, which is the distance of longitude.

Ver. 1065. *Nile*] Of this river we have spoken at large in the note on ver. 722 of this book.

Ver. 1066. Pontus is a country of Asia the Less, lying between Bithynia, Paphlagonia, and the Luxine sea.

Ver. 1067. Lucretius means the air of Mauritania, or Æthiopia, in which countries the natives are black.

Ver 1068. In these nine verses the poet produces instances of certain countries, that are obnoxious to certain diseases, by reason of the very nature of the air: thus, says he, the leprosy is frequent in Egypt only; the Athenians are subject to the gout, &c.

Ver 1070. Galen seems to subscribe to this opinion of Lucretius, who believes, that the leprosy is a disease that infests the country of Egypt only; for, in his second book to Glauco, chap. xiii. he says, That in Alexandria, a city of Egypt, many are afflicted with the leprosy, by reason of the food they eat, and of the heat of the country: But in Germany and Mysia this disease is very seldom known; nor has it scarce ever appeared among the Scythians, who are drinkers of milk: Yet it is very frequent at Alexandria, for the reason above mentioned; for they feed upon boiled meal, and lentiles, and periwinkles, and eat many things that are dried with salt: nay, some of them eat asses flesh, and some other things, that breed a thick and melancholic humour. And the air of the country being hot, the motion of the humours is driven towards the skin. Thus Galen. But Celsus, lib iii. cap. 24, is more in the right as to this disease; for, though he says indeed, that it is almost unknown in Italy, yet he owns it to be very frequent in several other countries. In the last age, the leprosy was not uncommon in Germany; and A. Pareus relates, that in Spain, and all over Africa, there are more lepers than in the rest of the world; and more in Guienne, and the south parts of France, than in all the other parts of that kingdom. If we may believe Pliny, lib. xix. cap. 16. it was altogether unknown in Italy, till the time of Pompey the Great; when it was first brought thither, but soon cured and extinguished. Yet history informs us, that it broke out again in that country, in the days of Constantine the Great, who was himself afflicted with it; till, having refused to make use of the impious bath of human blood, that was prescribed to him as a remedy for that disease, he was, in the Lateran church, bathed in the fount of holy baptism, by the Roman pontiff Sylvester, and cured at once of either leprosy. Nor is it unlikely, but that the emperor might have been advised to that cruel immersion in the blood of infants, by some Egyptian or other; especially if what Pliny says be true: That when this disease, which was peculiar to Egypt, happened to seize any of the kings of that country, it was fatal to their subjects; for to cure it, they were wont to bathe their thrones in human blood: "Ægypti

peculiare hoc malum, et cum in reges incidiſſet, populis funebre: quippe in balneis ſolia temperabuntur humano ſanguine ad medicinam eam." Plin. Nat Hiſt. lib. xix. cap. 16. Moſes in Exod. chap. ix. ver. 10. calls it "ulcus inflationum germinans in homine;" which Jun. and Tremel. explain, "erumpens multis puſtulis" ſprouting out with many blains, &c. This diſeaſe is one of the curſes with which the diſobedience to God is threatened. Deut. chap. xviii. ver. 27 "The Lord ſhall ſmite thee with the botch of Egypt," &c. which likewiſe confirms what Lucretius here ſays; and perhaps gave occaſion to the calumny which Trogus Pompeius, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, and other heathens caſt upon the Hebrews, that they were expelled out of Egypt for being ſcabby and leprous; which miſtake was eaſy: inſtead of being diſmiſſed for having brought thoſe diſeaſes upon the Egyptians. The Latins call it "elephantiaſis," becauſe it makes the ſurface of the body rough with black wanniſh ſpots, and dry parched ſcales and ſcurf, like the ſkin of an elephant. It is a contagious diſeaſe, and incurable, if not taken in time; for it ſpreads over the whole ſkin, almoſt like a cancer.

Ibid. *Egypt.*] This country was ſo called from Ægyptus, the brother of Danaus, whom the ſame Ægyptus ſlew, and reigned there ſixty-eight years. It was called before, Melas, Aëria, Aëra, Ogygia, Hephœſtia, Melamboles, and by ſeveral other names The Hebrews called it Miſraim and Chus. It is divided by Mela into two parts, Delta and Thebais: In the time of Amaſis it had 20000 cities, and in the time of Pliny 3000. It is bounded on the eaſt with the Red Sea on the weſt with Cyrene, on the north with the Mediterranean, and on the ſouth with Habaſſia

Ver. 1071 *Nilus.*] Of this river ſee above, in the note on ver. 922

Ver. 1072. *Athens.*] Of this city we have ſpoken in the note on the firſt verſe of this book.

Ver. 1073. *Offends the feet.*] In like manner as the Ægyptians, ſays Lucretius, by reaſon of the air of their country, were ſubject to the leproſy, ſo too were the Athenians, for the very ſame cauſe, ſubject to the gout.

Ibid. *Achaia hurts the ſight.*] A part of Peloponneſus was called by this name; as was likewiſe the whole country of Greece; from one Achaus, the ſon of Jupiter, or Zuthus, who reigned there. What Lucretius ſays of the countries being hurtful to the eyes, we muſt take his word for. I know nothing to the contrary.

Ver. 1074. What our poet ſays in theſe three verſes, may be confirmed by many examples: The air of Florence is prejudicial to the brain, but very beneficial to the legs; and the air of Piſa is diametrically oppoſite to that of Florence, notwithſtanding that thoſe two cities are not at moſt above forty miles diſtant from each other, ſays Nardius. Thus too the air of Paris, ſays Fayus, is very dangerous to wounds in the head, &c.

Ver. 1077. In theſe four verſes, he concludes, that all peſtilential diſtempers proceed from the inclemency of the air; which, being unhealthful to us, creeps unheeded by us into our limbs and bodies, in like manner as a miſt, or ſmoke; and wherever it enters, it diſturbs and changes all things, and cauſes us all to fall ſick. Or, that when that infected air comes into our country, it corrupts the whole air of it; from whence ariſes a regional diſtemper, which ſpreads itſelf through many places.

Ver. 1081. In theſe twelve verſes the poet, leſt thoſe ſeeds of peſtilence ſhould be thought to be grown weary with the length of their journey, and to remain pendulous in the lazy air, aſſigns them fixed and certain ſtations, where they fall and ſettle: For, ſays he, ſome of them fall into the waters, others on the fruits of the earth, and the ſeveral ſorts of the foods of animals: And this is the reaſon, why a plague ſometimes equally ſeizes both men and cattle. Thus he acknowledges the air to be the ſole cauſe of plagues.

WHETHER PLAGUES ARE PROMISCUOUS AND COMMON TO ALL SORTS OF ANIMALS.

Our authors of beſt credit teſtify, that murrains, which are plagues in cattle, precede, accompany, or follow any peſtilential mortality in men. They precede, when noxious and ſickly vapours exhale from the earth; which vapours, the cattle, as they feed, receive firſt into their bodies, and are ſeized with a deadly diſeaſe. A mortality of this nature was obſerved to happen in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1617; when, after exceſſive rains, that had continued for many days together, without almoſt any intermiſſion, and had laid under water all the plains of the country, the cattle eat the graſs, as it ſprung out of the ground, while it was yet ſlimy, and full of mud: This cauſed a putrilaginous diſeaſe in their jaws and throats, which ſoon ſuffocated and killed them; and neceſſity compelling the Neapolitans to ſlaughter ſome of theſe infected cattle for the butchery, whoever eat of the fleſh of them, were ſeized with the ſame diſeaſe, which by this means ſpread itſelf in a ſhort time over the whole kingdom, and ſwept away a vaſt number of the inhabitants. Pliny too mentions a like peſtilence, which fell on beaſts one year, and on men the next; "quæ priore anno in boves ingruerat, eo verterat in homines," ſays he, Nat. Hiſt. lib. xli. cap. 9. And Silius Italicus, ſpeaking of a plague, ſays,

Vim primam ſenſere canes; mox nubibus atris
Fluxit deficiens, penna labente, volucris;
Inde feræ ſylvis ſterni————

And Ovid to the ſame purpoſe ſings:

Strage canum primò, volucrumque, aviumque, boumque,
Inque feris ſubiti deprenſa potentia morbi eſt.

To which I add the following verſes of Dryden, deſcribing the plague at Thebes, in his tragedy of Œdipus:

———The raw damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their peſtilential colds and rheums
Through all the lazy air: Hence murrains follow
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds:
At laſt the malady———
Grew more domeſtic; and the faithful dog
Dy'd at his maſter's feet; and next, his maſter:
For all thoſe plagues, which earth and air had brooded,
Firſt on inferior creatures try'd their force,
And laſt they ſeiz'd on man.——

Beſides, as the murrain in brute beaſts often precedes the plague in man; ſo too, as moſt authors have rightly obſerved, it no leſs frequently accompanies it; and the rational and irrational animals mutually impart the infection to one another. Thus Thucydides, ſpeaking of the plague of Athens, which our poet is going to deſcribe, ſays, That the birds and beaſts, that uſe to feed on human fleſh, though many bodies lay above ground unburied, either avoided to come at them, or, if they taſted, periſhed: *Τὰ γὰρ ὄρνεα, καὶ τετράποδα, ὅσα ἀνθρώπων ἅπτεται, πολλῶν ἀτάφων γιγνομένων, ἢ οὐ προσήει, ἢ, γευσάμενα διεφθείρετο.* Thucyd. To which he adds, That by the dogs this effect was ſeen much clearer, becauſe they are familiar with men: *οἱ δὲ κύνες*, ſays he, *μᾶλλον αἰσθησιν παρεῖχεν τῷ ἀποβαίνοντος, διὰ τὸ ξυνδιαιτᾶσθαι.* Boccace, in the Proœmium to his Decameron, ſpeaking of the violent plague that raged in Italy, in the year 1348, ſays expreſsly, and of his own knowledge, that the nature of the peſtilence was ſuch, that it imparted its contagion not only from man to man; but that if the clothes of a perſon infected with that diſeaſe, or dead of it, were touched by any animal of another ſpecies, it not only infected that animal with the ſame diſtemper, but killed him in a very ſhort time. Then he adds, what he had been an eye-witneſs of: That the tattered clothes of a poor man, who died of that peſtilence, being thrown into the high-way, two hogs came up to them, and after they had, as their cuſtom is, tumbled them about with their ſnouts, taking them in their teeth, and ſhaken them about their cheeks, they in a very little time, after ſeveral times turning round, both dropped down dead upon them, as if they had eaten poiſon. "Dico," ſays he, "che di tanta efficacia fù la qualità della peſtilentia narrata, nello appiccarſi da uno all' altro, che non ſolamente l' huomo à l' huomo, ma queſto, che è molto più, aſſai volte viſibilmente fece, cioè, che la cosa dell' huomo infermo ſtato, ò morto di tale infermità, tocca da un' altro animale fuori della ſpetie dell' huomo, non ſolamente della infermit il contaminaſſe, ma quello infra breviſſimo ſpatio uccideſſe, di che gli occhi miei, ſi come poco davanti è detto, preſero tra l' altre volte un' di coſi fatta eſperienza, che eſſendo gli ſtracci d' un povero huomo, da tale infermità morto, gittati nella via publica, et abbatendoſi ad eſſi due porci, è quegli ſecondo il lor coſtume prima molto col grifo, et poi coi denti preſigli, et ſcoſſigli alle guancie, in piccola hora appreſſo, dopo alcuno auvolgimento, come ſe veleno haveſſer preſo, amenduni ſopra gli mal tirati ſtracci, morti caddero in terra." Hippocrates nevertheleſs, will not allow contagious diſeaſes to be promiſcuous and common to all ſorts of animals; for he, in his Treatiſe de Flatibus, having aſked this queſtion, Why infectious diſtempers ſeize not all animals alike, but only ſome one ſpecies of them? immediately anſwers: That one body differs from another body, one nature from another nature, and one nutriment from another nutriment: Nor are the ſame things alike beneficial or hurtful to all the ſeveral ſpecies of animals; but ſome things agree with ſome animals, better than they do with others: Therefore, when the air is filled with ſuch filth and pollutions, as are noxious to human nature, men only fall ſick; but when it is hurtful and offenſive to any one of the other ſpecies of animals, then the diſeaſe ſeizes that ſpecies only. Thus Hippocrates; and indeed the propoſition he advances is true, whenever a diſeaſe ſeizes one ſort of animals only, and leaves all the other ſafe and unhurt: But when ſeveral ſorts of them labour under one common diſeaſe, that diſeaſe muſt have proceeded from the like cauſes; and therefore their natures in ſome reſpects may be ſaid to be alike alſo: And hence it is, that contagious diſeaſes in brute animals ſometimes precede, ſometimes march hand in hand with, and ſometimes follow, peſtilential diſtempers in the human kind. Lucretius, therefore, is in the right to ſay, that plagues are promiſcuous and common

——Hominum generi, pecudumque catervis.

WHETHER THE AIR BE THE SOLE CAUSE OF PLAGUES.

Lucretius, as we have already ſeen, is of opinion, that all infections and peſtilential diſeaſes and plagues owe their origin to the inquinations and corruptions of the air: But, before him, Hippocrates himſelf had advanced the ſame doctrine; for, in his Book de Flatibus, after a long narration of the effects that the air produces, as well in the great world, as in the leſſer, the body of man, he at length falls on the ſubject of diſeaſes, all which he affirms to be bred and generated in the bodies of animals by means of the air: Firſt, ſays he, I will begin with the moſt common feverous diſeaſe, which accompanies in ſome meaſure all diſeaſes whatever. For there are two ſorts of fevers; one, that is promiſcuous and common to all, and is called the plague; the other, by reaſon of unhealthful diet, is peculiar only to ſuch as uſe that diet; but of both theſe kinds of fevers, the air is the ſole author and cauſe: For the common fever, or plague, therefore happens to all, becauſe they all breathe the ſame air; and it is certain, that the like air, being alike mingled in like bodies, muſt beget the like fevers. Thus the great Hippocrates, whoſe authority nevertheleſs is not of ſuch validity, as

to command our aſſent to this primacy of the air in all manner of peſtilential diſeaſes; for, let us grant, that a peſtilent fever may be cauſed by the air, will it follow from thence, that every peſtilent fever is ſo? and that they all proceed from the air only? In the firſt place, the logicians allow, that an indefinite propoſition, when the conſequent is not of neceſſity, is not of the ſame force with an univerſal: therefore, though we will admit, that a common fever is ſometimes cauſed by the air, there is not any neceſſity, from the teſtimony alleged, but that we may ſubſtitute other cauſes of a peſtilent fever, and even of the plague itſelf. Galen, in his Treatiſe de diff. Febr. obſerves, that peſtilential fevers proceed ſometimes from a great abundance of humours, whenever thoſe humours have acquired, from the ambient air, the leaſt tendency to corruption. And the ſame author, ſpeaking of the above-cited opinion of Hippocrates, ſays: He was miſtaken in aſcribing the cauſe of epidemical diſeaſes to the air only; for, when a famine raged in Ænus in Thrace, all that fed upon roots, loſt the uſe of their legs; and ſuch as eat vetches, were ſeized with violent pains in their knees. I have known too, continues he, that when, in a famine, people have been forced to eat corn that was half-rotten, they have fallen into a common diſeaſe, from that common cauſe; and ſometimes too, when a whole army had been compelled to drink corrupted water, all the ſoldiers have been alike afflicted with a like diſeaſe. Thus Galen, who lived himſelf at Rome, when, in the reign of Marcus Antoninus, a raging plague, that was occaſioned by a famine, deſolated that city, and ſwept away multitudes of the Roman citizens. This, therefore, may ſuffice to invalidate the prerogative, which Hippocrates acknowledges to be due to the air, of its being the only promoter of plagues, ſince it is evident, that unwholeſome food, and vitiated waters, have no ſmall ſhare in cauſing epidemical diſeaſes. Let us now inquire, what, how much, and how, the air contributes to the communicating, or promoting of a plague.

Though the air be not the ſole cauſe of a plague, yet it cannot be denied, but that it is very inſtrumental, as well in continuing its duration, as in bringing it into a country: But an univerſal plague, generally ſpeaking, can owe its origin to nothing but contagion; for it muſt of neceſſity be firſt introduced, either by contact, or what foments and cheriſhes the infection. Nor is it in the leaſt repugnant to this, that a particular plague is cauſed by the ambient air, provided it be granted, that ſuch an infectious air comes from a near, not from a far diſtant, country; the want of reflecting on which diſtinction has, perhaps, been the cauſe of the miſtake, and variance of opinions: For that tainted air, being agitated by the winds, blended with the immenſe maſs of pure air, and coming from a great diſtance, cannot retain its ancient gravity; but the inquinations it had contracted, muſt be entirely broken, diſperſed, and diſſolved; which nevertheleſs, it cannot wholly loſe in a ſhort time, and coming from a moderate diſtance. This is demonſtrated by the example of ſtrong odours, which ſtrike the ſenſe, if they come from a near place, but not when they come from one that is far diſtant; for thoſe vapours, being agitated for any length of time, will be loſt and deſtroyed; and their moſt tenuious ſubſtance will, according to the cuſtom and nature of mixtures, convert and reſolve it into its proper element, And therefore the air ſucceeds, but not precedes, a contagion, and may propagate a plague peculiarly, and by degrees; but not bring it univerſally, and all at once, into a healthful and uninfected country: In a word, the ſum of all is, that the air does not begin, but propagates the contagion, that is already begun; eſpecially when it is tainted with the pollutions, that proceed from the corruption of infected bodies.

Ver. 1089. In this and the three following verſes, the poet ſays, that we incur a like danger, when we travel into a country, whoſe air is unhealthy, or diſagrees with our conſtitution, as we do, when nature introduces into our bodies a tainted and corrupted air, or any other new thing, to which we have not been accuſtomed, and that is hurtful to us.

Ver. 1093. Hitherto he has been treating of the corruption of the air, or the cauſe of a plague, which is a diſeaſe that gains ground in ſuch a manner, that, ariſing for the moſt part from ſmall beginnings, it increaſes by degrees, and ſpreads itſelf far and wide. Now, from this verſe to the end of the book, the poet gives us a deſcription of that memorable plague, which broke out in Attica, in the firſt year of the Peloponneſian war; and laid waſte that whole country, as well as the city of Athens, the metropolis of it. Thucydides, who was himſelf both a ſpectator and ſharer of it, has deſcribed it no leſs accurately than elegantly, in the ſecond book of his hiſtory: Hippocrates too, who was likewiſe an eye-witneſs of it, not only, as a private man, lent his aſſiſtance, and, for the public good, extinguiſhed and put to flight that raging peſtilence, for which reaſon he obtained divine honours of the Athenians; but has alſo left a lively relation of it in his third Book de Morb. Popul. Our Lucretius embraced the ſame argument, and, in the following deſcription of that plague, has copied after thoſe two authors, but more particularly after Thucydides, whom he has imitated ſo happily, that Macrobius Saturnal. lib. vi. cap. 2. ſays that Virgil has borrowed from him in his ſecond Georgic, as Ovid moſt viſibly has in his ſeventh Metamorphoſes. Now, in theſe twelve verſes, Lucretius teaches, that the plague of Athens, which he is now beginning to deſcribe, proceeded from the ſame cauſes, he has mentioned already; but plagues generally come from foreign countries, and therefore he ſays this came from Egypt to Athens; yet, according to Thucydides, it came from a remoter diſtance; for he brings it from Æthiopia, which is beyond Egypt.

Lucretius ſays,

Finibu' Cecropiis funeſtos reddit agros,

For Athens was firſt called Cecropia, from Cecrops, who built it, and was the firſt king, and legiſlator of the people of Attica, whom, ſays Suidas, he aſſembled together, and divided them into twelve tribes: but before his days they lived ſcattered up and down in villages.

Ver. 1095. *Poiſonous wind.* This Lucretius calls "morbifer æſtus," but what he means by it is uncertain, though he ſeems to intend that deadly heat and ſtrength of the diſeaſe, which, like a raging fire conſumed and deſtroyed all it ſeized on. Therefore, by the word "æſtus" may be underſtood, either the heat of the plague; ſince a plague is either a fever, or never without a fever: or elſe we may underſtand the great abundance of the infectious air; ſince the poet has above imputed the cauſe of the plague to the very corruption of the air; and this ſeems to have been the opinion of our tranſlator: or, laſtly, and rather than any of the two other explications, we may interpret it to mean the vehement heat of the air; ſince Æthiopia and Ægypt, from whence the plague came to Athens, are countries exceſſively hot.

Ver. 1097. Thus too Thucydides: Ἤρξατο δὲ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον, ὡς λέγεται, ἐξ Αἰθιοπίας τῆς ὑπὲρ Αἰγύπτου, ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ ἐς Αἰγύπτου καὶ Λιβύην καὶ ἐπὶ βα, καὶ ἐς τὴν Βασιλέως γῆν τὴν πολλήν· ἐς δὲ τὴν Ἀθηναίων πόλιν ἐξαπιναίως ἐνέπεσε· It began, by report, firſt in that part of Æthiopia, that borders upon Egypt, and then fell down into Egypt and Libya; and into the greateſt part of the territories of the king: It invaded Athens on a ſudden.

Ver. 1099. Lucretius has given no occaſion for this and the following verſe; which are borrowed from the biſhop of Rocheſter's plague of Athens, where, in Stanza iv. we read,

The loaded wind went ſlowly on,
And, as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.

Ver. 1101. Hitherto the poet has been treating of the cauſes of plagues in general; and particularly of that of Athens, which he is about to deſcribe: Now the learned in phyſic tell us, that an infectious diſeaſe may be caught three ſeveral ways: the firſt they call, "per diſtantiam," by which they mean, when the tainted or corrupted air is breathed and ſwallowed by ſuch as are at ſome diſtance from the perſons infected: the ſecond, "per contactum," that is, when we are near, and touch thoſe that are viſited with the plague. Hence, as Ovid ſays,

——Inque ipſos ſæva medentes
Erumpit clades; obſuntque auctoribus artes.

To which he adds ſoon after;

Quò proprior quiſque eſt, ſervitque fidelius ægrum,
In partem lethi citiùs venit.——

The third they call, "per fomitem," by which they would have us underſtand, when the vitiated, infectious air is a long time preſerved in clothes, wool, &c.

Ver. 1103. To the ſame purpoſe Dryden, deſcribing the deſolation and havoc of a plague, ſays finely:

And then a thouſand deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry dart took place; all was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a man fell: one but began
To wonder, and ſtraight fell a wonder too:
A third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying friend,
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan?
A troop of ghoſts took flight together there:
Now death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle ſtakes, but families and tribes:
With dead and dying men our ſtreets lie cover'd;
And earth expoſes bodies on the pavements,
More than ſhe hides in graves.——
Between the bride and bridegroom have I ſeen
The nuptial torch do common offices
Of marriage and of death. Caſt round your eyes,
Where late the ſtreets were ſo thick ſown with men,
Like Cadmus' brood, they juſtled for their paſſage,
Now look for thoſe erected heads, and ſee them,
Like pebbles, paving all our public ways.
Tragedy of Oedipus.

For it is the nature and property of a plague, grown adult, and in the height of its raging, that many perſons ſhould be viſited by it at once, and many die of it: But it has been diſputed by phyſicians, whether it can be called a plague at its firſt breaking out, and while only one or two are ſick of it; which ſome poſitively affirm, but others as ſtrenuouſly deny. It cannot indeed be controverted, but there are definitions of things grown to perfection: Thus mankind, while yet in their infancy, can ſcarcely be ſaid to be endued with reaſon. In like manner a plague, juſt breaking out, is not indeed common, but will be ſo, unleſs it be timely prevented: However, it is truly a plague, though but ten perſons are ſick of it, nay, if but one.

Ver. 1105. Here the poet, in eighteen verſes, enumerates the ſeveral and chief ſymptoms and tokens that were obſerved in thoſe that were viſited with this plague of Athens. I. An extreme heat in their head. II. An inflammation of the eyes. III. Ulcers in the throat, and an emanation of blood from thence. IV. A roughneſs of the tongue, and ſuch a heavineſs, that they could ſcarce move it; together with ulcers; and putrid blood flowing from thence likewiſe. V. A noiſome ſtinking breath. VI. Fainting fits, or ſwoonings. VII. Dejection of the mind. VIII. Groans and complainings. IX. Frequent, convulſive yexings, or hickets.

Thus too Thucydides: Πρῶτον μὲν τῆς κεφαλῆς θερμαὶ ἰσχυραὶ, καὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρυθήματα, καὶ φλόγωσις ἐλάμβανε. They were firſt taken with an extreme heat in their heads, and with a redneſs and inflammation of the eyes. Thus, ſays that hiſtorian, upon whom the biſhop of Rocheſter has paraphraſed as follows;

Upon the head, firſt, the diſeaſe,
As a bold conqueror, does ſeize,
Begins with man's metropolis,
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew,
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue:
Blood ſtarted through each eye:
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.

Ver. 1107. This verſe our tranſlator has added to his author.

Ver. 1108. In like manner Thucydides: Καὶ τὰ ἐντὸς, ἤτε φάρυγξ, καὶ ἡ γλῶσσα ἐυθὺς αἱματώδη ἦν. i. e. And inwardly their throats and tongues grew preſently bloody. This third is indeed a dreadful ſymptom, and an infallible mark that the economy of the whole body was vitiated. Mattheus Villanus relates, that in the plague which raged in Italy in the year 1348, they were afflicted almoſt in the ſame manner; and that when they were ſeized with the diſeaſe, they either died ſuddenly, or the next day, or lived but to the third at fartheſt. This too is confirmed by Guido Cauliacus, lib. ii. cap. 5. the Pope's chirurgeon, and an eye-witneſs of it; who, beſides, voluntarily depoſes, that the mortality was ſo great in all the places infected, that ſcarce a fourth part of the inhabitants were left alive.

Lucretius ſays,

Sudabant etiam fauces intrinſecùs atro
Sanguine.——

i. e. And inwardly their jaws and throats ſweated out black blood: where the word "ſudabant," they ſweated, is not ſpoken figuratively, but properly; for the blood was forced out "per diapedeſim," i. e. by tranſolation, or exudation; for ſo they generally interpreted that word. Now this ſweating, or oozing out of blood, was occaſioned by the weakneſs and decay of the retentive power that reſides in the ſmall veins: beſides, the whole maſs of blood being enormouſly vitiated, it ſtimulated and urged nature to that excretion.

Ver. 1109. This fourth ſymptom of the Athenian plague, of which Thucydides is ſilent, Lucretius has taken from Hippocrates, de Morb. Popul. lib. iii. cap. 3, 10, 11. where that author repreſents it to be no leſs fatal than the former, and ſays it proceeded from the ſame cauſe.

Ver. 1111. Lucretius ſays, "motu gravis," heavy in motion. Galen, in Com. 1. takes notice of this ſymptom, and ſays, it was cauſed by the imbecility of the animal faculty, and the exorbitant plenty of the humours that the tongue had imbibed.

Ibid. *Rough.*] Though the tongue, ſays Galen in the place above cited, had imbibed a great abundance of humour, yet that humour being exceeding hot, hindered not the tongue from being rough and ſcurfy, as it conſtantly was, by reaſon of the too much heat that exhaled from the "præcordia."

Ibid. *Scarce could make a moan.*] This thought our tranſlator has added to Lucretius, and taken it from the B. of R. who, in his plague of Athens, Stanza 11. ſays,

The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As does a lion's, when ſome inn'cent prey
He has devour'd, and brought away.
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life:
No room was left for groans or grief:
Too cruel and imperious ill,
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and deadly pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain!

Ver. 1113. What Lucretius repreſents in theſe ſeven verſes, Thucydides relates as follows: Καὶ ἔν ᾧ πολλῷ χρόνῳ καθέβαινεν ἐς τὰ στήθη ὁ πόνος μετὰ βήχος ἰσχυροῦ. καὶ ὁπότε ἐς τὴν καρδίαν στηρίξειεν, ἀνέστρεφέ τε αὐτὴν, καὶ ἀποκαθάρσεις χολῆς πᾶσαι, ὅσαι ὑπὸ ἰατρῶν ὠνομασμέναι εἰσὶν ἐπήισαν καὶ αὗται μετὰ ταλαιπωρίας μεγάλης that is to ſay, not long after the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breaſt; and, when it once ſettled in the ſtomach, it cauſed vomit; and all manner of bilious purgation that phyſicians ever named came up with great torment. Lucretius takes no notice, neither of the vehement coughing, which no doubt proceeded from a convulſion of the trachea or windpipe, nor of the other ſymptoms of ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, which are likewiſe mentioned by Thucydides. Ἔπειτα, ſays he, ἐξ αὐτῶν πήαρμος καὶ βράγχος ἐπεγίγνετο.

Ver. 1114 *The heart.*] He means the ſtomach: For here our tranſlator has literally followed his author, who makes uſe in this place of the word "cor," which ſometimes ſignifies the ſtomach; as the καρδία of the Greeks, which ſignifies likewiſe both "cor" and "ſtomachus." Thus the Scholiaſt, on the foregoing paſſage of Thucydides ſays, Οἱ παλαιοὶ ἰατροὶ τὸν στόμαχον καρδίαν ἐκάλεν, καὶ καρδιαγμὸν τὸν πόνον τῆ στομάχῃ· i. e. The ancient phyſicians called the ſtomach the heart, and a pain in the ſtomach, a pain in the heart.

Ver. 1115 When the diſeaſe was got down into the ſtomach, there followed a ſtinkingneſs of breath, ſays Lucretius, like the ſtench that exhales from dead bodies. Thus too the B. of R.

Then down it went into the breaſt;
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd:
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the body were a tomb.

Now theſe offenſive ſmells muſt have proceeded, either from the putrefaction of the humours, or of the lungs, or rather of both; which ſeems more conſonant to reaſon, as well as to the opinion of Hippocrates, who, Epidem. 3. 5. 3 relating the ſymptoms of this plague, makes mention of many putrified parts: nor can it be doubted but that the infected Athenians were then troubled with a peripneumony, by reaſon of the great defluxion of vitiated blood that fell upon the lungs. Now a ſtinking breath is held to be an ill ſymptom in all diſeaſes, but worſt in epidemical: For, if what Galen, 3 de Præſag. ex

Pulſib. cap. 4. obſerves, be true, that whatever is vitiated does not putrify, but that noiſome ſmells are a certain mark of putrefaction; a rottenneſs of humours, or of parts, muſt have been added, by way of over-meaſure, to this fatal corruption. It has been obſerved, that many, who, when they were in health, had ſtinking breaths, have died a ſudden death; the reaſon of which was, becauſe the whole ſubſtance of their lungs was by degrees putrified: but, what a long catarrh can perform in the courſe of a man's life, a plague may accompliſh all at once, by reaſon of its greater efficacy; and therefore a ſtinking breath is certainly a dangerous ſymptom in peſtilential diſeaſes.

Ver. 1118. What Lucretius here ſays of the general dread that had ſeized the Athenians, affords us an opportunity to make the following inquiry.

WHETHER FEAR PROMOTES AND PROPAGATES A PLAGUE.

Consternation and dejection of mind are never beneficial, not even in health; but they are prejudicial in all diſeaſes, and worſt of all in a plague: Hence Lucretius more than once makes mention of it; and gives us a handle to inquire, I. Why is it ſo? And, II. Whether what ſome have aſſerted to be true, viz. That the plague is caught by bare imagination only? To begin with the laſt: They who hold the affirmative, are not content it ſhould be granted, that, by the ſtrong apprehenſion of the patient, an infectious diſeaſe may be brought upon him; but they inſiſt likewiſe, that it may be imparted to him by witches, or other ill-minded perſons: theſe opinions ſpring from this belief; that our fancy can affect, and work upon, not only our own body, but thoſe likewiſe of others. Theſe things might paſs for idle tales, were it not, that, under the maſk and diſguiſe of imagination, were concealed the arts of the ſworn enemy of mankind, by whoſe perſuaſion and aſſiſtance plagues and ſorceries are ſometimes propagated in the world: I doubt not of the ill, malicious habit of mind which his votaries may have contracted; but that alone, without his more powerful aid, to whom, for the horrid ſins of mankind, is permitted a power to do hurt, is unable to affect others.

The other opinion, which imputes the infection of a plague to the ſtrong apprehenſion of the patient, ſeems, at firſt ſight, to carry with it a greater ſemblance of truth; for no man ever controverted the ſtrength of imagination in regard to its operations on a man's own body; thus we ſhudder, and our very blood cruddles within us, on the bare remembrance of any horrible action; we rejoice, even when the object of our joy is abſent; we grow angry, though no man provokes us; let us but fancy ourſelves applauded, we exult for joy: and Nardius relates, that he knew a fanciful ſilly woman, who ſoon experimented in her own body the diſeaſes under which ſhe had heard her acquaintance or relations were labouring. Such things have certainly a reliſh of hypocriſy or madneſs: For what the ſticklers for the ſtrength of fancy fooliſhly allege, of I know not what intentional form, as they term it, that is able to introduce itſelf into any matter that is prepared and made ready to receive it, are mere trifles, and fictitious day-dreams of ſuperſtitious men: For no man in his ſenſes ever threatens, or heartily wiſhes ill to himſelf; nor does he wilfully and induſtriouſly endeavour to increaſe a peſtilential diſeaſe; but he hates, abhors, and fears it; which laſt is, perhaps, the trueſt cauſe of the propagation and continuance of a plague.

Fear and ſorrow are powerful agents, and produce wonderful effects in the minds of men: for, as Galen obſerves, a violent fear kills immediately; and one that is leſs vehement, but of long duration, is no leſs fatal. Fear dejects the mind, and diminiſhes the ſtrength; even at the firſt aſſault it overwhelms the ſpirit, and contracts the blood, cauſing a refrigeration and chillneſs of the exterior parts of the body: For theſe reaſons, in ſuch as are ſeized with fear, the pulſe, as well of the arteries as of the heart, is very ſmall, and extremely weak. Vide Galenum, 12. Meth. cap. v. 5. de loc. Off. cap. i. 4. de Ca. Pulſ. cap. v. 2. de Symp. Caſ. cap. ii. de Tre. Rig. cap. ii. 2. de Symp. Ca. cap. v. And the ſame author, in his Treatiſe de Pul. ad Tyr. and in his fourth de Caſ. Pul. cap. iv. accurately diſtinguiſhes the difference of pulſes, according to the nature and quality of fear. In a ſudden and violent fear, he believes the pulſe to be quick, quivering, diſordered, and unequal; in a fear of long continuance, he holds the pulſe to be little, languid, ſlow, and rare: This laſt ſort of pulſe he aſcribes likewiſe to the effect of ſorrow, between which, ſays he, and a fear of long duration there is no difference: for in both of them the ſtrength is impaired; and that failing, the pulſes cannot be unlike; becauſe, according to the ſame author, in thoſe whoſe ſtrength is infirm, and, by reaſon of their ignorance, the affections and paſſions of the mind, forceful and ſtrong, the eſſence of the ſoul may eaſily be diſſolved. Now, that by the word ſoul he means the life itſelf, is manifeſt from what he ſays, 12. Meth. cap. v. that the eſſence of the life of man is corrupted by the affections of the mind; and that all great fears, though they do not kill outright, yet they certainly render the ſpirit infirm, and eaſy to be diſſolved; but ſorrow and anxiety are hurtful, becauſe they impair the ſtrength. And to theſe opinions of Galen, Lucretius himſelf ſubſcribes, in theſe verſes:

Verùm ubi vehementi magis eſt commota metu mens,
Conſentire animam rotam per membra videmus:
Sudoremque ita, palloremque exiſtere toto
Corpore, et infringi linguam, vocemque oboriri,
Caligare oculos, ſonere aureis, ſuccidere artus:
Denique concidere ex animi terrore videmus
Sæpe homines.—— *Lib.* iii. *ver.* 153.

The interpretation of which the reader may find above, book iii. ver. 150.

Thefe, then, are the effects that fear and imagination produce in the body they feize on: and if an infectious peftilential air meet with a body thus ill-difpofed already, that body will foon imbibe the contagion, and fall ick of the difeafe, being unable to ftruggle againft it, by reafon of the weaknefs it has already contracted. Rightly, therefore, has Thucydides, taking notice of the two greateft miferies of the Athenian plague, the ἀθυμία, or conftternation of the mind, and the inevitablenefs of the contagion, given the preference to the conftternation of mind, and affigned it as one of the chief caufes of the mortality that raged among them. Δεινότατον, fays he, δὲ παντὸς ἦν τῇ κακῇ ἥ τε ἀθυμία, ὁπότε τις αἴσθοιτο κάμνων, πρὸς γὰρ τὸ ἀνέλπιστον εὐθὺς τραπόμενοι τῇ γνώμῃ, πολλῷ μᾶλλον προΐεντο σφᾶς αὐτοὺς καὶ οὐκ ἀντεῖχον· i. e. But the greateft mifery of all was, the dejection of mind in fuch as found themfelves beginning to be ick; for they grew prefently defperate, and gave themfelves over without making any refiftance. And, in the laft age, during the fiege of Breda, it was obferved, that the plague which then raged, either abated or increafed as the minds of the foldiers were either raifed with hope or depreffed with fear. So great are the effects of conftternation of mind!

Ver. 1120. Thefe fo many and fo intolerable ills of the body were attended, fays the poet, with a perpetual anguifh of mind, which occafioned unmanly groans and complainings. Plutarch relates of Pericles, that though, with unweeping eyes, he had beheld the funerals of fo many of his friends and relations, yet the death of his only furviving fon extorted from him fome unwilling tears: and that the plague, that malignant inmate, had by little and little corrupted the body of that magnanimous man, and overcome his fortitude and ftrength of mind: for, while he was languifhing under that difeafe, he fhowed a friend, that came to vifit him, fome charms and inchantments that hung about his neck, and women had tied upon him; which evidently prove the diforder of his mind, that could be prevailed on to condefcend to fuch fuperftition. Thus fays Plutarch, in his Life.

Ver. 1122. Lucretius fays, "Singultus frequens," a frequent hicket: And for the better underftanding of this ninth fymptom, it will be neceffary to recite the words of Thucydides, relating to it, and that are as follows: Λύγξ τε τοῖς πολλοῖσιν ἐπέπιπτε κενὴ, σπασμὸν ἐνδιδοῦσα ἰσχυρὸν, τοῖς μὲν μετατάντα λωφήσαντα τοῖς δὲ καὶ πολλῷ ὕστερον· that is to fay, moft of them had likewife an empty hicket, which brought with it a ftrong convulfion, and in fome it ceafed quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Now, according to the common opinion of phyficians, the hicket is a convulfion of the ftomach: but Galen, weighing the matter more narrowly, and confidering that the mufcles only are convulfed, and that neither the ventricle, nor the mouth of it, are either mufcles, or perform the function of mufcles, fays, in his third book, de Sympt. Cauf. cap. 4. that the hicket is only a depraved motion of the mouth of the ventricle, that endeavours to expel what is offenfive and troublefome to it, which could not be wanting in our cafe; for the peftilential defluxion falling down through the throat, and a great quantity of bilious matter regurgitating from the liver, into the ftomach, were certainly offenfive to it, and fufficient to caufe the hicket, which was of longer or fhorter continuance, according to the greater or lefs quantity and protervity of the offending matter. But to whom are we to give credit; to Lucretius, who calls it "frequens fingultus," a frequent hicket; or to Thucydides, who calls it λύγξ κενὴ, an empty hicket? Lambinus, overcome, perhaps, by the difficulty of the matter, as it often happens to fuch as meddle with the affairs of others, very boldly corrects the hiftorian, and gives more credit to a poet that lived long after, than to an eye-witnefs that writes what he faw. The learned F. Paulinus comes nearer to the point, and believes that the hicket is faid to be empty from the caufe that produces it, that is to fay, exinanition: for both Hippocrates and Galen allow, that there are two caufes of convulfion, the repletion, and the exinanition, or emptinefs of the nerves. And the laft of thofe authors admonifhes, that a convulfion, proceeding from the exinanition of the nerves, is the worft fymptom in a hicket. But in this cafe of the plague of Athens, there cannot be the leaft ground to fufpect any emptinefs; fince, as we faid before, there was a copious and continual defluxion of humours. Befides, it is notorious, that there are other caufes of convulfions, than thofe before mentioned; and from which it is more probable, that the violent and laborious hicket proceeded: for why might not they who were vifited with a plague, have a frequent and empty or fruitlefs hicket? The firft was a token of the pertinacy of the moleſting caufe, the other of the ineffectual fatigation: for, as Galen, 3. de Sympt. Cauf. cap. 1. witneffes; in vomits, thofe things are thrown up that are in the cavity and fpace of the ventricle; in hickets, thofe that adhere to the very body of the ventricle, the difpofition and motion being both alike. As, therefore, what the phyficians call *nauſea*, is a vain and fruitlefs vomit, and conſequently the more fatiguing; fo too is a hicket, when nothing is brought up.

Ver. 1125. In thefe eighteen verfes, the poet takes notice of feveral other fymptoms and tokens, that happened to thofe who were vifited with this plague. Firft, fays he, the exterior parts of their bodies were not hot to the touch, but only warm; yet they looked fomewhat red, and were beflowered with fmall puftules, as is the body of thofe that have the St. Anthony's fire: nevertheleſs they burned inwardly to fuch a degree, that they could not endure to wear the flighteft clothes, nor any the thinneft covering upon them: and it availed them nothing to expofe their bodies to the cold and wind, nor to leap into rivers, or go down into wells; nor could any quantity of water quench their thirft.

Hippocrates, in 3. Epidem. c. 34. fpeaking of

this plague, says, that the fever which attended it was ὐκ ἐξύς, not acute: and Galen, 9. de Sympt Caus cap. 9. says of pestilential fevers in general, that they are not violently hot. Now the reasons that physicians give us, why some bodies in pernicious diseases are barely warm, and the extreme parts of others even cold, are these: Some, say they, are warm, by reason of their small provision of natural heat, or because of their age: as in the old, in whom, according to the observation of Hippocrates, 6. Epidem. cap. 19. fevers are the less acute, because, says he, their body is cold: others are warm in fevers, by reason of their natural constitution, having from their birth laboured under a want of spirits and blood: besides, in some diseases, the like disposition is acquired: sometimes too the humours, stagnating in the outmost little vessels, hinder the inwardly conceived heat from breaking out; and the same humours, whenever they are heated, do, according to the difference of their nature, impart a different degree of heat; for one sort of heat attends an adust choler, another a putrifying phlegm: Tepidity is likewise caused in a malignant corruption, by reason of the inwardness and profundity of the fire, and the nature of the disease, which threatens death to the patient, not by manifest symptoms, but by a clandestine corruption of the whole substance. The ex reme parts and members of the body are cold and livid in those whose vital faculty is utterly decayed, and dying away. They likewise are cold outwardly, whose almost total natural heat is retired to, and gathered about their inflamed entrails, in order to succour decaying nature. And one or more of these reasons concurring, will cause the patient to be either barely warm, or even cold, outwardly, and to the touch.

Ver. 1128. *The sacred fire*] "Sacer ignis," says Lucretius, by which name the Latins know the disease, which the Greeks call Ἐρυσίπελας, and we St. Anthony's fire, of which, according to Celsus, there are two sorts, thus described by him. "Sacer quoque ignis malis ulceribus annumerari debet; ejus duæ sunt species: alterum est subrubicundum, aut mistum rubore, atque pallore, exasperatumque per pustulas continuas, quarum nulla alterâ major est, sed plurimæ perexiguæ: alterum autem est, in summæ cutis exulceratione, sed sine altitudine, latum, sublividum, inæqualiter tamen," &c. Celsus de Re medicâ, lib. vi. cap. 28 But in this passage of our author, we are to understand the first sort of that disease, which, as described above by Celsus, is an ulcerous eruption, reddish, or mixed of pale and red; and painful to the patient, by reason of the continued pustules or wheals, not one of which is bigger than another, though there be an infinite number of them, and all extremely small Which description of Celsus seems to represent to us the disease that physicians commonly call "herpes milliaris," from the figure and frequency of the small blisters or wheals, which, rising on the uppermost skin, and standing out but very little, are not unlike to millet seed, sown or scattered thick upon the ground. The disease which they call Herpes only, is likewise a kind of St. Anthony's fire, and seems to be the same that Pliny, lib. xxvi. cap. 11 calls Zoster, and Scribonius Largus, c 106 Zona: this disease comes on the middle of the body, and, if it compass it about, is mortal, as, in the last age, according to J. Langius, epist. 32. it proved to be to the Marquis of Brandenburgh. Some call it the shingles; some, the running-worm; and some, wild-fire. But the erysipelas, that afflicted the infected Athenians, though but a cutaneous disease, must nevertheless have been very troublesome to them, both on account of its filthiness, and because it incommoded them, either standing or lying down.

Ver. 1129. Thucydides in like manner describes this outward tepidity, and inward burning of the infected, in these words. Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἔξωθεν ἁπτομένῳ σῶμα, ὐκ ἄγαν θερμὸν ἦν, ὔτε χλωρὸν, ἀλλ' ὑπέρυθρον, πελιδνόν. φλυκταίναις μικραῖς καὶ ἕλκεσιν ἐξηνθηκός· τὰ δὲ ἐντὸς ὥστε ἐκαίετο, ὥστε μήτε τῶν παν λεπτῶν ἱματίων καὶ σινδόνων τὰς ἐπιβολὰς, μήτ' ἄλλοτι, ἢ γυμνὸν ἀνέχεσθαι. Their bodies, says he, outwardly to the touch, were not very hot, nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; yet inwardly, they burned to that degree, as not to endure any the lightest clothes, or linen garments to be upon them, nor any thing, but mere nakedness. Thus Thucydides: to which I add what Hippocrates, Aph. 48. teaches, that in fevers, which have no intermission, it is a fatal symptom, when the outward parts of the body are cold, and the inward burning.

Ver. 1131. This thought our translator has not copied from his author, but is beholden for it to the Bishop of Rochester, who, in his Plague of Athens, stanza 17. says,

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They, like some mighty burden, bear
The lightest covering of air:
All sexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modesty, which she herself had made:
The virgins blush not, yet uncloth'd appear;
Undress'd they run about, yet never fear:
The pain and the disease did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedness once more,
Which perfect health and inn'cence caus'd before.

Ver. 1135. Diodorus Siculus, in the twelfth book of his History, speaking of this plague, says, that the sick felt so intolerable a heat within them, that many cast themselves into the very wells and fountains, hoping to cool and refresh their bodies But Thucydides relates this better, and more consonantly to truth. Ἦισα, says he, τὲ ἂν ἐς ὕδωρ ψυχρὸν σφᾶς αὐτὲς ῥίπτειν, καὶ πολλοὶ ἔδρασαν ἐς φρέατα τῇ δίψῃ ἀπαύστῳ ξυνεχόμενοι καὶ ἐν τῷ ὁμοίῳ καθειστήκει τό τε πλέον καὶ ἔλασσον ποτόν· That is to say, they would most willingly have cast themselves into cold water; and many of them, that were not looked to, possessed with in-

ſatiable thirſt, ran to the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent. This inſatiable thirſt with which they were tormented, is finely deſcribed by the B. of R. in the poem above cited, ſtanza 16.

The ſtreams did wonder, that ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return;
Again they drew, again they drank:
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream they thank;
But ſtrait the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn,
And, drunk with water, in their drinking ſank.
Some ſnatch'd the waters up;
Their hands, their mouths the cup:
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown;
Strait all was to a ferment grown,
And ſudden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But when the moiſtures it provoke,
Then did it rage, and ſwell, and ſmoke,
And move, and flame, and burn, and ſtrait to aſhes broke.

———The heat,
Or ſtill increas'd, or ſtill remain'd as great,

Lucretius ſays,

Inſedabilitèr ſitis arida corpora merſans
Æquabat multum parvis humoribus imbrem.

i. e. So great and ſo unquenchable was their thirſt, that a great quantity of water ſeemed to them to be but a little water. But ſome, inſtead of *parvis*, read *pravis;* and then the ſenſe muſt be this: The malignancy of the humours, which were the cauſe of their thirſtineſs, equalled, and at length eluded the great plenty of water they drank: Hence it came to paſs, that they who drank but little, underwent the like danger with thoſe who drank a great deal; for their thirſt was not extinguiſhed, though they drank ever ſo much. This laſt interpretation ſeems to agree beſt with the paſſage of Thucydides next above cited.

Ver. 1137 This, and the three following verſes our tranſlator has added, by way of paraphraſe, to his author.

Ver. 1141 In theſe three verſes, he teaches that no remedy could be found to expel this diſeaſe, ſo new and unknown till then was this raging peſtilence. Thus too Manilius, ſpeaking of this plague:

Qualis Ericthêos peſtis populata colonos
Extulit antiquas per funera pacis Athenas,
Aſter in alterius lubens cùm fata ruebat;
Nec locus artis erat medicæ: nec vota valebant:
Ceſſerat officium morbis, & funera deerant
Mortibus & lacrimæ: feſſus deſecerat ignis,
Et coacervatis ardebant corpora membris.

Which Sir Edward Sherburne thus renders:

Through Erecthean lands when that plague ſtray'd,
And Athens waſte by peaceful fun'rals lay'd,
When each contracted others death, then art
No cure could find, nor pray'rs could help impart:
Care to the ſick, and fun'rals to the dead, [ſhed:
Ev'n tears were wanting: thoſe no mourners
The weary'd flame did from its office ceaſe,
And heaps of fir'd bones burnt the dead carcaſes.

But if our poet in this place, as in others, imitates Thucydides, then this is not his meaning: for that hiſtorian only ſays, that whatever remedy was applied to procure ſleep to the ſick, they were ſtill as far from eaſe, and the power to ſleep, as ever.

Ver. 1144. Hippocrates, Epidem. 6. ſays, that nothing is more deſtructive of human nature, or impoveriſhes and waſtes the ſpirits, blood, and ſtrength more, than watching, and want of ſleep. Truly therefore does Ovid ſing,

Quod caret alternâ requie durabile non eſt:
Hæc reparat vires, feſſaquemembra novat.
Heroid. Epiſt. 3.

See the note on book iv. ver. 905. And the phyſicians obſerving this fatal ſymptom, had reaſon, as Lucretius expreſſes it, "tacito muſſare timore," to mutter to themſelves for fear: for, being at a ſtand what to do, they went away without preſcribing, and left their patients in deſpair of relief. This ſymptom too, and the effects of it, are finely deſcribed by the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wand'ring and affrighted minds poſſeſs'd:
Upon their ſouls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies:
Unuſual ſhapes and images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
To their diſtemper'd fancies flow.
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe:
Not ſleep, but waking now, was fitter unto death.
Plague of Athens, ſtanz. 17.

Ver. 1146 In theſe fourteen verſes, he mentions many other tokens of death, that happened to thoſe who were viſited with the plague and which he has chiefly taken from Hippocrates, in Prognoſt. For Thucydides ſcarce mentions any of them.

Ver. 1148. Lucretius ſays,

"Perturbata animi mens in mœrore metuque:"

In which the poet intimates, a total dejection of mind, occaſioned by too deep a ſenſe and apprehenſion of the dangerous ſtate they were in, and which was inevitably followed by deſperation; and all this was only the neceſſary effect of their diſeaſe: for the attrabileous blood, that was engendered by the violent aduſtion, irrigated the internal parts of the diſeaſed: and, by the unanimous conſent, and conſtant obſervation of phyſi-

cians, melancholy, fear, ſorrow, and the like, are the neceſſary conſequences of ſuch blood, as well as of any other melancholic, exceſſive humour: I ſay, exceſſive: for, though men, in whoſe bodies any melancholic humour prevails, are naturally inclined and ſubject to grief and fear; yet, if that humour be not exceſſive and, either in quantity or quality, tranſgreſs not the bounds of nature, it never ſeduces or overthrows the mind.

In the original we read,

"Triſte ſupercilium; furioſus vultus, & acer."

i. e. Diſconſolate eyes, and frowning eye-brows, together with a ſternneſs and wildneſs of look. Theſe ſymptoms, of which Thucydides is ſilent, Lucretius has borrowed of the Coan dictator, who, in Coac. Præſag. lib. i. ſect. ii. cap. 3. teaches, that a good colour in the face, with a wildneſs of aſpect, is an ill ſign in acute diſeaſes; in which too, frowning eyebrows are a mark of frenzy. But, as we ſhall hear by and by, the conſtitution of the whole face was altered and amiſs; therefore it portended ſomething worſe than frenzy But though a frowning forehead preſage a frenzy, in acute diſeaſes; becauſe the blood, by reaſon of its corruption is degenerated into a plenteous quantity of bileous and melancholic humour; yet it is often obſerved in ſome, even when they are in perfect health; nor does it portend any thing dreadful in them; though ſome are apt to be ſhy of their converſation. But the ſternneſs and wildneſs of countenance, mentioned by Lucretius, was a moſt certain token, not of an eminent, but of a preſent frenzy, occaſioned by the inflammation of the bileous humour, accompanied by the corruption that bred it, either in the præcordia, or in the brain, that already ſympathized with the inferior parts.

Ver. 1149. Lucretius ſays,

"Creber ſpiritus, haud ingens, raróque coortus."

For the better underſtanding of which, we muſt take notice, that the reſpiration in animals, which is truly a mixed function, it being both natural and voluntary, was excellently inſtituted by provident nature, chiefly for the refreſhment of the heart: for when ſhe had made the heart the chief ſeat and reſidence of the innate heat, from whence that vivifying and lively power is, through the tubes of the veins and arteries, as likewiſe through inviſible pores, communicated to the body of the animal, it was of neceſſity, that this member ſhould be hot, and, in ſome meaſure, inflamed itſelf, that it might ſupply with warmth all the other members. But this inflammation would have been fatal, or, according to the nature of all fires, a moſt certain ſuffocation had enſued, had ſhe not wiſely provided againſt it, as well by the introduction of cooling air, as by the expulſion and excretion of the ſuliginous vapours, engendered in the heart; the firſt of which is performed by inſpiration; the laſt, by what we call expiration. But between both theſe reciprocating and alternate motions two reſts or intervals neceſſarily intervene: wherefore the chief differences of reſpiration are diſtinguiſhed, in regard to the time of the motion, into

Quick moderate, ſlow,

In regard to the reſts, or intervals, into

Thick, moderate, rare:

And, in regard to the extention of the organs into

Great, moderate, ſmall.

Now, the organs of reſpiration are the whole thorax, but chiefly the midriff; on whoſe motion the lungs are extended every way, and receive the external air: but when the midriff ceaſes to move, the lungs fall down, and breathe out the ſuperfluous air, together with the fumid nocent exhalation; and by theſe alternate breathings, the indemnity of the ever-burning heart is wiſely ſecured. Since, therefore, by the common conſent of all, the vital faculty, and even life itſelf, are chiefly due to this member, it is conſonant to reaſon, that they, who, by rules of art, are to judge of the iſſue of a diſeaſe, and to the ſtate of their patients, ſhould, almoſt preferably to the motion of their arteries, obſerve the manner of their breathing, which nature governs, according as the heart requires. With good reaſon, therefore, has Lucretius, enumerating the fatal ſymptoms of thoſe who were viſited with this plague, taken notice of this difficulty and diſorder of their reſpiration, which he expreſſes after the manner of phyſicians, making a threefold diſtinction of it. Theſe ſeveral diſorders of their reſpiration he has borrowed from Hippocrates, and the firſt he takes notice of, is, "creber ſpiritus," a thickneſs or frequency of breathing, which is ſpoken in regard to the reſts or intervals: and this, ſays Hippocrates, in Prognoſtic. cap. 24. denotes a pain, or an inflammation in the parts that are above the præcordia: ſecondly, "haud ingens," not great, which admits of a double interpretation: either that, in regard to the extenſion of the organs, their reſpiration was moderate, and in due order; or ſmall: both which nevertheleſs contradict Hippocrates, who, in the place above cited, ſays in expreſs words, that their reſpiration was great and ſtrong, with long intervals interpoſing: however, as Galen, in Prog. Com. obſerves, in the ſtorment they ſuffered, their reſpiration might be both frequent and ſmall, nature already growing weak, and tending to a decay; and their organs being diſordered with inflammations. Thus too Hippocrates himſelf, in Coacis Prænotion, teaches that a frequent and ſmall reſpiration betokens an inflammation and pain in the principal parts: now, we have heard already, that they were afflicted with a peripneumony and frenzy; wherefore their reſpiration, as Lucretius ſays, might be, "haud ingens," not great, but moderate; or, even in the other extreme, ſmall, and below the due mediocrity, the third and laſt difference of their difficult reſpiration, and which Lucretius expreſſes by "raro cootus," a rareneſs or ſeldomneſs of breathing, relates to the time of the motion, and is explained by Galen, in Com. t. 24. Progn. where he teaches, that a rareneſs of breath,

that is to ſay, when the reſts or intervals are long, if the reſpiration be great and ſtrong in regard to the extenſion of the organs, indicates a delirium; if ſmall, an extinction of the innate, or natural heat.

Ver. 1150. Lucretius ſays:

" Sollicitæ porro, plenæque ſonoribus aures:"

Theſe were tokens that the humours were crept upwards by the duct of the arteries: and Hippocrates, in " Coacis Præſagiis, teaches, that ſounds and noiſes in the ears, are a deadly ſymptom in acute diſeaſes.

———Much and frothy ſweat,
Spread o'er the neck;] Lucretius ſays,

" Sudariſque madens per collum ſplendidus humor."

And this too he borrowed from Hippocrates, in Progn. who there teaches, that ſweats are very good in all acute diſeaſes, if they happen at a critical time, and entirely allay the fever: that they are good likewiſe, if they come from the whole body, and make the patient the more eaſily bear his diſeaſe: but if they effect nothing of this, they are not in the leaſt beneficial: that cold ſweats, and ſuch as come only about the head, face, and neck, are the worſt of all, and, for the moſt part, very dangerous ſymptoms. Beſides; thoſe that labour under impoſthumations, eſpecially ſuch as are cauſed by a pleuriſy, or by an inflammation of the lungs, are ſubject to ſweat about the neck. Thus Hippocrates: and from hence we ſee, that the peripneumony, or inflammation and impoſthume of the lungs, under which the infected Athenians laboured, was the cauſe of this fatal ſymptom.

Ver. 1151. The words in the original are,

Tenuia ſputa, minuta, croci contincta colore,
Salſaque, per fauces raucas vix edita tuſſi.

Which is taken almoſt word for word from Hippocrates, in the place above cited: where he ſays, that the worſt ſort of ſpittle are thoſe that are yellow, or of a reddiſh colour; or that cauſe a violent coughing, and that are thin, and come away in little quantity. Now Lucretius calls theſe ſpittles " tenuia," thin, which is a mark of their crudity, in regard to their ſubſtance; " minuta," that is to ſay, fewer than they ought to be, in regard to their quantity; " croci contincta colore," yellowiſh, which was a mark of their bilious nature; and, " ſalſa," ſalt, which quality was due to the corruption of the humours, or to a mixture of ſalt and ſerious humidity: for theſe are the cauſes, that Galen himſelf, 2. de diff. Feb. cap. 6. aſſigns, of the ſaltneſs of humours. And then the poet, to ſhow us that theſe were not only the excrements of the brain, that are often purged away by ſpitting, and are called ſpittle, adds, " per fauces raucas vix edita tuſſi," i. e. that they could ſcarce be thrown up, by coughing, through their hoarſe ſounding jaws: for it is the proper function and ſole buſineſs of a cough, to ſerve the members that are employed in reſpiration, and to extrude and throw from thence whatever is moleſting to them; and the hoarſeneſs Lucretius mentions, proceeded from the exaſperation of the larynx, occaſioned by a defluction of ſalt phlegm, which likewiſe fell upon the lungs, and then cauſed a violent cough.

Ver. 1154. Lucretius ſays,

" In manibus vero trahier nervi."—

This contraction of the nerves of the hands was a ſure token of preſent convulſions, which, as we have ſeen already, proceeded, according to Thucydides, from what he calls λύγξ κενὴ, an empty hicket. See above in the note on ver. 1122. Now a convulſion is an involuntary contraction of the parts, that communicate and partake with the nerves, proceeding from a preternatural cauſe. But whether ſome of our modern phyſicians, who differ from the ancients, in aſſigning ſeveral other cauſes of convulſions, than thoſe which theſe laſt allowed of, be in the right, it is not our buſineſs in this place to inquire. Hippocrates, 8. de Comp. Med. poſitively aſſerts, that there are but two cauſes of convulſion; viz. Repletion and inanition: and Galen too, firmly avouches, that no third cauſe can be found out for the ſiccity or dryneſs, which the ſame author more than once affirms to be the cauſe of ſpaſms, is included in, and reduced to inanition. The hands, therefore, of the infected were convulſed, by reaſon of the dryneſs and inanition of the nerves, and of the whole inflamed body, that was weakened and brought low by a manifold evacuation: beſides; an eryſipelas, from whence proceeded a frenſy, had ſeized the brain, and all its membranes; hence the pernicious filthineſs of the corrupted blood was imparted to the marrow of the ſpina, or back-bone, from the firſt knuckles or joints of which ariſe the nerves of the hands and fingers. Thus that corruption, falling down, doubled the difficulties, irritating, and filling, or choking up the ducts of voluntary motion.

Here our tranſlator has omitted the latter part of the verſe above cited, in which his author mentions another ſymptom, that attended this diſeaſe: viz. a trembling of the joints,

" In manibus vero trahier nervi, tremere artus."

Now, according to the definition of phyſicians, " Tremor eſt ſymptoma in actione læſa;" and this happens when the voluntary motive faculty is depraved, by reaſon of its diſproportion to its own object, which is the body. For, ſince, in the concretion of animals, the elements of earth and water are predominant, and ſince they are for that reaſon by nature heavy, whatever moves, would by natural inclination always deſcend, unleſs the motive faculty ſuſtained and kept it up: and if that faculty be ſtrong, and in due order, all things are performed aright, and according to the ſtrict command of the will: but if that faculty be weakened or diſordered; then there immediately ariſes a complicated motion, which is called a trembling; and that proceeds from the motive

faculties endeavouring to lift up the member, which, at the same time, by its own natural inclination, is striving to sink down. Galen in his Treatise, de Trem. Palp. cap. 3. brings a very evident example of this alternate endeavour of the faculty and member: I presume, says he, you have seen, how a man's legs will tremble, if he strives to run apace with a weighty burden on his shoulders: and how his hands too will tremble, if he attempts to lift up, and carry, a weight superior to his strength. Thus Galen: and this shows the reason of the trembling of the joints, as well in old age, as in diseases: well, therefore, might their limbs and joints tremble, the strength of whose motive faculty in so great and various a conflict, was extremely impaired, and carried headlong to utter destruction.

Ver. 1155. This verse runs thus in the original:

A pedibusque minutatim succedere frigus
Non dubitabat.——

The symptoms grow still more and more dangerous: for, though it cannot be controverted, that the feet are cool not without reason; inasmuch as, by nature, they are both thin of flesh, and abound with nerves; yet they grow cold besides, by reason of their distance from the warmest parts of the body; the heat retreating to, and gathering itself together in, the breast, in almost all fevers, except in the bilious and burning; and unless too the disease be malignant, as this at Athens was. Galen, in his Comment on epid. 3. teaches the causes of this coldness of their feet: If the disease, says he, be malignant, the extreme parts grow cold, by reason of the decay of strength, and the greatness of the inflammation, that attracts the whole mass of blood to itself, for without these, the disease is never mortal. And the same author, in his comment on this Aphorism of Hippocrates, in great pains of the belly, a coldness of the extreme parts is an ill sign, comprises this whole matter in a few words. The coldness of the extreme parts, says he, is caused by the violence of the inflammation in the bowels. It proceeds likewise from the defection and decay of the vital faculty, which happens whenever the natural heat is either extinguished, or suffocated, by reason of the great quantity of it, then chiefly, when it becomes cold. It is occasioned, besides, by any violent pain, that seizes the middle parts of the body, and by means of which, nature is contracted into itself, and the blood repairs to it, abandoning not only the extreme parts of the body as the feet, the hands, and the head: but the whole skin likewise. Thus Galen: and hence we see, why the natural heat, that was attacked by so many enemies, languished and decayed, "minutatim," as Lucretius expresses it, by little and little, till at length a coldness of the extreme parts succeeded in its place; and that too, perhaps, not without a lividness of colour: both which are fatal tokens in all acute diseases.

Ver. 1156. Here the poet begins to describe symptoms of an imminent and near approaching death, which discovered themselves in the face of the infected. Now, of all the several parts that compose the human face the preference is justly due to the nose and nostrils, because of the comliness they add to, or detract from, the whole structure of the face according to which opinion Horace sung long ago;

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

But though as Galen, in his book de opt. sec. cap. 26. truly observes, accuminated nostrils, and hollow eyes, are in some, tokens of death, but natural in others; yet in the diseased Athenians, of whom our poet is speaking, they were preternatural, and proceeded from the force of the disease, which had overpowered the strength of the body: Since, therefore, the countenance of the sick was very unlike, and different from the aspect of the healthy, though but in one part of it, we may well, with Hippocrates, in Progn. c. 5. call it a most dangerous symptom for a sharp nose and compressed nostrils, on many accounts, portend the worst that can happen. The nose itself is composed of two substances, the one cartilaginous, the other bonny: The bonny part of it remains always firm and unshaken; nor is it exposed to any motion or damage; but the cartilaginous or gristly substance of it is subject to both: for, in the first place, the wings, or round risings on either side of the nose are moved naturally by their own muscles: of which you may consult at large Julius Casserius, in his accurate treatise, de Fabrica Nasi; but with this caution, nevertheless, not to take the two muscles, which he lately invented, for the janitores, as he calls them, porters of the nose, till use and experience convince us, that we can, whenever we list, compress the nose, and contract or straiten the passages of it. But that extreme part of the nose, because it is more carneous, and contains more humidity than the other, is sooner affected by diseases: and what great necessity soever urges, the innate power of motion is taken away from the muscles whenever nature is overpowered and worn out by disease: Hence the nostrils are compressed; and, what necessarily follows, the cartilage and muscles of the nose being grown dry, the globulous part of it is attenuated and contracted.

Ver. 1158. The causes of these events we learn from Galen, who, in Comment. Progn. teaches, that such accidents proceed, either from some cause that wastes and corrupts the carneous parts of animals, or from the weakness and decay of the natural heat, which can no longer extend itself into the extreme parts of the body; but remains in little quantity confined to the bowels only. Besides, it always happens in these cases, that so great a portion of blood and spirits flows not to the extreme parts of the body as did before, when nature was fully provided with them. for which reason, a great alteration of the natural habit of body is apparently discerned in the face, and these are the causes that the eyes first of all are contracted and hollowed: For, being of a softer substance than the other parts, they swell and

protuberate when they are supplied with a sufficient quantity of spirits; but, for want thereof, they sink and subside. Add to this, that the muscles of the temples are consumed and wasted away, by the malignancy, or by the diuturnity, of the disease; and disabled nature is rendered incapable to repair that loss: Hence the temples are hollowed, and, the jugal bone being prominent, the eyes seem to be sunk within their sockets.

Ver. 1159. These effects, according to Galen, proceeded from the same causes we mentioned in the note on ver. 1155. where we produced the authority of that author.

Ver. 1160. In these two verses the poet tells us, that they died generally the eighth or ninth day after they were taken sick: from which Thucydides varies a little: for his words are as follows: Καὶ τὸ σῶμα, ὅσον πρὸς χρόνον καὶ ἡ νόσος ἀκμάζοι, ἀκμαιότατον ἐφαίνετο, ἀλλ' ἀντεῖχε παρὰ δόξαν τῇ ταλαιπωρίᾳ, ὥστε δ' φθείρονται οἱ πλεῖστοι ἀναλωθέντες καὶ ἐβδομαῖοι ὑπὸ τῷ ἐνδεκάτῳ καύματος, ἔτι ἐχοντές τι δυνάμεως· that is to say, as long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch, that most of them died of their inward burning, in nine or seven days, and whilst they yet had strength. Whoever desires to be satisfied of the power of these critical days, in judging of diseases, may consult Galen, de Crisibus de dieb. decretor. where his curiosity will be abundantly contented. I will only take notice, that the pestilence, which raged in Italy, in the year 1548. was much more violent at the time of its first breaking out: for, as Guido Cauliacus relates, they died within three days after they fell sick: and the Florentine historian, Mattheo Villano, speaking of the same plague, says, "e morivano, chi di subito, chi in due, e chi in tre dì:" i. e. and they died, some suddenly, some in two, and some in three days. And the plague that desolated the same country in the year 1631, was scarce less violent; for it snatched them away in three or four days at most, say the authors who have written of it.

Ver. 1162. Here the poet tells us in thirteen verses, that if any chanced to escape, yet even they were forced to compound for their lives, with the loss of some of their members, either their eyes, or their privy parts, or feet, or hands; for the whole virulence of the disease, falling upon those parts of the body, caused so great a corruption, that, for fear of death, they were necessitated to submit to an amputation of them. Nay, says he, so great an oblivion of all things seized upon some, that they knew not even their own selves, nor remembered who they were.

Ver. 1163. This too Lucretius has taken from Thucydides, who says, Ἐπιφύγοιεν, ἐπικαλίσαντος τῷ νοσήματος ἐς τὴν κοιλίαν, καὶ ἠλκώσεως τε αὐτῇ ἰσχυρᾶς ἐγγιγνομένης, καὶ διαῤῥοίας ἅμα ἀκράτου ἐπιπεσούσης, οἱ πολλοὶ ὕστερον διὰ τὴν ἀσθένειαν διεφθάρησαν. If, says he, they escaped that (their inward burning) then the disease falling down into their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations, and immoderate looseness, they died, many of them, afterwards through weakness.

Ver. 1165. A pain in the head is very frequent in all pestilential diseases: nay, some have thought fit to place it among the forerunning tokens of an approaching plague. But the pain, mentioned by Lucretius, proceeded not from a cold, or vaporous cause; but from too great a quantity of corrupted blood, which oppressed the head with its weight, inflamed it with its heat, and, by its malignancy, disordered the membranes of the brain. Hence nature, rousing up to her own relief, endeavoured to expel the offensive humour through the passage of the nostrils, which are the proper emunctories of the head: But since the blood, besides its over-abundance, was repleniſhed with a certain virulency, it grew extremely refractory and rebellious to nature, and the whole mass of it, all at once, flowed to the place where it had found an open passage; and there discharged itself, even as a rapid torrent whose mound is thrown down, pours out all its waters through the gaping breach: No wonder, therefore, that, as Lucretius says,

Huc hominis totæ vires, corpusque fluebat.

Ver. 1167. The loss of their members, which Lucretius mentions in these six verses following, is described by the historian, in these words: Διεξῆει γὰρ διὰ παντὸς τοῦ σώματος, ἄνωθεν ἀρξάμενον τὸ ἐν τῇ κεφαλῇ πρῶτον ἱδρυθὲν κακόν, καὶ εἴ τις ἐκ τῶν μεγίστων (κινδύνων δηλονότι· Schol.) περιγένοιτο τῶν γε ἀκρωτηρίων ἀντίληψις αὐτῷ ἐπεσήμαινε, κατίσκηπτε γὰρ καὶ ἐς τὰ αἰδοῖ· καὶ ἐς ἄκρας χεῖρας, καὶ πόδας· καὶ πολλοὶ περισκόμενοι τέτων διέφυγον, ἐσὶ δὲ οἳ καὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν. Thucyd. For the disease, says he, which first of all took the head, (see above ver. 1164.), began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body: and whoever overcame the worst of it, was nevertheless marked with the loss of some of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many escaped with the loss of these only: There were some likewise that lost their eyes. Thus Thucydides. Yet it might, one would think, have been expected, that they, who had had so copious a discharge of corrupted blood through the nostrils, would, for the future, have been exempted from any fresh attack: but Galen, lib. i. de Crisib. cap. 3. solves this difficulty, and teaches, that bleeding at the nose may be beneficial, if it happen at a due time; but that otherwise it is rather prejudicial. Humours, that wandered all over the bodies of the infected, may, with reason, be believed to have fallen upon some of the members, rather than upon others; and particularly, as Lucretius, after Thucydides, says,

———in partes genitales corporis ipsas,

Of which our translator takes no notice. But the reason why the corruption fell chiefly on those parts, is, because of the familiarity and sympathy between them, and the members that serve to respiration: For, we have heard already, that the greatest part of the diseased laboured under a pe-

ripneumony, or inflammation of the lungs, which had occaſioned a violent cough; and in thoſe caſes, as Hippocrates ſays, ſeveral times of his own experience, the matter generally diſcharges itſelf on the privy parts: therefore it is not ſtrange, that, for fear of death, thoſe wretches ſuffered an amputation of their pudenda; and, as Lucretius ſings,

Vivebant ferro privati parte virili;

Of which too our tranſlator is wholly ſilent. And we may eaſily believe, that the defluxion of humours on thoſe parts, occaſioned ſuch a corruption, as reduced phyſicians to their laſt remedies, amputation and fire, ſince Galen, in his comment. on epidem. 3. firmly avouches, that even where there is no peſtilential infection, if an inflammation, or an eryſipelas, ſeizes on theſe parts, they very ſoon corrupt, and affect the ſuperior parts of the body: ſo that we are neceſſitated, ſays he, to cut away the putrefaction, and to ſeer the place, as being the root of the diſeaſe.

Ver. 1171. Galen, in com. epidem. 3. aſcribes the cauſe of this loſs of members, only to the putrefaction of the humours; the nature of which is to corrupt the parts on which it ſeizes, Here Lucretius is carped at by P. Victorius, in var. lection. for not having, as he pretends kept cloſe enough to the narration of Thucydides: He is excuſed, however, by Lambinus, whom Hieronymus Mercurialis, lib. iii. var. lection. cap. 12. accuſes of being a plagiary, in the defence he makes for our author.

Ver. 1173. Thucydides in like manner, Τὸ δὲ καὶ λήθη ἐλάμβανε παραυτίκα ἀναστάντας (ὑγιάντας Schol.) τῶν πάντων ἐμοίως, καὶ ἠγνόησαν σφᾶς τε αὐτὺς καὶ τὺς ξυνηδεύς· that is to ſay, and many of them, preſently upon their recovery, were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, that they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. Though the loſs of memory be not uncommon in acute diſeaſes, yet it is frequent in chronical diſtempers, that are of a long duration. It is related of Benedictus Florettus, a perſon of univerſal learning, who lived in the laſt age, that having long ſtruggled with a diſeaſe of eight months continuance, he at length overcame his adverſary; but in the conflict had entirely forgot the Greek tongue, of which he had been a great maſter; as likewiſe the rules of metrical numbers in all languages whatſoever. Nor does the memory decay through the means of diſeaſes only, but of old age likewiſe; and ſometimes too it is loſt even in the vigour and full ſtrength of life, either by external or internal cauſes? Well, therefore, may we declaim with Pliny: "Memoria nihil æquè fragile eſt in homine, morborum, et caſûs injuriis, atque etiam metûs ſentiens; aliàs particulatim, aliàs univerſim," cap. 24. There is nothing, ſays he, in man ſo frail as his memory, it being obnoxious to the injuries of diſeaſes and accidents, nay, even of fear: ſometimes it is loſt in part, ſometimes totally. We need not, therefore, be aſtoniſhed, that they, who were viſited with the moſt acute of all diſeaſes, a virulent plague, loſt their memory. The only cauſe of which was the corruption of the humours, which had, as I may ſay, laid violent hands on nature, and alienated the parts from their due conſtitution. It is indeed hard to explain the manner how this comes to paſs; but it is almoſt generally held, though ſome few are of another opinion, that loſs of memory proceeds, not only from a cold and humid diſtemperature, but from a dry likewiſe; for Galen. 3. de loc. aff. relates of his own knowledge, that this misfortune happened, through dryneſs, to a certain ſtudious, ſedentary perſon, and to a ſturdy, labouring peaſant. The biſhop of Rocheſter, in the following verſes, finely deſcribes theſe miſeries of the ſurviving Athenians, who had been viſited with that fatal peſtilence,

But if through ſtrength, or heat of age,
The body overcame its rage;
The vanquiſh'd evil took from them,
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb:
Some loſt the uſe of hands, or eyes;
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs.
Some all their lives before forgot;
Their minds were but one darker blot:
Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the num'rous ſhapes were fled:
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
And loſt its mighty treaſury:
They paſs the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 13.

Ver. 1175. In theſe twelve verſes, the poet deſcribes the great corruption that attended this peſtilence; and which, ſays he, was ſo exceſſive, that even the birds and beaſts of prey, but eſpecially the dogs, who had taſted of the dead bodies, dropt down dead immediately: Nay, ſo noiſome was the ſtench of the unburied carcaſes, that neither in Athens, nor around the city, were any ravenous birds ſeen by day, not any wild beaſts by night. In like manner Thucydides, Τὰ γὰρ ὄρνεα καὶ τετράποδα, ὅσα ἀνθρώπων ἅπτεται πολλῶν ἀτάφων γιγνομένων, ἢ οὐ προσήει, ἢ γευσάμενα διεφθείρετο, i. e. The birds and beaſts, that uſed to feed on human fleſh, though many bodies lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or, if they taſted, periſhed. Thus too the biſhop of Rocheſter, in the poem above cited, Stanza 18.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay:
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their fleſh away:
In vain ſhe call'd; they came not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy;
But, at full meals, they hunger, pine, and die;
The vultures afar off beheld the feaſt,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taſte:
They rally'd up their troops in haſte:
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones, and their groves;
Each one his native mountain, and his neſt:
They come; but all their carcaſes abhor;
And now avoid the dead men more

Than weaker birds the living men before:
But if some bolder fowl the flesh essay,
They were destroy'd by their own prey.

Ver. 1178. Thucydides says only that they came not near the dead bodies, but gives not the reason of it; that is to say, whether it happened out of any natural instinct, which is often observed in brutes; or whether any of their senses gave them notice of the danger. But Lucretius takes away this difficulty, and says, that the wary birds and beasts of prey were admonished by their smell to keep away from the dead carcases, "ut arcem," says he, "exirent odorem." Now, of all the feathered kind, the vulture is said to have the most exquisite smell, or even to know beforehand where he shall find his prey. This is confirmed beyond all dispute, if we may credit Horus Ægyptius, a very ancient author, who says, that in time of war, vultures repair, seven days before, to a place where a battle will be fought; and even that they haunt chiefly about that part of the army where the greatest slaughter will be made. But, allowing this to be true, it cannot be ascribed to their smell, or any other of their senses, but rather to a presaging instinct that nature has conferred upon them: a credulity, which Plautus long ago derided, when he said,

Quasi vulturii, triduò priùs divinabant, quo die esituri fient.

And, indeed, who but a superstitious augur can give credit to so extravagant a notion, or believe that vultures, by their smell, can distinguish between bodies that are to die in a few days, or to live a longer time. The truth is, that they generally keep with armies, because they feed on the garbage and offals of beasts, a great number of which are daily slain for the subsistence of such a multitude of men.

Ver. 1181. Lucretius says,

Nec tamen omninò temerè illis solibus ulla
Comparebat avis:——

This too is confirmed by Thucydides, in these words: Τεκμήριον δὲ (viz. modò dicta vera esse) τῶν μὲν τοιούτων ὀρνίθων ἐπίπεψις σαφὴς ἐγίνετο, καὶ ἐκ ἐωρῶντο ὅτε ἄλλως, ὅτε περὶ τοιῶνδε ἐδέη· i. e. An argument that what I said, touching the birds, is true, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the carcases nor any where else.

Ver. 1182. Lucretius, to augment the horror, adds this circumstance, of which Thucydides is silent, that even the wild beasts hid themselves in their dens, where, nevertheless, they died at length of the infection: a most certain argument that the disease overcame the strength of all mortal animals; and that too not only of the body but of the mind: insomuch that its rage and cruelty far surmounted all expression of words, as Thucydides observes, and made it appear to be a kind of sickness which exceeded human nature in the fierceness with which it handled every one; and likewise to be none of those diseases that are bred amongst us. But from this passage of our author, we make two observations: First, That a plague is common to all animals, and propagated from men into beasts; and, on the contrary, from beasts into men. Secondly, That a pestilential venom does not end with the life, but remains in the dead body, though it be not so virulent by reason of the want of heat: But when the putrilaginous heat has succeeded in the place of the natural, it emits a pernicious and fatal infection, as may be proved by many experiments. This is indeed controverted by some, but to no purpose; for their main argument is, the example they bring of venomous animals, which, nevertheless, they say, retain no poison after they are killed; but common observation abundantly evinces the contrary.

Ver. 1185. It is generally testified by all authors, that dogs have been first infected with, and before any other animals, have felt the first fury of a coming plague. Thus Homer, in Iliad. H. expose, κύνας ἀργοὺς, the white dogs first to the infection. And

Strage canum primò,

says Ovid, Metam. lib. viii. after whom Silius Italicus has copied,

Vim primi sensêre canes.—— *Lib.* xiv.

And the reason why dogs feel the first attacks of a pestilential contagious disease, according to Eustathius, is, because of their exquisite sense of smelling; of which Ælian likewise approves. Others blame the pestilent exhalations of the earth, to which, say they, the dogs, by reason of their proximity to it, are most obnoxious. But the opinion of Thucydides, which we mentioned before, seems the most plausible. Οἱ δὲ κύνες, says he, μᾶλλον αἴσθησιν παρεῖχον τῷ ἀποβαίνοντας διὰ τὸ ξυνδιαιτᾶσθαι, which Hobbes thus renders. But by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this event was seen much clearer. For so Hobbes has rendered it: But why may not the διὰ τὸ συνδιαιτᾶσθαι, be rather interpreted, "ob convictum," because of their eating of the same sort of food? For it not only indicates the contagion, which is the most potent propagator of plagues, even into men, but a certain, I know not what, sickly preparative, or analogy, as they call it, proceeding from a common food with particular men. Nardius relates, that he knew a certain prince, who was taken with a violent vomiting of blood, that was occasioned by an external cause: this prince was extremely fond of one of his greyhounds, who, not long after, of his own accord, and without having received the least hurt, vomited blood likewise; till at length he died, wasted with a long disease, and swelled with a dropsy; all which accidents had likewise happened to his master: and, what is yet more strange, the bowels of both of them were observed to be tainted with a like corruption.

Ver. 1187. Here the poet describes the neglect of funeral rites during the time of the plague: However, it is most notorious, how much cost

and ceremony the ancients, and more particularly the superstitious Athenians, were wont to bestow on the funerals of their dead: Of which we shall have occasion to speak more at large on ver. 1246. Mean while what Lucretius here intimates is, That no solemn pomp or rites were observed; that no friends or relations attended the dead bodies to their funeral piles; but either suffered them to lie abroad unburied, or cast them carelessly on the piles that had been prepared for others. This tumultuous disorder of their funerals, is finely described by the Bishop of Rochester.

Mountains of bones and carcasses
The streets, the market-place possess,
Threat'ning to raise a new Acropolis.
The woods gave fun'ral piles no more;
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqu'ror overpow'r.
The noble and the common dust
Into each others graves are thrust:
No place is sacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to consume:
Their ashes no distinction had:
Too truly all by death are equal made;
And poor mens bones the noble urns invade.
Plague of Athens, Stanza 30.

Ver. 1188. Tears and bewailing the dead were no small part of funeral exequies; whence Servius on Virgil, Æn. 11. says, "Sine fletu non est sepultra:" the want of tears being accounted as great a misfortune, as even the deprivation of funeral itself. Therefore Virgil, in Æn. 11. joins them as alike calamitous:

Nos, animæ viles, inhumata, inflataque turba:

And Ovid, in Metamorph. 11. introduces the drowned Ceyx appearing, and speaking thus to Halcyone:

Surge, age, da lacrymas, lugubriaque indue, nec me
Indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte.

Which Sandys thus renders;

Rise, weep, and put on black; nor undeplor'd,
For pity, send me to the Stygian ford.

For the ancients believed the dead to be comforted and delighted with the tears of their surviving friends: And this is the reason, that, in the ancient inscriptions on tombs, we so frequently find,

LACRIMAS POSUIT.
CUMLACRIMIS POSUIT.
LACRIMIS ET OPOBALSOMO UDUM CONDIDIT.
TUMULUM LACRIMIS PLENUM DEDIT.

and the like; of which Gutherius, de Jure Manium, lib. 1. gives many examples. And for this reason too Manilius, speaking of this plague, by the want of so mean and ordinary an obsequy, aggravates the miseries of a pestilential mortality, by which mankind is deprived of all the tender resentments and benefits of commiserating humanity.

——Funera deerant
Mortibus, & lacrimæ: fessos defecerat ignis;
Et coacervatis ardebant corpora membris.
Manil. lib. i. *ver.* 886.

These, therefore, were a sadder kind of funeral than that which Virgil. Æneid. 11. gives to the slaughtered Latines, for they had yet wood to burn them,

Cætera confusæque ingentem cædis acervum
Nec numero, nec honore cremant.——

Upon which last words Gutherius observes; "Nec numero, nec honore combusti dicuntur, qui confuso lignorum acervo lento dabantur igni, multis corporibus simul congestis." And this, by Macrobius, is called "tumultarium funus," and only used in calamitous accidents. In which kind of promiscuous funerals, it is noted by the same author, that it was usual, to every ten mens bodies, to add one woman's, to make them burn the better. Of which he likewise gives this reason: "Quod muliebre corpus juvabat ardentes viros, non caloris erat, sed pinguis carnis, & oleo similis." Vide Macrobium, Saturn. lib. vii. cap. 7.

Ver. 1190. In these six verses, the poet relates, that all the remedies of physic were applied in vain: for the medicaments that some found good by, were fatal, and brought death to others. In like manner too Thucydides: Ἐν τὲ οὐδὲν κατέστη ἴαμα, ὡς εἰπεῖν ὅτι χρῆν προσφέροντας ὠφελεῖν· τὸ γὰρ τῷ ξυνενεγκὸν, ἄλλον τοῦτο ἔβλαπτε, σῶματὲ αὔταρκες ὂν οὐδὲν διεφάνη πρὸς αὐτὸ ἰσχύος περὶ ἢ ἀσθενείας, ἀλλὰ πάντα ξυνήρει, καὶ τὰ πάσῃ διαίτῃ θεραπευόμενα· Nor was there any, to say certain medicine, that, applied, must have helped them. For, if it did good to one, it did hurt to another: nor any difference of body for strength or weakness, that was able to resist it; but it carried all away, what physic soever was administered. Thus Thucydides: And upon this passage of that historian, the Bishop of Rochester ingeniously paraphrases:

Physicians now could nought prevail;
They the first spoils to the proud victor fall:
Nor would the plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first.
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefest men to feel the stroke;
The chiefest and the wisest heads, lest they
Should soonest disobey,
Should first rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices pow'r;
None of Apollo's arts could cure,
But help'd the plague the speedier to devour.
Physic itself was a disease;
Physic the fatal tortures did increase:
Prescriptions did the pains renew:

And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent: and he brought new poiſons with him too,

Plague of Athens, Stanza 15.

The natural remedies that are uſed in extinguiſhing and driving away a peſtilential diſeaſe, are of two ſorts: for ſome are called common, others particular. The common remedies are fires, odours, firing of guns, a ſtrict regimen of life, and what is more than all the reſt, an avoiding of the contagion, together with an extermination and utter deſtruction of all things that may retain and preſerve the infection, as clothes, bedding, and the like: as likewiſe to abſent from all company whatever for a certain time. And, whatever Lucretius advances to the contrary, Hippocrates is ſaid to have bethought himſelf of a common remedy for this plague viz. by burning piles of ſcented wood at the corners of the ſtreets. The particular remedies are thoſe that are adapted to the conſtitution and habit of body of each perſon infected: and theſe in the caſe of the Athenian plague, as both the hiſtorian and our poet inform us, were all uſed in vain And, indeed, in vain hitherto have proved all the cares and endeavours of men: and the Divine Providence has eluded the attempts of thoſe bragging Charlatans, who boaſt of their panaceas, amulets, and infallible remedies againſt the plague, and often compels them dearly to rue their enormous temerity: Not that I would be underſtood to mean, that the care of the ſick ought to be committed to fortune only: for there is an honour juſtly due to medicaments that ſupport the vital faculty, and contain it within its due bounds; as there is likewiſe to topics, when experience has once eſtabliſhed and confirmed the uſefulneſs of them But what I ſay is, that the Supreme Wiſdom has hitherto denied to mortals, to find out any univerſal and certain alexicacon for the plague. And therefore Mattheo Villano, ſpeaking of the plague that raged in the year 1348, ſays, That the phyſicians, in any part of the world, could not, either by natural philoſophy, or by phyſic, or by the art of aſtrology, find out any remedy, or certain cure for it: That ſome of them indeed, out of covetouſneſs, went to viſit the ſick, and gave them their remedies; but that by their own death they evinced the vainneſs of their art, leaving their lives as a reſtitution for the money they had unjuſtly taken. "E i Menici," ſays he, "in catuna parte del Mundo, per philoſophia naturale, ò per Fiſica, ò per arte d' Aſtrologia, non hebbono Argomento, ne vera cura. Alquanti per guadagnare andarono viſitando, e dando loro argomenti, i quali, per loro morte, monſtrarono l' arte eſſer ficta, e non vera aſſai per Conſcienza laciarono à reſtituere i danari, che di ciò havevano preſi indebitamente."

Ver 1192. From what Lucretius, after Thucydides, ſays in this and the three following verſes, we may gather this obſervation; that in each plague there is not one only manner of corruption, but that it differs very much, according to the various diſpoſitions of the bodies and humours; even though it derives its origin from one and the ſame cauſe.

Ver 1196 In theſe ſix verſes the poet teaches, That the greateſt calamity of all was; that as ſoon as they perceived themſelves ſeized with the diſeaſe, they fell into a deſpair of recovery, and neglected to take care of themſelves: a neglect that ſometimes is more fatal than the force of the diſeaſe Thus too the hiſtorian: Δεινότατον δὲ παντὸς ἦν ἡ τὲ ἀθυμία, ὁπότε τίς αἴσθοιτο κάμνων, πρὸς γὰρ τὸ ἀνέλπιστον εὐθὺς τράπόμενοι τῇ γνώμη πολλῷ μᾶλλον προΐεντο σφᾶς αὐτοὺς καὶ οὐκ ἀντεῖχον· Thucyd. That is to ſay But the greateſt miſery of all was the dejection of mind, in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to fall ſick: for they preſently fell into deſpair, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance. Now this conſternation and dejection of mind was prejudicial to them on a double account: For, beſides that it very much impaired their ſtrength, it brought with it this additional miſchief, that, deſpairing of recovery, they thought it to no purpoſe to take care of themſelves. And thus the diſeaſe raged uncontrouled, and ſoon was fatal to ſuch as neglected the means of their own ſafety, and gave themſelves over for loſt. And here we might take occaſion to inquire narrowly into a queſtion, which ſome have ſtarted, viz. Whether an abſent perſon can catch the plague by the ſtrength of imagination? The affirmative has many ſticklers for it, as may be ſeen in Fab. Paulinus, lib 1 and the negative is no leſs ſtrenuouſly aſſerted by others: Imagination may indeed operate on our own bodies; by reaſon of the mutual conſent and ſympathy that each part has to the other. But what ſtrength can it have to work on the bodies of others? Whoever yet heard of a pick-pocket, who, by the intenſeneſs of his fancy only, could get the money out of another's purſe? Or, of a hunger-ſtarved wretch, who, by the ſtrength of his imagination, could get into his own clutches the bread he ſaw lying at a diſtance on a baker's ſtall? Beſides in this caſe of the Athenian plague, both the hiſtorian and our poet expreſsly ſay, That the diſeaſe preceded the dread and apprehenſion of it.

Ver 1198. This verſe our tranſlator has added to his author.

Ver. 1202. Here the poet, in theſe thirteen verſes teaches farther, that ſome, though they came not to viſit their friends and relations, or had neglected to tend them, caught nevertheleſs the contagion, and died like infected ſheep or cattle: and, becauſe they had neglected to take care of their friends, they too, in their turn, were neglected by them Thus too Thucydides, Ἕτερος ἀφ' ἑτέρου θεραπείας ἀναπιμπλάμενοι ὥσπερ τὰ πόρβατα ἔθνησκον καὶ τὸν πλείστον φθόρον τοῦτο ἐνεποίει εἴτε γὰρ μὴ θέλοιεν δεδιότες ἀλλήλοις προσιέναι, ἀπώλλυντο ἔρημοι, καὶ οἰκίαι πολλαὶ ἐκενώθησαν ἀπορί τοῦ θεραπεύσαντος. They died, ſays he, like ſheep, being infected by mutual viſitation: And if men, for fear, forbore to viſit them, then they died forlorn: ſo that many families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould have taken care of them. Thus Thucydi-

des: And were there no other teſtimony for contagion to be found, than this of that hiſtorian and our poet, it would be abundantly ſufficient, evidently to convince their peremptorineſs, who obſtinately hold, that it was unknown to the ancients: and them too, who as poſitively aſſert, that the air only is the cauſe of epidemical diſeaſes; and will not admit of contagion, except only when ſubſtituted in the place of the air. But how much they are miſtaken will manifeſtly appear by the following animadverſion.

OF CONTAGION,

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF A PLAGUE.

As the ancients were not ignorant of, ſo they always apprehended, contagions; whatever ſome modern authors have believed to the contrary. Lucretius, who copies after Thucydides, freely confeſſes in this place, That the effects of contagion are felt from far; and to him ſubſcribe ſeveral of the ancients; as Livy, lib. iii cap. 25. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 14. Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus, lib. 10. and Euſebius, lib. 7. but, that they affect, when near at hand, is allowed by all: for none deny, that to tend and touch the ſick, will ſpread abroad the diſeaſe, and render it epidemical: Hence Virgil in Georg. iii.

Ne mala vicini pecoris contagia lædant.

And our Lucretius, ver. 1241. of this book,

Qui fuerant autem præſtò, contagibus ibant.

And yet L. Septulius, in lib. 2. de Peſte, cap. 8. too confidently affirm, That the third manner of contagion, which, as we ſaid before, the phyſicians call *per fomitem*, was unknown to the ancients, and never thought of by them. But, among many other teſtimonies that might be alleged, this miſtake of his is evident from the following verſes, with which Virgil concludes his third Georgic:

Jamque catervatim dat ſtragem, atque aggerat ipſis
In ſtabulis turpi dilapſa cadavera tabo:
Donec humo tegere, ac foveis abſcondere diſcunt.
Nam neque erat coriis uſus; nec viſcera quiſquam,
Aut undis abolere poteſt, aut vincere flamma:
Nec tondere quidem morbo, illuvieque peresa
Vellera; nec telas poſſunt attingere putres:
Verùm etiam inviſos ſi quis tentârat amictus,
Ardentes papulæ, atque immundus olentia ſudor
Membra ſequebatur: nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore, contactos artus facer ignis edebat.

Which is rendered by Dryden, as follows;

At length ſhe ſtrikes an univerſal blow:
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diſ'ring ſpecies in confuſion lie:
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathſome carrion under ground:
For, uſeleſs to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted fleſh with ocean tides
Be free'd from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The ſtench aboliſh, or the ſavour tame:
Nor ſafely could they ſhear their fleecy ſtore,
Made drunk with poiſ'nous juice, and ſtiff with gore,
Or touch the web: but, if the veſt they wear,
Red bliſters riſing on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles: and noiſome ſweat,
And clammy dews, that loathſome lice beget;
Till the ſlow creeping evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

The ancients therefore knew what contagion is, though, perhaps, they were not fully aware of its great power, nor of the many ways of its imparting, and ſpreading itſelf abroad: and this is the reaſon, that this chief begetter of a plague was then ſcarce held to be a propagator of it. But in the laſt age, its power was ſo manifeſtly diſcovered, as to make the modern phyſicians believe, that true plagues, or thoſe infections at leaſt, which they call bubonic, are diſſeminated by contagion only. In Florida, the ſeaſons of the year, the fruits of the earth, the winds, the rains, all come regularly, and at due and conſtant times, nor is there the leaſt ſuſpicion there of infectious damps or exhalations; yet, upon the arrival of an ordinary fellow, who brought thither ſome inconſiderable merchandiſe from an infected place, the whole country ſoon caught the contagion, and eſſayed the fury of a peſtilential diſeaſe, till then, in thoſe parts, unknown before. Contagious diſeaſes, unleſs a timely ſtop be put to them, depopulate provinces and whole kingdoms, by ſweeping away their inhabitants. And this obſervation is one of the reaſons, that, though but of late days, contagion has been held to be the chief inſtrument, in beginning, and propagating a plague. The ancients indeed could ſcarce be reconciled to the ſetting a private and particular cauſe at the head of a public and general, or common effect; but this difficulty would not have ſtartled them, had they reflected, that even that cauſe may be ſaid to be common, by whoſe efficacy a diſeaſe becomes epidemical. Pliny, lib. 16. informs us, that they either baniſhed the lepers, or ſhut them up, and debarred them from all manner of converſation, that they might not infect the ſound; and if, through negligence, this care was at any time omitted, the whole ſociety was infected with that moſt filthy diſeaſe; of which no common cauſe could be aſſigned, beſides contagion. We read, that, in the laſt age, a ſecretary of the Pope's treaſury, being returned from Peruſa to Rome, brought the itch along with him; which foul diſeaſe, in a few days, by that means ſpread itſelf through the whole city; and that, when Lautrecchus beſieged Naples, a ſmall number of harlots, that were in the camp, gave the venereal diſeaſe, till then unknown in theſe parts of the world, to his whole army; from whence it has ſince ſpread itſelf into Africa, Aſia,

and all over Europe; treating foreigners with greater ſeverity indeed, than its native Indians, among whom it was firſt known. And were not theſe common cauſes, the firſt of which infected the whole city of Rome, the other almoſt the whole world? Then, not to dwell too long on ſo evident a matter, let us call to mind this maxim of Lucretius:

Tangere enim, et tangi, niſi corpus nulla poteſt res. *Lib.* iv. *ver.* 305.

Nothing, but body, can be touch'd, or touch.

Whatever things, therefore, meet, are bodies; not a naked quality. But, according to Ariſtotle, lib. 1. de Generat. et Corrupt. things then touch one another, when the extremeſt parts of them are together, be it done at what diſtance you will. Contagion thus is not an empty ſound, but expreſſes the manner, by which an infection, by the means of corpuſcles, that exhale from an infected body, communicates itſelf to one that is ſound; and, though it not unfrequently touches, yet it ſometimes imparts its virulence through another medium.

There are ſome, nevertheleſs, who will not be reconciled to contagion; and pretend to compel us to a neceſſity of owning, whether we will or not, and againſt truth and obſervation, that a plague ſometimes is bred, without any previous contagion, otherwiſe it would be perpetual. To make this aſſertion good, they bring, for inſtance, a country, where a new plague is broken out, and aſk us, whether it be juſt then bred in that country, or brought thither from elſewhere? If we grant the firſt, then indeed adieu to all contagion: if the laſt, they bid us name the originary place where it was bred; which would oblige us to the ſame conceſſion as the former. Therefore, ſay they, contagion will propagate, but not begin, a plague. Though this be not argued amiſs, yet it is not ſo concluſive, as to hinder us from believing, that the whole earth is at no time free from a plague; and that there are certain places, where the ſeeds of plagues are preſerved, in order to break out at a certain time. Æthiopia has an ill name on this account; nor are Grand-Cairo and Conſtantinople much better ſpoken of; nay, almoſt all that vaſt extent of land, which the Turks inhabit, in ſome part or other of it, ever has had, and ever will have, more or leſs, the plague among them; and this too through their voluntary neglect; for they think it impious to ſtruggle againſt fate. But the reaſon, why it does not always rage with the ſame fierceneſs among them, is, the various diſpoſition of their bodies, and the different ſtate of the air.

It is likewiſe obſervable, that every contagious diſeaſe rages with greateſt violence at its firſt breaking out; but in length of time grows mild, and abates of its firſt fury. Whoever doubts of this, let him compare the miſchiefs, that heretofore were cauſed by the venereal diſeaſe, with the harms, that, now-a-days, attend it; let him weigh, beſides, the devaſtation, that in the laſt age, the ſmall-pox, brought upon the Indies, where, at its firſt coming, it ſwept away, in a few days, a hundred myriads of Mexicans. The ſeeds, therefore, of peſtilential diſeaſes decay, and wear away by degrees; till, having found proper humours to work on, and ſpirits that make but weak reſiſtance, they break out afreſh, and with greater violence in other bodies. To this opinion ſubſcribes the learned Felix Platerus, who, in his Treatiſe of the Cauſes of Fevers, after having made many obſervations, that well deſerve to be known and remembered, argues to the following purpoſe: It ſeems more reaſonable, ſays he, to believe, that, in like manner as other venoms, which, from the beginning of the world, are innate and natural to certain bodies, inhere and reſide in them, ſo too this peſtilent venom may lurk, not only in the bodies of ſuch as are viſited with the plague, but of others likewiſe, who are not yet taken with a fever; or even in clothes, or any thing of like nature; and that it may be imparted and transferred from body to body; not only by mutual contact, but by the intermediate air intervening, and taking thoſe invenomed ſeeds from one body, and wafting them into another. Beſides, a peſtilent venom, if it be attracted by inſpiration, chiefly affects the heart, and kindles a fever in a moment; or, if it be caught by any other means, and poſſeſſes any other part of the body, it either makes the ſame progreſs to the heart by inſpiration, or through ſome blind paſſages; or elſe it ſtays for ſome time in the part it firſt ſeized on; and even in that caſe, though it be propagated no farther, and though no peſtilent fever yet appear, the body nevertheleſs is rendered infected by that venom; which, ſooner or later, may affect likewiſe the bodies of others. And this is the reaſon, that ſuch as fly from infected places into others, that are free from the plague, and ſtay there ſome time, are often, even after many days, taken firſt with the plague; or, if they are not taken themſelves, they may nevertheleſs infect others. In like manner too, experience teaches, that a lewd woman, who lies with a man, tainted with the venereal diſeaſe, though ſhe be not yet ſo infected by him, as to be ſick of that diſeaſe herſelf, may nevertheleſs infect others, who afterwards lie with her, with the ſame diſeaſe. This too is atteſted by Fernelius; and, therefore, we dare confidently affirm, that the ſeeds of plagues, like other venoms, are always reſiding in certain bodies, in ſome country of the world or other; and that they are propagated from thence into other places, in the manner above ſpoken. Even as we know for certain, that the venom of the venereal diſeaſe, which is well nigh as contagious and noxious, at leaſt to mankind, came firſt of all, creeping from body to body, from the Indies even to us; and now ſubſiſts no where but in bodies, and wanders by contagion out of ſome into others. Which venereal diſeaſe, manifeſting itſelf in this manner, reſides nevertheleſs, in other places, in other bodies; and, by ſome one or other of them, is carried back again into the ſame country. Thus too the plague, though it has often ceaſed to rage

for a long time together, in certain places, is nevertheless inherent in certain bodies, in some part of the earth or other; and, as is said above, is, in its due time, derived from thence, and breaks out in those bodies, in which it lay dormant. Insomuch, that no necessity obliges us to hold, for this reason, viz because we hear nothing of it, nor where it rages, as if it were totally extinguished, and that the whole world were free from it; that therefore when it returns again, it is engendered anew in the air, and falls down from thence upon us; though, notwithstanding all this, it cannot in the least be doubted, but that the air is imbued with a malignant quality, with which it may, and does sometimes, affect the bodies of animals: in like manner as we grant, that they are affected by a pestilent contagion, proceeding from infected bodies, and insinuating itself into other bodies, in the method abovementioned; but that the origin of this contagion is due to the air, can in no wise be granted, for the reasons before given. Thus far Platerus, with whom the generality of physicians agree. For the objections, which D. Sennertus, in lib. i. de Caus. Pestil. cap. 21. has brought against him, are held to be trifling, and of no validity.

Ver. 1204. This and the two following verses are a paraphrase of our translator on his author.

Ver. 1207. Hence we see, that the saying of the comic poet has still prevailed:

Proximus sum egomet mihi,

That charity begins at home, as our ill-natured proverb expresses it, and, consequently, that men are more careful of their own health than that of others. To abandon friends in sickness, is a piece of cruelty detestable even in heathens; how much more then is it to be abhorred in Christians? Yet Guido Cauliacus tells us, that in the plague that raged in the year 1348, the living, that they might not endanger their lives by the contagion, avoided to come near the infected; insomuch, that whole families died without attendance, and were buried without priests: the father visited not the son, nor the son the father: Charity was extinguished, and hope overthrown. "In tantumque," says he, "gentes moriebantur sine famulis, et sepeliabantur sine sacerdotibus: Pater non visitabat filium, nec filius patrem: caritas erat mortua, et spes prostrata." Mattheo Villano acknowledges this to be true: and though he endeavours to lay the blame on the Barbarians, after whose example the Christians no less inhumanly abandoned their friends; yet he omits not to brand them with infamy, as men guilty of a barbarity truly detestable, and till then unheard of among the professors of Christianity.

Ver. 1215. In these ten verses, the poet tells us, that such of them, as came to tend the infected, were exposed to a double destruction. For, either they caught the contagion of the sick, and underwent the like fate with them, or else, worn out with the fatigue of tending them, they at length fell sick of the same disease. But shame as well as piety excited them to serve their friends in so great distress; and thus the most virtuous among them exposed their lives to this danger, and chiefly assisted their dying friends. In like manner Thucydides: Εἰτε, προσίοιεν διεφθείροντο καὶ μάλιστα οἱ ἀρετῆς τι μεταποιούμενοι, αἰσχύνη γὰρ ἠφείδουν σφῶν αὐτῶν ἐσιόντος περὰ τοὺς φίλους, ἐπεὶ καὶ τὰς (πρὸς τὰς Schol.) ὀλοφύρσεις τῶν ἀπογιγνομένων τελευτῶντες καὶ οἱ οἰκεῖοι ἐξέκαμνον ὑπὸ τοῦ πολλοῦ κακοῦ νικώμενοι. That is to say, if they forbore not to visit them, then they died themselves. For, out of shame, they would not spare their own persons, but went into their friends; especially after it was come to this pass, that their own domestics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatness of the calamity, were no longer moved with it.

Ver. 1217. Upon this calamity, the Bishop of Rochester thus paraphrases:

Here others, poison'd by the scent,
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give:
Themselves, now dead, the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before:
Their bodies kill all that come near;
And, even after death, they all are murd'rers here.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 19.

Ver. 1221. This and the following verse run thus in the original:

Inque aliis alium populum sepelire suorum
Certantes, lacrymis lassi, luctuque redibant:
Inde bonam partem in lectum mærore dabantur.

i. e. After they had striven and contended to bury the bodies of whole families of their friends among those of the friends of others, they returned wearied with grief and weeping; and hence most of them took to their beds for sorrow.

Ver. 1225. The poet having laid before our eyes the lamentable and tragical condition of the city of Athens, he now brings upon the stage the herdsmen, shepherds, and peasants, who, being visited with this cruel infection, in want of all necessaries, destitute of friends, and despairing of relief, shut themselves up, some of them in their narrow huts, where they died by heaps, destroyed no less by famine than the plague; while others, for fear of the enemy, who were laying waste the whole country, and destroying all with fire and sword, with the disease upon them, fled into the city; and others, whose strength would not permit them to reach thither, lay languishing in the highways, naked, full of ulcers, &c. What more dreadful, what more dismal, can imagination figure to itself?

Ver. 1228. This observation is the translator's, not his author's.

Ver. 1229. The Bishop of Rochester describes this circumstance very pathetically in the following verses:

Here lies a mother and her child;
The infant ſuck'd as yet, and ſmil'd,
But ſtrait by its own food was kill'd:
There parents hugg'd their children laſt;
Here parting lovers laſt embrac'd;
But yet not parting neither:
They both expir'd, and went away together.
The friend does hear his friends laſt cries;
Parts his grief for him, and then dies;
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The father, at his death,
Speaks his ſon heir, with an infectious breath:
In the ſame hour the ſon does take
His father's will, and his own make:
The ſervant needs not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his maſter in the other world again;
They languiſhing together lie;
Their ſouls away together fly:
The huſband gaſps; his wife lies by:
It muſt be her turn next to die:
The huſband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life:
That couple who the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayers here in vain:
No fates in death could them divide;
They muſt, without their privilege, together both have dy'd.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 19. & 20.

Ver. 1231. Thus Thucydides: Ἐπίεσε δὲ αὐτὸὺς μᾶλλον πρὸς τῷ ὑπάρχοντι πόνῳ καὶ ἡ ξυγκομιδὴ ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν ἐς τὸ ἄστυ, καὶ οὐχ ἧσσον τοὺς ἐπελθόντας, οἰκιῶν γὰρ οὐχ ὑπαρχουσῶν, ἀλλ' ἐν καλύβαις πνιγηραῖς ὥρᾳ ἔτους διαιτωμένων, ὁ φθόρος ἐγίγνετο οὐδενὶ κόσμῳ, ἀλλὰ καὶ νεκροὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις ἔκειντο. This is to ſay: Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people, and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both the citizens, and much more the people themſelves, that thus came in: For, having no houſes, and dwelling at that time of the year (for it was in the ſummer), in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form, and dying men lay tumbling, one upon another, in the ſtreets. And Tit. Livius deſcribes the like event in almoſt the ſame colours. "Grave tempus," ſays he, "et fortè annus peſtilens erat urbi, agriſque, nec hominibus magis, quàm pecori: et auxère vim morbi terrores populationis, pecoribus agreſtibuſque in urbem receptis: Ea colluvio mixtorum omnis generis animantum, et odore inſolito urbanos, et agreſtem confertum in arcta tecta, æſtu, ac vigiliis angebat, miniſteriaque invicem, ac contagio ipſa vulgabat morbos. Lib. iii.

Ver. 1232. It is highly probable, that the great concourſe of country people that flocked into the city, for fear of the Lacedemonians, who had then invaded Attica, and were putting all to fire and ſword, was the chief cauſe of this plague; and that what Lucretius related before of the city of Athens, was ſpoken by a certain way of anticipation, which is not unfrequent with poets; as if he had conſidered with himſelf, that he ſhould not have explained the matter equal to its dignity, if, ſetting leſs by the metropolis than the whole province, he had begun his narration of this diſeaſe by the country. The teſtimony of Thucydides, from whom our author has taken this deſcription, is alone ſufficient to juſtify this opinion, which, nevertheleſs, may be confirmed by other undeniable proofs. For, in the firſt place, the Athenians would otherwiſe have been very injurious to their Prince Pericles, whom, as Plutarch tells us in his life, they accuſed of having been the cauſe of the plague, by admitting into the city, and in the heat of ſummer, the great multitude of peaſants, and other country people; where they, who had been accuſtomed to labour, and living in the open air, led lazy and idle lives, and were crowded and ſhut up together in narrow and ſtifling habitations: Of all which he had been the occaſion, who, during the war, had received thoſe who had fled from the enemy within the walls of the city, where he took care to find them no manner of employment, but ſuffered them, like brute beaſts, encloſed in narrow grounds, mutually to infect one another; and allowed them no change of air, or ſcarce the liberty of breathing. Thus Plutarch. Now let it be even granted that the Athenians were in the wrong as to the cauſe of this plague; yet they had no pretence of reaſon to lay the blame on Pericles, if Athens was afflicted with that peſtilence before the peaſants and other inhabitants of the country fled thither: but they were not miſtaken in believing that the plague had invaded the city by the means of this new increaſe of dwellers: for ſultry heat, and an impure corrupted air may favour and promote a plague, but are altogether incapable of firſt kindling and introducing a peſtilence. Diodorus Siculus, though he adheres too obſtinately indeed to the then commonly received opinion of the amhient air, yet favours our aſſertion concerning the contagion, by means of the country people that flocked into Athens: for, ſpeaking of this plague, he ſays, that the great multitude of all manner of people, who, out of fear, were fled from the country into the city, where, by reaſon of the narrowneſs of the place, they were promiſcuouſly, and without any order, crowded together, not without good cauſe, fell into diſeaſes; for, breathing nothing but noiſome ſtenches, that were occaſioned by filth and naſtineſs, and the air beſides being grown ſultry, and almoſt ſuffocated by the heat of the ſeaſon, they received within their bowels the contagious venom. Thus we ſee what is the chief cauſe of plagues, and from whence this of Athens took its origin. Even Lucretius himſelf, whatever he ſaid to the contrary, of the air, in the beginning of this narration, yet in this place he ſeems to own, that the plague proceeded chiefly from the contagion which the country people brought into the city. His words are as follows:

Nec minimum partim ex agris ægroris in urbem
Confluxit, languens quem contulit agricolarum
Copia, conveniens ex omni morbida parte.

There is, therefore, no reaſon to diſpute, for the future, the moſt ancient prerogative and efficacy of contagion, in all plagues; but chiefly not in this moſt memorable plague of Athens.

Ver. 1234. Thus too the Bishop of Rochester:

There was no number now of death:
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
The sisters now, quite wearied in cutting single thread,
Began at once to part whole looms:
One stroke did give whole houses dooms.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 21.

Ver. 1235. In like manner Thucydides: Καὶ ἦν ταῖς ὁδοῖς ἐκαλινδοῦντο, καὶ περὶ τὰς κρήνας ἁπάσας ἡμιθνῆτες τῇ τοῦ ὕδατος ἐπιθυμίᾳ· That is to say: And they lay half-dead in the ways, and about every conduit, through desire of water. The greatest relief of an inflamed heart, is, without doubt, to breathe in a cool and pure air: but the heart is always inflamed in a burning fever, with which the Athenians were then afflicted: and hence proceeded that implacable thirst which made them make what haste they could to the fountains; but some of them, through weakness, fainted and fell down by the way, while others, who had more strength, lay near the fountains, suffocated with the great plenty of water they had poured down into their burning entrails. Now the fountain Callirhoes, that without the walls, broke out in seven streams, and was conveyed into Athens by as many pipes, supplied with water the upper part of the city: in the lower part of which, towards the Piræeus, there were no fountains, but only wells, as has been said already.

Ver. 1237. Lucretius omits nothing that may create horror, and provoke commiseration in the minds of the readers. To this end, he now exposes to their eyes the streets of Athens, thick strowed with dead and dying bodies, half naked, and half-covered with filthy weeds, and wallowing, nay, almost buried in their own corruption.

Ver. 1242. Here the poet teaches, that necessity had reduced the Athenians to such hard extremities, that the ædiles, whose office it was to take care of the temples, had permitted those that fled into the city to take up their abodes in those holy places, where they built tents for themselves and families, and perhaps too for the cattle they brought with them. This profanation of sacred things, and contempt of all religion, proceeded from the highest desperation; if we may give credit to Thucydides, who relates it as follows: Τὰ τὲ ἱερὰ, ἦν οἷς ἐσκήνηντο, νεκρῶν πλέα ἦν, αὐτοῦ ἐναποθνησκόντων, ὑπερβιαζομένου γὰρ τοῦ κακοῦ, οἱ ἄνθρωποι οὐκ ἔχοντες ὅτι γένωνται ἐς ὀλιγωρίαν ἐτράποντο καὶ ἱερῶν καὶ ὁσίων ὁμοίως· i. e. The temples also where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppressed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careless of holy and profane things alike.

Ver. 1243. For this thought our translator is not so much obliged to his author as to the Bishop of Rochester, who, on this particular, paraphrases as follows:

The gods are call'd upon in vain:
The gods gave no release unto their pain:
The gods to fear ev'n for themselves began:
For now the sick into the temples came,
And with them brought more than a holy flame:
There, at the altars, made their pray'r:
They sacrific'd, and dy'd too, there:
A sacrifice not seen before;
That Heaven, us'd but to the gore
Of lambs or bulls, should now
Loaded with priests see its own altars too.

Plague of Athens, Stan. 29.

Ver. 1244. Thucydides, after having acquainted us that the great licentiousness which was practised in the city proceeded, and began at first from this disease, adds immediately, that what any man knew to be delightful, and conducive to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable: Neither the fear of the gods, says he, nor laws of men awed any man: not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship, or not to worship, seeing that they all alike perished: not the latter, because no man expected that his life would last till he received punishment of his crimes by judgment: But they thought there was now hanging over their heads some far greater judgment decreed against them; and, before it fell upon them, they thought to enjoy some little part of their lives. Ὅτι δὲ ᾔδει τε ἡδὺ, καὶ, πανταχόθεν τὸ ἐς αὐτὸ κερδαλέον, τοῦτο καὶ καλὸν καὶ χρήσιμον κατέστη, Θεῶν δὲ φόβος, ἢ ἀνθρώπων νόμος, οὐδεὶς ἀπεῖργε, τὸ μὲν κρίνοντες ἦν ὁμοίῳ σεβειν καὶ μὴ, ἐκ τοῦ πάντας ὁρᾶν ἦν ἴσω ἀπολλυμένους· τῶν δὲ ἁμαρτημάτων ὐδεὶς ἐλπίζων μέχρι τοῦ δίκην γενέσθαι βιοὺς ἂν τὴν τιμωρίαν ἀντιδοῦναι· πολὺ δὲ μείζω τὴν ἤδη κατεψηφισμένην σφῶν ἐπικρεμασθῆναι, ἢν πρὶν ἐμπεσεῖν, εἰκὸς εἶναι τοῦ βίου τὶ ἀπολαῦσαι· Thus Thucydides: Upon which passage of that historian the Bishop of Rochester finely paraphrases, and concludes his poem:

But what, great gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its magazines of lusts did call;
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
Into the upper world it went:
Such guilt, such wickedness,
Such irreligion did increase,
That the few good, who did survive,
Were angry with the plague for suff'ring them to live,
More for the living, than the dead, did grieve:
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though sure to be infected e'er they fled;
Though in the very act sure to be punished:
Some, nor the shrines, nor temples, spar'd,
Nor gods, nor heav'ns they fear'd,
Though such examples of their pow'r appear'd:
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name;
And honesty the foolish voice of fame:
For, having pass'd those tort'ring flames before,
They thought the punishment already o'er;
Thought heav'n could have no worse in store:
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Plague of Athens, Stanza 31.

Ver. 1246. In these twelve last verses the poet relates, That the Athenians were not content with polluting their holy places with dead bodies, but transgressed likewise all their laws concerning funerals, which they had till then observed, and buried their dead, as they could, wherever they found room. Thus too Thucydides: Νόμοι τὲ πάντες συνεταράχθησαν, οἷς ἐχρῶντο πρότερον περὶ τὰς ταφάς· ἔθαπτον δὲ ὥς ἕκαστος ἠδύνατο. Now by the unanimous consent of all authors, the Athenians were of all people the most ceremonious in the funerals of their dead, whom they honoured even to the highest superstition. If any one neglected to pay the rites of funeral to these who were slain in war, he was punished with death: And the pomp and expence of funerals grew at length to such excess among them, that Solon was forced to put a stop to it by laws; but when this plague was raging at Athens, no funeral rites were observed: For, as the historian, from whom our poet has taken this passage, relates, many, for want of things necessary, after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends: For, when one had made a funeral pile, another, getting before him, would throw on his dead, and set it on fire; and when one was burning, others would come, and, having cast upon it the dead they brought, go their way again. Καὶ πολλοὶ ἐς ἀναισχύντους θήκας ἐτράποντο, σπάνει τῶν ἐπιτηδείων, διὰ τὸ συχνοὺς ἤδη προτεθνάναι σφίσιν, ἐπὶ πυρὰς γὰρ ἀλλοτρίας, φθάσαντες τοὺς νοσήσαντας, οἱ μὲν ἐπιθέντες τὸν ἑαυτῶν νεκρὸν, ὑφῆπτον· οἱ δὲ καιμένου ἄλλου ἄνωθεν ἐπιβαλόντες ὃν φέροιεν, ἀπήεσαν. Thucyd. But this calamity of the Athenians will more visibly appear, by giving at large the laws and ceremonies, that they thought themselves religiously bound to observe in the sepulture of their dead; and which are recorded by Nardius in the following, no less learned than accurate, animadversion on this passage of our author.

ANIMADVERSION

OF JOANNES NARDIUS, CONCERNING THE FUNERALS OF THE ATHENIANS.

Cicero, in his oration for Flaccus, acquaints us, That humanity, learning, religion, laws, civil societies, and the use of corn, began first among the Athenians, and from them were distributed over the whole earth: Hence Lucretius says of them:

Et recreaverunt vitam, legesque rogârunt.
Lib. vi. *ver.* 3.

But nothing seems to have been more anciently practised among them, or more religiously observed, than the paying the just dues of funeral to their dead; especially to those, who had been slain in fighting for their country: Of this we have a famous example, recorded by Xenophon, lib. i. Ἑλληνικῶν, and by Valerius Maximus, who tells us, that the Athenians condemned, and put to death, ten of their captains, who returned to Athens after a great victory they had gained at sea, over the Lacedemonians, only because they had not paid the lest duties to the dead bodies of those that had been killed in the engagement, even though they had this to plead in their defence, that the tempestuous weather had rendered it impossible: "Decem imperatores suos, et quidem à pulcherrima victoria venientes, capitali judicio exceptos necârunt, quod militum corpora, licet, sævitia maris interpellante, sepulturæ mandare non potuissent, sed in fluctus, necessitate adacti, projecissent." Valer. Max. lib. ix. cap. 8. Deterred by this severity, Chabrias, who commanded the Athenian fleet, was more wary: For he, having defeated and put to flight the fleet of the Lacedemonians at the island Naxos, instead of pursuing the routed enemy, minded only to gather up the dead bodies of the slain; and, fearing the superstition of the people, chose rather, says Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. to let the enemies of the republic escape, than that their dead friends should be deprived of the rites of funeral; otherwise he might easily have destroyed the whole naval force of the Lacddemonians. Nicias, the great general of the Athenians, commanded his whole army to halt, only to bury two of his soldiers. Isocrates in Panegyr. relates, That Adrastus, king of Argos, having been unsuccessful in a war against the Thebans, and not being able to carry off the dead bodies of the slain, besought the Athenians, and their king Theseus, to commiserate the public calamity of the Argives, and to assist them to compel the Thebans, to allow the ceremonies of sepulture, to those who had been killed in the battle: This the Athenians deemed a just cause of war, and the success seemed to justify their opinion; for, taking up arms against the Thebans on no other pretence but this, they defeated them, and would hearken to peace on no terms whatever, till the Thebans, by way of preliminary, had paid the due rites of sepulture to the slain Argives. Nor may we forget the piety of Cimon, who, that he might bury his father, who was dead in prison, submitted to be a prisoner himself, and redeemed the body at the price of his own liberty.

But they extended this piety not only to those who had sacrificed their blood in defence of the public safety, but likewise to their kindred, and men of the meanest condition; whose relations the Demarchus, or chief of the people, could oblige to bury the dead body, by laying a heavy fine on those that neglected to do so within a certain time: that magistrate had likewise the power to limit and fix the expence of a funeral, as also to contract himself for it with the public undertakers. Eustathius, in Com. II. ad calcem, celebrates Pisistratus, for having always two or three servants attending him, whose business it was to carry money for him to bestow on the funerals of the poor. The charity of Simon to the dead poor, who left not enough to bury them, and whom he interred at his own expence, is likewise

extolled by Æmilius Probus; and Plutarch, in his life, records of him, that, having with great care and trouble, got together the bones of Theſeus, he brought them to Athens. Nor may we forget a ſignal office of piety, mentioned by Demoſthenes, adverſ. Macartat, and enjoined by an Attic law, which commanded every paſſenger, who happened to ſee upon the road a dead body, though of a perſon unknown to him, to throw at leaſt three handfuls of earth on the face of the defunct for his ſepulture, ſince at that time he could not have the means of burying him otherwiſe. This is atteſted likewiſe by Ælian. Var. Hiſt. lib. 5. and by Phocylidas, Moſchus, Sophocles, and Acron. And this cuſtom was ſo generally received, and deemed ſo indiſpenſibly neceſſary, that it was expected even of thoſe who were going on buſineſs that required the greateſt haſte, as Quintilian ſays, lib. 1. Decad. 5. and Horace, Carm. lib. 1. Od. 28. alludes to it in theſe expreſs words of Archytas the philoſopher, to the ſeamen:

At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ,
Oſſibus & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare.———
Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

Which Creech thus interprets,

But ſeamen, pray be juſt; put near the land;
Beſtow a grave, and hide my limbs in ſand.
Though haſty now, driv'n by a proſp'rous gale,
'Tis quickly done, thrice throw the ſand; and ſail.

Nor, as the Scholiaſt on the Antig. of Sophocles informs us, were they permitted to throw clods of earth, but what they called χόος, mould, or crumbled earth: and this office they called ἐπιβάλλειν γῆν, or κόνιν καλύπτας. They feared, perhaps, that if they had thrown ſolid clods of earth, they would have lain heavy on the dead body. Let this ſuffice for the piety of the Athenians towards the dead: I will now, that I may not ſeem tedious to the reader, nor create in him a ſuſpicion of truth in a matter ſo very obſcure, ſelect only the moſt remarkable ceremonies, which they obſerved in funerals, as I find them recorded in the moſt authentic authors.

Firſt, then, to begin my intended diſcourſe with what was practiſed in the laſt agonies of the dying perſon; I find in Diodorus Siculus and Valerius Maximus, that when the ſick perſon perceived his end draw nigh, he took a ring off his finger, and gave it to the ſtander by, who was deareſt to him; hiſtorians report this to have been done by Alexander. Then pronouncing theſe laſt words, "Vive ac vale," (vide Servium in Æneid. 5.) he breathed out his ſoul, embracing and kiſſing his beſt beloved. For they believed the mouth to be the paſſage through which the ſoul went out of the body, and therefore endeavoured to catch it as it fled, by holding their mouth open cloſe to that of the perſon expiring. Thus Antigone in Euripides, in Phœniſſ. ſays, O my deareſt, and my beſt beloved, I will put thy mouth to mine. After whoſe example, perhaps, Anna in Virgil, Æn. iv. ver. 684.

——— Et extremus ſi quis ſuper halitus errat,
Ore legam.———

And Livia in the Epicedium of Albinovanus:

Soſpite te, ſaltem moriar, Nero: tu mea condas
Lumina, & excipias hanc animam ore pio.

Hence, at Rome, as we learn from Seneca, in Epiſt. 30. and from the Tragedian of that name in Herc. Fur. it was proverbially ſaid of the old, who were worn out with age, that their ſoul was in their mouth: thus the Romans derived this credulity from the Greeks; and Ariſtotle, in his Treatiſe de Inſp. et Reſp. ſays, That inſpiration is the protaſis, and expiration the cataſtrophe of life.

But the wiſhes of the abovementioned Livia, ſuggeſt to us another office that was applied to dying perſons, and which the Greeks, in their language, called καθαιρεῖν τὰς ὀφθαλμὰς, the Latins, "condere," or "tegere oculos;" to cloſe their eyes. This was the duty of the neareſt relation, or of the deareſt friend, who immediately cloſed the eyelids of his departed relation or friend: for, as Pliny teaches, lib. xi. cap. 37. they held it a crime againſt the gods to ſee the eyes of a dead perſon. And that the cuſtom, of which we are ſpeaking was religiouſly obſerved, as a pious office, that ought not to be neglected, we have the teſtimony of many of the ancients; particularly of Euripides in Hecuba, and in Phœniſſa, of Homer Odyſſ. x. and Iliad. 1. and of Plato in Socr. While theſe things were doing, all who were preſent called with a loud voice, and by his own name, the perſon, who was dead, and immediately with wailings and tears ran to embrace the corpſe: this we learn from Servius on the 4th Æneid, and from Propertius, lib. iv. eleg. 6. For, as Alcinous, de doct. Plat. cap. 12. ſays he, who with dry eyes, can behold the death of his relations and friends, has a mind inſenſible and void of all affection. Hired women attended to take care of the body, and theſe ſhut the mouth of the dead perſon, while the body was yet warm: yet Crito performed the laſt offices to the condemned Socrates, that women, by their unavailing laments, might not ſhake the conſtancy of his undaunted ſoul. Then they laid out the other members, and waſhed the corpſe with warm water: becauſe, ſays Cicero, lib. 1. de Leg. they believed the vital ſpirit to be ſhut out, and often to deceive them; for which reaſon, they were wont to waſh the bodies of their dead with warm water; in the next place they anointed the body with oil, if the perſon were free, and not of a ſervile condition: for unction was forbid to ſlaves by the laws of Solon: who likewiſe preſcribed bounds to tears and mourning; but to public indeed, rather than to private. Even he himſelf, as Stobæus, Serm. 276. witneſſes, wept for the loſs of his ſon; and when it was told him, That weeping would avail him nothing, I know it well, ſaid he, and for that very reaſon I weep. And indeed,

Quis matrem, niſi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetat?

ſays Ovid, de Remed. Amor. Eſpecially when, as the cuſtom was, they placed the child, after it was waſhed and anointed, on the knees of the ſorrowful mother, who, taking it into her lap, and cheriſhing the cold limbs in her trembling boſom, clothed it at length in its funeral attire; as we learn from Lucian, de luctu, and from Herodotus Muſ. 5. The Romans called the mother of a dead child, "funera mater," and that too very properly, ſince the whole funeral, the loſs and the grief were chiefly hers: this is atteſted by Pliny, lib. xi. cap. 45. and by Servius in Eclog. 6.; confirmed likewiſe by the mother of Euryalus, who, in Virg. Æn. 9. hearing of the death of her ſon, cries out in the bitterneſs of anguiſh:

——— Nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, preſſive oculos, aut vulnera lavi,
Veſte tegens.———

But by the laws of the twelve tables, it was forbid among the Romans, to take into their laps, the body of any who were killed with lightning; or to allow to ſuch the accuſtomed rites of funeral: becauſe, according to the doctrine of the Greeks, they were eſteemed holy, and worthy of divine honour; of which we have ſpoken above, p. 629. Vide etiam Artemid. lib. ii. cap. 8.

The funeral veſtment, or ſhroud, was made of fine white linen, and they called it λαύκη ϛόλη. In weaving one of theſe, the chaſte Penelope employed many years, to get rid of her importunate wooers, to whom ſhe pretended ſhe was making that winding-ſheet for her huſband Ulyſſes. Thus Homer, Odyſſ. B. Nor in the camp of the Greeks did any take offence at Hippodamia and Diomedea, the laſt of whom Patroclus, when alive, loved even to madneſs; and who, both of them, adorned his funeral with the richeſt of veſtments, as Dictys Cretenſis has it in lib. 4. Nor can we doubt, but that, in proceſs of time, when corruption of manners had crept in among the Athenians, even they too made uſe of coſtly dreſſes for their dead. We read in Ælian. Var. Hiſt. cap. 16. and in Diogenes Laertius in vit. Socr. that Apollodorus offered Socrates, after this philoſopher had ſwallowed the poiſonous draught, and was in his laſt agony of life, a white veſtment and robe: and Plutarch, in vita Lyſandri, tells us, that Philocles, the Prætor of Athens, after having waſhed his body, put on his richeſt robes, and, thus attired, underwent with an undaunted mind the death to which his conqueror Lyſander had doomed him. Certain it is that they adorned their dead with crowns and garlands, made of the leaves of olive, and ſometimes of parſley, as Suidas reports, that Dares delivered in his book de Certaminibus; and Lucian de Luctu adds, that they ſtuck in among the leaves the flowers that the ſeaſon afforded. This garland was put on by the neareſt relation; and Plutarch relates of Pericles, that, though he ſtrove to retain his gravity, and laboured not to diſcover his inward anguiſh, yet he could not refrain from tears, when he crowned with this funeral garland the head of his dead ſon Patolus. Laſtly, they put into the mouth of the deceaſed two pieces of money of the value of one penny each, to pay his paſſage over the river Styx; thus the expoſitor on the frogs of Ariſtophanes, who ſays beſides, that the freight-money was in their mother-tongue called Δανάκη; but the Attics called it Κάρναδον, and the Latins Naulum.

Theſe ceremonies being thus performed to the body, it then was, by the permiſſion of a law of Solon's, placed any where within the doors of the houſe: and this they called the collocation of the body; but the ſame law commanded that it ſhould be carried out to burial the next morning after the collocation, and that too before daylight. This law was expired, or at leaſt was grown out of uſe, in the time of Demetrius Phalereus; and though it was then renewed, it hindered them not from keeping the body in the houſe, as the Romans likewiſe did, for the ſpace of ſeven entire days: during which time frankincenſe, ſtorax and other perfumes were continually burning on a little altar that was placed by the feet of the corpſe. And this cuſtom of keeping the body thus long was obſerved for this reaſon, to wit, becauſe the preſence of the deceaſed alleviated the ſorrow of the mourners, and accuſtomed their mind by degrees to part for good and all with what they ſo dearly loved. For this reaſon the Greeks, when they were before Troy, buried not the body of Achilles, till after they had kept it ſeventeen whole days.

Beſides, thoſe who performed the meaneſt offices to dead bodies, as the waſhing and rubbing them with oils and ointments, and whom the Greeks called Καλαγυῶται, and Νεκροδάπται, and the Latins, Pollinctores, were, as P. Vict. lib. 2. var. lect. cap. 7. and Lilius Gyraldus obſerve, held in ſuch abomination, that they were not permitted to have houſes within the walls of the city; and Seneca, lib. 6. de Benefic. ſays, that Demades condemned at Athens a perſon who ſold neceſſaries for funerals; becauſe it was evident that he intended, and wiſhed to gain by his buſineſs, which nevertheleſs he could not do without the death of many.

There were ſeveral tokens, that gave notice of a houſe, in which there was a dead body: before the door they placed boughs of cypreſs, and a large gor-bellied earthen pot, filled with holy water, and which was commonly called Ἀρδάνιον γάϛα, but by Ariſtophanes, Ἔρραχον· and that water was always brought from another houſe: the hair likewiſe of the deceaſed was hung over the threſhold of the door: and the reaſon of all this was, that none might be polluted, by going into the houſe unawares.

On theſe occaſions the Greek matrons laid aſide their uſual apparel, and mourned generally in black, though ſometimes in white; neglecting to ſet themſelves off with ornaments, and deſpiſing their accuſtomed trim: their mourning garment was, by the decree of Solon, called Ἰμάτιον. They

ſat by the corpſe with dejected looks, and weeping around the bier, on which ſat the keeper of the corpſe, "capularis cuſtos," ſome very old man or woman, that kept always next the deceaſed; the companions too of the deceaſed perſon ſtood around his body, overwhelmed with griefs, together with weeping virgins, who often beat their breaſts with their hands; and thoſe of the weaker ſex frequently tore off their hair for grief: for it was forbid to cut it quite off, except at the pile or tomb. It was an ancient cuſtom too in mourning to take the hair off their eye-brows, and to do all things that might teſtify an irkſomeneſs of life, and betray an anguiſh of mind. They ſcarce eat at all; what nouriſhment they took, was of the coarſeſt fare: nor is it improbable, that the cups they drank out of were black, as was the cuſtom at Rome, where they were made of earth that came from Polentia. See Martial, lib. xiv. Epig, 157. and Euripides in Troad.

When the ſeventh day approached, the body was, by the friends of the deceaſed, laid on a high bier, and placed with the feet next the door; which laſt cuſtom the Scholiaſt on the ſixth Iliad obſerves, was not without myſtery: for, ſays he, the dead were laid in that manner, to ſignify, that they were never more to return to the houſe again. But Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 8. gives a better reaſon, and ſays, that as by the decrees of nature man comes into the world with his head foremoſt, ſo he is carried to the grave with his feet in that manner. This ceremony was called Πρόθεσις, i. e. "collocatio," and was obſerved for this reaſon, that by thus expoſing the body, it might be ſeen whether any violence had been offered to it: and though it was indulged by the Attic laws, that the body might be placed in any part of the houſe, yet this collocation, as they called it, was generally made in the "veſtibulum," porch, or entry, and always with the feet towards the door; a cuſtom frequent enough in our days. I may not omit their fooliſh cuſtom of driving away the flies; and into which they were led, perhaps, by the example of the officious Thetis. See Hom. Iliad. 8. Socrates in Plato, in Minoe, takes notice of their obſerving an ancient Attic law concerning the "inferiæ," or ſacrifices to the infernal gods; by which law it was enjoined, not to carry the body out of the houſe, till the victims were ſlain; no doubt for the expiation of the deceaſed. And ſince we are ſpeaking of laws, I will mention the ordinance of Hippias the tyrant, who commanded, ſays Ariſtotle in Œconom. that for each dead perſon ſhould be paid to the chief prieſts of the temple of Minerva, which was in the tower of Athens, two ſextaries of barley, as many of wheat, and one penny in money. Theſe things completed the domeſtic mourning, and the firſt part of the funeral; to which immediately ſucceeded the ſecond in the following manner:

According to the laws of Solon, as Demoſthenes affirms, but as fully, of Demetrius Phalereus, in the hours of morning, that preceded daylight, eſpecially if the perſon died an untimely or ſudden death, the body was carried out of the houſe: This they called ἡμέρας ἁρπαγήν, "diei raptum," as if the deceaſed had not expired, but had been ſnatched or raviſhed away; or becauſe they thought it not fit that the ſun ſhould behold ſo great a misfortune, and therefore they ſaid, that they, "diem rapuiſſe," had raviſhed, had prevented the day. The proceſſion began by a long row of torches, whoſe ſplendor diſpelled the darkneſs of the night; and if the deceaſed had been killed, or had died a violent death, a ſpear was borne before the body; hoarſe-ſounding trumpets attended, eſpecially at the funeral of a military man, or one who had deſerved well on account of his ſignal ſervices to the republic; and at the obſequies of ſuch, the people were ſummoned to aſſiſt. Then came the Τυμβαῦλοι, players on the funeral pipes, which the Greeks by a word borrowed from the Phœnicians, called Τιγχρίαι, and which, after the Libyan mood, uttered a doleful ſound, that excited the hired women to bewail the dead. Theſe women the Greeks called Σοφισταὶ θρηνῶν, the diſſemblers, and the principals in the mourning, though they ſhared not in the grief. Theſe the Latins called Præficæ. The chief of them was called Ἰηλιμίσρια, from a ſort of ſong, which they termed Ἰήλισμος, or Ἰάλισμος, the Latins, Leſſus, Lauſus and Mortualia, a funeral dirge. With theſe mercenaries joined the virgins and matrons, that were related to the deceaſed, with their hair diſhevelled, and beſprinkled with duſt and aſhes, their face and boſom bare, beating their breaſts, tearing their face, and each of them howling rather than yelling and wailing. But let us hear Bellonius, an eye and ear-witneſs of the funeral ceremonies obſerved at this day in Greece.

The cuſtom, ſays he, of bewailing the dead, which took its riſe from the ancient Heathens howling at funerals, remains among the Chriſtians, even to this day. Now the Heathens of old were wont to lament and mourn their dead for many days; and Greece ſtill retains this uſage, which it derived from its anceſtors. For in all places, by a certain promiſcuous cuſtom, when any of the family dies, whether it be the huſband, or any other relation, for whom, according to the uſage of the country, they are obliged to mourn, the women run up and down the ſtreets bareheaded, with their hair diſhevelled, their boſom naked, and piercing the air with their loud ſhrieks and yells: tearing likewiſe the hair off their heads, rending their cheeks, and ſtriking their bare breaſts, ſometimes with one hand, ſometimes with the other: with their right hand they tear the left ſide of their body, and with their left the right; in the ſame manner too they tear off their hair, from the left ſide of their head with their right hand, from the right with their left; and thus by turns, ſometimes ſcarifying their cheeks, ſometimes beating their breaſts, and ſometimes tearing off their hair, they perform this ceremony of mourning: but this cuſtom of bewailing the dead, is permitted only to the women, of what rank ſoever they be; for the men are not ſuffered to bear a part in this ſort of

mourning. I know all this to be true, not by hearſay, or the writings of others, but have often ſeen it practiſed of late in many places of Greece; the firſt time I was an eye-witneſs of it was in the month of March, 1547, and at Corcyra anciently, but now called Corfu. I had for many days together, before it was light, heard a great noiſe, which at firſt I took to be the howling of dogs, ſhut up in their kennels: but at length I got out of my bed to diſcover the truth of it, and to my great aſtoniſhment, found it to be a company of ſcreaming and howling women. Now, that they may perform this yelling the better, they agree among themſelves on a time and place, when and where they may twice a-day mourn and wail the death of the deceaſed. Moreover, ſhe among theſe women, who has the beſt voice, and ſings the loudeſt, begins the dirge alone, and in a diſſonant voice from the others, recounts to his relations and friends the praiſes of the deceaſed: and if none of the female relations themſelves be capable of performing this office, they hire another woman to do it. For in the towns of Greece there are many women, whoſe ſole livelihood it is to wail the dead: in which they are ſo artful, that they excite even the unwilling to bear a part in their cries and yellings. And ſhe of all the women, who excels the reſt in reciting the praiſes of the deceaſed, is hired the deareſt. And the other women, who aſſiſt in the ceremony, hearkening attentively to what ſhe ſings, and mixing with hers, their ſighs and groans, chant out the funeral dirge, in the ſame doleful tune. She too, who with her nails ſcratches and tears her cheeks the moſt, is wont to receive the greateſt reward. The virgins, above the reſt, gain moſt honour by this dilaceration of the face. Thus P. Bellonius, lib. ii. de medicato funere, cap. 14.

Some footſteps of theſe dirges are ſtill remaining in Grecia Major, the cuſtom of lamenting the dead in rhyme being not totally aboliſhed. A. Santorelles, in his learned Poſtpraxis, ſeu de curando Defuncto, records a dirge, ſtill frequently uſed by the country people in Calabria: and Lilius Gyraldus witneſſes, that that feminine cuſtom of yelling and ſcreaming, and of tearing their cheeks and hair, continued among the Sabines in his days, and almoſt throughout all Italy. But no where can we find a more pathetic and moving dirge than this in our Lucretius:

At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima: nec dulces occurent oſcula nati
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent:
Non poteris factis tibi fortibus eſſe, tuiſque
Præſidio. Miſer, ò miſer, omnia ademit
Una dies infeſta tibi tot præmia vitæ.

Which Dryden thus interprets:

Alas! thou'rt ſnatched from all thy houſehold joys,
From thy chaſte wife, and thy dear prattling boys;
Whoſe little arms about thy legs were caſt;
And climbing for a kiſs, prevent their mother's haſte;
Inſpiring ſecret pleaſure through thy breaſt:
All theſe ſhall be no more; thy friends, oppreſt,
Thy care and courage now no more ſhall free:
Ah wretch! they cry: ah! miſerable thee!
One woeful day ſweeps children, friends, and wife;
And all the brittle bleſſings of thy life.

Solon, as Cicero, lib ii. de Leg. and Plutarch in his life, informs us, forbid, indeed, by law, this dilaceration of the cheeks, and bearing of the breaſts, which laſt they called στηθονυσία· the people nevertheleſs could not be prevailed on to diſcontinue that cuſtom; nor, as the abovecited Bellonius relates, were the Venetians of late days more ſucceſsful, in the late injunctions they gave to the countries of Greece, that are ſubject to their obedience. The reaſon, why the ancients adhered thus obſtinately to this cuſtom, was, becauſe they credulouſly believed, that the manes, or ghoſts of the dead, were appeaſed and ſatisfied with blood and milk: therefore, ſays Servius, the women, who aſſiſt at funerals, beat their breaſts, that they may force out the milk, and all ſcarify their fleſh, to make themſelves bleed. But becauſe a vaſt concourſe of women, of all conditions, were wont to flock to the funeral houſe, it was forbid by a law, for any woman to come to a funeral, except ſuch as were relations of the dead, and ſixty years of age: thus the great reſort of men and women was taken away to leſſen the lamentation. For the men too flocked in crowds to funerals; and therefore Pittacus, as Cicero, 2. de Legib. teaches, forbid all manner of perſons to attend burials, except the kindred of the deceaſed: which ſanction Ariſtotle, in Eth. ix. cap. 11. tells us, was continued, and in uſe, in his days. But it is not certain, whether beſides the relations, who, clad in black, and with veils over their heads, marched in order before the women, the friends likewiſe, and all who had at any time belonged to the family of the deceaſed, as alſo the maſters of defence, the players and dancers, the ſlaves manumitted by will, and thoſe whom the deceaſed had made free before his death, the bearers of the beds, gifts, garlands, trophies, and waxen images, together with the lictors, and ſervants of the ſenate, which was the cuſtom at Rome, made part of the funeral proceſſion: but this is certain that the magiſtracy of Athens ſometimes honoured with their preſence the funerals of the conſiderable citizens; on account of whoſe death they ſometimes too very unſeaſonably prorogued the courts of juſtice. And Solon, in Tzetzes hearing that the whole city attended the funeral of a young man, deceived by the cunning of his friend Thales, immediately concluded it to be his own ſon, whom they were attending to the grave. The friends and relations carried, on their ſhoulders, the bier; of which there were two ſorts in uſe among the people of ſubſtance: the one was called Λέχως, the other Κλίνη. The diſtinction was only in the ſize of them; and conſequently in the number of the bearers: the Λέχως was the largeſt, and carried by an uncertain number of bearers, according to its ſize: the Κλίνη al-

ways by six, or eight; whence it was likewise called ἑξαφόρες, or ὀκτωφόρες. And a parcel of young men, chosen by the people, carried the bier of Timoleon, says Plutarch in his life.

The funeral pomp proceeded through the chief streets of the city, till it came to the forum, or market place, where the bier was set down, and an oration pronounced in praise of the deceased: this custom, as we learn from Anaximenes the orator in Plutarch, in Vita Solonis, was first instituted by Solon; and, being in process of time discontinued, was again revived, especially about the time, when the Greeks, at the passes of Thermopylæ, overthrew the Barbarians, who had invaded their country. When the panegyric was ended, the procession moved again in the same order, and went to the place of sepulture: which sepulture was not nevertheless performed always in the same place, nor after the same manner: for both place and manner differed, according to several laws, and the various superstitions that reigned in several ages. At first they carried back the dead to their house, and intombed them there; calling them the "lares," and tutelar gods of the house: but in process of time this custom was forbid by the laws, which declared it a crime to bury any man within the walls of the city; of which we will speak particularly hereafter.

It is agreed by all, that there were two sorts of sepulture among the Athenians: And to me, says Tully, that seems to have been the ancient way of burial, which Cyrus uses in Xenophon. For the body is restored to the earth, and being laid in it, is covered as with the covering of its mother. This custom of burying in the ground, says that author, 2. de Leg. was continued at Athens, as they say, from the days of Cecrops: the nearest relations laid the body in the ground, and the earth that was thrown over the dead body, was sown with corn. The other custom of burning the dead, began about the age of Hercules, who, to avoid being perjured, reduced to ashes the body of Archeus, the son of Lycymnus, and thus restored it to his father. This we learn from Andron. Hist. and Eustath. on Iliad. 4. And this last custom was observed not only at Athens, but by all the Greeks in general: for so says the Scholiast of Thucydides, lib. 2. ἔτος γὰρ ἦν νόμος Ἀθηναίοις καὶ πᾶσιν Ἕλλησι· i. e. It was established by law among the Athenians, and all the Greeks. The reason of the institution of this custom was, because they believed the divine and immortal part of man to be by that fiery vehicle carried up to heaven; and that whatever was terrestrial and mortal, remained in the ashes. Besides, according to the testimony of Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 54. they conceived, that, by burning the dead bodies, they avoided the infection that might be caused in the air, by the putrefaction of buried carcases; but above all, the injury and ignominy which might be offered to the bodies of the dead, by taking them out of the grave before they were consumed. And for this reason the tyrant Sylla ordered his corpse to be burnt, lest he should be served in the same kind as he before had served his enemy Caius Marius, whose body he caused to be digged up, and thrown into the river Aniene, now Teverone; as Cicero, in 2. de Legibus, and Plutarch, in his life, both witness. But we may observe, that either way of burial was continued down even to the age of Socrates. This we know from the dying words of that philosopher, as they are recorded by Plato in Phædone. Besides, though the Athenians gave answer to S. Sulpicius, as we find in his epistle to Cicero, that they were bound by their religion, not to bury the body of Marcellus within the city; yet authors of better credit, particularly Pausanias in Attic. Xenophon, Ἑλληνικ. lib. 7. Thucydides, lib. 5. Arnobius, lib. 6. adverse. Gentes, and others assure us, that it was the custom of the Greeks to bury their eminent men in the midst of the city, even in the very forum. Plutarch, in the life of Theseus, acquaints us, that Cimon having in his galley brought his bones to Athens, the Athenians received them with solemn rejoicings and sacrifices, as if it had been himself who had returned alive to their city; and buried them within the walls, near the place, says he, where the Gymnasium now stands. It is certain, however, that it was more frequent among them to bury in their Ceramicus, by which name were called two several burying places in Athens: one without the walls of the city, and where they buried such as were slain in battle; the other within the city, where harlots also lived, and prostituted themselves. To which Martial, lib. i. epig. 35. alluding, says,

A Chione saltem, vel ab Helide discе pudorem;
Absconduntur spurcas hæc monumenta lupas.

And lib. 3. epig. 93.

Cum te lucernâ balneator extinctâ
Admittat inter bustuarias moechas.

But we may take notice from Pausanias in Atticis, that all were not buried in the Ceramicus, but that most of the illustrious men had their sepulchres near the high ways and public roads that led to the city: adjoining to that which came from the port Piræeus, were the tombs of Menander, of the son of Diopithes, and of Euripides. Besides, in the public enclosures without the city, and in all the roads, were temples dedicated to their gods and heroes, and the sepulchres of their great men; among which deservedly claim to be mentioned those of Thrasybulus the son of Lycus, as also of Pericles, Chabrias, Phormio, Conon, and Timotheus. But the tomb of Aristides, says Plutarch in his life, is remaining in the Phalerean port; which tomb is said to have been erected at the expence of the public, he having not left behind him enough to defray the charges of his funeral. And all who were slain fighting for their country, either in engagements at sea, or battles at land, had monuments set over their graves; those only excepted, who fell at the battle of Marathon; where, says Herodotus, lib. 6. there were killed of the Persians about six thousand three hundred, and of the

Athenians only one hundred ninety-two: And to theſe, in honour of their bravery, were erected ſepulchres in the place where they were killed: but all the others are ſaid to have been buried in the way that leads to the academy. Yet in great ſlaughters, the republic of Athens, that they might not be thought to fall off from their wonted piety and gratitude, took care that the common ſoldiers ſhould be buried at leaſt promiſcuouſly, one with another, in the following manner, as it is recorded by Thucydides: Three days before the obſequies were to be performed, they built a ſhed with boards, into which they brought the bones; and every one was allowed to bring thither whatever he thought fit of what his friend had left behind him: When the funeral proceſſion was made, the ſeveral coffins that contained the bones of each tribe were carried in a particular cart by themſelves; and one bier beſides, with coffins quite empty, was carried for thoſe whoſe bodies were not found among the ſlain. Every man that pleaſed, whether a citizen or a ſtranger, attended the funeral, and ſome women, who were related to the deceaſed, went weeping, and bewailing the dead. The bones were carried to a public ſepulchre in the ſuburbs of Athens, near the tomb of Calliſthus. Let this ſuffice for public ſepulchres. But private families had vaults, in which they were buried, in their own land, and on the utmoſt borders of it: And by this argument Marcellinus proves the relation there was between Thucydides and Cimon: and it was deemed diſhonourable not to be laid in the ſepulchre of their anceſtors. But at Athens the bodies of criminals were projected, as they called it, thrown in a certain place, where they lay expoſed above ground; nor was it permitted, even to the ſons of ſuch as had been executed, to bury them: The like treatment too was given to their bodies, who, for crimes diſcovered after their death, were condemned to be dug out of their graves. Plutarch, in the Lives of the ten Orators, mentions a decree of the Athenians, by which it was forbid to bury, neither in Athens, or within the limits of its juriſdiction, the bodies of Archeptolemus and Antiphon, who were convicted of conſpiracy againſt the government. And the like fate, ſays the ſame author, in the place above cited, would have happened to the orator Hyperides, if his kinſman Alphenus had not burnt his body, that was given him by Philopites the phyſician, and ſo brought his bones to Athens, contrary to the decrees, as well of the Athenians, as Macedonians: for he was not only baniſhed, but forbid likewiſe to be buried in his own country. And the friends of Themiſtocles did him the like good office, ſays Æmilius Probus in his life; for they buried his bones privately, which was forbid to be done at all by the laws, becauſe he was guilty of treaſon. And Plutarch, in the life of Phocion, takes notice, that his enemies commanded his body ſhould be thrown out of the borders of the Attic territories, and that no Athenian ſhould preſume to ſet fire to his funeral pile: And for this reaſon the people conceived ſuch a hatred againſt him, that no man, who was free, durſt to bury Phocion, inſomuch that he was buried by ſlaves. Nor may we omit the ſevere treatment of the thirty chief judges, who, on the accuſation of Myro the Phylenſian, were baniſhed the city; and when any of them died, and were buried, their dead bodies were dug up, and thrown out of the territories of Attica, as Plutarch reports in the life of Solon. And indeed, as Iſocrates de Jugo, ſays, the people of Athens were ſo jealous of their liberty, and held tyrants in ſo great abomination, that when they ſeized their eſtates, they not only demoliſhed their houſes, but purſued their hate to their dead remains, and tore them out of their graves. Beſides, it was permitted to no man, not even to an enemy, to go to ſepulchres, except when they attended funerals. Yet Plutarch, in the life of Theſeus, acquaints us, that his ſepulchre was a place of refuge, to ſhelter ſlaves and perſons of mean condition, who feared to be oppreſſed by the great, becauſe Theſeus had been remarkable for protecting the injured, for aſſiſting the needy, and redreſſing their grievances. But Philip the Macedonian violated the ſacred privilege of ſepulchres, as if, ſays Livy, he had not been engaged in war againſt the living, but dead Athenians, and even againſt their tombs. The common way of burying was by heaping up earth over the dead body: the more coſtly was by keeping it in a coffin, eſpecially of marble: but the moſt ſumptuous of all was in a vaulted cell, in the midſt of which the coffin was placed. One of theſe marble coffins is ſtill to be ſeen among the rarities of the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, with the following inſcription engraved on it:

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ ΕΠΑΦΡΑ ΤΗ
ΙΔΙΑ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΙ ΓΕΜΙΝΙΑ
ΜΥΡΤΑΛΗ ΜΝΗΜΗΣ
ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΑΣ ΧΑΡΙΝ
ΤΗΝ ΣΟΡΟΝ ΕΦ Ω ΜΗΔΕ
ΝΑ ΜΗΤΕ ΠΩΛΗΣΑΙ
ΜΗΤΕ ΘΕΙΝΑΙ ΕΞΟΤΣΙΑΝ
ΕΧΕΙΝ ΠΑΗΝ ΕΙ ΜΗ ΤΙ
ΑΥΤΟΣ Ο ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
ΠΑΘΟΙΗ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙ
ΝΟΝ ΕΙ ΔΕ ΤΙΣ
ΕΚΒΑΛΗ ΤΗΝ ΜΥΡ
ΤΑΛΗΝ ΔΩΣΕΙ
ΤΩ ΦΙΣΚΩ
Χ. Β. Φ.

Which is as much as to ſay, Achilles Epaphra gave this monument to his dear wife, Geminia Myrtale, for the ſake of her eternal memory. No man has the power to ſell it, or to place in it a dead body, unleſs the ſaid Achilles in civility give him leave. But if any one throw out the body of Myrtale, he ſhall be fined x. clo. clo. lo.

Moreover, it was the cuſtom of the Athenians to bury their dead with their face towards the weſt; but the Megarenſians, on the contrary, interred theirs with their face towards the eaſt. This, whatever Diogenes Laertius by a ſlip of memory ſays, is aſſerted by Plutarch, in the life

of Solon; by Euſtathius on Homer, Il. T.; and by Ælian, lib v. cap. 14. and lib. vii. cap. 19. Yet Hireas the Megarenſian, in the Solon of Plutarch, ſays, that the Megarenſians placed their dead turned to the weſt likewiſe. The Athenians alſo had a coffin for each corpſe, contrary to the Megarenſians, who were wont to bury three or four bodies in one coffin. This cuſtom indeed was ſometimes neglected: for we read, that Syrianus, the preceptor of Proclus, had, while he was yet living, deſired of him, that he might be buried with him; and for that purpoſe had cauſed a tomb to be made, that would contain two coffins. But after his death, Proclus, doubting whether decency would allow two bodies to be laid in the ſame grave, for ſome time deferred his ſepulture: upon which the ghoſt of Syrianus appeared to him in his ſleep, and chid him for his ſcrupulous delay. Vide Enarratorem in Illius vitâ, ex Verſione I. Holſtenii. Herodotus, lib. 16. ſays, that they ſometimes buried their arms with them. Of this we have an eminent inſtance in Plutarch, who, in the life of Theſeus, ſays, There was found the coffin of a great body, and in it a braſs point of a ſpear, together with a ſword. And Cimon was buried without the city, on one ſide of the road, called Diacæle, and, beſide him, the mares that thrice had won the prize at the Olympic games.

But the way of burial, by burning of the body, required much greater ceremony, and more laborious were the preparations in order to it. I wilfully omit to deſcribe the coſtly funeral of Hepheſtion, the favourite of Alexander, to which the greateſt part of the world contributed; inſomuch that poſterity never has pretended, nor ever will be able, to imitate it. It will be ſufficient in this place to acquaint our reader, that they firſt got together a huge ſtack of ſweet-ſcented wood, which, when laid in order, the Athenians called πῦρ νεκρῶν, the Latins *rogus*, the funeral pile: This was always built in a quadrangular form, and equilateral, as we learn from Herodianus. And Homer, in the eighteenth Iliad, makes the Myrmidons prepare for Achilles a pile of a hundred foot in length on every ſide. It is not unlikely, that they were built high for the great, and low and unadorned for the common people. For funeral expences became ſo exorbitant, that the Athenians found it neceſſary to put a ſtop to them, and to forbid, by a law, the uſe of plained wood in the piles for the dead: And after their example, as Cicero, in 2. de Legibus, obſerves, the Decemvirate forbid the burning of plained or poliſhed wood in funeral piles: "Rogum aſciâ ne polito:" not to mention the rings, garlands, number of minſtrels, and other funeral gear, that were likewiſe aboliſhed by that legiſlature; the very footſteps of which, through the injury, perhaps, of time, or the never enough to be lamented negligence of men, are ſcarce to be ſeen at this day in the Fragments of the Twelve Fables.

When they were come to the Uſtrina, or place of burning, the funeral pomp ſtood ſtill, and the friends of the deceaſed coming up to the body, covered it with their hair, which they either plucked or ſhaved off in token of grief; and with olive branches alſo, which it was held a crime at Athens to convert to profane uſes. This we learn from Sophocles in Ajax and Oreſtes, M. Tyrius, Orat. 8. and Dion. Hal. l. 11. And here too, as Thucydides acquaints us, funeral orations were ſometimes pronounced, eſpecially at the burial of ſoldiers. Then they were wont to weep over, to give the laſt embraces, and to ſpeak to the dead body; to the end, that if any ſenſe were remaining after death, it might at leaſt be ſoothed and delighted with theſe tender offices of love. At length the relations laid the dead body on the top of the pile, together with the bier and funeral ornaments; but whether they uncloſed his eyes, as Pliny, lib. x. cap. 37. ſays, it was the cuſtom among the Romans, or expected that Mercury ſhould do that office, is no where expreſsly delivered. Then it was covered with the fat of beaſts that were ſlain, and which were alſo laid on the pile to be burnt; together with enemies, ſlaves, horſes, dogs, and birds, that were likewiſe killed; as alſo with rich garments, with honey, wine, gold, amber, ointments, their own and their enemies arms, and the laſt and many gifts of their friends; inſomuch, that, according to Plutarch in the life of Solon, it was thought requiſite to put a ſtop to this vain prodigality, and to forbid by a law; the ſacrificing of more than one ox, or to throw on the pile above three ſuits of apparel. And hence, no doubt, proceeded the ridiculous ſuperſtition of burning the rich houſehold-ſtuff of the deceaſed. And Herodotus, lib. 5. informs us, that Meliſſa, the wife of Periander of Theſprotia, on the river Acheron, appeared after her death, and complained of being cold, becauſe the garments, that were interred with her, not being burnt, were of no ſervice to her. Her huſband, therefore, ſtripped all the Corinthian women, who were aſſembled at the temple of Juno, and, carrying their clothes to the grave of his wife, burnt them there, calling on Meliſſa. Moreover, the ſanctions of the twelve tables, as mentioned by Cicero, in 2. de Legibus, give juſt grounds to believe, that the ſame legiſlator, prohibited the burning of gold, which would be of no advantage to the dead, and a great prejudice to the living, ſince the ſcarcity of it would be a hinderance to commerce. Lucian, "de luctu," ſays, that in their [illegible]erals they ſacrificed ſometimes the horſes and bu[illegible]bines, ſometimes the cup-bearers, of the debrias, [illegible] and burnt or buried, together with the boomb[illegible] their clothes and wearing apparel, as if they w[illegible] to uſe and enjoy them in the infernal abodes. One of the relations of the dead, with a lighted torch, ſet fire to the funeral pile; but turning his face another way, to witneſs his reluctancy to perform that ſorrowful office. The pile was immediately in a blaze, the fuel being in great quantity, and proper to feed the flame.. Meanwhile, they invoked the winds, calling on them to aſſiſt the fire, that the body, together with the wood, might be the ſooner conſumed. Diodorus Siculus, lib. v.

cap. 2. says, that the pile of Hercules was burnt in a moment by lightening, that flashed on all sides upon it. And now was the time, when the trumpets, in mournful sounds, gave notice to the assistants thrice to go round the pile; which they did sometimes divided into two bodies, and meeting in imitation of a flight. This ceremony, the Greeks called περιδρομὴ, and the Latins "decursio," a jouſt or tournament; but the time of this jousting in funerals was different among the ancients. For Homer, Iliad 23. makes it precede the burning of the body, in the funeral of Patroclus, and accompany it in the funeral of Achilles, Odyss. 15. and sometimes it followed even the tumulation of the bones, as we find in Apollonius, Argonaut. lib. 1. They believed the dead to be purged of their offences by this ceremony; which nevertheless, according to some, was at first instituted, to divert and soothe the grief and wailings of the mourners, see Statius, Thebaid. lib. 6. and to detain the other spectators of the funeral, that they might not grow weary, and go away: for the ceremony lasted a considerable time, and they continued long in the open air, even though the pile was built of a great quantity of fuel, and that too, apt to burn. Therefore, Achilles, in the funeral even of his dearest friend, committed what remained unburnt at night, to the care of the "funeratores," buriers, who watched all the night, and laid together the wood of the pile. And we may observe, that the ὀστολογία, or gathering up of the bones and ashes, was deferred sometimes to the third day, though I am not ignorant that this ceremony was most commonly performed at the close of the same day. After the deflagration, they sprinkled the pile with old, deep-coloured wine, that they might the more safely tread on the cinders: for the nearest relations, with their feet bare, their gowns ungirdled, and flowing about their heels, and having first washed their hands, performed by night the last office of gathering up the bones. And this ceremony the Greeks called ὀστολογία, and the Latins "ossilegium." And when they found any of them that were but half burnt, and covered with cinders and ashes, they wet them with wine, milk, and tears; then wrapt them up in linen towels, and having carried them in their bosom till they were dry, they put them into an urn, together with the ashes, with perfumes, and little vessels of tears. Two of which, made of glass, were lately found in an ordinary coffin, among the ruins of a wall, in the ancient town of Fesulæ, now Fiesoli in Thuscany, and are in the possession of the Grand Duke. These cinerary vessels or urns, the Greeks called ὀστοθηκαὶ, or ὀστοδοχεῖα: and they were not always of the same form, nor made of the same matter: for those of heroes were made of gold and silver; those of the rich of brass or marble; and the poorer sort were content with urns of earth or of wood. When the remains were put into the urn, they closed it up, covered it with a piece of purple or fine linen, and then laid it in the earth. Thus we learn from Plutarch, in Vita Demetrii, that when the fleet of Antigonus approached the harbour of Corinth, the golden urn, in which were deposited the remains of Demetrius, and that was covered with purple, and had a regal crown upon it, was discovered on the poop of the admiral galley; and a troop of young noblemen, and persons of quality attended in arms on the key, to receive it at landing; and Xenophantus, the most famed musician of that age, began a mournful song in praise of the dead, to which the rowers, with sorrowful ejaculations made responses, their oars all the while in their strokes, keeping time with the doleful cadences of the music: insomuch that the pomp of his funeral was no less theatrical than dismal. Nor may we omit to mention the most pious obsequies, that were paid to Evagoras by his son Nicocles, and that were remarkable, no less for the great number and value of the sacrifices, than for the music, gymnic exercises, horse-races, galley-prizes, and the like: for, as Diodorus Siculus, lib. 11. observes, some were so fortunate, as to have their funerals conclude with spectacles and games; which nevertheless happened not at all: but the Athenians, in gratitude to those who were slain in the Persian war, besides the ornaments of their sepulchres, instituted funeral games and exercises, that were performed at the place of sepulture.

After these sacred rites were ended, then followed the ψυχαγωγία· which consisted in calling the dead thrice by his own name, bidding him eternally farewel, and praying that the earth might lie light upon him. And then, being dismissed by the "flamen," or the "funera mater," who first sprinkled them thrice with water, to purge them of the pollution they had contracted by the sight of the funeral, they went away. The word of dismission used by the "flamen," among the Greeks, was, ἄφεσις ἔστω· among the Latins, "Illicet." But besides this lustration by water, Festus takes notice of another, that was in use among the Romans, who were wont to walk over the place of sepulture: and this manner of purgation they called "suffitio," i. e. fumigation; but whether or no this custom was practised by the Athenians, I have no where observed.

The whole ceremony concluded with the Περίδειπνον, as the Greeks called it, but the Latins "silicernium; which were certain banquets given by the parents or relations of the dead, wearing garlands on their heads; at whose houses it was permitted to speak in praise of the dead, if they had any thing true to say of him, for they held it a crime to lie on this occasion, as Cicero acquaints us in these words: "Sequebantur epulæ, quas inibant parentes coronati; apud quos de mortui laude, cum quid veri erat, prædicatum; nam mentiri nefas habebatur. ad justa conjecta erant." De Legib. lib. 2. in calce. The Athenians indeed, as Plutarch, in the life of Demosthenes says, departed from this laudable institution; insomuch that at length it grew to a proverb among them, praise no man, not even at a funeral supper.

They wore black apparel for the space of seven

days after the funeral; and to lay aside their mourning before that time was expired, was held a breach of decency. Thus Plutarch, in the place above cited says, that Æschines upbraided Demosthenes, for appearing in public, gaily dressed, and with a garland on his head, before the customary week of mourning was over, laying to his charge, and accusing him of hatred to his own children: yet Demosthenes only compelled his private grief to give way to the public joy. These funeral banquets, as Lucian, de Luctu, teaches, were designed to sooth and divert the grief of the sorrowful friends and relations; whom the guests were wont to exhort, nay, even to compel, to take some sustenance, that might refresh their bodies, that were wasted and grown dry with too long fasting: for no man, as that author expresses it, takes it amiss in good earnest, that he is compelled to eat and live. We learn from Pollux, that, at Athens, the funeral banquet was wont to be given by the chief managers and directors of the funeral, at the house of the nearest relation: but it is uncertain, whether it was an open feast, and free to all comers, like that which Achilles gave at the funeral of Patroclus, and those of the Romans, which they called "viscerationes," from the great number of beasts that were slain, and whose flesh was distributed among the people.

We will not speak of the many and costly ornaments of their tombs and sepulchres: which some however were wont to prepare for themselves before they died: Cicero, in 2. de Legib. says, that the expence of sepulchres grew at length to such excess at Athens, that it was enjoined there by a law, that no more cost should be laid out, nor more work employed on a sepulchre, than what ten men could finish in three days. Nor were they permitted to adorn their sepulchres with any pargetting or fret-work; nor to place upon them any *hermæ*, as they called them; and which, as they are described by Pausanias in Arcad. were certain images, ending in a quadrangular figure, and not polished down to the feet. Besides, they were not allowed to harangue in praise of the dead, except in public sepulchres: and even then too no other was permitted to speak, but he who was appointed by the public so to do: For, according to Diodorus Siculus, lib. 5. it was enacted by a law, that the chief rhetoricians only should make funeral orations, reciting the worthy actions of those who were honoured with public sepulchre. Now it was Demetrius who set bounds to, and prescribed the manner of, the new sepulchres: For he commanded, that nothing should be set up on the place of interment, except a pillar, not above three cubits high, or a hollow stone, made in the shape of a little cistern; or a square piece of board, the care of which he committed to a certain magistrate appointed for that purpose. We learn from Plutarch, in Lycurg. and in Isocra. that on the board were engraved the name and the effigies of the deceased: But we may observe, that even in ancient times, pillars were placed on graves of this nature: This Plutarch has taken notice of from Homer, Iliad. ii. ver. 674.

Ἔνθα ἓ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοι τὲ ἔται τὲ,
Τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε, τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστι θανόντων.

His friends and kindred here shall him inter,
And place a column on his sepulchre.

We learn from Pollux, lib. viii. cap. 7. that on the tombs of unmarried persons there stood the image of a young virgin, holding in her hand a water-pot, an urn, or a bason: and this image, whether it were one that bore water, or any other, Isæus called Ἐπυστήμα. Nor was the meanness of the structure ever thought to derogate from the glorious title of the trophy, which the grateful citizens had caused to be engraved for such as had fought bravely for their country: and Cicero, lib. 2. de Leg. teaches, that the pillar on the sepulchre of the geometrician, Archimedes, was laid upon the ground. Pausanias, in Atticis, relates, that the tombs, together with the pillars, on which were written the names and tribes of the slain, were still to be seen in the plains of Marathon: and that, in memory of their bravery, sepulchres were erected for them in the very place where they fell: though it was customary to erect a particular monument for every one who was killed fighting for his country, either in naval engagements, or battles at land. The epitaph on those who fell at Thermopylæ, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, lib. 11. in these words: Stranger, tell the Lacedemonians, that we lie here, who obeyed their commands, and their captains. Plutarch, in the life of Aristides, acquaints us, that, in the battle of Platæa, there fell two and fifty Athenians, all of them of the tribe Aiantis, which, as Clidemus says, fought very bravely: and that, in memory of their victory, sacred rites, that had been commanded by the oracle of Apollo, were performed, at the public expence, to the Nymphs Sphtagitides: but they were buried in the way that leads to the academy, and square or flat-sided pillars were placed upon their tombs, with inscriptions, declaring the name of each of them, and the ward or precinct where he lived: Nor may we forget that most equitable law made by the people; which decreed the honour of public sepulture to such servants and slaves, as had bravely and faithfully served their masters in battle; and that their names should be engraved in columns, to be set up over their place of burial: It cannot indeed be doubted, but these were honorary and empty sepulchres; unless, before the elation of the body, a finger, or, after the burning, some bone of it were purposely taken, and kept to be buried in the native country of the deceased. And hence we see the reason why the Decemviri, who, as they did perhaps in almost all things else, imitated the funeral rites of the Athenians, dispensed with the ceremony of the ossilegium, or gathering up the bones, when any one died in foreign wars. And that the Greeks had their Κενοτάφια, or empty sepulchres can be doubted by such only as are ignorant of the piety of the Corinthians to the Argives, that were slain at Troy; of which Pausanias in Corinth, and of the great Cenotaphium, mentioned by the same author in

Atticis, that was made at Athens for ſoldiers, whoſe bodies were not found: not to mention the famous Cenotaphium of Cyrus, recorded by Xenophon in the ſixth book of his Expedition; nor the ſepulchre of Euripides, in the way that led from the Piræeus to Athens; though, as Pauſanias in the place above-cited, witneſſes, Euripides went to Archelaus in Macedonia, and was buried there: But this difference may be obſerved, That the honorary ſepulchres of ſoldiers, who were killed in a naval engagement, were marked with the emblem of a rudder, or of an oar, as that of Elpenor was in Homer, Odyſſ. 12. but the reſt had no mark of diſtinction: though I am not ignorant, that, beſides the inſcriptions, emblems were likewiſe put on moſt monuments: as a globe and cylinder on that of Archimedes, (Cicero in Tuſcul.) a dog on that of Diogenes, (Laertius in ejus vita) a ram on that of Iſocrates, (Plut. Rhat. 10.) and owls very frequently, as we learn from Athenæus, lib. 13. to ſay nothing of the ſepulchral ſtatues, with which the monuments of the rich were adorned: as we find in Lycophron. in Pindar, Od. 10. Nem. in Plato, 12. de R. P. and in others. Nay, even on that of Æſop, though but a ſlave, the Athenians placed a great ſtatue, that all might know, ſays Phædrus, that the way of honour lies open, and that glory is due, not to the race, but to virtue:

Igentem ſtatuam poſuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt æternâ in baſi,
Patere honoris ſcirent ut cuncti viam,
Nec generi tribui, ſed virtuti, gloriam.

Moreover, the Athenians, when any of their relations were murdered, always carried a ſpear with the dead body to the place of ſepulture: and this ſpear they ſtuck into the tomb, as a token, that they denounced vengeance to the murderers: This we learn from Suidas: And the Scholiaſt on the Clouds of Ariſtophanes teaches, That after the dead body was carried forth to burial, it was the cuſtom for the relations and friends of the deceaſed to waſh themſelves by way of purgation. Then they renewed afreſh their unavailing tears and wailings; while libations and the funeral ſupper were brought to the ſepulchre: about which they believed the manes of the deceaſed to be always hovering; and that their ſenſes ſtill remaining alive, they wanted nouriſhment, and were delighted and ſoothed with their offices of tenderneſs and love. For theſe reaſons too they inſtituted their Ἐνιάτα, as the Greeks called them, but the Latins "Novendialia," which were certain ſacrifices uſed for nine days after the party was dead. The manner of them was this: about ſun-ſet, being apparelled in black, they poured liquors in the coffins or urns: theſe liquors were honey, milk, wine, water, blood, ointments and tears: mean while they encompaſſed the monument with garlands of parſley and myrtle. But as we learn from Plutarch, in Quæſt. Græc. the encniſma of the Argives was more full of ceremony. For the cuſtom among them was, when any of them had loſt a friend or relation, immediately after the funeral, to ſacrifice for thirty days together to Apollo, and then to Mercury: for they believed, that in like manner as the earth receives the bodies of the deceaſed, ſo Mercury does the ſouls. To the prieſt of Apollo they gave barley, and received from him the fleſh of the victims: they extinguiſhed the fire that had burnt the body, becauſe they held it to be polluted; and kindled other to dreſs the fleſh, which they called *encniſma*. Meurſius, and others of the learned, obſerve, that if it was a man or a woman that was dead, then the water was brought by women, whom they called Ἐγχυτρίστριαι if a batchelor or a virgin, then that office was committed to ſome boy, who was related to the deceaſed. And Libanus, in Progymn. takes notice, that Achilles acted not according to the cuſtom of the Greeks, in offering human blood to appeaſe the manes of the dead; and that he injured his own reputation, and the memory of his friend Patroclus by that cruel practice, which he had learnt from Barbarians, of burning, together with the pile, the bodies of men, as well as of other animals: for which he is blamed by Homer, as Plutarch, de Homer. obſerves. Iphigenia, in the Electra of Euripides, provides herſelf with the blood of mountain ſheep and heifers; not, like him, of enemies butchered on the pile. And, indeed, as Libanius in Progymn. takes notice, an enemy, taken priſoner, ought no longer to be accounted an adverſary, ſince the very victory changes his name, and of an enemy makes him be called a ſuppliant. I now return to the Athenian ceremonies.

They likewiſe ſtrewed the ground around the monument with flowers of all ſorts, but chiefly with roſes, amarants, lilies, poppies and violets: with which they dreſſed up likewiſe the diſh that was deſigned for the funeral banquet. Ovid, in Faſt. lib. 3. enumerates the ſeveral ſorts of viands they were wont to eat in theſe ceremonies; and ſo too does Lucian, de Luctu; and the ſame author in Dialog. Car. deriding the cuſtoms of his own age, ſays, That they crowned with garlands the ſtones of the monuments, and anointed them with rich ointments, and that ſome were wont to raiſe a pile before the monuments, and, digging a grave in the earth, threw in their coſtly diſhes, and poured in a great quantity of wine.

The Athenians celebrated theſe parentations in the month Anteſterion, ſays Heſychius; and the Romans, as we learn from Ovid. Faſt. lib. ii. obſerved almoſt the ſame time in the celebration of theirs: for it was the cuſtom among them to appeaſe the manes of their parents and other relations on the eleventh of the calends of March. This ceremony began very early among the Athenians, as Lyſias in Or. teaches; and that they were enjoined by a very ancient law yearly to deplore their buried friends; and on the ſame day to praiſe, in a public oration, thoſe that had been ſlain in battle, as Cicero, in lib. de Orat. teaches. And Plutarch, in the life of Theſeus, informs us, that, on the eighth of their month Pyanepſion, which was the day he returned with the young men from Crete, they performed their

chief ceremony in honour of him; and that they worſhipped him likewiſe on the eighth day of each of their other months. The like teſtimony of gratitude was ſhown to the Greeks, who were ſlain by the Medes, and buried at Platæa, ſays Thucydides, lib. iii. in Orat. Platæen, of which Plutarch, in the life of Ariſtides, gives the following particular account: The Platæans, ſays he, are went to offer yearly parentations to the Greeks, that fell in the battle, and were buried there, which cuſtom they continue even to this day, in the enſuing manner: On the ſixteenth day of the month Maimacterion, which with the Bœotians is Alalcomenus, they make their proceſſion, which, beginning by break of day, is led up by a trumpeter, ſounding a point of war; then follow certain chariots, loaden with myrtle and garlands; and after them is led a black bull; next come the young men, of free birth, carrying libations of wine and milk in large two eared veſſels, and jars of oil and precious ointments; nor is it permitted to any of ſervile condition, to have the leaſt hand in this miniſtration; becauſe the men, that were buried there, died in defence of their liberty." After all, comes the chief magiſtrate of Platæa, who, though it be unlawful for him at other times, either to wear any manner of arms, or to be clothed in any other coloured garment than white, is at that time, nevertheleſs, apparelled in a purple robe; and, taking a water-pot out of the city-chamber, proceeds, bearing a ſword in his hand, through the middle of the town to the ſepulchre; then, drawing water out of a ſpring, he waſhes, and anoints the pillars of the monuments; and, ſacrificing the bull upon a pile of wood, and making ſupplications to Jupiter, and to Mercury of the earth, he invites thoſe valiant men who periſhed in the defence of Greece, to the banquet and parentations; after this, filling a bowl with wine, and pouring ſome of it out by way of libation, he drinks the reſt, and ſays, I drink to thoſe perſons, who loſt their lives for the liberty of Greece. Theſe ſolemnities, even to this day, do the Platæans obſerve. Thus far Plutarch.

Nor may we in this place omit the great honours that the republic of Syracuſe decreed to Timoleon; whoſe bier being laid upon the pile, Demetrius, the loudeſt mouthed of all the criers of thoſe days, recited a written decree to this purpoſe: The people of Syracuſa have decreed, that this Timoleon, the ſon of Timodemus of Corinth, ſhall be buried at the public expence; that two hundred minæ ſhall be expended on his funeral, and moreover, that he ſhall be for ever honoured with muſical, equeſtrial, and gymnic games and exerciſes: becauſe, having pulled down the tyrants, overcome the barbarians, rebuilt the large cities, that were demoliſhed, and rendered them again populous, he reſtored to the Sicilians their ancient laws and liberties. We learn from the Scholiaſt on the Frogs of Ariſtophanes, that the particular time when theſe annual ſolemnities were performed to the dead, was about noon; but that even then they were ſcarce ſafe from the ſpectre of Empuſa, that by various arts diſturbed the ceremonies. The ſtories, that are told of Proclus Lycius, by his flatterer Cœlius Rhodoginus lib. vi. cap. 28 are made up of nothing but ſuperſtition and hypocriſy: for he tells us, that that bleſſed man, as he calls him, was more knowing in, and more zealous obſerver of, the rites and ceremonies, that are paid to the dead, than any other man whatever: for he never omitted at any time to perform that religious duty; but went yearly on certain days to the ſepulchres of the Attic heroes and philoſophers; and of all others, with whom he had had any friendſhip and familiarity, and offered the due ſacrifices to them, not by the help and miniſtry of others, but by himſelf, and with his own hands. Then, after he had paid theſe rites to each of them, he went to the Academy, where he appeaſed, by ſacrifices, the ſouls of his anceſtors, and of all his relations, in one place; and in another, he performed the like ceremonies to the ſouls of all the philoſophers; and more than all this, that moſt religious perſon ſacrificed in a third place to the ſouls of all the dead. And theſe pious offices aroſe at length to ſuch a height of ſuperſtition, that the Athenians, not ſatisfied with paying theſe honours to ſuch as had deſerved well of the republic, recorded their names among the number of their gods; and decreed them divine honours, as we learn from Ariſtophanes in Equitib. and Pauſanias in Atticis. Nay, it eſcaped very narrowly, that Alexander was not worſhipped at Athens as a god: for we learn from Plutarch, in Orat. Lycurg. that adulation would have prevailed, and brought that infamous thing to paſs, had not a prudent perſon prevented it, by ſcoffing at the populace, and aſking them in a jeering manner, What a god, ſaid he, will this be, into whoſe temple, whoever goes is polluted, and whoever comes out needs purgation? Thus we ſee how much the Athenians departed from their ancient rites of funeral, and what corruption of manners crept into the territories and city of Athens, during the time of this raging peſtilence.

Ver. 1249. Boccace, that parent of the Thuſcan eloquence, deſcribes almoſt the like neglect and diſorder, that happened even in a Chriſtian country, in the burial of thoſe that died of the plague at Florence, in the year 1348, and tells us, that few bodies were accompanied to their graves by more than ten or twelve of their neighbours; and thoſe too were not of the better ſort of citizens, but only a parcel of mob, that for hire, carried the body, not to the church where the dead perſon, before his death, had deſired to be buried; but, for the moſt part, to that which was next at hand; preceded only by four, or ſix prieſts at moſt, with few, and ſometimes no lights at all, and threw it haſtily into any grave they found empty, or that had room to receive it. But let us hear how movingly he deſcribes this calamity in his own words. "Et crano radi coloro, i corpi de i quali foſſer' più che da un' dieci, ò dodici de ſuoi vicini alla chieſa accompagnati, de quali non gl' horrevoli, e cari cittadini, ma una maniera di

beccamorti ſopravenuta di minuta gente, che chiamar ſi facevano Becchini, la quale queſti ſcrugi prezzolata faceva, ſottentravano alla bara, e quella con ſrettoloſi paſſi, non à quella chieſa, che eſſo haveva anzi la morte diſpoſto, ma alla più vicina, le più volte il portavano, dietro à quattro, ò ſei clerici con poco lume, e tal fiata ſenz' alcuno, li quali con l' aiuto di detti Becchini, ſenza fatigarſi in troppo lungo ufficio, ò ſolenne, in qualunque ſepultura diſoccupata trovavano, più toſto il mettevano. J. Boccacio, in Proem. Decam.

Ver. 1254. Thus too Ovid, who has moſt happily imitated both Thucydides and our author:

Ante ſacros vidi projecta cadavera poſtes;
Ante ipſas, quo mors foret invidioſior, aras:
Pars animam laqueo claudunt, mortiſque timorem
Morte fugant, ultroque vocant venientia fata:
Corpora miſſa neci nullo de more feruntur
Funeribus: neque enim capiebant funera portæ;
At inhumata premunt terras, aut dantur in altos
Indotata rogos; et jam reverentia nulla eſt;
Deque rogis pugnant, alieniſque ignibus ardent:
Qui lacryment deſunt, indefletæque vagantur
Natorumque, virumque animæ, juvenumque ſenumque:
Nec locus in tumulis, nec ſufficit arbor in ignes.
Metam. lib. 8.

Which a late ingenious perſon has thus rendered:

Death ſtalk'd around with ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
The temples of the gods his force obey;
And ſuppliants feel his ſtroke, while yet they pray.
The reſt, grown mad, and frantic with deſpair,
Urge their own fate, and ſo prevent the fear:
Strange madneſs that! when death purſu'd ſo faſt,
T' anticipate the blow with impious haſte.
No decent honours to their urns are pay'd;
Nor could the graves receive the num'rous dead:
For, or they lay unbury'd on the ground,
Or, unador'n'd, a needy fun'ral ſound:
All rev'rence paſs'd, the fainting wretches fight
For fun'ral piles that are another's right:
Unmourn'd they fall; for who ſurviv'd to mourn?
And ſires and mothers unlamented burn:
Parents and ſons ſuſtain an equal fate; [meet:
And wand'ring ghoſts their kindred ſhadows
The dead a larger ſpace of ground require;
Nor are the trees ſufficient for the fire.

All which calamities may the Almighty avert far from us; and not from us only, but from the univerſal ſociety of all mortals; nor let us uncharitably join in wiſhes with the heathen poet, who ſings,

Dii meliora piis, erroremque hoſtibus illum.

ANIMADVERSION,

BY WAY OF RECAPITULATION, ON THE SIXTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

In this book, Lucretius reaſons of many things excellently well, but has miſcarried in his main deſign, and does not ſo much as ſtagger the belief of Divine Providence, which he attacks with his utmoſt force: for let it be granted, that the cauſes he aſſigns of meteors are perſpicuous and true; that he has rightly explained the reaſon of thunder, lightning, and earthquakes; in a word, that all things proceed from natural cauſes, and are continued and carried on by them: yet there is no nature without a Lord, nor does ſhe herſelf at leaſt reject or diſown a ruler. For nature is only that diſpoſition and order of the particles of ſenſeleſs matter, which is the cauſe of theſe effects we call natural. Now, if that diſpoſition was introduced by chance, it does not confute and overthrow Providence; and if it was the work of reaſon and wiſdom, it confirms it. Therefore theſe explications may amuſe and delight natural philoſophers; but they cannot in the leaſt avail atheiſts.

No man has more accurately collected, none more ingeniouſly explained, the ancient philoſophers opinions concerning meteors: the modern, it is true, have added a few things to them; but not better. And indeed, as this preſent age does, ſo many ſucceeding ages likewiſe will, ſeem to diſpute, face to face, with Lucretius, concerning meteors. And this is what Vitruvius ſaid long before me.

What he teaches of earthquakes, and of the ſea is ſo rational, that the things themſelves approve and confirm his doctrine: only there are ſome earthquakes that ſeem to ſurpaſs the ſtrength of the cauſes he aſſigns them.

Ætna is a noble ſubject, but difficult: and in this the poet flags a little. But then he reaſons of the increaſe of the Nile, of the Averni, and of the wonderful fountains, as if truth itſelf were ſpeaking: but it may be obſerved that he does not give full ſatisfaction concerning the fabulous ſpring of Jupiter Ammon: for Lucretius always explains nature better than fables.

He would have written more at large of the loadſtone, and have left us many things that we ſhould read with pleaſure, if the wonderful power of that ſtone had been known in his days. The explication he gives of plagues and diſeaſes is pertinent and uſeful: and laſtly, he interprets Thucydides in ſuch a manner, that he expreſſes the energy, and ſurpaſſes the majeſty, of that hiſtorian; nor is the narration of Thucydides ſo clear or ſet off with ſo much brightneſs or wit.

THE WORKS

OF

TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

Μοισας Ερως κάλεσι, Μοισαι τον Ερωτα φερουσιν,
Μολπαν ται Μοισαι μοι αει ποθεουσι διδουσιν
Την γλυκιραν μολπαν, τας φαρμακον ἁδιον ὑδης. BION.

GRAINGER'S TIBULLUS.

TO JOHN BOURRYAU, Esq.

Sir,

When I firſt thought of prefixing your name to this tranſlation of Tibullus, I found myſelf conſiderably embarraſſed; as I would chooſe to avoid the ſtrain of adulation, ſo common in addreſſes of this kind, on the one hand, without ſuppreſſing the juſt ſenſe I have of your riſing merit, on the other. I ſhall not, however, I flatter myſelf, incur the imputation of the firſt, by declaring, even in this public manner, my ſatisfaction at the progreſs you have made in every branch of uſeful and polite literature; and this too, at a time of life, when young men of faſhion are generally engroſſed by the idle amuſements of an age abounding in all the means of diſſipation.

If your maturer years anſwer, as I am convinced they will, ſo favourable a dawn, I need not a moment to heſitate, to foretel the happineſs of your friends, in an agreeable companion, and polite ſcholar; and of your country, in a principled and unſhaken patriot.

It is with particular pleaſure, Sir, that I dwell, though but in idea, on this part of your future character. The time is not far off, when you will have finiſhed the plan of your education, by a ſurvey of foreign countries: and as it will then, of courſe, be expected from one of your opulent and independent fortune, you will, I hope, devote the fruits of your induſtry to the ſervice of the public:

Hunc precor, hunc utinam nobis Aurora nitentem
Luciferum roſeis candida portet equis.
Tibull.

When you become a member of the moſt auguſt aſſembly of the nation, every wellwiſher to the community will exult to ſee you unawed by power, undazzled by riches, and unbiaſſed by faction: an impartial aſſertor of the juſt prerogatives of the crown, and the liberties of the people: equally a foe to corruption, and a friend to virtue.

Such, Sir, are the hopes which all your friends at preſent conceive of you: and as your talents, both natural and acquired, ſeem ſtrongly to confirm theſe hopes, the more inexcuſable you will prove, ſhould they be hereafter diſappointed.

In regard to the tranſlation, with which I here take the liberty to preſent you; I will not pretend to ſay, I ſet no value upon it. My offering it to you is a proof of the contrary.—Indeed, the chief merit it has with me, is, that it formerly pleaſed you. It ſerved alſo, to make many of my hours paſs agreeably, which otherwiſe would have been extremely irkſome, amid the din of arms, and hurry of a camp life.

But while you peruſe Tibullus as a poet, let not his integrity, as a member of the commonwealth, be forgotten. In this light he merits your higheſt regard. for though he juſtly obtained a diſtinguiſhed rank among the great writers of the Auguſtan age; yet ought it more eſpecially to be remembered to his honour, that neither the frowns of a court, nor the diſtreſſes of fortune, could ever induce him to praiſe thoſe powerful but wicked men, who had ſubverted the liberties of his country: and this, at a time, when the practice of the poets his cotemporaries might have countenanced in him the moſt extravagant adulation.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
James Grainger.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following verſion of Tibullus was begun and completed ſeveral years ago, when the author was in the army. A military man, even in the moſt active campaign, has many hours of leiſure: and as theſe cannot be ſpent more rationally than in ſome literary purſuit, he employed that part of his time, which was not devoted to his profeſſion, in peruſing the claſſics.

Time and place influence us more in our opinions of, and reliſh for, particular writers, than is commonly imagined. Amid the horrors of war, the tranſlator could moſt readily ſympathize with, and beſt account for, his poet's averſion to a military life: and while expoſed to all the hurry and tumult of a camp, could not but taſte with a peculiar reliſh all deſcriptions of the unruffled and

tranquil ſcenes of the country: beſides theſe, every motive conſpiring to make him regard the fair ſex as the chief ornaments of ſociety was it ſurpriſing that Tibullus, who abounds in ſentiments of this kind, ſhould ſoon become a favourite; and that what delighted him, he ſhould at laſt be tempted to tranſlate?

A pleaſing employment is ſeldom neglected.—Thoſe elegies which particularly touched him, were firſt rendered into Engliſh; and as theſe make the greater part of Tibullus's poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the work, by finiſhing as a taſk, what he begun as an amuſement.

A favourite author, on whom ſome labour has been employed, is not eaſily forgotten; the verſion, therefore, was retouched as often as opportunity ſerved. All this while, indeed, the tranſlator had no intention to make the public acquainted with his poetical amuſements: he knew his poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him juſtice:—yet when Mr. Dart's tranſlation of Tibullus was ſent him, he was reſolved to publiſh his own; that thoſe who did not underſtand the original, might not form an idea of the moſt exact, elegant and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets from the moſt inaccurate, harſh, and inelegant verſes of the preſent century.

The tranſlator hopes he will be acquitted of vanity, in prefering his own performance to Mr. Dart's: indeed that gentlemen often miſſed the meaning of his author, while his poetry always eſcaped him. Neither does he appear to have been a competent judge of his own language: and from the little tenderneſs transfuſed into his verſes, it may be concluded, that he was an utter ſtranger to that paſſion, which gave riſe to moſt of the elegies of Tibullus.

What advantage the preſent tranſlator may have over his predeceſſor in theſe reſpects, does not become him to determine: yet he is well appriſed, that no tranſlator, however qualified, can give Tibullus the genuine air of an Engliſhman.

It is true, that amorous elegy is leſs local than many other of the minor kinds of poetry, the paſſion of love operating pretty nearly the ſame upon the human mind in all ages. Yet as the modes of expreſſing that paſſion differ much in different countries, ſo theſe modes muſt not be confounded: a Grecian ought to make love like a Grecian, and a Roman like a Roman.

Beſides this, Tibullus abounds in images of rural theology.—He has even preſerved ſome ſuperſtitious uſages, which are to be met with in no other poet: but as theſe are alſo characteriſtical, and muſt be preſerved in the verſion, who can hope to give a tranſlation of Tibullus the eaſy air of a modern original?

Verbal tranſlations are always inelegant, becauſe always deſtitute of beauty of idiom and language; for by their fidelity to an author's words, they become treacherous to his reputation: on the other hand, a too wanton departure from the latter, often varies the ſenſe, and always alters the manner.

The tranſlator choſe the middle way, and meant neither to tread on the heels of Tibullus, nor yet to loſe ſight of him. He had not the vanity to think, he could improve on his poet: and though he has ſometimes endeavoured to give a more modern poliſh to his ſentiments, he has ſeldom attempted to change them. To preſerve the ſenſe of his original was his firſt care; his next was, to clothe it in as elegant and becoming a dreſs as poſſible. Yet he muſt confeſs, that he has now and then taken the liberty to tranſpoſe, and ſometimes paraphraſtically to enlarge the thoughts. Where a ſentiment was too much contracted by the cloſeneſs of the Latin idiom, to be unfolded in a correſpondent expreſſion in Engliſh; or from its peculiarity, might, in a modern language, ſeem flat, he has endeavoured to inſpirit it by collateral thoughts from other poets; and where its colours were languid, to heighten them—with what ſucceſs, the reader muſt determine.

The Hexameter and Pentameter is ſaid to be peculiarly ſuited to plaintive ſubjects. The Engliſh have no ſtanza correſpondent to that, but the alternate, which is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs a ſolemnity and kind of melancholy flow in numbers. This Mr. Hammond choſe for his imitation of Tibullus; and it muſt be confeſſed, that he has happily ſucceeded. Yet, as in this ſtanza, the ſenſe naturally ends at the fourth line, the tranſlator thought he could not in general have adopted it, without violence to the original: he therefore preferred the heroic meaſure, which is not better ſuited to the lofty ſound of the epic muſe, than to the complaining tone of elegy. The reader, however, will find one or two elegies rendered in the alternate ſtanza, which is by no means ſo difficult as the heroic.

As Tibullus wrote love poems like a Roman, any tranſlation of them without notes, would have been extremely obſcure to an Engliſh reader: moſt of his commentators are mere philologers, or at beſt they have only diſplayed their eruption in the hiſtory of a heathen god, or the topography of a river. From this cenſure, however, Broekhuſius, his Dutch editor, and Vulpius, his Italian commentator, may in part be exempted; they have indeed ſometimes entered into the propriety of our poet's thoughts. Yet even their chief excellence conſiſts in arranging the text; in ſelecting the moſt approved readings; and in giving thoſe paſſages, which they ſuppoſe Tibullus either borrowed from his predeceſſors, or the moderns copied from him. The deſign of the tranſlator is very different; he has commented on his author as a Roman poet, and as a Roman lover: and although he owns himſelf enamoured of his beauties, (as who can draw a pleaſing reſemblance of a face which diſguſts him?) he hopes he has not been blind to his imperfections. Theſe, indeed, he has touched upon with the tenderneſs of a friend, not the acrimony of a critic.

Yet as moſt of the commentators were conſulted, the tranſlator has taken from each of them, ſuch notes, as he imagined would be moſt ſerviceable to an Engliſh reader, always aſcribing them

however to the author who furniſhed them. Thus, beſide Broekhuſius and Vulpius, the name of Mr. Dart will ſometimes be found at the bottom of an obſervation. Nor muſt it be forgotten; that the tranſlator has been obliged to that gentleman for ten or twelve lines in his verſion.

It has been judged neceſſary to print the Latin text along with the verſion: this the tranſlator would willingly have declined, as his work can hope to find favour with thoſe only, who underſtand not the original. Yet, when he conſidered, that the Engliſh preſs had afforded no one accurate edition of Tibullus: and that even the beſt of thoſe printed abroad were not exempted from material errors; he ſurmounted his ſcruples, and has endeavoured to give a leſs exceptionable text of his poet, than any hitherto publiſhed *.

Before he concludes, the tranſlator muſt return his ſincere thanks to a worthy friend, for his elegant verſion of the firſt elegy, and of Ovid's poem on the death of Tibullus. By what accident his own tranſlation of the firſt elegy was loſt, is of no conſequence; eſpecially too, as the reader, from a peruſal of Mr. P***'s ſpecimen, will probably be induced to wiſh, that more of thoſe now publiſhed, had undergone a like fate, provided the ſame gentleman had likewiſe tranſlated them.

Nor is that the only good office which challenges his gratitude: the tranſlator is particularly obliged to his friend, for having procured him the valuable acquaintance of another learned gentleman; who not only took the trouble to compare his verſion of the three laſt books with the original; but who alſo favoured him with ſome notes, which conſtitute the chief ornament of the ſecond volume †. Thus, like the Britains of old, the tranſlator has called in auxiliaries to conquer him.

* *The inſertion of the Latin text, in this edition, has been deemed unneceſſary.*

† *This tranſlation was firſt publiſhed in 2 vols. 12mo.*

THE LIFE OF TIBULLUS.

We are not only unacquainted with the prænomen of Tibullus, but with the year of his birth. The biographers, from a line * in the fifth elegy of his third book, indeed informs us, that Ovid and he were born the day that Hirtius and Panſa were killed, viz. on the tenth of the calends of April, A. U. C. 710. This was the opinion of the learned for many centuries; nor was it controverted, till Joſeph Scaliger firſt entertained ſome doubts of it; and Janus Douſa the younger, about a hundred and ſeventy years ago, was induced, by comparing what our poet had ſaid of himſelf, with what Ovid and Horace have wrote concerning him, to reject that line as ſpurious, and to aſſert that Tibullus muſt have been born almoſt twenty years ſooner. Although we think ſome conſiderable objections may be raiſed againſt Douza's opinion †, yet as the old account is liable to ſtill greater, we ſhall venture with that critic, to inform the reader, that Albius Tibullus, the prince of elegiac poets, was born at Rome, A. U. C. 590, ſix years after the birth of Virgil, and one after that of Horace,

Tibullus might ſay with his great admirer, Ovid,

——uſque a proavis vetus ordinis hæres,
Non modo militiæ turbine factus eques ‡.

being deſcended from an equeſtrian branch of the Albian family: and though ſome of the old biographers § aſſert, that his anceſtors made a figure in the forum and in the field, yet as hiſtory makes no mention of them, poſterity would have been unacquainted with this branch of that illuſtrious houſe, had it not been for our poet.

As the ancient writers of Tibullus's life have favoured us with no particulars of his infancy, if it is probable it was diſtinguiſhed by nothing remarkable. The human mind does not always bloſſom at the ſame period; and it by no means follows that his childhood muſt have flouriſhed, whoſe maturer age has produced fair fruits of ſcience. Perhaps too, details of early excellence are leſs uſeful than is commonly imagined, as they often diſpirit thoſe who would otherwiſe in due time have expanded into an extenſive reputation.

But if ſuch accounts are leſs uſeful, it would have been no unprofitable gratification of curioſity to have known by what plan his ſtudies were conducted, and who were his preceptors. Antiquity, however, having left us in the dark with regard to theſe matters, we can only ſuppoſe that as his father's condition was conſiderable, ſo nothing was omitted to render our poet an uſeful and elegant member of ſociety.

The Romans poſſeſſed a real advantage over the moderns in point of education; for as the ſame citizen might plead cauſes, command armies, and arrive at the firſt dignities of the prieſthood; ſo their literary inſtitutions were made to comprehend theſe ſeveral objects. It is eaſy to ſee of what vaſt utility ſo general a plan muſt have been to a ſtate; and perhaps it is not paying letters too high a compliment, to ſay, that the ſucceſſes of the Romans were in a great meaſure owing to this advantage.

In the year of Rome 705, the civil war broke

* *Natalem noſtri primum videre parentes*
Quum cecidit fato conſul uterque pari.

† *See the arguments on both ſides of the queſtion in the notes to the fifth elegy of the third book.*

‡ *Amor. lib. iii. el. 14.*

§ *Crinitus, &c.*

out between Cæsar and Pompey. The army and corrupt part of the legislature followed Cæsar; while the majority of the senate and of the knights, with all those who dreaded a perpetual dictator, sided with Pompey, as the person from whom the republic had less danger to apprehend. Of this number was the father of Tibullus; and there is reason to suspect, that he either fell in the field, or was butchered by proscription, for we know that a considerable part of his estate was left a prey to the rapacious soldiery *. These events probably determined our author's public attachments; but without these motives to revenge, it is not unlikely that Tibullus had, before this time, adopted the political opinions of his father †.

At what actions in the civil war our young knight was present, as it was not prudent in him to mention in his poems, so historians do not inform us; but as principle and revenge equally conspired to rouse his courage (and courage he certainly possessed ‡), may we not safely infer, that Tibullus did not run away, like his friend Horace, from Philippi ‖, at which battle he was present with his patron the illustrious Messala Corvinus?

But the fortune of Octavius prevailing over the better cause of Brutus and Cassius, Messala too (who was next in command to these patriot citizens) going over with his forces to the conqueror, Tibullus, although he paid the greatest regard to the sentiments of that excellent soldier and orator, yet determined to leave the army; for as he would not fight against the party which his friends had now espoused, so neither could he appear in arms against those whom his principles taught him to regard as the assertors of liberty. Besides, the bad success of the patriot party and his own experience, had now inspired him with an abhorrence of the war; he therefore retired, A. U. C. 712, to his country seat at Pedum, there, by an honest industry, to raise his impaired fortune to its ancient splendor, while his hours of leisure were either devoted to philosophy or the muses §.

But we are not to imagine that rural objects and study solely engaged our poet's attention, for being formed with a natural tenderness of disposition, he began to enlarge the sphere of his pleasures by conversing with the fair sex. The first object of his affection was probably Glycera; and and we have Horace ¶ on our side, when we add, that she at first gave him hopes of success: but though his person was elegant ††, his fortune not contemptible, and his life was then in the prime, Glycera deserted him for a younger lover *. As he entertained a real affection for that lady, her infidelity gave him much uneasiness: he therefore endeavoured, by exerting his elegiac genius, to reclaim her. But his poems producing in Glycera no change to his advantage, his friend and old fellow-soldier Horace advised him to abate of his sorrow for her loss, and send her no more elegies.

None of these elegies having come down to our times, Lilio Gyraldi † supposes that Nemesis and Glycera were the same—but the poems which are inscribed to Nemesis ‡ do not favour this supposition; and, indeed, it seems more likely that Tibullus was so piqued at the ill success of his first amour, that he destroyed all those elegies which it gave rise to.

Some time after this (A. U. C. 718.) the fierce inhabitants of Pannonia rebelling, and Messala being one of the generals appointed by Augustus to reduce them, that nobleman invited Tibullus to attend him in the expedition. As this service was not against the Pompeian party §, and as he hoped in the hurry of a military life to find a remedy for his melancholy, he complied with his noble friend's request, and in every action behaved with his usual bravery. In proof of this, the commentators quote our poet's description of the old soldier of Arupinum.

Testis Arupinas, et pauper natus in armis.
Quem si quis videat, vetus ut non fregerit ætas,
Terna minus Pyliæ miretur sæcula famæ,
Namque senex longæ peragit dum sæcula vitæ,
Centum fecundos Titan renovaverit annos:
Ipse tamen velox celerem super edere corpus
Audet equum, validisque sedet moderator habenis ‖.

Besides these verses, some others may be brought from the panegyric, and in particular the three following, to strengthen their assertion:

Nam bellis experta cano, testis mihi victæ
Fortis Japidiæ miles, testis quoque fallax
Pannonius, gelidas passim disjectus in Alpes ¶.

In this manner did our poet subdue his passion for Glycera: but being by nature addicted to the love of the fair sex, at his return from the army, he fixed his affections on Delia.

Cyllenius, in his commentary on Tibullus ††, conjectures, that she obtained the name of Delia

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* *Vide Panegyr. ad Messalam, lin.* 191. *Jan Douz. Sched. Succid.*

† *See Francis's notes on the thirty third ode of the first book of Horace.*

‡ *Tibull. lib. i. el.* 8.

‖ *Vell. Paterc. lib. ii. cap.* 71.

§ *Panegyr. Tibull. ad Messalam, lin.* 184.

¶ *Lib i. Ode* 33.

†† *Horat. lib. i. ep.* 4.

* *Horat. lib i. ode* 33.

Alli ne dolcas plus nimio, &c.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain.

† *Dialog. de Poet.*

‡ *Lib. ii.*

§ *An amnesty was granted by the triumvirate to all Pompey's party, A. U. C.* 715.

‖ *Panegyr. ad Messalam, lin.* 110.

¶ *Ibid lin.* 107.

** *This commentary was published at Venice, A. D.* 1487.

from the Greek word δηλαν, on account of her ſurpaſſing in beauty the Roman ladies. But we have the more reſpectable authority of Apuleius *, for aſſerting that Delia was an appellation given her by our poet, her real name being Plania.

Some critics † contend, that Delia was a woman of the town:—but many paſſages in the elegies addreſſed to her ‡, contradict this aſſertion. Which of theſe poems were firſt written, cannot now be determined; but it is certain, they were not compoſed in the order they are now printed.

It would ſeem, that ſome time after his attachment to Delia, Meſſala invited our poet to accompany him in ſome military expedition; but he was then too deeply enamoured of Delia to attend the call of honour. Tibullus, therefore, compoſed his firſt elegy, in which, as he prefers a country retirement with Delia, and a moderate income, to all the triumphs of war and allurements of fortune, ſo Corvinus could not well urge, with propriety, our poet's departure.

Meſſala having ſoon after obtained the conſulſhip, Tibullus compoſed his panegyric. This poem is in heroic numbers, and though not deſtitute of poetical beauties, is inferior to his elegies: it ſeems rather an effuſion of friendſhip than an effort of genius: it has, therefore, not been tranſlated.

In the year of Rome 725 §, Meſſala being intruſted by Auguſtus Cæſar with an extraordinary command over Syria, inſiſted on Tibullus's accompanying him thither, to which our poet conſented. This ſacrifice to friendſhip was not, however, obtained without much reluctance; for Delia, it would ſeem, oppoſed his departure. But as Meſſala, in this expedition, was to viſit Greece, Aſia, &c. and as Tibullus, in his panegyric, had ſaid,

Pro te vel rapidas auſim maris ire per undas,
Adverſis hyberna licet tumeant freta ventis.
Pro te vel ſolus denſis ſubſiſtere turmis:
Vel pavidum Ætnæ corpus committere flammæ
Sum quodcunque tuum eſt ‖, &c.

he embarked with his patron. He, however, had not been long at ſea, before he was taken ſo ill, that Meſſala was obliged to put him aſhore, and leave him in Phæacia ¶. In this iſland, ſo famous for the gardens of Alcinous, our poet compoſed the third elegy of the firſt book; which ſhows, that whatever effect this ſickneſs had upon his conſtitution, it did not in the leaſt impair his poetical talents.

From the ſentiments of tenderneſs expreſſed in that beautiful poem, it would not have been ſurpriſing, had Tibullus on his recovery returned to Italy: but he had too ſincere a regard for his friend, to deſert him: he therefore, as ſoon as he was able to renew his voyage, haſtened after Meſſala, and with that nobleman ** travelled through Cilicia, Syria, Egypt, and Greece, being then probably initiated into the Eleuſinian myſteries at Athens †.

What were the political conſequences of this expedition, hiſtorians do not mention: but the conſequences to Tibullus were highly diſagreeable; for, if any ſtreſs in this point is to be laid on his elegies, there is reaſon to ſuſpect that Delia married before his return.

This, doubtleſs, occaſioned much uneaſineſs to, and rendered our poet the leſs unwilling to embrace another offer made him ſoon after by Meſſala, of going to Aquitaine; which province having revolted (A. U. C. 726.), Auguſtus had intruſted that excellent officer with the important buſineſs of its reduction ‡.

The Romans, ſays an elegant writer, fought with other nations for glory, but with the Gauls for liberty. This obſervation was at leaſt verified at this time: for it was not till after many ſharp actions, in which both the general and his ſoldiers diſtinguiſhed themſelves, that Meſſala completed the ſervice he was ſent upon. In all theſe battles, our poet ſignalized his courage in ſo remarkable a manner, that the ſucceſs of the expedition was, in no ſmall degree, owing to him.

Non ſine me eſt tibi partus honos: Tarbella Pyrene
Teſtis, & oceani littora Santonici: [rumna,
Teſtis Arar, Rhodanuſque celer, magnuſque Ga-
Carnuti & Flavi cœrula lympha Liger §.

For which reaſon, he had military honour conferred on him; "militaribus donis ornatus eſt," as the old writer of his life informs us ‖.

The reduction of Aquitaine was ſo acceptable to the Emperor, that Meſſala had a triumph decreed him the year after ¶: and as our poet had borne ſo diſtinguiſhed a ſhare in the war, it is not to be ſuppoſed, but he was preſent at that ſuperb ſolemnity; which, as an ancient inſcription ** acquaints us, was celebrated on the ſeventh of the calends of October.

But his Gallic expedition not having baniſhed

* "*In Apologia accuſent—et Tibullum, quod ei ſit Plania in animo, Delia in verſu.*" *Caſaubon and Colvius think it ſhould be read either* "*Flavia*" *or* "*Planca.*" *In one of Fulvius Urſinus's MS. copies of the Apology, it was written* "*Plantia.*" "*Plania,*" *however, ſays Broekhuſius, is found in Roman inſcriptions, and therefore the name need not be altered.*

† "*Erat libertinæ conditionis muliercula.*" Broekh.

‡ *Vide lib. i. paſſim.*

§ *Norris Cenotaph. Piſan. Diſſ.* ii. *cap.* 16. § 7.

‖ *Panegyr. ad Meſſalam, lin.* 193.

¶ *Now Corfu.*

** *Pighii Annales.*

* *Lib.* i. *El.* 8. *Alſo Broekhuſius's notes on the third elegy of the firſt book.*

† *Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum*
Audax laudandæ ſacra docere Deæ.
Lib. iii. El. 5.

‡ *Steph. Vinand. Pighii Annal. & Norris Cenotaph. Piſan. Diſſ.* ii. *cap.* 16. § 7.

§ *Lib.* i. *El.* 8.

‖ *In the life prefixed to that edition of Tibullus which was publiſhed at Venice, A. D.* 1475.

¶ *Cenotaph. Piſan. Diſſ.* ii. *cap.* 16. § 7.

** *Pighii Annales.*

Delia from his breaſt, he again paid his addreſſes to her: and, from ſome paſſages in the ſecond and ſeventh elegies of the firſt book, it would ſeem that they were but too ſucceſsful.

When a woman has once ſo far forgot herſelf, as to beſtow improper favours on a lover, nothing is more natural than for that lover to ſuſpect he is not the only favourite. Our poet is an inſtance of the truth of this obſervation; for to ſuch a height did his ungenerous ſuſpicions of Delia ariſe (notwithſtanding all her proteſtations of innocence), that he made her huſband acquainted with his intrigue *. Whether Delia was innocent or not, ſhe could never forgive this diſcovery. Or had ſhe been willing to forget the paſt, we cannot ſuppoſe that her huſband would ever admit Tibullus again into his houſe.

Such, then, was the extraordinary concluſion of our poet's intimacy with Delia; and therefore the poem which furniſhed theſe particulars is juſtly made the laſt of the poems inſcribed to that beauty.

Although the elegies of Tibullus warrant, in ſome ſort, theſe ſurmiſes, yet it ought to be conſidered, that poets write from imagination more frequently than from reality, becauſe ideal ſubjects afford greater ſcope to their faculties, than occurrences in common life:—and indeed, if what Ovid tells us may be depended on, Delia was again enamoured with our poet at the time of his deceaſe, when probably her huſband was dead.

Some time elapſed, before Tibullus entered into any new engagements. In this interval, he compoſed his famous elegy on Meſſala's Birth-day, the ninth and the following elegies of the firſt book, with the firſt and ſecond of the ſecond book; endeavouring to forget his diſaſters, by dividing his time between his country-ſeat and Rome, but chiefly by converſing, more than ever, with the learned and polite: of theſe the moſt eminent among his acquaintances were Meſſala, Valgius, Macer, and Horace.

Meſſala was now in the height of his reputation: in eloquence and military knowledge, he was excelled by none of his cotemporaries; and yet the goodneſs of his heart ſurpaſſed his abilities. His houſe was the rendezvous of the the learned; and his patronage, as an admirable poet† expreſſes it, was

The ſureſt paſſport to the gates of fame.

Happy in the approbation of all parties, his ſiding with Auguſtus, after the defeat at Philippi, did not loſe him the eſteem of his old friends; and his intereſting himſelf in their behalf, to the honour of that emperor, made him not the leſs beloved by Auguſtus ‡.

J. Valgius Rufus was eminent, not only for heroic poetry, but alſo for his elegies, eſpecially thoſe on the death of his ſon Myſtes *. He alſo wrote ſome excellent epigrams. But all his poems are now loſt. As Tibullus thought him the beſt poet next to Homer, poſterity has ſuffered much in their loſs †.

Of Macer, all that is known, is mentioned in the notes to the ſixth elegy of the ſecond book.

But although Tibullus himſelf informs us of his acquaintance with theſe eminent ſcholars; yet ſhould we not have known of the friendſhip which Horace and he entertained for one another, had it not been for Horace, who probably about this time ſent our poet an epiſtle, which is thus tranſlated by Mr. Francis.

Albius! in whom my ſatires find
A candid critic, and a kind,
Do you, while at your country ſeat,
Some rhiming labours meditate,
That ſhall in volum'd bulk ariſe,
And e'en from Caſſius bear the prize;
Or, ſauntering through the ſilent wood,
Think what befits the wiſe and good.

Thou art not form'd of lifeleſs mould,
With breaſt inanimate and cold;
To thee the gods a form complete,
To thee the gods a large eſtate,
In bounty give, with ſkill to know
How to enjoy what they beſtow.

Can a fond nurſe one bleſſing more,
Ev'n for her favourite boy, implore,
With ſenſe and clear expreſſion bleſt,
Of friendſhip, honour, wealth, poſſeſt;
A table elegantly plain,
And a poetic eaſy vein?

By hope inſpir'd, depreſt by fear,
By paſſion warm'd, perplex'd with care,
Believe that every morning's ray
Hath lighted up thy lateſt day;
Then, if to-morrow's ſun be thine,
With double luſtre ſhall it ſhine.

Such are the maxims I embrace,
And here, in ſleek and joyous caſe,

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* *Lib.* i. *El.* 7.

† *Dr. Young.*

‡ *Meſſala had a brother, who was alſo a polite ſcholar, as Horace informs us. According to St. Jerome, this illuſtrious Roman married Terentia, Cicero's widow, and by her had two ſons, Marcus and Lucius, who both attaining to the conſulſhip, and were an ornament to their families, by their military and civil capacities. Meſſala himſelf was ſo old before he died, as to forget his own name. Pliny the elder tells us, that he would not permit a perſon of his family to have his ſtatue placed among thoſe of his anceſtors, becauſe he was a diſgrace to them.*

* *We learn this circumſtance from Horace, who wrote Valgius a beautiful conſolitary ode on the occaſion.*

Non ſemper imbres nubibus hiſpidos
Manant in agros, &c. Lib. ii. Ode 9.

† *The critics have been able, from all antiquity, to glean only ſeven lines of Rufus's poetry, which the reader, if curious of ſuch literary ſcraps, will find collected by Broekhuſius, in his notes on Tibullus's Panegyric to Meſſala.*

You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
An hog by Epicurus fed *.

Francis.

Monſ. Dacier † obſerves, that this epiſtle is all ironical; for Tibullus, according to him, having exhauſted his fortune by extravagance, had now retired to the country, to recruit his finances, and avoid the importunity of his creditors.

To find out theſe things from the epiſtle before quoted, required a ſtrange obliquity of underſtanding; as to ſupport them, demanded ſome learning:—however, it muſt be confeſſed, that the French editor of Horace is not the firſt author who maintained this extraordinary opinion. An old grammarian ‡, whoſe comment on Horace, Caſpar Barthius owns he peruſed, but to whom Dacier was willing to ſink his obligations, though he alſo muſt have ſeen him, has out-done the French critic in what he writes of Tibullus. "Fuit hic Albius" (ſays this uncommon genius) "eques Romanus, qui primus in amatorio carmine habetur: eum per ironiam irridet Horatius, quaſi rem bene geſſerit, cum in juventa omnia prodegerit, et poſtea verſibus victum quæſiverit. Ergo ubi eum laudat, ſe innuit Horatius; ubi vituperat ſe, & Epicurum nominat, Albium intelligit, quem ridendum ait quod prodegerit omnia, jam nihil habens, quo, ut ſolebat, cutem curare poſſet: quod vero ait

* Di tibi divitias dederint, &c.

manifeſta ironia eſt, nam Epicuri non credentes deos habere curam rerum humanarum, omnia prodigunt; quod poſtquam factum eſt omnibus ſunt ridiculi."

Whence this "ſemi-priſcus Grammaticus" (for ſo Broekhuſius calls him) drew theſe particulars relating to our poet, is not known: but that Dacier ſhould adopt them, is matter of wonder; as, in all probability, the Frenchman had read Tibullus's panegyric §, which plainly ſhows that the diminution of his fortune was not owing to his own intemperance. And if the grammarian had peruſed his elegies ‖ with ever ſo little attention, he would have ſeen, that Tibullus was rather religious than otherwiſe, and by no means an Epicurean, at leaſt in belief.

But, ſay ſome critics, who have too thoughtleſsly embraced this opinion, does not Horace confirm it, where he tells us, that his father warned him, when a young man, from purſuing extravagant courſes, by ſetting before his eyes the infamy and miſerable life of Albius,

Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius?

To make this objection deciſive, the critics muſt firſt prove, that there were no other Albiuſes in Rome than the father of Tibullus; which, by the way, is falſe: and then they muſt ſhow, that this infamous and indigent ſon of Albius's was our poet; which cannot be done, eſpecially as we know that he died a knight, and of courſe was worth upwards of three thouſand pounds ſterling.—There are alſo innumerable paſſages in his elegies *, which prove, that he was by no means in diſtreſſed circumſtances, though leſs wealthy than his anceſtors. Again, is it to be imagined, that the rich and generous Meſſala would have ſuffered ſo fine a genius, and one whom he regarded ſo much, to have been diſtreſſed by his creditors? And, to crown all, as Tibullus was confeſſedly ſome years younger than Horace, with what propriety could Horace's father propoſe Tibullus as an example not to be followed by his ſon?

When ſuch were the friends of Tibullus, and his poetical abilities had long ſince obtained him univerſal applauſe, he could have found no difficulty in getting admiſſion to the learned court of Auguſtus. How then, aſk the commentators, has it come to paſs, that he never once mentions either that emperor, or Mæcenas, both whom his brother poets celebrated with ſuch a laviſhneſs of praiſe? And yet, add they, there are many parts of his writings where thoſe patrons of genius might have been introduced with uncommon propriety?

True to the principles of the republic, and a real friend to the liberties of the people, Tibullus never could prevail upon himſelf to flatter thoſe, whatever affection they expreſſed for the muſes, whom his principles taught him to deteſt as the enſlavers of his country.

This, as Pope emphatically expreſſes it, "kept "him ſacred from the great," who, doubtleſs, perceived with ſecret diſpleaſure (for Auguſtus and Mæcenas well knew the importance of having the poets on their ſide), that no loſs of fortune, and no allurement of ambition, could induce Tibullus to join in the general chorus of their praiſe. Although both the emperor and his favourite muſt in their hearts have applauded our poet's integrity; yet that mental applauſe, in all probability, would not have ſecured Tibullus from the effects of their diſpleaſure, had it not been for the intereſt which he had with Meſſala.

Beſides Meſſala, Valgius, and Macer, Tibullus mentions Cornutus, Marathus, Titius, and Meſſalinus. The conjectures of the critics concerning theſe Romans, are inſerted in the notes to the elegies, where their names occur.

Soon after this, Tibullus fell in love with Neæra. It is true, that the elegies he wrote to Ne-

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* *Lib.* i. *Ep.* 4.

† *Voyez ſes notes ſur l'Horace, lib.* i. *ep.* 4.

‡ *Caſp. Barth. Adverſar. lib.* xxxvii. *cap.* 19.

§ ——— ——— *quamvis*
Fortuna, ut mos eſt illi, me adverſa fatiget.

And ſome lines lower,

——— ——— *nam cura novatur,*
Quum memor anteactos ſemper dolor admovet annos.
Sed licet aſperiora cadant, ſpolierque relictis.
Lin. 190.

‖ *Book* i. *El.* 1, 3, 8, 11.

* *See the notes on the firſt elegy of the firſt book, and on the firſt and third elegy of the ſecond.*

æra, in every edition of our poet, follow thoſe, in which he celebrates Nemeſis: yet as Ovid (who could not well be miſtaken in what related to one whom he regarded ſo much as Tibullus) ſays that Nemeſis was his laſt miſtreſs, and as it is probable that the fifth elegy of the ſecond book (our poet being then certainly very fond of Nemeſis) was written between the years 732 and 734, when Auguſtus wintered in Samos, that is, a ſhort time before our poet's death, we ſuppoſe, although the learned gentleman who favoured the author with the notes marked B, is of a different opinion, that Neæra was the third object of his affections.

Fabricius conjectures, from her name, that ſhe was a woman of the town; Neæra, in the declenſion of the Roman empire, being a ſynonimous term for a courtezan *: but Fabricius ſhould have conſidered that Tibullus wrote in the Auguſtan age. Beſides, it appears from Homer †, from Valerius Flaccus ‡, and from an old marble ſtatue preſerved by Pignorius §, that women of the firſt rank, and moſt unſuſpected modeſty, were called by that name. Without, however, theſe authorities, Tibullus himſelf ſcreens this favourite from the imputation of libertiniſm, by beſtowing on her the epithet *caſta* ‖: He alſo characteriſes her parents, as people of virtue and fortune.

It appears from the ſecond and third elegy of the third book, that Neæra, after a long courtſhip, having conſented to marry Tibullus, was ſomehow or other forced away from him. This gave our poet an uncommon concern, which was redoubled, when he diſcovered, that ſhe herſelf had not only been acceſſary to her being carried off, but meant alſo to marry his rival.

Mr. Dart, in his Life of Tibullus ¶, is of opinion, that Neæra was the ſame with Glycera. But why, then, does our poet not call her by that name? Beſides, if any one will attentively peruſe Horace's conſolatory ode to our author on the infidelity of Glycera, and compare it with many paſſages in the third book of Tibullus, he will eaſily ſee, that Mr. Dart muſt be miſtaken.

Tibullus, who had hitherto been unſucceſsful in his addreſſes to the fair, was not more fortunate in his laſt miſtreſs; for, if Nemeſis (for ſo was ſhe called) poſſeſſed beauties of mind and perſon equal to thoſe of Delia and Neæra, her extreme avarice obſcured them all. And though Martial ** founds Tibullus's chief claim to poetical reputation on the elegies he addreſſed to that lady,

Fama eſt arguti Nemeſis formoſa Tibulli,

we have our poet's authority for aſſerting, that they produced no effect upon her.

Whether Nemeſis ever abated of her rigour to Tibullus, his elegies do not inform us. It is indeed probable ſhe did, eſpecially ſince Ovid repreſents her as ſincerely grieved at Tibullus's death, which, according to Marſus, a cotemporary poet, happened ſoon after that of Virgil:

Te quoque, Virgilio comitem, non æqua, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem campos miſit ad Elyſios:
Ne foret, aut elegis molles qui fleret amores;
Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

Thee! young Tibullus, to th' Elyſian plain
Death bid accompany great Maro's ſhade;
Determin'd that no poet ſhould remain,
Or to ſing wars, or weep the cruel maid.

For Tibullus died either A. U. C. 735, the year of Virgil's death, or the year after, in the forty-fourth or forty-fifth year of his age.

Nor was Marſus the only poet who celebrated this melancholy event: Ovid *, who had no leſs friendſhip than admiration for Tibullus, has immortalized both himſelf and his friend in the following beautiful elegy; which, containing ſome further particulars relating to our poet, will make a proper concluſion to this life, which, from the ſcantineſs, as well as the little authority of many of the materials, the author is ſorry he cannot render more complete.

If Thetis, if the bluſhing Queen of Morn †,
If mighty goddeſſes could taſte of woe
For mortal ſons; come, Elegy forlorn!
Come, weeping dame! and bid thy treſſes flow:

Thou bear'ſt, ſoft miſtreſs of the tearful eye,
From grief thy name, now name alas too juſt!
For ſee thy favourite bard, thy glory lie,
Stretch'd on yon funeral pile, ah! lifeleſs duſt!

See Venus' ſon, his torch extinguiſh'd brings,
His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow;
See penſive how he droops with flagging wings,
And ſtrikes his bared boſom many a blow:

Looſe and neglected, ſcatter'd o'er his neck,
His golden locks drink many a falling tear:
What piteous ſobs, as if his heart would break,
Shake his ſwoln cheek? Ah ſorrow too ſevere!

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* *Thus Iſo, the old gloſſariſt of Prudentius, interprets Neæra by* pellex *and* concubina.

† *Odyſ. lib.* xii. *ver.* 133.

‡ *Argonaut. lib.* ii. *ver.* 141.

§ *Epiſt. Symbolic. vid. Reines, Ep.* 28.

‖ *Lib.* iii. *El.* 4.

¶ *P.* 20.

** *Lib.* viii. *Ep.* 73.

Memnona ſi mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
Et tangunt magnas triſtia fata deos;
Flebilis indignos, Elegia, ſolve capillos,
Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit!
Ille tuî vates operis, tuâ fama, Tibullus
Ardet in extracto corpus inane rogo.
Ecce, puer Veneris fert everſamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et ſine luce facem.
Adſpice, demiſſis ut eat miſerabilis alis;
Pectoraque infeſtâ tundat aperta manu.
Excipiunt ſparſi lacrymas per colla capilli,
Oraque ſingultu concutiente ſonant.

* *Lib.* iii. *El.* 8.

† *Aurora.*

Thus, fair Iülus! for thy godlike ſire *,
'Tis ſaid, he weeping from thy roof withdrew:
Nor deeper mourn'd the queen of ſoft deſire †,
When the grim boar her lov'd Adonis ſlew.

And yet we bards are fondly call'd divine,
Are ſacred held, the gods' peculiar care:
There are, that deem us of th' ethereal line,
That ſomething of the Deity we ſhare.

But what can death's abhorred ſtroke withſtand?
Say what ſo ſacred he will not profane?
On all the monſter lays his duſky hand,
And poets are immortal deem'd in vain.

Thee, Orpheus, what avail'd thy heavenly ſire?
Thy mother-muſe, and beaſt-inchanting ſong?
The god for Linus ſwept his mournful lyre,
And with a father's woes the foreſts rung.

Great Homer ſee, from whoſe eternal ſpring
Pierian draughts the poet train derive,
Not he could 'ſcape the fell remorſeleſs king ‡,
His lays alone the greedy flames ſurvive.

Still live the work of ages, Ilion's fame,
And the ſlow web by nightly craft unwove:
So Nemeſis ſhall live, and Delia's name;
This his firſt paſſion, that his recent love.

Now what avails, ye fair! each holy rite,
Each painful ſervice for your lover paid?
Recluſe and lonely that you paſs'd the night?
Or fought th' Egyptian cymbal's fruitleſs aid?

When partial fate thus tears the good away,
(Forgive, ye juſt! th' involuntary thought)
I'm led to doubt of Jove's eternal ſway,
And fear that gods and heaven are words of nought.

Fratris in Æneæ ſic illum funere dicunt
Egreſſum tectis, pulcher Jüle, tuis.
Nec minus eſt confuſa Venus moriente Tibullo,
Quam juveni rupit, cum ferus inguen aper.
At ſacri vates, et divûm cura vocamur:
Sunt etiam, qui nos numen habere putent.
Scilicet omne ſacrum mors importuna profanat:
Omnibus obſcuras injicit illa manus.
Quid pater Iſmario, quid mater profuit, Orpheo?
Carmine quid victas obſtupuiſſe feras?
Ælinon in ſylvis idem pater, Ælinon, altis
Dicitur invitâ concinuiſſe Lyrâ
Adſpice Mœonidem, à quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Piĕriïs ora rigantur aquis;
Hunc quoque ſummo dies nigro ſubmerſit Averno;
Effugiunt avidos carmina ſola rogos.
Durat opus vatum Trojani fama laboris,
Tardaque nocturno tela retexta dolo.
Sic Nemeſis longum, ſic Delia nomen habebit,
Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
Quid nunc ſacra juvant? quid nunc Ægyptia proſunt
Siſtra? quid in vacuo ſecubuiſſe toro?
Cum rapiant mala fata bonos, (ignoſcite faſſo)
Sollicitor nullos eſſe putare Deos.

* *Æneas.* † *Venus.* ‡ *Pluto.*

Live pious, you muſt die: religion prize,
Death to the tomb will drag you from the fane:
Confide in verſe; lo! where Tibullus lies!
His all a little urn will now contain!

Thee, ſacred bard! could then funereal fires
Snatch from us? on thy boſom durſt they feed?
Not fanes were ſafe, not Jove's refulgent ſpires *,
From flames that ventur'd on this impious deed.

The beauteous queen that reigns in Eryx towers,
From the ſad ſight averts her mournful face;
There are, that tell of ſoft and pearly ſhowers
Which down her lovely cheeks their courſes trace.

Yet better thus, than on Phæacia's ſtrand,
Unknown, unpitied, and unſeen to die:
His cloſing eyes here felt a mother's hand,
Her tender hands each honour'd rite ſupply.

His parting ſhade here found a ſiſter's care,
Who ſad attends, with treſſes looſe and torn:
The fair he lov'd his dying kiſſes ſhare,
Nor quit the pyre afflicted and forlorn.

"Farewel, dear youth!" thus Delia parting cry'd,
"How bleſt the time, when I inſpir'd the lay?
"You liv'd, were happy; every care defy'd,
"While I poſſeſs'd your heart, untaught to ſtray."

To whom thus Nemeſis, in ſcornful mood,
"Mine was the loſs, then why art thou diſtreſs'd?
"Me, only me with parting life he view'd;
"My hand alone with dying ardour preſs'd †."

Vive pius; moriere pius: cole ſacra; colentem
Mors gravis à templis in cava buſta trahet.
Carminibus confide bonis; jacet ecce Tibullus,
Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit.
Tene, ſacer vates, flammæ rapuere rogales?
Pectoribus paſci nec timuere tuis?
Aurea ſanctorum potuiſſent templa deorum
Urere, quæ tantum ſuſtinuere nefas.
Avertit vultus, Erycis quæ poſſidet arces,
Sunt quoque, qui lacrymas continuiſſe negent.
Sed tamen hoc melius, quam ſi Phæacia tellus
Ignotum vili ſubpoſuiſſent humo.
Hîc certè manibus fugientes preſſit ocellos
Mater; & in cineres ultima dona tulit:
Hîc ſoror in partem miſerâ cum matrĕ doloris
Venit, inornatas dilaniata comas.
Cum tuis ſua junxerunt Nemeſiſque, priorque
Oſcula: nec ſolos deſtituere rogos.
Delia diſcedens, "Felicius," inquit, "amata
"Sum tibi; vixiſti, dum tuus ignis eram."
Cui Nemeſis, "Quid," ait, "tibi ſint mea damna dolori?
"Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu."

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* *The Capitol.*

† *Alluding ironically to the following paſſage in the firſt Elegy, which Tibullus there applies to Delia,*

Te videam ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora!
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu!

O may I view thee with life's parting ray!
And thy dear hand with dying ardor preſs!

And yet, if ought beyond this mouldering clay
But empty name and ſhadowy form remain,
Thou liv'ſt, dear youth! for ever young and gay,
For ever bleſt, ſhalt range th' Elyſian plain.

And thou, Catullus! learned gallant mind,
(Faſt by thy ſide thy Calvus will attend)
With ivy wreaths thy youthful temples twin'd,
Shalt ſpring to hail th' arrival of thy friend.

And Gallus, too profuſe of life and blood,
If no ſad breach of friendſhip's law deprive,
This hand immortal of the bleſt and good,
Thy ſhade ſhall join, if ſhades at all ſurvive.

Thou, poliſh'd bard! thy loſs though here we mourn,
Haſt ſwell'd the ſacred number of the bleſt;
Safe reſt thy gentle bones within their urn!
Nor heavy preſs the earth upon thy breaſt!

Si tamen è nobis aliquid, niſi nomen et umbra,
Reſtat; in Elyſiâ valle Tibullus erit.
Obvius huic venies hederâ juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.
Tu quoque (falſum temerati crimen amici)
Sanguinis atque animæ prodige, Galle, tuæ.

His comes ubra tua eſt; ſi quâ eſt modò corporis umbra;
Auxiſti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
Oſſa quieta, precor, tutâ requieſcite in urnâ;
Et ſit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

ELEGIES.

BOOK I.—ELEGY I.

The glitt'ring ore let others vainly heap,
O'er fertile vales extend th' encloſing mound;
With dread of neighb'ring foes forſake their ſleep,
And ſtart aghaſt at ev'ry trumpet's ſound.

Me humbler ſcenes delight, and calmer days;
A tranquil life fair poverty ſecure!
Then boaſt, my hearth, a ſmall but cheerful blaze,
And riches graſp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be hope a ſtranger to my door,
But o'er my roof, bright goddeſs, ſtill preſide!
With many a bounteous autumn heap my floor,
And ſwell my vats with muſt, a purple tide.

My tender vines I'll plant with early care,
And choiceſt apples, with a ſkilful hand;
Nor bluſh, a ruſtic, oft to guide the ſhare,
Or goad the tardy ox along the land.

Let me a ſimple ſwain, with honeſt pride,
If chance a lambkin from its dam ſhould roam,
Or ſportful kid, the little wanderer chide,
And in my boſom bear exulting home.

Here Pales I bedew with milky ſhow'rs,
Luſtrations yearly for my ſhepherd pay,
Revere each antique ſtone bedeck'd with flow'rs,
That bounds the field, or points the doubtful way.

My grateful fruits, the earlieſt of the year,
Before the rural god ſhall duly wait.
From Ceres' gifts I'll cull each browner ear,
And hang a wheaten wreath before her gate.

The ruddy god ſhall ſave my fruit from ſtealth,
And far away each little plunderer ſcare:
And you, the guardians once of ampler wealth,
My houſehold gods, ſhall ſtill my offerings ſhare.

My num'rous herds, that wanton'd o'er the mead,
The choiceſt fatling then could richly yield;
Now ſcarce I ſpare a little lamb to bleed
A mighty victim for my ſcanty field.

And yet a lamb ſhall bleed, while, rang'd around,
The village youths ſhall ſtand in order meet,
With ruſtic hymns, ye gods, your praiſe reſound,
And future crops and future wines entreat.

Then come, ye pow'rs, nor ſcorn my frugal board,
Nor yet the gifts clean earthen bowls convey;
With theſe the firſt of men the gods ador'd,
And form'd their ſimple ſhape of ductile clay.

My little flock, ye wolves, ye robbers, ſpare,
Too mean a plunder to deſerve your toil;
For wealthier herds the nightly theft prepare;
There ſeek a nobler prey, and richer ſpoil.

For treaſur'd wealth, nor ſtores of golden wheat,
The hoard of frugal ſires, I vainly call;
A little farm be mine, a cottage neat
And wonted couch where balmy ſleep may fall.

"What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
"And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt:
"Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
"Secure and happy ſink at laſt to reſt."

Theſe joys be mine!—O grant me only theſe,
And give to others bags of ſhining gold,
Whoſe ſteely heart can brave the boiſt'rous ſeas,
The ſtorm wide-waſting, or the ſtiff'ning cold.

Content with little, I would rather ſtay
Than ſpend long months amid the wat'ry waſte:
In cooling ſhades elude the ſcorching ray
Beſide ſome fountain's gliding waters plac'd,

O periſh rather all that's rich and rare,
The diamond quarry, and the golden vein,
Than that my abſence coſt one precious tear,
Or give ſome gentle maid a moment's pain.

With glitt'ring ſpoils, Meſſala, gild thy dome,
Be thine the noble taſk to lead the brave:
A lovely foe me captive holds at home,
Chain'd to her ſcornful gate, a watchful ſlave,

Inglorious poſt!—And yet I heed not fame:
Th' applauſe of crowds for Delia I'd reſign:
To live with thee I'd bear the coward's name,
Nor 'midſt the ſcorn of nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the ploughman's toil,
Or on ſome lonely mountain tend my ſheep;
At night I'd lay me on the flinty ſoil,
And happy 'midſt thy dear embraces ſleep.

What drooping lover heeds the Tyrian bed,
While the long night is paſs'd with many a ſigh:
Nor ſofteſt down with richeſt carpets ſpread,
Nor whiſp'ring rills, can cloſe the weeping eye.

Of threefold iron were his rugged frame,
Who when he might thy yielding heart obtain,
Could yet attend the calls of empty fame,
Or follow arms in queſt of ſordid gain.

Unenvy'd let him drive the vanquiſh'd hoſt,
Thro' captive lands his conquering armies lead;
Unenvy'd wear the robe with gold imboſs'd,
And guide with ſolemn ſtate his foaming ſteed.

O may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardor preſs:
Sure thou wilt weep—and on thy lover's clay,
With breaking heart, print many a tender kiſs;

Sure thou wilt weep—and woes unutter'd feel,
When on the pile thou ſeeſt thy lover laid!
For well I know, nor flint, nor ruthleſs ſteel,
Can arm the breaſt of ſuch a gentle maid.

From the ſad pomp, what youth, what pitying
Returning ſlow can tender tears refrain? [fair,
O Delia, ſpare thy cheeks, thy treſſes ſpare,
Nor give my ling'ring ſhade a world of pain.

But now while ſmiling hours the fates beſtow,
Let love, dear maid, our gentle hearts unite!
Soon death will come and ſtrike the fatal bow;
Unſeen his head, and veil'd in ſhades of night.

Soon creeping age will bow the lover's frame,
And tear the myrtle chaplet from his brow:
With hoary locks ill ſuits the youthful flame,
The ſoft perſuaſion, or the ardent vow.

Now the fair queen of gay deſire is ours,
And lends our follies an indulgent ſmile:
'Tis laviſh youth's t' enjoy the frolic hours,
The wanton revel and the midnight broil.

Your chief, my friends, and fellow-ſoldier, I
To theſe light wars will lead you boldly on:
Far hence ye trumpets ſound and banners fly:
To thoſe who covet wounds and fame be-
gone.

And bear them fame and wounds; and riches bear;
There are that fame and wounds and riches
prize.
For me, while I poſſeſs one plenteous year,
I'll wealth and meagre want alike deſpiſe.

NOTES ON ELEGY I.

In this beautiful elegy, Tibullus preſers the retirements of a country life, with Delia and a moderate income, to all the honours of war and ſplendors of fortune.

According to Scaliger, this elegy, though placed the firſt in the book, was written, in order of time, the laſt of thoſe inſcribed to Delia. The poem itſelf, however, gives no ſanction to this opinion.

Ver. 2. There is a great diſpute among editors, whether the original of this line ſhould be read,

Et teneat culti jugera multa ſoli:

Or,

Et teneat culti jugera magna ſoli:

The firſt, however, is the preferable reading, being beſt ſupported by MSS. Beſides, had it been deſtitute of that authority, it would ſtill merit that diſtinction, as Tibullus muſt either have been unacquainted with agriculture (every Roman acre being two hundred and forty feet long, and as many broad), had he applied *magna* to acres; or have uſed a ſuperfluous epithet. *Vulp.*

But Broekhuſius, although he reads *multa*, has yet proved, that Tully and Valerius Flaccus have uſed that adjective at leaſt once in the ſenſe of *magna*.

Ver. 6. The word *paupertas* in the original ſignifies, a mediocrity of fortune; for ſo Porphyrio interprets it in his Commentary on Horace, L. ii. Ep. 5. And, indeed, it is evident from Cicero, that this was the meaning impoſed upon *paupertas* in the Auguſtan age. From this word, then, thoſe who maintain, that our poet had ſpent his eſtate, and was obliged to retire to the country, can derive no ſupport; as indeed the whole of this elegy contradicts that aſſertion.

Almoſt all the commentators on Tibullus have obſerved, that he abounds in alliterations, and give the original of this line as an inſtance of it,

Me mea paupertas, &c.

Nor is Tibullus ſingular in this; the beſt poets and orators of the Auguſtan age were fond of them; and hence theſe gentlemen conclude, contrary to the opinion of many of the moderns, that alliterations are beautiful in poetry. A ſparing uſe of them, no doubt, adds to the melody of numbers; accordingly Pope, and the beſt Engliſh poets, practiſe alliteration.

Though Pontanus and others have wrote well on the ſubject of alliteration, they have not attempted to give a reaſon for its pleaſing the ear. When the ſame letters begin ſucceeding words, theſe run more ſmoothly off the tongue, as the organs of ſpeech are ſubjected to a ſmaller change in pronouncing them. Other cauſes may perhaps be aſſigned, but this appears to be the principal.

Ver. 7. The original of this line is variouſly read by the annotators.

Dum meus aſſiduo luceat igne focus

is maintained by Broekhuſius, &c. while Scaliger and others ſubſtitute *exiguo* in the room of *aſſiduo*; both readings are ſupported by MS. authority; that, however of Scaliger's is retained as the moſt poetical.

Ver. 9. The goddeſs Hope had many temples and public gardens at Rome, for which the reader may conſult Alexander Donatus, L. I. Romæ C. 9. L. 2. C. 25. L. 3. C. 13, 18, 23.

Boiſſard has given an elegant figure of the *ſpes ruſtica*, T. 4. Ant. P. 130.

Ver. 17. Calphurnius, a Sicilian poet of ſome merit, has a good natured precept ſomewhat ſimilar to this thought of our poet's.

Te quoque non pudent, cum ſerus ovilia viſes,
Si qua jacebit ovis partu reſoluta recenti,

Hanc humeris portare tuis, natoſque repenti
Ferre ſinu tremulos, et nondum ſtare paratos.
Ecl. v. *ver.* 39.

Humanity to brute creatures is the certain indication of a good mind. See an excellent paper on this ſubject in the Adventurer.

Ver. 21. Pales was the goddeſs of ſhepherds; ſome called her Magna Mater, and others Veſta. The feſtival inſtituted in her honour obtained the name of Palilia, or Parilia, and was celebrated on the eleventh or twelth of the calends of May, the day that Rome was ſuppoſed to have been founded. At this ſolemnity the ſhepherds, leaping over bonfires of ſtraw, &c. placed at regular diſtances, offered to their goddeſs milk and cakes of millet for the health of their flocks. This ceremony is thus deſcribed by Ovid in that wonderful effort of poetical genius his Faſti.

Paſtor, oves ſaturas ad prima crepuſcula luſtra,
Uda prius ſpargat, virgaque verrat humum.
Frondibus, et fixis decorentur ovilia ramis:
Et tegat ornatas longa corona fores.
Cærulei fiant vivo de Suphure fumi;
Tactaque fumanti ſulphure balet Ovis.
Ure maris rores, tædamque, herbaſque ſabinas;
Et crepet in mediis laurus aduſta focis.
Libaque de Milio Milii ſiſcella ſequatur:
Ruſtica præcique quo dea læta cibo eſt.
Adde dapes, mulctramque ſuas: dapibuſque reſectis
Silvicolam tepido lacte precare palen.
Conſule, dic, pecori pariter, pecoriſque magiſtris:
Effugiat ſtabulis noxa repulſa meis.
L. iv. *v.* 735.

Thus we ſee that the fumigations uſed upon this occaſion were ſovereign for diſeaſes of the ſkin.

Ver. 22. The original of this line has greatly puzzled the commentators: ſome of them underſtanding by "Paſtorem meum," Pan, and others, "Apollo nomius." The true interpretation, however, ſeems to be that which is given in the tranſlation. See notes to El. v. b. 2.

Ver. 23. We ſee from this paſſage, that a kind of adoration was paid to a ſtone, or a trunk of a tree, which divided the Roman lands. They perfumed them with eſſences, crowned them with flowers, and ſacrificed round them in the month of February. They were ſhaped into odd figures, and called "Panes Agreſtes;" as thoſe which pointed out the road had the name of "Compitalis" beſtowed on them.

The god Terminus of the Latins, or Ζευς ὁριος of the Greeks, had no animals ſacrificed to him; becauſe, as Plutarch obſerves in his Ρωμαικα, he prevented broils, and of courſe bloodſhed, among neighbours.

By the laws of Numa, if any perſon drove his plough into his neighbour's field, both he and his oxen were accurſed.

According to Arnobius, the Arabians and Peſſenuntians paid divine worſhip to ſhapeleſs unformed ſtones; and if Regnard is to be credited, the Laplanders at this day deify any large ſtone they meet with, provided it has any thing extraordinary in its figure. Theſe people probably have neither painters nor ſtatuaries among them.

Ver. 26. Commentators are not a little divided in their opinions, who the "Deus Agricola" of the original was. According to Broekhuſius the poet meant Vertumnus: and, it muſt be confeſſed, the huſband of Pomona has a better right to this place than any other of the ſylvan gods, whom the critics have recommended. See a beautiful deſcription of this ancient Tuſcan deity in Propertius, Lib. iv. El. 2.

Ver. 29. For Priapus, any of the common books of mythology may be conſulted.

Ver. 30. Gebhardus, on MS. authority, (for what abſurdities have not librarians committed?) reads,

Terreat ut fœvas falce Priapes aves.

Which he interprets by birds of bad omen. not reflecting, that birds of good omen were no leſs deſtructive to fine fruit (the keeping of which was the province particularly aſſigned to Priapus), than his "aves ſiniſtræ."

Ver. 32 The Lares were the offſpring of the nymph Lara, whom Mercury raviſhed as he was conducting her to the Stygian lake, whither Jupiter had baniſhed her for blabbing his amours.

Fitque gravis, Geminoſque parit qui compita ſervant,
Et vigiles noſtra ſemper in Æde Lares.
Faſt.

They therefore had worſhip paid them in the houſes, particularly of huſbandmen and in the highways; and their feſtival was called "Compitalitii, Compitalitia." or "Compitalia." At theſe, the images of men and women made of wool were ſuſpended, with as many balls alſo of wool, as there were ſlaves in the family, and as many "ſimulacra perfecta" as there were children. By this hanging in effigy, the ancients imagined, the Lares would be bribed (ſo true is it, that fear is the parent of Polytheiſm) to ſpare the living

Theſe deities were made of wood, ſtone, or marble, according to the wealth or ſuperſtition of the votary; and were either public or private. The former were thoſe that watched over the ſafety of the whole, while the private only ſuperintended a family. Both were clothed in a dog's ſkin, and ſometimes had the head of a dog clapped upon human ſhoulders. Their common figure, however, was a groteſque "caricatura" of a man's countenance. Vid. Boxhorn's Queſt Romanæ, P. 31. The place where the houſehold gods ſtood was called Lararium. At firſt the only offerings made them were fruits, wine, and frankincenſe, but in time both lambs and hogs were ſacrificed to them. They generally wore a chaplet of flowers; and when young gentlemen put on the "toga virilis" they dedicated to them their "bullæ;"

Bullaque ſuccinctis laribus donata pependit.

Ver. 41. This ſimplicity in the worſhip of the gods, which Numa introduced, and which ſuited

the poverty of the primæval times, continued in practice till Paganism was loſt in Chriſtianity.

Vid. Valer. Maxim. L. iv. *C.* 4. *at the end.*

Ver. 52. Scaliger reads,

——————et ſolo membra levare toro.

Suppoſing that our poet had only one bed leſt him, "Solum ſibi ſupereſſe torum." But however exactly this circumſtance may correſpond with many of the modern inhabitants of Parnaſſus, yet the whole of this elegy ſhows, that our Roman knight was by no means ſo reduced; and indeed, as Broekhuſius remarks, all the MSS. and beſt editions, read,

Solito membra levare toro.

Not a caſual bed, ſuch as campaigners muſt often put up with, but an accuſtomed fixed place of reſt; ſuch as the poet of Verona deſcribes in the following beautiful lines, addreſſed, upon his return from Bithynia, to the Peninſula Sirmio, on which he had a villa.

O quid ſolutis eſt beatius curis?
Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore feſſi venimus larem ad noſtrum,
Deſideratoque acquieſcimus lecto.
Hoc eſt, quod unum eſt, quo laboribus tantiſe.
Cat. Carm. 29.

Thoſe only can perceive the full force of this obſervation who have experienced it. Ovid, in his baniſhment, knew and lamented the want of a "conſuetus lectus."

Non hæc in noſtris, ut quondam ſcribimus hortis,
Nec conſuete meum lectule corpus habes.
Triſt. L. i. *El.* 10.

And again,

Tam procul ignotis igitur moriemur in cris,
Et fient ipſo triſtia fata loco?
Nec mea conſueto langueſcent corpora lecto?
Depoſitum nec me, qui fleat, ullus erit?
Triſt. L. iii. *El.* 3. *Broekhuſius.*

Quam juvat, &c.] The tranſlator finding this paſſage ſo well rendered by the late Mr. Hammond, has taken the liberty to adopt it. The commentators ſay, that Tibullus borrowed this thought of rain aſſiſting ſlumber from Sophocles; but could not our poet have obſerved, that rain, falling on the roof of a houſe, would compoſe to ſleep, without having been obliged to that tragic poet for the obſervation? Antonius Muſa, who did ſuch honour to phyſic at Rome, cured Mæcenas of a three years watchfulneſs by the falling of water; and phyſicians at this day experience the ſoporific qualities of ſuch a device; or of the ſea breaking at a diſtance upon the ſhore.

Ver. 60. After the original of this line, Scaliger and Broekhuſius place,

Quem labor aſſiduus vicino terreat hoſte:
Martia cui ſomnos claſſica pulſa fugent.

Which they explain by the extraordinary duties, eſpecially in the night-time, that ſoldiers undergo in the neighbourhood of an enemy. It muſt be owned, that theſe lines fall in here very naturally; yet, as moſt editions rank them immediately after,

Et teneat culti jugera multa ſoli. *Lin.* 2.

my friend has tranſlated them in that place.

Ver. 61. The original of this line greatly perplexed the critics, till Joannes Brodæus firſt ſaw, that a ſecond "non" before "contentus" was wanting. Manutius, in his commentary on Cicero's Familiar Epiſtles, and Muritus, in his Lect. Var. I., 10. produce many inſtances of this mode of writing from the beſt antiquity. *Broekh.*

Ver. 63. In this, and ſome of the following ſtanzas, Tibullus repreſents that ſecure tranquillity of a country life, which innocence of mind beſtows only on thoſe, who live according to the laws of nature. "Neque enim facile," adds Broekhuſius, "impurus quivis ſolitudini ſe committat, ſub arborum umbra ſomnulum capturus in molli gramine. Hæret intus ſempiterna ſcelerum comes mala conſcientia.

——Non ſiculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt ſaporem, &c.
Lib. iii. *Od.* 1.

Nor dainties force his pall'd deſire,
Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre,
To him can ſleep afford;
Heart-ſoothing ſleep, which not diſdains
The rural lot, or humbler ſwains,
And ſhady rivers fair;
Or Tempe's ever-blooming ſpring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
And fan the buxom air. *Francis.*

"Ut præclare Horatius noſter, ille optimus ille certiſſimus vivendi magiſter. Hanc ſibi nunc vivendi rationem ſequendam Tibullus proponit, æquiſſimo animo relinquens beatæ ſumum et opes, ſtrepitumque Romæ, qua quidem vita nihil convenientius ſapientiæ ſtudioſis, et muſarum ſacerdotibus, honæque mentis candidatis." But this opinion of Broekhuſius may be diſputed; for, though a country ſolitude is neceſſary for the perfecting works of genius, yet the town is the beſt ſchool for thoſe who would excel in deſcriptions of human life.

Ver. 69. *Meſſala.*] This great ſoldier, patriot and critic (of whom ſo much has been ſaid in Tibullus's Life) was in a high degree of favour with Tully; and though Mæcenas has been more praiſed by the poets than Meſſala, the hiſtorians ſhow us, that our poet's friend was both a greater and better man than the favourite of Auguſtus. See the notes to El. 3. and El. 8. of the firſt book.

If the authority of Virgil is to be depended upon, the Romans derived the cuſtom of adorning their houſes with hoſtile ſpoils from the remoteſt antiquity. Æn. 7. ver. 183. And indeed it is natural to imagine, where the tradition is the chief ſpring from which the firſt unlettered nations drew their knowledge of paſt events, that theſe marks of conqueſt were the beſt authority for the oral hiſtorian.

When a Roman ſold a houſe adorned with oſtile ſpoils, either won by himſelf or his anceſors, the purchaſer was not permitted to avail imſelf of the honour they beſtowed, but obliged o take them down.

Ver. 81. The perſon alluded to in this paſſage vas C. Soſius, who being Prætor when the civil war broke out, was afterwards ſent by M. Anhony to command in Syria and Cilicia, when he irſt ſubdued the Arabians; and then Antigonus, having formerly butchered a Roman garriſon, fled, after his defeat, to Jeruſalem, which Soſius ſoon after took; and uſing the Jews with no leſs cruelty than avarice, he beſtowed their kingdom on Herod of Aſcalon Neither did Antigonus eſcape the conqueror, who not only whipped, but crucified and beheaded him. Theſe actions of barbarity, although they diſgrace victory, yet procure Soſius the honour of a triumph at Rome, A. U. C. 719. *Broekhuſius.*

Ver. 89. We ſee, from this inſtance (and many ſuch occur in our poet), that elegy, as well as comedy, ſometimes raiſes her voice; and if Tibullus's panegyric had not come down to us, critics, no doubt, would have hence conjectured, that his genius was no leſs ſuited to the lofty than the tender ſubjects of poeſy.

Ver 93. This pathetic circumſtance Ovid has applied to Nemeſis in his fine elegy on the death of our poet.

Ver. 98 For the funerals of the ancients, ſee notes to El ii. book 3.

Of all the methods practiſed by different nations in their diſpoſal of the dead, the cuſtom of the Calatian Indians, as Herodotus relates it, is the moſt extraordinary. Darius, ſays that elegant hiſtorian, having one day aſked ſome of his Grecian ſubjects, what ſum would induce them to eat their deceaſed parents (*τους πατερας αποθνησκοντας κατασιτεισθαι*), they inſtantly replied, that no bribe ſhould ever make them do ſo horrid an action. Upon this, the ſame monarch, in the preſence of the Greeks too, demanding, by an interpreter of ſome Calatian Indians, how much money they would take not to eat, for that was their cuſtom (*οι τους γονεας κατεσθιουσι*), but to burn their dead parents; he was entreated, with loud and earneſt exclamations, not to compel them to do a deed which for ever muſt deſtroy their peace of mind! So juſtly, adds the hiſtorian, does Pindar call cuſtom the ſovereign of all. *νομον παντων βασιλεα.* Herod. Thal. C. 38.

Ver. 103. Thoſe who indulged an immoderate grief for their deceaſed friends, were ſuppoſed by the ancients to injure their manes, and therefore Cornelia entreats her huſband, Paulus the cenſor,

Deſine, Pauli, meum lacrymis urgere jepuicrum.
Propert. L. 4. E. 11.

And Lucian, in his excellent diſcourſe on mourning (*περι πενθους*), makes a departed youth thus anſwer the frantic ſorrowings of his father, *ω καικοδαιμον ανδρωπε τι κλαιεις*, &c. Unhappy mortal why do you thus lament aloud? Why do you cauſe me ſo much pain? Ceaſe to tear your hair and wound your face, I am far more fortunate than you.' Why then do you call me names, and term me wretched?

Ver. 104. Turnebus was the firſt who explained this paſſage. The poet, though an enemy to extravagant grief, expected that Delia would ſhow a tender concern when he died. *Broekhuſius.*

Ver. 111. That pleaſant verſifier Malherbe, thus addreſſes the muſes,

Quand le Sang bouillant en mes veines
Me donnoit de jeunes deſires
Tantot vous ſoupiriez mes peines
Tantoi vouſchantiez mes plaiſirs:
Mais aujourâhui que mes années
Vers leur fin s'en vont terminées,
Sercit il bien a mes ecrits
D' Ennuyer les races futures
Des ridicules avantures
D'un Amoureux en cheveux gris?

The reader may ſee the miſeries of an old man's falling in love well deſcribed in the elegies commonly imputed to Virgil's friend, the famous Cornelius Gallus. Theſe elegies are a modern compoſition, the work of one Longinus Maximian a phyſician.

ELEGY II.

With wine, more wine, my recent pains deceive,
Till creeping ſlumber ſend a ſoft reprieve:
Aſleep, take heed no whiſper ſtirs the air,
For wak'd, my boy, I wake to heart-felt care.
Now is my Delia watch'd by ruthleſs ſpies,
And the gate, bolted, all acceſs denies.
Relentleſs gate! may ſtorms of wind and rain,
With mingled violence avenge my pain!
May forky thunders, hurl'd by Jove's red hand,
Burſt every bolt, and ſhatter every band!
Ah no! rage turns my brain; the curſe recal;
On me, devoted, let the thunder fall!
Then recollect my many wreaths of yore,
How oft you've ſeen me weep, inſenſate door!
No longer then our interview delay,
And as you open let no noiſe betray.

In vain I plead!—Dare then my Delia riſe!
Love aids the dauntleſs, and will blind your ſpies!
Thoſe who the godhead's ſoft beheſts obey,
Steal from the pillows unobſerv'd away;
On tiptoe traverſe unobſerv'd the floor;
The key turn noiſeleſs, and unfold the door:
In vain the jealous each precaution take,
Their ſpeaking fingers aſſignations make.
Nor will the god impart to all his aid;
Love hates the fearful, hates the lazy maid;
But through ſly windings, and unpractis'd ways,
His bold night-errants to their wiſh conveys:
For thoſe whom he with expectation fires,
No ambuſh frightens, and no labour tires;
Sacred the dangers of the dark they dare,
No robbers ſtop them, and no bravoes ſcare.
Though wint'ry tempeſts howl, by love ſecure,
The howling tempeſt I with eaſe endure:
No watching hurts me, if my Delia ſmile,
Soft turn the gate, and beckon me the while.
She's mine. Be blind, ye ramblers of the night,
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch your guilty ſight:
The goddeſs bids her votaries joys to be
From every caſual interruption free:
With prying ſteps alarm us not, retire,
Nor glare your torches, nor our names inquire:
Or if ye know, deny, by Heaven above,
Nor dare divulge the privacies of love.
From blood and ſeas vindictive Venus ſprung,
And ſure deſtruction waits the blabbing tongue!
Nay, ſhould they prate, you, Delia, need not fear;
Your lord (a ſorcereſs ſwore), ſhould give no ear!
By potent ſpells ſhe cleaves the ſacred ground,
And ſhuddering ſpectres wildly roam around!
I've ſeen her tear the planets from the ſky!
Seen lightning backward at her bidding fly!
She calls! from blazing pyres the corſe deſcends,
And, re-enliven'd, claſps his wondering friends!
The fiends ſhe gathers with a magic yell,
Then with aſperſions frights them back to hell!
She wills,—glad ſummer gilds the frozen pole!
She wills,—in ſummer wint'ry tempeſts roll!
She knows ('tis true), Medea's awful ſpell!
She knows to vanquiſh the fierce guards of hell!
To me ſhe gave a charm for lovers meet,
("Spit thrice, my fair, and thrice the charm repeat.")
Us, in ſoft dalliance ſhould your lord ſurpriſe;
By this impos'd on he'd renounce his eyes!
But bleſs no rival, or th' affair is known;
This incantation me befriends alone.
Nor ſtopp'd ſhe here; but ſwore, if I'd agree,
By charms or herbs to ſet thy lover free.
With dire luſtrations ſhe began the rite!
(Serenely ſhone the planet of the night)
The magic gods ſhe call'd with helliſh ſound,
A fable ſacrifice diſdain'd the ground——
I ſtopp'd the ſpell: I muſt not, cannot part:
I begg'd her aid to gain a mutual heart.

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

The foregoing poem was written by Tibullus upon his being diſappointed in getting admittance to the apartments of Delia.

Ver. 7. It was cuſtomary with the Roman lovers to addreſs the gates of their miſtreſſes: Many inſtances of this occur in the elegiac poets.

Ver. 13. This kind of gallantry was much practiſed by the Romans.

At lacrimans excluſus amator limina ſæpe
Floribus, et ſertis operit, poſteſque ſuperbus
Ungit amaracyno. *Lucret.*

Meantime excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining lover ſtands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits;
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate door.
Dryd.

The Romans decked their doors with garlands upon many public and private occaſions.

Ver. 24. The beſt comment on all this paſſage, is that elegy of Ovid's which begins

Me ſpecta, nutuſque meos, &c.

Ver. 32. The civil wars, as they introduced a general diſſoluteneſs of manners, ſo they alſo increaſed the number of robbers; and we have claſſical authority for aſſerting, that Rome, in the age of Cæſar, was as much infeſted with aſſaſſins as modern Italy. Propertius has thus improved upon this paſſage of our author:

Nec tamen eſt quiſquam ſacros qui lædit amantes
Scyronis media ſic licet ire Via:
Quiſquis Amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
Nemo adeo ut noceat, barbarus eſſe poteſt,
Luna miniſtrat iter, demonſtrant Aſtra ſalebras,
Ipſe Amor accenſas percutit ante faces.
Lib. iii. *El.* 16.

Yet, after all, the thoughts of Tibullus appear more juſt. Mr. Prior has given us the ſame ſentiment, but in a different manner, uſing mythology with more addreſs than even moſt of the ancients.

For love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid;
Undaunted then through cliffs and valleys ſtrays,
And leads his votaries ſafe through pathleſs ways:
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide, be blind.
Henry and Emma.

Ver. 36. Broekhuſius's note on the original of is paſſage is ſo curious, that the reader ſhall ave it in his own words: "Minus recte Turebus (nam et Turnebus homo fuit) hanc digitoim concrepationem exponit de re, quam facile alloque negotio adſequimur, et levi quodam velut no et nutu jubemus et obtinemus." Adv. lib. . This explanation, adds our commentator, urnebus confirms by a quotation from Martial, hich, however, as Broekhuſius ſagaciouſly obrves, only intimates the geſture of a perſon, matulam poſcentis." He then interprets the aſſage, and his interpretation the tranſlator has dopted.

Ver. 38. This was a puniſhment ſuppoſed to e inflicted on thoſe who beheld, though without eſign, any deity. The old prieſteſs of the "bola Dea," in Propertius, thus addreſſes Alcides:

Parce oculis, hoſpes, lucoque age ſede verendo,
Cede agedum, et tuta, limina linque, fuga.
Lib. iv. *El.* 9.

Venus, in the end of the hymn aſcribed to Homer, threatens Anchiſes, if he blabbed their intercourſe, to ſtrike him with thunder. The youth, having diſregarded this warning, was thus deprived of one of his eyes. See Callimachus' poem intituled the Bath of Diana.

Ver. 49. The firſt deſcription of a witch to be found in any Latin poet, is that which Virgil has given in his eighth eclogue. Thoſe critics who are fond of tracing reſemblances among poets, would be apt to aſſert, that our author had that paſſage in his eye; and yet, if it is conſidered, that popular prejudice imputed thoſe very effects to witchcraft, there is no occaſion for ſuppoſing that Maro's Mæris aſſiſted Tibullus in his deſcription of his "Saga Verax." However diſſonant to ſound ſenſe and philoſophy magical deſcriptions may be, yet they have an excellent effect in poetry, where admiration is to be excited.

According to Marcellas, "ſaga," in its primitive meaning, ſignified "turpis amorum conciliatrix;" and as ſuch bawds uſed ſpells and drugs to effectuate their illicit purpoſes, it came afterwards to be applied to a witch.

The Romans, according to Broekhuſius, held magic in the utmoſt abhorrence. Would the reader view the full force aſcribed by the ancients to witchcraft, let him turn to Horace's fifth and ſeventeenth Epodes. Ovid's Epiſtle to Hypſipyle, ver. 83. and El. viii. lib. 1. and Metamorp. lib vii. ver. 179. lib. xiv. ver. 43. Propertius, lib. iv. El. v. Seneca's Medea, ver. 675. and his Hercules Œta, ver. 454. Lucan, lib. vi. ver. 431. Apuleius, lib. i. ii. iii. of his Metamorphoſis. Petronius. Claudian, lib. i. in Rufin. ver. 146. Silius, lib. viii. ver 496. Valerius Flaccus, lib. vi. ver. 439. and Nemeſianus's fourth Eclogue. But Virgil's deſcription (lib. iv. Æn. 487.) of a witch, though compriſed in five lines only, is, by Broekhuſius, preferred to all the reſt.

However the moderns may be obliged in other reſpects, to yield the poetical palm to the ancients, yet the moſt bigotted to claſſical ſuperiority muſt confeſs, that the ancients themſelves have been ſurpaſſed by us in the poetry of magic. Who, for inſtance, of the Greek or Roman poets, can be compared with our Shakſpeare in this particular? Nay, they might be challenged to produce any magical rites equal in propriety and terror to thoſe we find in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdeſs; a poem from which, if Shakſpeare did not tranſplant many a beauty, Milton certainly did.

Ver. 50. It was believed by the ancients, that magic could raiſe the manes of the dead, and that thoſe ghoſts could certainly inform inquirers concerning future events. Vid. Homer's Odyſſey, lib. xi. Virgil's Æn. vi. Seneca's Œdip. Statius, lib. iv. Silius Italicus, lib. xiii. and Valerius Flaccus, lib. i. Nor did the Romans regard necromancy as an infamous or abominable art.

One of the uſages practiſed to make the manes appear, was to ſhed human blood; and, if Cicero may be credited, (vid. Interrogat. Vatin.) the entrails of boys particularly were, on ſuch occaſions, offered up.

Ver. 52. Some editors read "fluminis;" and the reading is ſupported by MS. authority.

Ver. 55. Theſe thoughts are thus aſſumed by Hammond.

A wizard dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magic charms has deaft thy huſband's ear;
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam;
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till ſcarr'd at day they ſought their dreary home.

At her command, the vigorous ſummer pines,
And wint'ry clouds obſcure the hopeful year:
At her ſtrong bidding gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow:
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind;
For me they make a huſband nothing know;
For me, and only me, they make him blind.
El. v.

The whole of this fifth elegy of Hammond's is indeed a beautiful imitation of this ſecond of Tibullus.

Ver. 54. The aſperſion uſed to ſend thoſe "infernæ catervæ" back to hell was milk; and, if the tranſlator is not miſtaken, this is the only paſſage in the ancient poets where milk is taken notice of as uſed for this purpoſe. See note on the ſecond elegy of the third book, for the uſe of milk at funerals; and elegy ſixth of the ſame book, for its virtue in diſpelling diſeaſes, when offered along with blood and wine to the infernal gods.

Ver. 60. The unuſual hiſſing in the original of this line

Sola feros Hecates perdumuiſſe canes,

was probably meant to give the reader a more terrible idea of thoſe fierce attendants of Hecate; and hence the alteration of

Sola feros Hecatæ, &c.

offered by Broekhuſius, ſeems improper.

Ver. 62. The reader who wants to be informed of the many uſes made of ſpittle in medicine, in magic, in expiations, in averting witchcraft, in omens, and in conciliating love, may conſult Pliny the elder, and thoſe commentators whom Broekhuſius has quoted. We ſhall only obſerve, that the belief of its being a preſervative againſt faſcination is very ancient, for Theocritus makes Damætas thus expreſs himſelf in the ſixth Idyl.

ὡς μη βασκανθω δι, τρις πτυσα εις εμον κολπον.

Nor did only the ſhepherds of Sicily look upon ſpittle in this light, the Romans believed the ſame of it. Accordingly, on the day when an infant was named (which for girls was on the eighth, for boys on the ninth, after birth), the grandmother or aunt, moving round in a circle, rubbed, with her middle finger, the child's forehead with ſpittle, which was hence called "Luſtralis Saliva."

The number three was of great import in almoſt all the religious and magical ceremonies of antiquity; for though, as Virgil expreſſes it, the gods were ſuppoſed to be pleaſed with all odd numbers, yet three was deemed the moſt pleaſing to them. The number four was alſo of ſome eſtimation, as Macrobius, in his Commentary on the Somn. Scipion. informs us. Vid. cap. 5, 6. Our poet alſo uſes the number four in one of his elegies.

Ver. 63. Ovid, who, without any ceremony, adopts our poet's ſentiments, whenever they ſuit his purpoſe, has made uſe of the ſame argument to an over-vigilant keeper.

Viderit ipſe licet, credet tamen ille neganti
Damnabit oculos, et ſibi verba dabit.

Although it is with great reluctance that men credit any report injurious to the fame of one they love, yet nothing leſs than a ſpell was neceſſary to make a huſband deny the teſtimony of his own ſenſes.

Ver. 69. The luſtration mentioned in the original was a torch of pine-tree; to which were added ſulphur and bitumen, and, as Broekhuſius conjectures, blood. A ſolemn waſhing, and the ſacrifice of a black lamb, preceded the uſe of the torch. Theſe ceremonies were alſo performed on a clear night, "nocte ſerena." The ancients thought them equally powerful either to bind the lover, or free him from the influence of love.

Pontanus and Amaltheus among the moderns, not to mention others, have given us an ample detail of the ceremonies practiſed on theſe occaſions: but as moſt of them are unadapted to modern ſuperſtition, their accounts ſhow ſome learning, but little judgment. Ovid laughs at all theſe ceremonies in his Remedy of Love.

Ver. 71. The beſt liſt of theſe deities is to be found in the ſeventh book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis, ver. 192 and in the two Spaniſh poets, Seneca, Med. ver. 140. and Lucan, lib. vi. ver. 730. *Broekhuſ.*

Ver. 74. Though this be evidently the concluſion of the elegy, yet ſome editors have ſtrangely tacked to it,

Ferreus ille fuit,

and the thirteen following lines, which belong to the firſt elegy. Nor content with this, they have forced

Num veneris magnæ,

and the ſeven ſucceeding verſes, from their natural place in the fifth elegy of this book, and have added them to the other tranſpoſition. Mr. Dart followed one of theſe editions.

May it not have been this inaccuracy of editors which induced that great poet, as well as critic, Mr. Dryden, to aſſert, that Tibullus, in compoſing, ſeldom looked farther than the next line; that he rambles from his ſubject, and concludes with ſomething which is not of a piece with the beginning. Although it is granted, that no man underſtood the beauties of ancient poetry, and of courſe could draw the characters of ancient poets, better than Mr. Dryden; yet it is certain, that his ſentiments on theſe ſubjects were not always the reſult of mature deliberation. In the general preface to the volume from which the above cenſure on our author is taken, Mr. Dryden complains of his want of leiſure; and, indeed, this is too evident in the quotation above, as the arguments to Tibullus's elegies will ſhow a beginning, a middle, and a concluſion, even more than can be found in Propertius, who yet, according to that critic, had always a plan when he ſat down to write.

Let not, however, the reader imagine that this is meant as a cenſure on Mr. Dryden; that immortal genius had not time to correct his works. But what ſhall we ſay of the age which ſuffered its firſt pen to be hackneyed through neceſſity?

However, if Dryden's circumſtances are an apology for his little incorrectneſſes, Rapin cannot be pardoned on the ſame account: and yet that critic, who often characterizes books he never read, makes the following obſervation:

"Je ſcai, qu' il y a des ouvrages qui doivent par la qualité de leur caractére être écrits d' un air libre ſans autre deſſein, que celui d' une naiveté naturelle, et ſans contrainte, tels que ſont les hymnes d' Orphée d' Homére, de Callimachus, tels que ſont certaines Odes de Pindare, d' Anacréon, et d' Horace, qui n' ont de régle que l' enthouſiaſme, tels que ſont auſſi la plupart des Elégies de Tibulle et Properce; mais il faut avouer, que ce ne ſont pas les plus helles, et quand on ſait Reflexions aux Elegies d' Ovide on y trouve toujours un tour ſecret qui en fait le deffein." What ſhall one ſay to all this critical jargon, but that

Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs.

Jo. Antonius Vulpius, a lawyer of Bergamo, who publiſhed an edition of Catullus, Tibullus,

nd Propertius, A. D. 1. 10. at Padua, concludes his fecond elegy with

—— nec te poſſe carere vilim,

s Broekhuſius has done; but then he immediately adds, though without any reaſon, "Videntur aliqua deſiderari. Vulpius obſerves, that "poſſe carere" was a Roman colloquial expreſſion, of which he produces two inſtances from Martial.

ELEGY III.

While you, Meſſala, plough th' Ægean ſea,
O ſometimes kindly deign to think of me:
Me, hapleſs me, Phæacian ſhores detain,
Unknown, unpitied, and oppreſs'd with pain.
Yet ſpare me, death, ah ſpare me and retire:
No weeping mother's here to light my pyre:
Here is no ſiſter, with a ſiſter's woe,
Rich Syrian odours on the pile to throw:
But chief, my ſoul's ſoft partner is not here,
Her locks to looſe, and ſorrow o'er my bier.
What though fair Delia my return implor'd,
Each ſane frequented, and each god ador'd:
What though they bade me every peril brave;
And fortune thrice auſpicious omens gave:
All could not dry my tender Delia's tears,
Suppreſs her ſighs, or calm her anxious fears;
E'en as I ſtrove to miniſter relief,
Unconſcious tears proclaim'd my heart-felt grief:
Urg'd ſtill to go, a thouſand ſhifts I made,
Birds now, now feſtivals my voyage ſtaid:
Or, if I ſtruck my foot againſt the door,
Strait I return'd, and wiſdom was no more.
Forbid by Cupid, let no ſwain depart,
Cupid is vengeful, and will wring her heart.
What do your offerings now, my fair, avail?
Your Iſis heed not, and your cymbals fail!
What, though array'd in ſacred robes you ſtood,
Fled man's embrace, and ſought the pureſt flood?
While this I write, I ſenſibly decay,—
"Aſſiſt me, Iſis, drive my pains away:
"That you can every mortal ill remove,
"The numerous tablets in your temple prove:
"So ſhall my Delia, veil'd in votive white,
"Before your threſhold ſit for many a night;
"And twice a-day, her treſſes all unbound,
"Amid your votaries fam'd, your praiſes ſound:
"Safe to my houſehold gods may I return,
"And incenſe monthly on their altars burn."
How bleſt man liv'd in Saturn's golden days,
E'er diſtant climes were join'd by lengthen'd ways.
Secure the pine upon the mountain grew,
Nor yet o'er billows in the ocean flew;
Then every clime a wild abundance bore;
And man liv'd happy on his natal ſhore:
For then no ſteed to feel the bit was broke,
Then had no ſteer ſubmitted to the yoke;
No houſe had gates, (bleſt times!) and, in the grounds
No ſcanty landmarks parcell'd out the bounds:
From every oak redundant honey ran,
And ewes ſpontaneous bore their milk to man:
No deathful arms were forg'd, no war was wag'd,
No rapine plunder'd, no ambition rag'd.
How chang'd, alas! Now cruel Jove commands;
Gold fires the ſoul, and falchions arm our hands:
Each day, the main unnumber'd lives deſtroys;
And ſlaughter, daily, o'er her myriads joys.
Yet ſpare me, Jove, I ne'er diſown'd thy ſway,
I ne'er was perjur'd; ſpare me, Jove, I pray.
But, if the ſiſters have pronounc'd my doom,
Inſcrib'd be theſe upon my humble tomb:
"Lo! here inur'd a youthful poet lies,
"Far from his Delia, and his native ſkies!
"Far from the lov'd Meſſala, whom to pleaſe
"Tibullus follow'd over land and ſeas."
Then love my ghoſt (for love I ſtill obey'd)
Will grateful uſher to th' Elyſian ſhade:
There joy and ceaſeleſs revelry prevail;
There ſoothing muſic floats on every gale;
There painted warblers hop from ſpray to ſpray,
And, wildly-pleaſing, ſwell the general lay:
There every hedge, untaught, with caſſia blooms,
And ſcents the ambient air with rich perfumes:
There every mead a various plenty yields;
There laviſh Flora paints the purple fields:
With ceaſeleſs light a brighter Phœbus glows,
No ſickneſs tortures, and no ocean flows;
But youths aſſociate with the gentle fair,
And ſtung with pleaſure to the ſhade repair:
With them love wanders whereſoe'er they ſtray,
Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play:
But chief, the conſtant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the ſhade.
Not ſo the wicked; far they drag their chains,
By black lakes ſever'd from the bliſsful plains;
Thoſe ſhould they paſs, impaſſable the gate
Where Cerb'rus howls, grim ſentinel of fate.
There ſnake-hair'd fiends with whips patrole around,
Rack'd anguiſh bellows, and the deeds reſound:
There he, who dar'd to tempt the queen of heaven,
Upon an ever-turning wheel is driven:
The Danaids there, ſtill ſtrive huge caſks to fill,
But ſtrive in vain, the caſks elude their ſkill:
There Pelop's ſire, to quench his thirſty fires,
Still trics the flood, and ſtill the flood retires:
There vultures tear the bow'ls, and drink the gore,
Of Tityus, ſtretch'd enormous on the ſhore.
Dread Jove, as vaſt as endleſs be their pain
Who tempt my fair, or wiſh a long campaign.
O let no rival your affections ſhare,
Long as this boſom beats, my lovely fair!

Still on you let your prudent nurſe attend;
She'll guard your honour, ſhe's our common friend.
Her tales of love your ſorrowings will allay,
And, in my abſence, make my Delia gay:
Let her o'er all your virgin-train preſide,
She'll praiſe th' induſtrious, and the lazy chide.
But ſee! on all enfeebling languors creep;
Their diſtaffs drop, they yawn, they nod they ſleep.

Then, if the deſtinies propitious prove,
Then will I ruſh, all paſſion, on my love:
My wiſh'd return no meſſenger ſhall tell,
I'll ſeem, my fair, as if from heaven I fell.
A ſoft confuſion fluſhes all your charms,
Your graceful diſhabille my boſom warms,
You, Delia, fly and claſp me in your arms.
For this ſurpriſe, ye powers of love, I pray,
Poſt on Aurora, bring the roſy day.

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

This elegy was written in a dangerous fit of ſickneſs, which detained our poet in the iſland of Corfu, anciently called *Phæacia*, and was apparently compoſed before the ſecond.

The commentators pretend, that Meſſala was upon his Syrian expedition at this time; and that Tibullus recovering, followed his patron to Cilicia, Ægypt, &c. As this expedition took place A. U. C. 724, Tibullus was then only fourteen years old, if he was born in the conſulſhip of Hirtius and Panſa; but as this is rather too fine an elegy for a boy of that age (and yet Pliny the younger had wrote a Greek tragedy before fifteen years), and as it appears, that he had been for ſome time in love with Delia; not to mention other arguments which the poem itſelf affords us, the tranſlator is inclined to join iſſue with Douza, who places his birth A. U. C. 690, in the conſulſhip of Cicero and of Caius Anthony. Vide the Life.

But whatſoever time this elegy was written, we may apply what Quintilian ſays of eloquence to this ſpecies of writing in particular, "Pectus eſt, quod diſertos facit."

Ver. 1. The original of theſe lines is quoted by Dr. Trapp, in his chapter on elegy, as an inſtance of the ſoothing graces of elegiac complaints, "Quam jucundus eſt dolor poeticus," (ſays that critic, prælect. 13.) "et quanta elegantia querelarum, morbum ſuum, terra peregrina ægrotus, ſic deflet Tibullus.

The cohors mentioned in the text, was Meſſala's retinue; which muſt have been very different from that of moſt modern generals, if made up of ſuch men as Tibullus But in thoſe days a man was thought the better ſoldier for cultivating an acquaintance with the muſes.

An abhorrence of our diſſolution was implanted in us by the Author of Nature for the wiſeſt purpoſes. Even the oldeſt, and moſt wretched, are, in general, unwilling to die. But to be ſnatched away in the bloom of life, and whilſt in a foreign country, at a diſtance from one's relations, eſpecially from a darling miſtreſs, are circumſtances peculiarly diſtreſsful. Homer, who knew the ſource of every paſſion, and could raiſe them all, has beautifully inſerted many ſuch pathetic ſtrokes in deſcribing the deaths of his heroes: And if his battles make the reader regardleſs of danger, they alſo increaſe his humanity: And although Virgil is ſurpaſſed by Homer, in this reſpect, yet is the lamentation of Euryalus's mother, who had left her father's court to ſhare the fortunes of her ſon, a maſterpiece of the pathetic. Taſſo has introduced many beautiful ſtrokes of this kind into his Il Goffredo; but none of the modern heroic poets are in this particular to be preferred to the author of Leonidas; unleſs indeed we admit, that Dante's deſcription of Ugolino ſurpaſſes any poetical picture of diſtreſs to be met with among either the ancients or moderns.

Ver. 14. The original runs thus:

Illa ſacras pueri ſortes ter ſuſtulit, illi
Rettulit e trimis omina certa puer.

Thoſe who were ſuperſtitious, among the ancients, generally conſulted the lots before they began any thing of importance. The firſt words ſpoken by the virgin in the temple of Juno, were the ſortes, in caſes of marriage; as the firſt ſpoken by a boy in the highway, gave the omen commonly depended upon before a journey was undertaken. An example will better explain this obſcure piece of ſuperſtition. A lady who was betrothed, went, with a young companion, to the temple of the goddeſs of marriage, to watch the firſt words ſpoken by a woman. Anxiouſly attentive ſhe ſeated herſelf, while the other ſtood. Two hours having paſſed, without a word's being uttered, or any body entering, the younger at laſt ſaid, "My dear I am tired, will you permit me "to ſit in your chair a little?" Theſe were the firſt words. The younger accordingly ſeated herſelf, and no body coming in, they both went away after having waited ſome time longer. The betrothed lady ſoon after died, and the other was married to the bridegroom in her ſtead.

There were other kind of ſortes. The old Scholiaſt on the fourth Pythian ode of Pindar, tells us, that dice thrown upon a table were uſed as a lot; and if one particular ſide turned up, what

they wiſhed would come to paſs; but if it did not, their wiſhes ſhould not be accompliſhed.

Εαν βαλλοντος μυ τοδε αναβη, αποτελεσθησηται, τοδε ει, ουκ αποτελεσθησεται.

Of lots, ſome were ſacred to Apollo, ſome to Mercury; and they were ſometimes to be caſt into a deep well or fountain. We ſee an inſtance of this in Suetonius's Life of Tiberius, cap. 14. and Dempſter in his Notes on Roſinus, informs us, that thoſe who had ſucceſs in this kind of divination, often beſtowed gifts upon the fountain. See Pliny, Lib. viii. Ep. 8.

At Præneſte was a temple, erected to fortune, where devotees uſed often to repair in order to have their future adventures told them. This temple was very magnificent, which made Carneades ſay, "He never had ſeen fortune more fortunate than at Præneſte." In that temple the lots were blended together, thrown into an olive cheſt or urn, and drawn by a boy. This is probably the ſpecies of divination alluded to here by our poet.

Ver. 21. The ſtriking the foot againſt the threſhold, at the firſt going abroad, was, by the ancients, reputed a bad omen; and is one of the pretexts our poet uſed in order to delay his departure. The ſuperſtitious among ourſelves have many as fooliſh obſervances.

Ver. 26. Jupiter, in one of Lucian's dialogues commands Mercury to haſten to the Nemean foreſt, there to deſtroy Argus, which done, he was to waft Io over ſea to Ægypt, and there make an Iſis of her, Εςω θεατοις εκει, και τον Νειλον αναγετω και τους ανεμους αποπεμπετω, και ςοζετω τους πλεοντας. "Sit illis Dea, Nilumque attollat, et ventos immittat et navigantes ſervet." The ſame witty author alſo informs us, that the Ægyptians not only uſed to call their larger ſhips by the name of Iſis, for good-luck's ſake, but alſo to have ſtatues of this tutelary deity placed in the ſtern and forecaſtle of their veſſels. Vid. his piece intitled, πλοιον η ευχαι. This ſhows the propriety of Delia's addreſſing Iſis to protect Tibullus in the voyage he was about to make.

Gruterus has tranſmitted to us the figure, &c. of a marble altar, dedicated to Iſis, to which Broekhuſius was obliged for the form he has given us of an Ægyptian Siſtrum or Cymbal. Apuleius has deſcribed this inſtrument, Lib. 3. of his Metam.

Ver. 28. In the myſteries of Iſis, it was cuſtomary for the votary to lie alone ſeveral nights ſucceſſively. This cuſtom Propertius rails at.

Triſtia jam redeuns iterum ſolemnia nobis,
Cynthia jam noctes eſt operata decem;
At utinam Nilo pereat quæ ſacra tepente
Miſit matronis Inachis, auſoniis!
Quæ Dea tam cupidos toties diviſit amantes,
Quæcunque illa fuit, ſemper amara fuit.

Dart.

Ver. 32. Thoſe who had eſcaped ſhipwreck, or any dangerous fit of ſickneſs, uſually hung up, in the temple of Iſis, tablets, on which, ſay authors was deſcribed the manner of their deliverance: But Broekhuſius is of opinion, that, as ſailors dedicated to Iſis a repeſentation in paint of the danger they had eſcaped; ſo thoſe who recovered from any dangerous diſeaſe, by the aſſiſtance of Iſis, ſuſpended, on the walls of her temple, tablets, whereon was repreſented the form of the organ that had been principally affected, without any mention of the remedies uſed. Thus the old poet in the Priapeia has it.

Cur pictum memori ſit in tabella
Membrum quæritis, &c.

Beſides this, among the many votive inſcriptions to Iſis for health recovered, which Gruterus and others have preſerved, we meet with no mention of the applications or medicines ſuppoſed to have been ſucceſsful.

It is, however, an odd tradition, that Hippocrates was indebted to ſuch tablets, in a temple in the iſland of Cos, for the beſt part of the Coacæ Prænotiones. Could this be proved, it would ſhow, that great good may ſometimes ſpring from ſuperſtition.

In Popiſh countries, many figures of wax, ſilver, &c. are at this day to be ſeen on the walls of their churches, chapels, &c.

Ver. 33. As the goddeſs herſelf was clothed in white linen; ſo thoſe who returned her thanks for their own, or friends, recovery from ſickneſs, were always veiled in the ſame manner, and ſat on the ground before the porch of the temple. Her prieſts had their heads ſhaved, and alſo wore linen ſurplices. Hence they were called "Linigeri." See Martial's humorous epigram on that ſubject, Lib. ii. Ep. 29. Apuleius, in the eleventh book of his Metamorphoſis, has given the fulleſt account of the worſhippers of Iſis.

Ver. 35. From the words "pharia turba," a great critic, as Broekhuſius informs us, conjectured, that Meſſala attended Auguſtus Cæſar in his Ægyptian expedition, againſt Mark Anthony. But the epithet "pharia" which is every where appropriated to Iſis, and her worſhip, deceived him.

Ver. 39. Ovid has imitated the whole of this paſſage in the beautiful elegy, which he ſent to Corinna upon her going abroad. Lib. ii. El. 11.

No poet, either ancient or modern, has ſurpaſſed Tibullus in his deſcription of the golden age; yet how different that age was from the picture given us of it by Tibullus, the great rural and philoſophical poet informs us in his Autumn,

Corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the lib'ral hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year;
And ſtill the ſad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or, for his acorn meal,
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt and comfortleſs! when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt;
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild ſordid ſeaſon pin'd away:

For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love and joy, and peace and plenty, where
Supported and supporting, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt;
E'en desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark and unenjoy'd along,
A waste of time!

Ver. 65. This description of Elysium is not so poetical as may at first sight be imagined; since even the philosophers have painted that happy residence of the blessed in as lively colours. *Broekhus.*

Upon turning to the passage in Plutarch (Consol. ad Apollon.) cited by Broekhusius in defence of this censure, we were not a little astonished to find that excellent philosopher, borrowing the whole of his description of Elysium from Pindar's second Olympian ode; which, as it is one of the finest passages in the old Theban, we shall here transcribe.

ισον δε νυκτεσσιν αει
εσα δ' εν ἁμηραις αλι-
ον εχοντες, απονεστερον
εσθλοι νεμονται βιο-
τον, ȣ χθονα ταρασσον-
τες αλκα χειρων
ȣδε ποντιον ὑδωρ
κειναν παρα διαιταν, αλ-
λα παρ μεν τιμιοις
θεων οἱτινες εχαι-
ρον ευορκιαις
αδακρυν νεμονται
αἰονα, &c.

And especially in the succeeding antistrophe.

ενθα μακαρον
νασον Ωκεανιδες
αυραι περιπνεουσιν, &c.

Which passages are thus translated by the late Dr. West, in his admirable version of Pindar.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus, with an equal ray,
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day.

In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ:
Then no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.

But, in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive;
And, in the fellowship of gods,
Without a fear eternal ages live.

Again, in the antistrophe, he says, that the good who have been three times purified in as many successive transmigrations, &c. become then qualified to enter the fortunate islands, where

Fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain,
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flow'rs of golden hue that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams;
These by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn.

But beautiful as this description is, it does not surpass that which Homer has given in the fourth Odyssey, line 564, which, as Mr. Spence justly observes, is the only passage where that father of poetry describes the regions of the blest. But to finish this long note, we shall only remark, that, as these last mentioned pictures of Elysium are suited to their different places, or the poems in which they appear, so is that of our poet appropriated to the elegiac muse; Dr. Trapp accordingly quotes it for its uncommon beauty. Prælect. 13.

Ver. 83. The first poetical description of hell is to be found in Homer; and though all the succeeding epic poets of antiquity have, in imitation of their great father, sent their heroes to visit those regions of woe, none of them have improved the original.

But although Homer's hell surpasses the hell of the ancients, it cannot however be compared with many passages in the Inferno of that great original poet Dante. Milton perhaps has not outdone him.

Voltaire's hell is as little terrible, as his Massacre of St. Bartholomew is unaffectedly told.

Ver. 86. Mythologists place a hundred hissing serpents round the head and neck of Cerberus, whom they also equip with the tail of a dragon.

Ver. 89. As the poet meant, not only to keep off every one from laying siege to his mistress, but also to preserve her constant in his absence; he has selected, from the amours of mythology, some incidents very proper to his purpose.

Yet the whole of this description is liable to the censure which Lucan, in his admirable Treatise on the Manner of writing History, passes on Parthenius, Euphorion, and Callimachus, who, wandering from their main subject, spend, according to that witty critic, many words in describing impertinences; but as the whole passage is admirable, the reader will not probably be displeased to see it translated.

You must be particularly cautious, how you launch out in describing mountains, rivers, and fortifications; lest, by an ostentatious display of eloquence, you entirely drop the thread of your history; whenever, therefore, perspicuity demands that the reader should, in some degree, be informed of such circumstances, let your description of them be comprised in as few words as possible. On occasions like these, place Homer before your eyes, who, though a poet, yet, in his account of hell, passes slightly over Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest: all which particulars, were they to be described by Parthenius, Euphorion, or even Callimachus, what a profusion of verses would be employed in bringing the water to the lips of

Tantalus, and in turning round the wheel of Ixion?

The more judicious among the ancients saw, that under the fables of Tantalus, &c. were repreſented the torments of an evil conſcience. See Macrobius's enſible Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis.

Ver. 109. This is one of thoſe thoughts, which, as Horace happily expreſſes it, Venus has imbued with a fifth part of her nectar.

ELEGY IV.

Poet.

So round, my god, may ſhady coverings bend,
No ſun-beams ſcorch thy face, no ſnows offend!
Whence are the fair ſo proud to win thy heart,
Yet rude thy beard, and guiltleſs thou of art?
Naked thou ſtand'ſt, expos'd to wint'ry ſnows!
Naked thou ſtand'ſt when burning Sirius glows!
Thus I—and thus the garden-power reply'd,
A crooked ſickle glittering by his ſide.

Priapus.

Take no repulſe—at firſt what though they fly!
O'ercome at laſt, reluctance will comply.
The vine in time full ripen'd cluſters bears,
And circling time brings back the rolling ſpheres:
In time ſoft rains through marble ſap their way,
And time taught man to tame fierce beaſts of prey.
Nor aw'd by conſcience meanly dread to ſwear;
Love-oaths, unratified, wild tempeſts bear!
Baniſh then ſcruples, if you'd gain a heart;
Swear, ſwear by Pallas' locks, Diana's dart;
By all that's moſt rever'd—if they require:
Oaths bind not eager love, thank heaven's good Sire!
Nor be too ſlow; your ſlowneſs you'll deplore;
Time poſts; and, oh! youth's raptures ſoon are o'er:
Now foreſts bloom, and purple earth looks gay;
Bleak winter blows, and all her charms decay:
How ſoon the ſteed to age's ſtiffneſs yields,
So late a victor in th' Olympic fields?
I've ſeen the aged oft lament their fate,
That ſenſeleſs they had learnt to live too late.
Ye partial gods, and can the ſnake renew
His youthful vigour and his burniſh'd hue?
But youth and beauty paſt; is art in vain
To bring the coy deſerters back again?

Poet.

Jove gives alone the powers of wit and wine,
In youth immortal, ſpite of years to ſhine.

Priapus.

Yield prompt compliance to the maid's deſires;
A prompt compliance fans the lover's fires:
Go pleas'd where'er ſhe goes, though long the way,
Though the fierce dog-ſtar dart his ſultry ray;
Though painted Iris gird the bluiſh ſky,
And ſure portends, that rattling ſtorms are nigh:
Or, if the fair one pant for ſylvan fame,
Gay drag the meſhes and provoke the game:
Nay, ſhould ſhe chooſe to riſk the driving gale;
Or ſteer, or row, or agile hand the ſail:
No toil, though weak, though fearful, thou forbear;
No toils ſhould tire you, and no dangers ſcare:
Occaſion ſmiles, then ſnatch an ardent kiſs;
The coy may ſtruggle, but will grant the bliſs:
The bliſs obtain'd, the fictious ſtruggle paſt;
Unbid, they'll claſp you in their arms at laſt.

Poet.

Alas! in ſuch degenerate days as theſe,
No more love's gentle wiles the beauteous pleaſe!
If poor, all gentle ſtratagems are vain!
The fair ones languiſh now alone for gain!
O may diſhonour be the wretch's ſhare,
Who firſt with hateful gold ſeduc'd the fair!

Priapus.

Ye charming dames, prefer the tuneful quire,
Nor meanly barter heavenly charms for hire.
What cannot ſong? The purple locks that glow'd
On Niſus' head, harmonious ſong beſtowed!
What cannot ſtrains? By tuneful ſtrains alone
Fair iv'ry, Pelops, on thy ſhoulder ſhone!
While ſtars with nightly radiance gild the pole,
Earth boaſts her oaks, or mighty waters roll,
The fair whoſe beauty poets deign to praiſe,
Shall bloom uninjur'd in poetic lays:
While ſhe who hears not when the muſes call,
But flies their ſav'rites, gold's inglorious thrall!
Shall prove, believe the bard, or ſoon or late,
A dread example of avenging fate!
Soft flattering ſongs the Cyprian queen approves;
And aids the ſuppliant ſwain with all her loves.

Poet.

The god, no novice in th' intriguing trade,
This anſwer, Titius, to my queſtion made:
But caution bids you fly th' inſidious fair,
And paints the perils of their eyes and air;
Nor theſe alone, devoted man ſubdue,
Devoted man their ſlighteſt actions woo.
Be cautious thoſe who liſt—but ye who know
Deſire's hot fever, and contempt's chill woe;
Me grateful praiſe——contempt ſhall pain no more;
But wiſh meet wiſh, inſtructed by my lore:
By various means, while others ſeek for fame,
Scorn'd love to counſel be my nobleſt aim.

Wide ſtands my gate for all—I rapt foreſee
The time, when I love's oracle ſhall be! [throng,
When round my ſeat ſhall preſs th' enamour'd
Attend my motions, and applaud my ſong.

Alas my hopes are fled, my wiles are vain;
The fair, I doat on, treats me with diſdain: 90
Yet ſay are me, charmer, your diſdain betrays
To witty laughter my too boaſtful lays.

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

In this elegy the poet conſults Priapus about the means to be uſed in order to become a favourite with the fair; and that god, in his anſwer, delivers an epitome of the art of courtſhip.

However immoral ſome parts of Priapus's directions may be, there are but too many among the modern men of gallantry, who implicitly obey them; for, if the tranſlator is not greatly miſtaken, perjury in love-matters prevails now as much in Britain as ever it prevailed in ancient Italy.

Thoſe who underſtand the original, need not to be told the reaſons which obliged the tranſlator to alter and omit many paſſages of this elegy, which with ſome few others of the ſame ſtamp, were probably thoſe parts of Tibullus, which made the pious Anthony Poſſevin apply to heaven in prayer, to preſerve him from temptation whenever he purpoſed to read our poet.

Ver. 4. Priapus thus deſcribes himſelf in an ancient author,

Parum eſt mihi, fixi quod hic miſer ſedem
Agente terra per caniculam rimas
Siticuloſam ſuſtinens diu æſtatem:
Parum, quod imi perfluunt ſinus imbre,
Et in capillos grandines cadunt noſtros
Horretque dura barba vincta chryſtallo.
VULP.

Ver. 11. *The vine in time.*] This was ſo favourite an illuſtration, that Ovid has thrice inſerted it in his Art of Love. Lucretius has alſo twice introduced the drop of water into his admirable poem De Rerum Natura; and Taſſo, in his Amynta, has made it his own.

——O miſerello
Non diſperar ch' acquiſterai coſtei;
La lunga etate a l' omine di porre
Freno a i Leoni, et a le Tigre Hyrcane.

Ver. 18. The ancients not only ſwore by particular divinities, but by thoſe things which were ſuppoſed to be moſt acceptable to them. But whence was it, ſays Broekhuſius, that lovers ſwore by the virgin goddeſs? and adds this wiſe ſolution, "Credo, ob adamatum Endymiona.

Minerva was ſo fond of her hair, which it ſeems was very fine, and ſo highly reſented all rivalſhip in that particular, that ſhe turned the hair of Meduſa, who had preferred her own to that of the goddeſs, into ſerpents. Vid. Serv. in 6. Æn. V. 289.

Before the virgins of Argos married, they hung up a lock of their hair in the temple of Minerva, who was thought in a peculiar manner to protect the "capillitium puellare." Broekhuſius adds, "In vicem puellas Palladi crinem diſponebant honorariæ pfecades."

Ver. 20. *Oaths bind not eager love.*] This ſentiment is introduced by Plato in his Sympoſium.

ὁ δὲ δεινότατον, ὡς γε λέγουσιν οἱ πολλοὶ ὅτι καὶ ὀμνυντι μονω ξυγγνωμη παρα θεων. &c. VULP.

See an epigram to the ſame purpoſe in Callimachus.

Ver. 26. *So late a victor.*] See an admirable diſſertation upon this ſubject by the late Mr. Weſt, prefixed to his tranſlation of Pindar.

Ver. 29 It is reported by naturaliſts, that ſerpents or ſnakes, upon eating a certain herb, called Maratos, caſt their ſkin and renew their age. Ovid has a thought like this in his Ars Amand.

Anguibus excutitur tenui cum pelle vetuſtas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta ſenes;
Noſtra ſine auxilio fugiunt bona, &c.
Lib. 3.

which Mr. Congreve has thus Engliſhed,

The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns, may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigour paſt;
But no receipt can human kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid age without reprieve.
Dart.

This is a good poetical illuſtration, but philoſophy diſclaims it. Serpents, and moſt of the reptile kind, do indeed caſt their coats (exuviæ), but they do not thereupon grow young again, no more than a bird does after moulting.

The fugacity of beauty is a topic which almoſt every love-writer, ſince the days of Tibullus, has uſed to his miſtreſs whenever ſhe demurred; and yet Mr. Prior, in his manner of applying it, has made it entirely his own.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, time is blind;
Soon muſt thoſe glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauties find:
The thouſand loves that arm thy potent eye,
Muſt drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Ver. 33. Bacchus was much celebrated, both by the Greek and Roman poets, for his beauty.

Anacreon honours him with the epithet καλος, and Naso makes him the following fine compliment.

—Tibi enim inconsumpta juventus,
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceris cœlo, tibi cum sine cornibus adstas
Virgineum caput est.

Apollo's beauty is commonly known. Bacchus, as well as Cupid and Minerva, is always represented with long yellow hair; and hence the epithet χρυσοκομος, which some of the poets have bestowed on him.

Ver. 37. *Go pleas'd where'er she goes.*] This thought is finely imitated by that sweet elegiac poet Joannes Secundus.

Illius imperio ventes patiemur et imbres,
Ibimus et solas nocte silente vias,
Nec grave frigus erit, nec solstitium, licet in me
Fervidus ingeminet sidera sicca puer
Illa volet comitem sibi, me quocunque sequemur
Qua via nulla rotae pervia nulla rati.
El iii. *Lib.* 1.

Ver 48. *The coy may struggle.*] Horace has beautifully applied this thought to Lycimnia.

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat.
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi
Interdum rapere occupat.

Boileau has done great justice to this thought in his L'Art Poetique, Chant. 2. and Mr. Francis seems to have caught the soul of Horace when he translated it.

Ver. 65. If poetry bestows immortality on charms, which would otherwise fade, it is eminently the interest of the fair sex to keep well with the poets. Propertius and Ovid impute to their own verses, what Tibullus more modestly ascribes to poetry in general. Indeed beauty is the parent of poetry; and if the British bards have surpassed their brethren on the continent, it is chiefly owing to the superior charms of our fair country women.

The images, expressive of beauty, when immortalized by song, should here have been such as were more appropriated to elegy; for those, our poet mentions on this occasion, would better have suited pastoral.

Ver. 74. Broekhusius is of opinion, that the Titius mentioned in the text, was Titius Septimius, a man no less eminent for his friendship with Horace, than for his real poetical abilities; and whom that excellent judge of men, as well as of writing, thus characterizes,

Quid Titius Romana brevi venturus in ora?
Pindarici fontis qui not expaluit haustus,
Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos:
Ut valet? ut neminit nostri? fidibusne latinis
Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice musa?
An tragica desævit et ampullatur in arte.
B. 1. *Ep.* 3.

How fares my Titius? Say when he intends
To publish? Does he not forget his friends?
He who disdains the springs of common fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric stream:
Does he design, when all the muse inspires,
To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyres?
Or, with the transports of theatric rage,
And its sonorous language shake the stage?
Francis

The old Scholiast accordingly informs us, that he published both lyric poems and tragedies. There is reason also to think, that he likewise wrote comedies; for the same Scholiast observes, on the following line of Horace,

Ut vinosa glomos furtivæ Pyrrhia lanae.
Ep. 13. *B.* 1.

that the poet Titius introduces a servant of the name of Pyrrhia, stealing a ball of wool from her mistress. All his works are unfortunately lost. He had a noble monument erected to him in the neighbourhood of Aricia, ten miles from Rome.

Barthius, in his Adversaria, owns that he did not know who the Titius was, whom Horace mentions; and therefore Mr. Francis is the more excusably silent on this article.

After all, it is impossible for any modern to determine, whether Horace and Tibullus meant the same Titius; and indeed it is of no consequence.

Ver. 85. *Wide stands my gate for all.*] This is an image borrowed from the practice of the Roman lawyers. There is no word in the English language which fully expresses the meaning of the Latin verb "deducere." It implies that solicitous attendance which the younger paid to men of eminence, or clients to their patrons. To form a just idea of this custom, a modern must consult Juvenal, and Cicero de petitione consulatus.

TIBULLUS.

Tibullus probably had in his thoughts some verses of Callimachus, which Stobæus (Serm. 114) has preserved.

Γηρασκει δ' ὁ γερων κεινος ελαφροτερον,
κουραι τον φιλεουσι, νεοι δι μιν ὡςε τοκηα
χειρος επ' οικειην αχρις αγουσι θυρεν. *Vulp.*

ELEGY V.

Of late I boasted I could happy be,
Resume the man, and not my Delia see!
And boasts of manhood and of bliss are vain;
Back to my bondage I return again!
And like a top am whirl'd, which boys, for sport,
Lash on the pavement of a level court!
What can atone, my fair, for crimes like these?
I'll bear with patience, use me as you please!
Yet, by love's shafts, and by your braided hair,
By all the joys we stole, your suppliant spare.
When sickness dimm'd of late your radiant eyes,
My restless, fond petitions won the skies.
Thrice I with sulphur purified you round,
And thrice the rite with songs th' enchantress bound:
The cake, by me thrice sprinkled, put to flight
The death-denouncing phantoms of the night:
And I nine times, in linen garbs array'd,
In silent night, nine times to Trivia pray'd.
What did I not? Yet what reward have I?
You love another, your preserver fly!
He tastes the sweet effects of all my cares,
My fond lustrations, and my solemn prayers.
Are these the joys my madding fancy drew,
If young ey'd Health restor'd your rosy hue?
I fondly thought, sweet maid, oh thought in vain!
With you to live a blithesome village-swain.
When yellow Ceres asks the reaper's hand,
Delia (said I) will guard the reaper's band;
Delia will keep, when hinds unload the vine,
The choicest grapes for me, the richest wine:
My flocks she'll count, and oft will sweetly deign
To clasp some prattler of my menial train:
With pious care will load each rural shrine,
For ripen'd crops a golden sheaf assign,
Cates for my fold, rich clusters for my vine:
No, no domestic care shall touch my soul;
You, Delia, reign despotic o'er the whole!
And will Messala fly from pomp of state,
And deign to enter at my lowly gate?
The choicest fruitage that my trees afford,
Delia will cull herself, to deck the board,
And wondering, such transcendent worth to see,
The fruit present, thy blushing handmaid she.
Such were the fond chimeras of my brain,
Which now the winds have wasted o'er the main.
O power of love, whom still my soul obey'd,
What has my tongue against thy mother said?
Guiltless of ill, unmark'd with incest's stain,
I stole no garland from her holy fane:
For crimes like these I'd abject crawl the ground,
Kiss her dread threshold, and my forehead wound.
But ye who, falsely wise, deride my pains,
Beware; your hour approaches—love has chains.
I've known the young, who ridicul'd his rage;
Love's humblest vassals, when oppress'd with age:
Each art I've known them try to win the fair,
Smooth their hoarse voice, and dress their scanty hair;
I've known them, in the street, her maid detain,
And weeping, beg her to assist their pain.
At such prepostrous love each school-boy sneers,
Shuns, as an omen, or pursues with fleers.
Why do you crush your slave, fair queen of joy?
Destroying me, your harvest you destroy!

NOTES ON ELEGY V.

Tibullus had unfortunately boasted, that Delia had not so great an ascendant over him as she imagined. Being willing to know the extent of her authority, she forbade him her presence. This he at first treated as an order which would give him no pain to comply with; but he was soon convinced of his error, and found that his felicity consisted solely in her converse. To reinstate himself, therefore, in her good graces, the following elegy was composed.

Ver. 5. No poet, perhaps, ever used fewer similes than Tibullus. The principal object always employed him too much to think of resemblances. Virgil has applied the simile of the top to Amata, in the seventh Æneid; as Valerius Flaccus does to Medea, in the eighth book of his Argonautics. Things, of no dignity in themselves, become important in the hands of a real poet.

Ver. 9. When the ancients begged a favour, they generally enforced their entreaties by alluding to the objects which were held in the highest esteem by those whom they petitioned. In amorous compositions, allusions to a person beloved

are introduced with moſt propriety. The three great elegiac poets abound with many happy inſtances of this kind.

Ver. 12. Not only the poets, but the phyſicians, ſuppoſed, that ſulphur poſſeſſed a purifying virtue; whence probably it obtained the epithet ἱερὸν θεῖον. Indeed, if the infection proceeds from alkaline or putrid miaſmata, the fteams of brimſtone may be antidotal.

Ver. 14. As many diſeaſes were thought by the ancients to ſpring from ſupernatural cauſes, incantation was early introduced into medicine. This indeed was chiefly practiſed in Perſia; but it ſoon ſpread, inſomuch, that, in the days of Pliny the elder, it became ſo common a practice in Britain, that the Perſians themſelves, according to that curious author, might ſeem to have borrowed incantation from our anceſtors. "Britannia hodie tam attonite celebrat tantis ceremoniis ut dediſſe Perſis videri poſſit." *Lib.* xxx. *C.* 1.

But had Pliny maturely conſidered the affair, he would have found, that as this, as well as every other ſuperſtition, is the off-ſpring of ignorance and impoſture, there was no occaſion for making Perſia its mother country.

Pomponius Mela informs us, that at Sena (which ſome call a maritime town in Britain, and others a Britiſh iſland oppoſite to France) there was a Gallic deity, whoſe virgin prieſteſſes were called Barrigenae; and ſuppoſed to have the power, by incantation, *(carminibus)* of raiſing and laying ſtorms, of curing diſeaſes which none elſe could cure, and of predicting events. He adds, that they only exerted their magical abilities in compliance with the requeſt of thoſe ſeamen who came on purpoſe to conſult them.

Lib. iii. *C.* 6.

The uſe of magic, in the medical art, continued long even among the Chriſtians: and there was a time, ſays Broekhuſius, when the inquiſition regarded it as a trifling treſpaſs.

If the ancient muſic cured ſo many, and ſuch inveterate diſeaſes, as Pliny, Aulus Gellius, and others, pretend it did, it muſt have been very different from that of the moderns.

Ver. 15. This cake, which (as Servius, ad Ecl. viii. ver. 82. informs us) was made three times a year by the veſtal virgins, was a compoſition of flour and two kinds of ſalt.

Ver. 17. Scaliger was miſtaken, when he ſuppoſed that theſe were infernal ſacrifices; for Diana, who was none of the Dii Inferi, was the object of them. *Broekhuſ.*

Nothing was bound in ſacrifices, ſays Broekhuſius, neither the victim nor the hair, the veſtments nor feet: It is certain, too, that Servius has aſſerted the ſame. (Æn. ii. ver. 133. &c.) And yet ſome paſſages may be quoted from claſſic authors, and even from Virgil, where the hair appears to have been bound; as, for inſtance, the following from the twelfth Æneid:

Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant,
Velati lino, et verbena tempora vincti.

We alſo ſee that Dido ſacrificed (Æn. 4.) with one foot bare only; and it is known, that fillets were tied on the victim. *Dart.*

Ver. 18. Trivia or Diana was applied to in diſeaſes, on many accounts, but eſpecially becauſe infirm bodies were ſuppoſed to be greatly under the influence of that planet. Gruterus has preſerved many addreſſes to this goddeſs in his inſcriptions. Lovers, in particular, implored her aſſiſtance. See Seneca's tragedy of Hippolitus and the ſecond idyllium of Theocritus.

Broekhuſ.

Ver. 25. No paſſion makes more frequent feaſts on expectation, than love; and a wicked wit has ſaid, that theſe are the moſt pleaſing meals it enjoys. But, be that as it will, the whole of this paſſage exhibits a moſt amiable picture of country retirement, wherein religion, love, and rural affairs, equally conſpire to make life truly deſirable. Philoſophers contend, that we ought not to indulge too flattering proſpects of futurity, becauſe, in that caſe, diſappointments fall heavier. But although we may grant that it is an error to be too ſanguine in our hopes, yet, when we conſider that hope was implanted in us by the all-wiſe Creator, it will appear little leſs than a direct contradicting of Providence, to ſuppreſs it entirely. Our author was of this opinion. There are few paſſages in the elegiac poets which ſurpaſs this of Tibullus, in the warmth, as well as delicacy of its colouring.

Ver. 32. If it be conſidered with what harſhneſs even the better ſort of the Romans treated their ſlaves, the good-nature, ſo conſpicuous in this ſentiment of our poet, muſt give us an amiable idea of his benevolence.

The peaſants, mentioned in the text, were ſlaves born on the eſtate. The Romans called them *Vernae.*

Ver. 33. Tibullus's miſtreſs was not to be employed ſolely in acts of economy; devotion was alſo to accompany her thrift. The ſeveral offerings, enumerated in the original, are preſerved in the verſion.

Daps, according to the ancient grammarians, ſignifies a ſacred banquet; and in this ſenſe Tibullus uſes it here. Paſſages, however, occur in claſſic authors, where that word only means a common entertainment. M. Cato, in his treatiſe de Re Ruſtica, l. 83. tells us, that the offering for the health and fecundity of the herds, might be made either by a ſlave or by a freedman; but that, if they choſe to ſucceed in their petitions, no woman ſhould be permitted to be preſent at the ceremony. Tibullus therefore judiciouſly omits that circumſtance of rural devotion.

Ver. 37. Martial improperly applies this line to Nemeſis.

Uſſit AmatoremNemeſis laſciva Tibullum,
In tota juvit quem nihil eſſe domo.

Lib. xiv. 193.

Ver. 38. Can any thing be more delicate than this compliment to his patron, that even Delia could give him no complete ſatisfaction

without his company? His love, indeed, was the more violent paſſion; but friendſhip for Meſſala had alſo rooted itſelf deep in his heart. Strokes of this exquiſite nature are only to be expected from thoſe who have acceſs to the great, but whom the great have not infected with ſelfiſhneſs. Mr. Hammond has applied this thought to Lord Cheſterfield.

Stanhope ſhall come and grace his rural friend;
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.
El. 13.

It is aſtoniſhing, that a late critic did not make Milton indebted to our author for the manner in which that great poet repreſented Eve attending on the angel Gabriel. Many of his alleged imitations are not half ſo well founded. But one who dealt in the rubbiſh of Staphorſtius and Foxius, could have no taſte for the elegancies of Tibullus

Ver. 48. This is ſuch an appeal to heaven, as muſt appear very becoming in a perſon conſcious of his own innocence. The ancients imagined, that diſaſters were inflicted by the gods on mortals, as a puniſhment only for their failing in the duties of religion: But experience ſhows us, that the beſt men are often expoſed to the greateſt calamities. Prior has put a fine appeal of this kind into the mouth of Emma, in that beautiful poem of his, intituled Henry and Emma.

Let envious jealouſy, and canker'd ſpight,
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day and ſecret night:
Did e'er my eye an inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, or virgins tell?
And haſt thou in my conduct, Henry, known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but you alone?

Ver. 50. Who can read theſe ancient ſuperſtitious penances, and not agree with Dr. Middleton, that the Romiſh church is the daughter of the Pagan?

According to Broekhuſius, the beating the head againſt the ſacred threſhold, was an expiatory ceremony brought from Ægypt along with the goddeſs Iſis. This is the only paſſage of antiquity, where this extraordinary rite is mentioned; from whence that commentator concludes, that it neither prevailed long, nor was generally received, at Rome.

Ver. 54. The original is variouſly read by editors: that which the tranſlator has retained, was the correction of Scaliger, and is approved of by Broekhuſius.

Among the few natural deſcriptions to be found in the Paſtor Fido, the following, which expreſſes the miſeries to which an old man is ſubject, is one of the chief.

Non é pena maggiore
Cb' en vecchie membra il pizzicor d' amore.

—S'e ti guinge in quella fredda etate
Ove il proprio difetto
Piu che la colpa altrui ſpeſſo ſi piagne
Al' hora inſupportabili e mortali
Son le ſue piagge, al' hor le pene acerbe:
Al' hor ſi pieta tu cerchi, male
Se non la trovi, e ſe la trovi peggio, &c.

Ver. 61. Spitting, the ceremony uſed in the text, was ſuppoſed a preſervative againſt bad omens, and is a gentler method than thoſe preſcribed by the profound authors of the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries as charms againſt witchcraft, which was to give a gaſh with a knife on any part of the face above the organs of reſpiration.

ELEGY VI.

With wine I ſtrove to ſooth my love-ſick ſoul,
But vengeful Cupid daſh'd with tears the bowl:
All mad with rage, to kinder nymphs I flew;
But vigour fled me, when I thought on you.
Balk'd of the rapture, from my arms they run,
Swear I'm devoted, and my converſe ſhun!
By what dire witchcraft am I thus betray'd?
Your face and hair unnerve me, matchleſs maid:
Not more celeſtial look'd the ſea-born fair,
Receiv'd by Peleus from her pearly chair.
A rich admirer his addreſſes paid,
And brib'd my miſtreſs by a beldam's aid.
From you my ruin, curſt procureſs, roſe;
What imprecations ſhall avenge my woes?
May heaven, in pity to my ſufferings, ſhed
Its keeneſt miſchief on your plotting head!
The ghoſts of thoſe you robb'd of love's delight,
In horrid viſions haunt your irkſome night!
And, on the chimney, may the boding owl
Your reſt diſturb, and terrify your ſoul!
By famine ſtung, to church-yards may you run;
There, feaſt on offals, hungry wolves would ſhun!
Or howling frantic, in a tatter'd gown;
Fierce maſtiffs bate you through each crowded town!
'Tis done! a lover's curſe the gods approve;
But keeneſt vengeance fires the queen of love.

Leave then, my fair, the crafty venal jade:
What paſſion yields not, when ſuch foes invade?
Your hearts, ye fair, does modeſt merit claim?
Though ſmall his fortunes, feed his gentle flame:
For, genuine love's ſoft raptures would you know?
Theſe raptures merit can alone beſtow:
The ſons of opulence are folly's care,
But want's rough child is ſenſe, and honour's heir.
In vain we ſing—the gate ſtill bolted ſtands:
Come, vengeance, let us burſt its ſullen bands.
Learn, happy rival, by my wrongs to know
Your fate, ſince fortune governs all below.

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

Tibullus's miſtreſs had, it would ſeem, ſhown too great a regard to a richer gallant. This gave our poet uncommon uneaſineſs; to conquer which, he not only had recourſe to the bottle, though otherwiſe temperate, but even attempted to forget her ungenerous behaviour in the company of the fair. Experience, however, ſoon convinced him, that nothing could make him either forget, or be happy without her; and gave occaſion to this poem.

Some editors have moſt injudiciouſly tacked this elegy to the former.

Ver. 6. "Devovere," the word of the original, properly ſignifies, "frigore ferire eam partem, qua viri ſumus; ut quantumvis cupiamus, tamen minime poſſumus." The French call it "nouer l'eguillette;" and the doctors of the canon law ſay, that ſuch people are "frigidi et malificiati." *Brock.*

Ovid has informed us of the various means by which ſuch an imbecillity may be produced.

Num mea theſſalico languent devota veneno
Corpora? Num miſero carmen et herba nocent?
Sagave punicea defixit nomina cera
Et medium tenues in jecur egit acus.
Lib. iii. *El.* 7.

So ſimilar is ſuperſtition in all ages.

Apuleius Celſus gravely preſcribes a remedy, by which the "vincula veneris" may be untied. Lib. de Medic. Herb. c. 7. See a curious ſtory of this kind, which Herodotus relates of Amaſis, the Egyptian king, in his Euterpe.

Ver. 8. The hair here mentioned by our poet, is that of a yellow colour, "flava coma;" and, indeed, yellowneſs may with propriety be called the claſſical colour of hair, ſince ſome of the greateſt beauties of antiquity, both men and women, are repreſented by the poets with this ſort of hair. So variable are our ideas of beauty! The Italians, however, even to this day, praiſe "chiome d'oro." See a curious diſſertation on this ſubject by Jo. Arntzenius, intituled "De colore et tinctura comarum," &c.

Ver. 10. The heathen poets, in comparing a perſon to any of their deities, had a ſure method of giving the reader a picture of that perſon, as the ſtatues of their gods were known to every one, and their features aſcertained; and this, ſays the ingenious author of the Polymetis, is one reaſon, why ſimilies of this kind are ſo frequent in ancient authors. It is to be regretted, that Tibullus has not left us more of theſe reſemblances. The few he has given us, are exquiſite; but his heart was too engaged to wander abroad for foreign ornaments. Propertius and Ovid abound with them. The modern poets alſo ſeem fond of the ſame kind of compariſons, though they have not the ſame advantages, in this reſpect, as the ancients. Valerius Flaccus gives us a ſhort but beautiful picture of Thetis, when going to be married, in the firſt book of his Argonautics. The reader may alſo ſee Catullus's fine poem on the ſame ſubject. *Poem.* 62.

Ver. 16. The original, literally interpreted, runs thus: May ſhe eat raw fleſh with a bloody mouth, and drink melancholy liquors mixed with much gall. This was no ſmall curſe, if the procureſſes of old liked good cheer as well as the modern ſiſterhood. Ovid has conciſely imitated this imprecation.

Di tibi dent nullos lares inopemque ſenectam,
Et longas hyemes, perpetuamque ſitim.

Propertius carries his malice ſtill farther.

Terra tuum ſpinis obducat lena ſepulcrum
Et tua, quod non vis, ſentiat umbra ſitim.

The ancients believed, that nothing could prevent the curſes of a perſon, unjuſtly injured, from taking effect. Of all the moderns, no poet ſurpaſſes Oldham in theſe ſort of imprecations. Vulpius is of opinion, that the poet wiſhes the bawd to be affected with that ſpecies of madneſs, which makes the diſeaſed think themſelves metamorphoſed into wolves. This is far-fetched.

Ver. 22. Commentators are greatly divided in their interpretations of this paſſage. The true meaning ſeems to be this: The Romans had private feaſts upon the death of their friends, called "Silicernia," from "Silex" and "Cæna," or ſupping upon a ſtone; part of which they eat, and left the reſt on the tomb for the ghoſts to feed upon. And therefore it became proverbial, on extreme miſery, to ſay, that one got his victuals from the tombs. *Dart.*

Ver. 29. This thought is one of the leaſt delicate in Tibullus; and therefore the tranſlator has not only omitted it, but given a different turn to the whole paſſage from "pauper erit," &c.

Ver. 35. —*the gate ſtill bolted ſtands.*] The word uſed in the original, Servius (Ad. Lib. i. Æn. v. 127.) derives from "fatim hiſcere."

Ver. 36. The young people, both of Greece and Italy, when they went to viſit their miſtreſſes at night, often carried torches along with them, to burn the doors of thoſe who ſhould refuſe to grant them admittance. This boiſterous piece of gallantry, which the modern ſpirits call beating the rounds, puts one in mind of the anſwer made by one of the family of Huntly, who was taken priſoner at the battle of Muſſelburgh, to the Duke of Somerſet, in conſequence of that Duke's having aſked his priſoner, how he ſtood affected to the marriage between Edward VI. and the young Mary of Scotland: "I have no objection, my Lord Duke, to the match, but like not your method of courtſhip."

Ver. 37. *Learn, happy rival.*] The original,

Mea furta timeto,

Broekhuſius thus wiſely interprets, Be aſſured that fortune and woman are mutable, as you yourſelf will ſoon experience.

ELEGY VII.

Love ſtill invites me with a ſmiling eye!
Beneath his ſmiles, what pains and anguiſh lie?
Yet ſince the gods, dread power, muſt yield to thee!
What laurels canſt thou gain from conquering me?
Me Delia lov'd; but by thy ſubtle wiles,
The fair, in ſecret, on another ſmiles:
That my ſuſpicion's falſe, 'tis true, ſhe ſwears;
And backs her imprecations with her tears!
Falſe fair, your oaths, and ſyren tears refrain;
Your ſyren tears, and oaths no credit gain;
For when your lord ſuſpected me of yore,
As much you wept, as many oaths you ſwore.
Yet wherefore blame I love? the blame is mine;
I, wretched I, firſt taught her to deſign!
I firſt inſtructed her, her ſpies to foil!
Back on myſelf my wanton arts recoil:
Herbs of rare energy my ſkill ſupplied,
All marks of too-fond gallantry to hide!
More artful now, alone the wanton lies;
And new pretexts her cozening brains deviſe.
Uncautious lord of a too cunning ſpouſe!
Admittance grant me, ſhe ſhall keep her vows!
Be warn'd, my friend, obſerve her when her tongue [young;
Commends in wanton phraſe the gay-dreſs'd
O let her not her heaving boſom bare,
Expos'd to every ſop's immodeſt ſtare.
When leaning on the board, with flowing wine,
She ſeems to draw ſome inconſiderate line;
Take heed, take heed (I know the warning true),
Theſe random lines aſſign an interview.
Nor let your wife to ſanes ſo frequent roam,
A modeſt wife's beſt temple is at home:
But if your prohibitions are all vain,
Give me the hint, I'll dodge her to the fane;
What though the goddeſs ſnatch my curious ſight,
I'll bring her wanton privacies to light.
Some gem ſhe wore, I'd oft pretend to view,
But ſqueez'd her fingers unperceiv'd of you:
Oft with full racy bowls I ſeal'd your eyes,
Water my bev'ridge, and obtain'd the prize.
Yet ſince I tell, forgive the pranks I play'd,
Love prompted all, and love muſt be obey'd!

Nay, 'twas at me (be now the truth avow'd)
Your watchful maſtiff us'd to bark ſo loud;
But now ſome other, with inſidious wait,
Intent obſerves each creaking of your gate,
At which, whoever of the houſe appears,
Paſſing, the mein of quick diſpatch he wears;
But comes again, the minute they remove,
And coughs, ſure ſignal of impatient love!
What boots, though marriage gave a wife ſo fair,
If careleſs you, or ſhe eludes your care?
While men are artful, and your wife can feign,
Vain are your brazen-bolts, your maſtiffs vain.
Cold to the raptures of the genial bed,
She lays the fault upon an aching head:
'Tis falſe; the wanton for ſome other ſighs;
From this, her coolneſs, this, her aches ariſe.
Then, then be warn'd, intruſt her to my care;
Whips, chains I laugh at, if you grant my prayer.
"Hence from my ward, ye ſparkiſh eſſenc'd "beaux;
"Illegal love oft ſprings from eſſenc'd clothes."
Where'er ſhe walks, not diſtant I'll attend;
And guard your honour from the caſual friend!
"Off, gallants, off: for ſo the gods ordain,
"So, the dread prieſteſs in unerring ſtrain!"
(When holy fury fires the frantic dame,
She mocks all torture, and exults in flame;
Her ſnow-white arms and heaving breaſt ſhe tears;
And with the guſhing gore Bellona ſmears;
Deep in her ſide ſhe plants the glittering ſword;
And the dread goddeſs prompts each fateful word.)
"Ye youths beware, nor touch whom Cupid "guards,
"Unpuniſh'd none attempt his gentle wards:
"As my blood flows, and as theſe aſhes fly;
"Their wealth ſhall periſh, and their manhood "die."
She menac'd then the fair, with dreadful pain;
E'en were you guilty, may her threats be vain:
Not on your own account; your mother's age,
Your worthy mother, deprecates my rage:
When love and fortune ſmil'd, her gentle aid
Oft me conducted to the blooming maid;

My footſteps, wakeful, from afar ſhe knew,
Unbarr'd the gate, nor fear'd the nightly dew:
Half of my life's long thread I'd pleas'd reſign,
My ſweet conductreſs, could I lengthen thine!
Still, ſtill, though much abus'd, I Delia prize;
She's ſtill thy daughter, and enchants my eyes.
Yet though no coy cimarr inveſt the fair;
Nor veſtal fillet bind her auburn hair;
Teach her what decent modeſty requires;
To crown my fire, alone, with equal fires.
Me too confine; and if, in wanton praiſe
Of other maids, my tongue luxuriant ſtrays;
Let thy ſuſpicion then no limits know,
Inſult me, ſpurn me, as thy greateſt foe!
But if your jealouſies are built in air,
And patient love your uſage cannot bear;
What wrath may perpetrate, my ſoul alarms;
For wrath, I warn you, heeds not female-charms.
Nor yet be chaſte, from mean unamorous fear;
Be ſtill moſt modeſt, when I am not near.
For thoſe, whom neither wit, nor worth ſecure,
Grow old, unpitied, palſy'd, worthleſs, poor;
Yet with each ſervile drudgery they ſtrive,
To keep their being's wretchedneſs alive!
The gay regard their woe, with laughing eyes;
Swear they deſerve it, and abſolve the ſkies
Nor Venus leſs exults! "May ſuch a fate,
"(From heaven ſhe prays) upon th' inconſtant
"wait."
The ſame my wiſh! but O, may we two prove,
In age, a pattern of unalter'd love!

NOTES ON ELEGY VII.

The poet had taken it into his head, that he had a rival in the affections of Delia; and notwithſtanding all her aſſeverations to the contrary, was ſo hurried on, in this elegy, as to let her huſband into the whole ſecret of their intimacy. Had not Tibullus been under the influence of a maddened jealouſy, he muſt ſoon have recollected, that this confeſſion muſt for ever terminate all his hopes from that quarter; but ſo very far was our poet from perceiving this, that after an apology, which to every huſband could not but appear highly impertinent, he propoſes to him to be received into his family, and to become a ſpy on Delia's actions. Ovid juſtly obſerves on this overture of Tibullus,

Denique ab incauto nimium petit ille marito.

Ver. 1. This cenſure of love is highly paſſionate. Jealouſy, like certain diſeaſes, converts the moſt wholeſome nouriſhment into bad humours. The deſcription probably alludes to the maſks worn by love on the ſtage, viz. an infant's face, with the head and claws of a lion behind.

Ver. 4. Virgil, in the following lines, ſeems to have imitated this paſſage of our poet.

Magnum et memorabile nomen
Una, dolo divum, ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt!

This Mr. Addiſon ſomewhere calls the wittieſt thought in the Æneid. But is not the

Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum

in the ſame poem, even more epigrammatic?

Ver. 11. Ovid hints at this incredulity of our poet in his triſt.

Credere juranti durum putat eſſe Tibullus.
Lib. 2.

Thoſe who have been jointly engaged in actions, which it has been neceſſary to conceal by lies, or perjury, can never afterwards have a thorough confidence in each other. So void of foundation is the friendſhip of the wicked.

Ver. 14. Theſe thoughts Ovid has copied in various places of his amorous writings. The laborious Broekhuſius having collected from Pliny the names of thoſe herbs, which were ſuppoſed to produce the effects mentioned in the text, the reader, if he is curious in thoſe matters, may conſult him, p. 123.

The ſame critic is alſo very full on the "mortiunculæ" of the original, calling them, no doubt, very ſagaciouſly, the certain marks of ſolid joy.

Ver. 22. Some editors change the "minus" of the original into "nihil," and thus explain the paſſage. "If you keep your wife from the company of other men, I ſhall be the leſs diſpleaſed to be debarred her preſence; it depends therefore entirely upon yourſelf, to prevent my approaching her." "Servare," underſtood in this manner, is the ſame with "inſpicere, obſervare, oculis notare." But this interpretation, notwithſtanding Virgil and Valerius Flaccus uſe "ſervare" in that ſenſe, is more ingenious than juſt, being contradicted by the ſequel of the elegy. One of the beſt methods of finding out the ſenſe of any obſcure paſſage, is to compare it with other parts of the original.

Ver. 31. It was not lawful for men to inform themſelves of the real name of the "bona dea." Her ſacrifices, called by Cicero the moſt ancient and occult of any in Rome, were performed once a-year by the veſtal virgins in that conſul's houſe, where the faſces happened to be depoſited, "quo menſe ſacrum fiebat pro populo univerſo." During the celebration of this ſolemnity, not only the maſter of the houſe, and all other men, were excluded, but their very pictures and ſtatues were carefully concealed. It was believed, that a ſudden blindneſs would be inflicted upon any man, who, on that occaſion, however accidentally,

ſhould view thoſe myſteries. It is true indeed, that the adventure of Clodius might have convinced even the vulgar, of the folly and ſuperſtition of ſuch an apprehenſion; yet was the attempt itſelf regarded by all as the height of profanation; and if that turbulently frantic nobleman committed, at that time, in Cæſar's houſe, the crimes with which Cicero charges him, Cæſar was in the right to divorce Pompeia: as the reaſon he gave for it, viz. that Cæſar's wife was not to be ſuſpected, ought to be looked upon as the reſult of that delicacy and ſuperiority of genius, which raiſed him, even in domeſtic matters, above the level of other men.

Ver. 34. Scaliger, from the word "aram," which is found in many of the old MSS. and editions, conjectures, that the worſhip mentioned in the text, muſt have been at the conſul's houſe; and infers, that, as none but women of the firſt rank had admittance there, Delia muſt have been a woman of faſhion. Broekhuſius, on the other hand, ſupported by an almoſt equal number of editions and MSS. read "aras," and contends, that Tibullus meant by that expreſſion, one of the two public temples in Rome dedicated to the "bona dea," alleging, that Delia was a "mulierecula imi ordinis." But ſhould not Broekhuſius have conſidered, that the poets often uſe the plural number for the ſingular. Vid. El. ii. Lib. 2. Lin. 1.

According to P. Victor, the "bona dea" had two temples, one in the 12th, and the other in the 13th region of Rome. This ſtood on that part of the Aventic Hill, which was called Remuria; and that at the foot of the ſame hill, whence, as Broekhuſius remarks, it received the appellation of Subſaxana.

Ver. 37. In Helen's fine epiſtle to Paris, there is a thought of the ſame kind.

Tu modo me ſpectas oculis laſcive protervis
Quos vix inſtantes lumina noſtra ferunt,
Et modo ſuſpiras, modo pocula proxima nobis
Sumis, quoque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis.
Ah quoties digitis, quoties ego tecta notavi
Signa ſupercilio pene loquenti dari,
Et ſæpe extimui ne vir meus illa videret
Non ſatis occultis erubuique notis.

Which is thus Engliſhed by Dryden.

Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand,
Contrive juſt after me to drink the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs,
Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done.

We are not, however, to ſuppoſe, that Ovid borrowed the thought from Tibullus; for theſe are ſtratagems which have been practiſed by lovers in all ages.

Ver. 40. Broekhuſius, whom few commentators have exceeded in the knowledge of ancient cuſtoms of no moment, informs us, that the practice of challenging to drink, was a faſhion derived to Rome from Greece. See the verſes which Stobæus (Serm xvi.) has preſerved, ſaid to be written by Panyaſis the poet, who was either uncle or couſin-german to Herodotus the hiſtorian.

According to Theophraſtus, (as Pliny remarks, l. 36. c. 21.) your bcon companions of Greece in their drinking-matches, uſed the powder of pumice, which had this recommendatory property, that they ran a riſk of their lives, unleſs they ſwallowed after it an immenſe quantity of wine; for ſo cold is the pumice, adds he, that a little of it being thrown into muſt, will ſtop its fermenting.

Ver. 41. "Excuſatio quam frequens, tum frivola," exclaims the good Broekhuſius.

Ver. 61. Our poet's natural heat of diſpoſition, tranſports him to think, that he is again admitted to the guardianſhip of Delia; and the more to influence her huſband to intruſt Delia to his care, he makes heaven and Bellona denounce vengeance againſt any gallant, who ſhould make advances to her whilſt abroad.

In the deſcription of Bellona's prieſteſs (which reſembles what we are told of Baal's prieſts in the firſt book of Kings, c. 18.), our author's language riſes, and ſhows, that what Quintilian applied to Alcæus, may with equal propriety be ſaid of Tibullus. "Si in luſus et amores deſcendat, majoribus tamen aptior eſt."

The Bellonarii were fortune-tellers; and their high prieſt, according to Juvenal, was an eunuch. They ſtrolled about the ſtreets, forboding diſeaſes, &c. Theſe the ſuperſtitious were fain to avert, by donations of eggs, and a particular coloured raiment, called zerampelina, which, when hung up in the temple of their goddeſs, had, it ſeems, the power of averting thoſe calamities, with which the donor had been menaced. Vid. Juv. Sat. vi. Lin. 526.

Ver. 68. *She mocks all torture.*] Literally, ſhe dreads not the twiſted laſh, which, according to Broekhuſius, was the "flagellum" with which Bellona uſed to flog her votaries into madneſs, whence they received the appellations of "entheati et fanatici."

Ver. 78. *E'en were you guilty.*] In the original,

Si tamen admittas, ſit tamen illa levis.

This paſſage is difficult. We have followed the interpretation of Broekhuſius. Vulpius thus explains it. "Conniveat delicto, nec extemplo velit ſupplicium ſumere.

Ver. 86. The ſocial and benevolent paſſions are every where reſplendent in our poet; and theſe in ſome meaſure ought to compenſate for his amorous failings. Let it be conſidered, that Auguſtus himſelf wrote ſome obſcene poems: Example, however, is no juſtification of vice.

Ver. 89. By the "ſtola" and "vitta" mentioned in the original, the good Cyllenius "ſacerdotum integritatem, et matronarum pudicitiam, intelligebat." But Broekhuſius peremptorily inſiſts upon it, that Delia was "libertinæ conditionis," becauſe virgins and matrons "(matronæ)" wore the "ſtola" and "vitta." And yet it is cer-

tain, that dancers and citharædi wore alſo that garb.

Ver. 99. *What wrath may perpetrate.*] The literal interpretation is as follows: And if I be thought to have committed any fault, and in conſequence of this, am, though innocent, either to be undeſervedly dragged by the hair, or puſhed down a declivity, I would not, even on ſuch an occaſion, wiſh to beat you; but ſhould I become enraged, would ſincerely wiſh to be deprived of hands. This will ſound very odd in a modern fine lady's ears, and no wonder; for from this we have an undeniable proof, that the preſent age, in point of gallantry, has many advantages over the Auguſtan.

Ver 105. The text ſays, May ſhe in poverty and in age draw twiſted threads with a trembling hand, or work on a borrowed loom, or gain a wretched ſubſiſtence by picking of wool. "Joannes Secundus" has happily imitated this imprecation.

Sera tibi veniet faſtus vindicta protervi
Ætatis tenera crimina flebis anus.
Cum tibi cælatum laxis, pulcherrima, rugis
Luridus inficiet pallor ahile caput.
Conductamque trahens tremebundo pollice lanam
Involves fuſo ſtamina longa brevi.
Adſpiciet lacrimas ridens Erycina Seniles
Et levis excuſſa plaudet amor pharetra.
Et juvenes omnes, et me, tua probra juvabunt.
Lux, precor, ô fato ſit prior illa meo.

Lib ii. *E.* 8.

Ver. 112. This is a moſt extraordinary concluſion. The original in Brockhuſius is,

Exemplum cana ſtemus uterque coma.

Other editions read "ſimus," which, for obvious reaſons, we have adopted.

Pedo Albinovanus, and Juvenal, uſe the word "exemplum" in the ſame ſenſe.

ELEGY VIII.

"THIS day, (the fates foretold in ſacred ſong,
" And ſinging drew the vital twine along),
" He comes, nor ſhall the gods the doom recal,
" He comes, whoſe ſword ſhall quell the rebel
" gaul.
" With all her laurels, him ſhall conqueſt crown,
" And nations ſhudder at his awful frown;
" Smooth Atur, now that flows through peaceful
" lands,
" Shall fly affrighted at his hoſtile bands."
'Tis done! this prophecy, Rome joys to ſee,
Far-fam'd Meſſala, now fulfill'd in thee:
Long triumphs raviſh the ſpectators eyes,
And fetter'd chieftains of enormous ſize:
An ivory-car, with ſteeds as white as ſnow,
Suſtains thy grandeur through the pompous ſhow.
Some little ſhare, in thoſe exploits, I bore;
Witneſs Tarbella; and the Santoigne ſhore;
Witneſs the land, where ſteals the ſilent Soane;
Where ruſh the Garonne; and th' impetuous Rhone;
Where Loire, enamour'd of Carnutian bounds,
Leads his blue water through the yellow grounds.
Or ſhall his other acts adorn my theme;
Fair Cydnus, winding with a ſilver ſtream?
Taurus, that in the clouds his fore-head hides,
And rich Cilicia from the world divides;
Taurus, from which unnumber'd rivers ſpring,
The ſavage ſeat of tempeſts, ſhall I ſing?
Why ſhould I tell, how ſacred through the ſkies
Of Syrian cities, the white pigeon flies?
Why ſing of Tyrian towers, which Neptune laves;
Whence the firſt veſſel, venturous, ſtemm'd the
waves?
How ſhall the bard the ſecret ſource explore,
Whence, Father Nile, thou draw'ſt thy watery
ſtore?
Thy fields ne'er importune for rain the ſky;
Thou doſt benignly all their wants ſupply:
As Egypt, Apis mourns in myſtic lays,
She joins thy praiſes to Oſiris' praiſe.
Oſiris firſt contriv'd the crooked plough,
And pull'd ripe apples from the novice bough;
He taught the ſwains the ſavage-mould to wound,
And ſcatter'd ſeed-corn in th' unpractis'd ground.
He firſt with poles ſuſtain'd the reptile vine,
And ſhow'd its infant-tendrils how to twine;
Its wanton ſhoots inſtructed man to ſhear,
Subdue their wildneſs, and mature the year:
Then too, the ripen'd cluſter firſt was trod;
Then in gay ſtreams its cordial ſoul beſtow'd;
This as ſwains quaff'd, ſpontaneous numbers came,
They prais'd the feſtal caſk, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecſtacy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in meaſur'd aukwardneſs the ground.
Gay bowls ſerene the wrinkled front of care;
Gay bowls the toil-oppreſſed ſwain repair!
And let the ſlave the laughing goblet drain;
He blythſome ſings, though Manacles enchain.
Thee ſorrow flies, Oſiris, god of wine!
But ſongs, enchanting love, and dance are thine:
But flowers and ivy thy fair head ſurround,
And a looſe ſaffron-mantle ſweeps the ground.
With purple-robes inveſted, now you glow;
The ſhrine is ſhown, and flutes melodious blow:
Come then, my god, but come bedew'd with wine!
Attend the rites, and in the dance combine;

The rites and dances are to genius due!
Benign Oſiris, ſtand confeſs'd to view!
Rich unguents drop already from his hair,
His head and neck ſoft flowery garlands ſhare!
O come, ſo ſhall my grateful incenſe riſe,
And cates of honey meet thy laughing eyes!
On thee, Meſſala, ('tis my fervent prayer)
May heaven beſtow a wife, a warlike heir: 70
In whom, increas'd, paternal worth may ſhine,
Whoſe acts may add a luſtre to thy line,
And tranſports give thee in thy life's decline.
But ſhould the gods my fervent prayer deny,
Thy fame, my glorious friend, ſhall never die.
Long as (thy bounteous work) the well made way
Shall its broad pavement to the ſun diſplay,
The bards of Alba ſhall in lofty rhyme,
Tranſmit thy glory down the tide of time:
They ſing from gratitude: nor leſs the clown 80
Whom love or buſineſs have detain'd in town
Till late, as home he ſafely plods along,
Thee chants, Meſſala, in his village-ſong.
Bleſt morn, which ſtill my grateful muſe ſhall ſing,
Oft riſe, and with you greater bleſſings bring.

NOTES ON ELEGY VIII.

In the foregoing poem, for it deſerves a nobler appellation than that of elegy, Tibullus celebrates the birth day of his patron, the virtuous Meſſala; upon which occaſion he introduces the Siſter Fates as preordaining him to the conqueſt of Aquitain. As our poet attended Corvinus in that important expedition, he takes an opportunity of modeſtly mentioning his own ſhare of the ſervice. See the life.

From celebrating the reduction of Aquitain, and mentioning Meſſala's triumph on that account, our poet hints at his patron's tranſactions ſome years before, in Cilicia, Syria, and Egypt. This gives him an occaſion of recounting whatever was moſt memorable in theſe kingdoms; and as Oſiris was the chief god of Egypt, he enumerates the many favours which Oſiris was ſuppoſed, by the Egyptian mythology, to have conferred on man; and ſolemnly invokes his attendance at the genial banquet.

The poem concludes with a wiſh, that Meſſala's poſterity might reſemble him in their actions and reputation; and promiſes him immortality from the noble public road which he had lately made at his own expence.

Ver. 1. The deſtinies, at every one's birth, were ſuppoſed irrevocably to determine their after actions, having in their poſſeſſion the thread of life. Claſſic writers abound in imitations of this ſort. Catullus, in his beautiful poem, intituled, De Nuptiis Pelei et Thetidos, introduces the fates ſinging the future glories of Achilles. The "Parcæ" were three in number; their names were Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos; Heſiod, in his theogony, calls them the daughters of Jupiter and Themis. Clotho held the diſtaff, Lacheſis ſpun, and Atropos cut the thread.

Ver. 4. Aquitain was the third diviſion of old Gaul, and reached from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, and comprehending Guiene, Gaſcony, &c.

Meſſala, upon his having reduced to obedience that extenſive and important province, triumphed A. U. C. 721, in the ſeventh conſulſhip of Auguſtus, and third of Agrippa, on the ſeventh of the calends of October, when Tibullus was thirty-ſix years of age.

Ver. 7. This is a noble and poetical figure. Atur, (now Ador, or L'Ador), is a river of Aquitain, that runs into the ocean. Auſonius calls it Aturrus, and Ptolomy Aturius.

Ver. 11. Although no inſtitution contributed more to the greatneſs of Rome, than the public honours beſtowed on its conquerors, yet does humanity diſapprove of their triumphs. Cleopatra deſtroyed herſelf, to avoid attending in chains the triumphal car of Auguſtus.

Ver. 13. The triumphal car was drawn by four white horſes. Propertius, (l. 4. el. 1. ver. 32), attributes this inſtitution to Romulus; but Broekhuſius ſeems rather inclined to believe that Camillus, after having made himſelf maſter of the famous city of Veii, which had held out a ten years ſiege, was the firſt who invented, and put in practice this ceremony. Could any ſtreſs be laid on the authority of Statius, the cuſtom would appear to be of a much more ancient date. For that poet deſcribes (l. 12. v. 542.) Theſeus triumphing over the Amazons, in a chariot drawn by white horſes. But however this may be, we know that white horſes were held in the higheſt eſtimation of old, ſince not only the kings of Perſia uſed ſteeds of that colour in their chariots; but the conquerors, at the ſacred games of Greece, were drawn by white horſes, when they made their public entries into their ſeveral cities; and Curtius informs us, that the car, conſecrated to Jove, had horſes of that colour.

The triumphal car was ornamented with ivory and gold; but if the reader is curious to inform himſelf of all that can now be known concerning the vehicles of antiquity, he may conſult Scheffer's book on that ſubject.

Brockhus.

Ver. 16. *Tarbella.*] This is a town in Gaſcony, at

present called Tarbe. Charles Stevens says, that it is the "Aquæ Tarbellæ" of Ausonius, and probably the "Aquæ Augustæ" of Ptolomy.

Ibid. *Saintoigne Shore.*] A maritime province of Aquitain.

Ver. 17. *Witness the land, where steals the silent Soane;*

Ver. 18. *Where rush the Garonne, and th' impetuous Rhone.*

These rivers are finely contrasted. Every body knows them.

Ver. 21. Our poet having particularised most of the battles fought by Messala in Aquitain, in which he himself signalized his courage, makes a transition to the exploits performed by the same illustrious general, three years before in Cilicia, Syria, and Egypt. This leads him to expatiate on that wonder of Egypt, the Nile; and to invite Osiris, the great god of that country, to come and celebrate the birth-day of his patron.

Broekhus.

Ver. 22. *Fair Cydnus.*] A noble river of Cilicia, which Curtius thus describes: "Non spatia aquarum, sed liquore memorabilis; quippe leni tractu, e fontibus labens, puro solo excipitur; nec torrentes incurrunt, qui placide manantis alveum turbent; itaque incorruptus, idemque frigidissimus, quippe multa riparum amœnitate inumbratus, ubique fontibus suis similis, in mare evadit." lib. 3. c. 4. So excellent a geographer is Tibullus; but he probably was an eye-witness of what he describes. Vide his life.

Ver. 25. *Taurus.*] So Broekhusius interprets the word Arat in the original; "Ducta tralatione," says he, "a porca, quæ grandioribus glebis latior eminent inter fulcos."

This is a vast range of mountains, which reaching semicircularly from sea to sea, divides Cilicia from Pamphilia, Pisidia, and the other surrounding kingdoms. Both Cilicia and Taurus are thus accurately described by Xenophon in his Anabasis. Ἐντεῦθεν δὲ κατέβαινεν εἰς πεδίον μέγα, καλὸν καὶ ἐπίῤῥυτον καὶ δένδρων παντοδαπῶν ἔμπλεον καὶ ἀμπέλων δὲ καὶ Σησάμου καὶ μελίνης καὶ κεγχρου καὶ πυροὺς καὶ κριθάς, Ὄρος δὲ αὐτο περιεχει ὀχυρον, καὶ ὑπτηλον πάντη ἐκ θαλαττης εἰς θαλατταν. Then the army descended into a spacious plain, which was beautiful and well watered, producing not only vines in great plenty, but every other kind of fruit trees, and corn of all sorts. This plain was surrounded from sea to sea, by a range of lofty mountains, of very difficult access.

When the Persians were masters of Asia, says the great Baron Montesquieu, they permitted those who conveyed a spring to any place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the benefit of it for five generations; and as a number of streams flowed from Mount Taurus, they spared no expence in directing the course of their waters. And thus, at this day, without knowing how they were brought thither, streams are found in great numbers in the fields and gardens of Cilicia.

L'Esp. des Loix.

Ver. 28. Palæstine was a province of Syria. The Syrians abstained both from fish and pigeons on a religious account. Hyginus has explained the reason of it in his 197th fable.

Broekhusius advises the reader, who is studious of Roman purity, particularly to observe, that in the original, the pigeon has three epithets bestowed on it, "Exemplo," says he, "non facile alias reperiundo."

Ver. 29. Although every nation may be supposed to have contrived and used vessels of one kind or another, to pass their great rivers, &c. yet the Phœnicians were the first who greatly improved the art of ship-building, and who made distant voyages for commerce. Tyre, in particular, was for a long time the mart of the world; and even in the time of Tibullus, notwithstanding it had been ravaged, and almost destroyed by Alexander, that city had few rivals in trade. See a truly poetical description of its grandeur in one of Dr. Young's Odes.

The houses in Tyre were built very high, whence Tibullus calls them towers. This was a circumstance which had more than once endangered the destruction of this city by earthquakes; as Strabo informs us, lib. 16. The reason assigned by Broekhusius, why the tyrants made their houses so lofty, is, that they might command a distant prospect of the sea. But might not also this be done for the sake of more accurately observing the motions of the heavenly bodies? especially if, with Mr. Glover, we look upon astronomy as the child of commerce. See Mr. Glover's elegant poem, intituled, London. The truth, however, I believe is, that building on a rock in a limited compass, the Tyrians supplied, like us in London, the want of room, by multiplication of stories.

Ver. 31. The annual overflowing of the Nile was a phenomenon which long puzzled the naturalists; and a variety of hypothesis were formed to explain the causes of it; all of which Diodorus Siculus has judiciously refuted in the end of the first book of his Universal History, except that of Agathargines the Cnidian, which ascribes the rising of the Nile in summer, to the rains that fall in Ethiopia, the country where the Nile hath its source.

The overflowing and course of the Nile, is thus explained by Mr. Thomson, in a manner no less poetical than just.

The treasures * these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods, o'erflows the swelling Nile!
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around:
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,

* Viz. *The Vapours.*

Winds in progreſſive majeſty along; [maze.
Through ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
Summer.

Norden in his travels relates the ceremony at preſent practiſed at Grand Cairo, at the opening the great canal of that city for the admiſſion of the waters of the Nile. If the people expreſs their gratitude by every inſtance of licentious joy, the government, it would ſeem from that traveller, is not profuſe upon the occaſion, though, indeed, Alpinus makes it a very ſplendid affair.
De Medicin. Egypt.

Norden alſo affirms, that notwithſtanding the annual overflowing of the Nile, there is no country which requires more culture than the land of Egypt. No rains fall there in ſummer. Hence our poet ſays,

Arida nec pluvio ſupplicat herba Jovi.

This line, Seneca, through miſtake, attributes to Ovid: and indeed, as Broekhuſius well obſerves, Ovid much better ſuited the falſe epigrammatic turn of this philoſopher, than our poet.

The Greeks honoured Jupiter Pluvius with a particular devotion. The friends of Polynices, who had united to reſtore that prince to the throne of Thebes, ſwore at the altar of this deity, that they would effectuate their purpoſe, or die in the attempt. See Pauſan. in Corinth; who alſo informs us, in his Bœotia, that the worſhip of this deity was performed in the open air. According to Strabo, the Indians alſo worſhipped Jupiter Pluvius, together with the river Ganges, and the "Genii Indigites." He was alſo honoured at Rome in a ſingular manner. It is ſaid too, that in a great drought, the Romans dragged into their city a certain large ſtone, which lay originally near the temple of Mars, beyond the "Porta Capena;" and as rain immediately fell, the ſtone obtained the name of the "Saxum manale," and the ceremony itſelf was called "Aquælicium." See Feſtus. Was this ſtone a natural hygrometer? Even in our days, and in Romiſh countries, the catholic prieſts, in times of drought, ſeldom venture to lead forth their ſaints in proceſſion till they have obſerved the fall of the mercury.

Ver. 35. The beſt comment on this and the twenty-five following lines, are two paſſages, one from the firſt book of Diodorus Siculus, and the other from the Thalia of Herodotus. That from Diodorus is as follows; μετα δε ταυτα (ſays that curious and faithful hiſtorian) τον Κρονον αρξαι, και γημαντα την αδελφην Ρεαν, γενεσθαι καλα μεν τινας των μυθολογων Οσιριν και Ισιν, &c. The other from Herodotus has thus been tranſlated. Apis, whom the Greeks called ταυρος, was the calf of a cow uncapable of bearing another, and no otherwiſe to be impregnated than by thunder, as the Egyptians affirmed. The marks that diſtinguiſhed him from all others were theſe. His body was large and black, except one ſquare of white on the forehead: He had the figure of an eagle on his back; a double liſt of hair on his tail; and a ſcarabeus under his tongue. επι δε τη γλωσσῃ κανθαρον.

When this ſtrange god manifeſted himſelf among the Egyptians, they put on their richeſt apparel, and feaſted ſplendidly; and when he diſappeared, their mourning was as extreme.

Ver. 37. Virgil and Ovid attribute the invention of the plough to Ceres. Mythologiſts ſay, ſhe is the ſame with Iſis, the ſiſter and wife of Oſiris. Triptolemus, whom Ceres inſtructed, taught the natives of Greece and Aſia the art of huſbandry. Thoſe of ancient Italy were inſtructed in it by Saturn; and the Spaniards had for their teacher in agriculture one Hebades.
Broekh.

Ver. 65. The god mentioned in the text is Genius, or that power, who, as the Romans imagined, was the guardian of a man, from the hour of his birth to his death; hence called by the Greeks, Δαιμων μυσαγογος βιου. Theſe gods the ancients repreſent ſometimes in the form of a ſerpent, ſometimes in that of a boy, and ſometimes in that of an old man, crowned with leaves of plain-tree. On ſeveral coins of Trajan and Adrian, Genius holds in his hand a "patera," over an altar adorned with flowers; and, from his left, hangs down a whip. The offerings preſented to this deity, as Dart juſtly obſerves, were generally the ſalted cake (or *mola*), flowers, wine, and frankincenſe.

Ver. 76. Nothing, ſays Mr. Dart very truly, raiſes a higher idea among the moderns of the ancient Roman greatneſs, than their public ways.

When Auguſtus Cæſar perceived that the different roads leading to Rome were, through neglect, become of difficult paſſage, he took upon himſelf the reparation of the "via flaminia," as far as Arminium, and enjoined the ſenators to mend the other roads. This happened A. U. C. 727. as Dio Caſſius, in the fifty-third book of his hiſtory informs us. The way which fell to the ſhare of Meſſala, was a branch of the Latin road, which that excellent Roman either paved a-new, or repaired; for, from the ſituation of Tuſculum and Alba, it could not be the "via valeria," as Pighius conjectured. See Bergerius, l. 2. on the Roman Military-ways. *Broekhuſ.*

Meſſala's road muſt have been eſteemed a ſtrong and durable work, ſince Martial, to repreſent that perpetuity of fame, to which, as a poet, he thought himſelf entitled, alludes to it in theſe words:

Et cum rupta ſitu Meſſalæ ſaxa jacebunt.

ELEGY IX.

In vain would lovers hide their infant-ſmart
From me, a maſter in the amorous art;
I read their paſſion in their mien and eyes,
O'erhear their whiſpers, and explain their ſighs.
This ſkill no Delphian oracles beſtow'd,
No augurs taught me, and no victims ſhow'd;
But love my wriſts with magic fillets bound,
Laſh'd me, and laſhing, mutter'd many a ſound.
No more then, Marathus, indifference feign,
Elſe vengeful Venus will inhance your pain!
What now, ſweet youth, avails your anxious care,
So oft to eſſence, oft to change your hair?
What though coſmetics all their aid ſupply?
And every artifice of dreſs you try?
She's not oblig'd to bredes, to gems, to clothes,
Her charms to nature Pholoe only owes.
What ſpells devote you? ſay, what philtres bind?
What midnight ſorcereſs faſcinates your mind?
Spells can ſeduce the corn from neighb'ring plains!
The headlong ſerpent halts at magic ſtrains!
And did not cymbals ſtop thy prone career,
A ſpell thee Luna from thy orb would tear!
Why do I magic for your paſſion blame,
Magic is uſeleſs to a perfect frame! [threw,
You ſqueez'd her hands, your arms around her
Join'd lip to lip, and hence your paſſion grew.
Ceaſe then, fair maid, to give your lover pain;
Love hates the haughty, will avenge the ſwain.
See youth vermillions o'er his modeſt face!
Can riches equal ſuch a boy's embrace?
Then aſk no bribe—when age affects the gay,
Your every ſmile let hoary dotage pay;
But you your arms around the ſtripling throw,
And ſcorn the treaſure monarchs can beſtow.
But ſhe who gives to age her charms, for pay,
May her wealth periſh, and her bloom decay.
Then when impatience thrills in every vein,
May manhood ſhun her, and the young diſdain.
Alas! when age has ſilver'd o'er the head,
And youth that feeds the lamp of love is fled,
In vain the toilette charms; 'tis vain to try,
Gray ſcanty locks with yellow nuts to dye;
You ſtrip the tell-tales vainly from their place;
And vainly ſtrive to mend an aged face.
Then in thine eyes while youth triumphant glows,
And with his flowers thy cheeks my fair one ſows,
Incline thine heart to love, and gentle play,
Youth, youth has rapid wings, and flies away!
The fond old lover vilify, diſdain;
What praiſe can crown you from a ſtripling's pain?
Spare then the lovely boy; his beauties die;
By no dire ſickneſs ſent him from the ſky:
The gods are juſt; you, Pholoe, are to blame;
His ſallow colour from your coyneſs came.
Oh, wretched youth! how oft, when abſent you,
Groans rend his breaſt, and tears his cheeks bedew?
"Why doſt thou rack me with contempt? he cries,
"The willing ever can elude their ſpies.
"Had you, O had you felt what now I feel,
"Venus would teach you from your ſpies to ſteal.
"I can breathe low; can ſnatch the melting kiſs,
"And noiſeleſs raviſh loves enchanting bliſs;
"At midnight can I ſecurely grope my way;
"The floor tread noiſeleſs, noiſeleſs turn the key.
"Poor fruitleſs ſkill! my ſkill if ſhe deſpiſe,
"And cruel from the bed of rapture flies.
"Or if a promiſe hap'ly I obtain,
"That ſhe will recompence at night my pain;
"How am I dup'd? I wakeful liſten round,
"And think I hear her in each caſual ſound.
"Periſh the wiles of love, and arts of dreſs?
"In ruſſet weeds I'll ſhrowd my wretchedneſs.
"The wiles of love, and arts of dreſs are vain,
"My fair to ſoften, and admittance gain."
Youth, weep no more; your eyes are ſwoln with tears;
No more complain; for, O! ſhe ſtops her ears.
The gods, I warn you, hate the haughty fair,
Reject their incenſe, and deny their prayer.
This youth, this Marathus, who wears your chains,
Late laugh'd at love, and ridicul'd its pains!
Th' impatient lover in the ſtreet would ſtay!
Nor dreamt that vengeance would his crimes repay.
Now, now he moans his paſt miſdeeds with tears,
A prey to love, and all its frantic fears:
Now he exclaims at female ſcorn and hate;
And from his ſoul abhors a bolted gate!
Like vengeance waits you; truſt th' unerring muſe,
If ſtill you're coy, and ſtill acceſs refuſe!
Then how you'll wiſh, when old, contemn'd of all,
But vainly wiſh, theſe moments to recall!

NOTES ON ELEGY IX.

MARATHUS, one of the poet's friends, had lately become enamoured of Pholoe; but as that youth had formerly affected an averſion to love, he now wanted to conceal his paſſion. This, Tibullus tells him, was to no purpoſe, as he knew from his own experience, all the ſymptoms of an infant deſire; among which he chiefly particularizes a ſudden attention to dreſs. Tibullus informs his friend, that ſo extraordinary an application to finery was neither required in him, who was a fine figure, nor agreeable to Pholoe, who appears to have been a woman of ſenſe; and aſks him, how he expected that ſoppiſhneſs ſhould make any impreſſion on the heart of one who deſpiſed every thing elſe but an elegant ſimplicity in apparel? The poet next inquires, by what ſpells he inliſted himſelf under the banner of love? But immediately reſolves the queſtion himſelf, by emphatically calling beauty the moſt powerful of enchantments.

From ſome parts of the poem, it would ſeem that Pholoe had not always been ſo inſenſible to the merits of Marathus. This change of behaviour makes the poet warmly expoſtulate with her for his young friend, whom he introduces pathetically lamenting the rigour of his deſtiny. The poem concludes with a prediction, that unleſs Pholoe altered her conduct, heaven would undoubtedly puniſh her.

The commentators ſuppoſe that this is the Pholoe mentioned by Horace, in his beautiful ode addreſſed to Tibullus; and, indeed, it muſt be confeſſed, that theſe gentlemen have not always ſo good a foundation for their conjectures. They alſo take it for granted, that the Cyrus ſpoken of in the ſame poem, was our Marathus, whom they repreſent as a foreigner, and formerly a ſlave. Their arguments, however, in defence of this laſt ſuppoſition, are too trifling for confutation.

Ver. 6. The poet here mentions three ſorts of divination; the oracular, that of inſpecting the bowels of animals, and that called augury. This laſt, which conſiſted in deducing events from the manner in which birds fed, and from their flight or ſcreaming, was ſo particularly regarded by the Romans, that few enterpriſes of conſequence were begun, without the previous ſanction of the holy chickens; and as theſe were under the management of the officers of ſtate, and leaders of the army, they were employed generally to the purpoſes of policy. This kind of divination was not peculiar to the Romans; for we find from the Iliad, that their ſuppoſed anceſtors, the Trojans, believed alſo in augury. Hector, indeed, ſeems to place no confidence in the flight, &c. of birds; and as Homer every where repreſents him as a man of an excellent head and heart, we may readily ſuppoſe, that the old bard himſelf was of the ſame way of thinking.

Ver. 7. None but thoſe who have felt love can be proper judges of that paſſion. Reading, indeed, may give ſome imperfect ideas of it; but experience is the only certain teacher. This is what Tibullus means by the magic fillets. Salmaſius, therefore, is miſtaken in making the "magicus nodus" of the text ſignify knots, ſuch as are mentioned in the notes upon the fifth elegy.

Ver. 10. There is a ſentiment, as Vulpius juſtly obſerves, ſimilar to this in Euripides.

Κυπρις γαρ ου Φοιβητος ην πολλη ρυη
Η τον μεν εικονθ' ἡσυχη μετεσχεται
Ὁν δαν περισσα και Φρονουνθ ἰυρη μεγα
Τουτον λαβουσα πως δοκεις καθυβρισεν.

In Hippolit.

Ver. 13. The original may be thus literally interpreted: Oh! what avails it now that you ſurcharged your cheeks with juices to make them ſmooth and ruddy? and what, that you have your nails paired by the learned hand of an expert artiſt? In vain you vary the parts of your dreſs, and in vain you confine your compreſſed foot within ſo neat a ſandal.

The "ſuccus ſplendens" of the text, if Broekhuſius juſtly interprets it, was not an over-delicate preparation; for, according to him, it was "craſſius ſputum ex madido pane, quo illinebantur genæ." Some editions of merit read, "ſuco ſplendenti."

Well-paired nails were regarded by the Romans as ſo eſſential to a genteel appearance, that Horace, to ſhock us at the witch Canidia, introduces her with unpaired nails; and yet we find that Mecænas was ſometimes out of humour with this bard himſelf, for the ſame neglect.

Prave ſectum ſtomachcris ob unguem.

From the text, the learned conjecture, that none but the poorer ſort of people paired their own nails, the rich having theirs cut by the barber; yet Mr. Dacier, upon the following lines of Horace,

Conſpexit, ut aiunt,
Adraſum quemdam, vacua tonſoris in umbra,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.—

remarks, that the Roman ladies had their nails paired by their waiting-maids; in proof of which he cites this paſſage of our poet,

Quid ſucco, &c.

Which he thus interprets:

" Pourquoy peindre vos cheveux? Pourquoy vous faire couper les ongles par une femme adroite?" and confirms this interpretation by adding, " Porcia s'etant coupé un jour, en ſe faiſant les Ongles, Brutus la gronda d'avoir fait l'office de ſa femme de chambre." But all that is here advanced (as Broekhuſius remarks), is a blunder. For, in the firſt place, the French critic unaccountably metamorphoſes Marathus into a lady; again, Porcia uſed a barber's pairing knife, as Plutarch aſſures us; and, laſtly, Valerius Maximus thus relates the ſtory of Porcia's wounding herſelf: " Quæ cum Bruti viri ſui conſilium, quod de interficiendo Cæſare, ceperit ea nocte, qua dies teterrimi facti ſecuta eſt, cognoviſſet," &c. When Porcia was let into the ſecret by Brutus her huſband, of his intention to aſſaſſinate Cæſar the next day, ſhe, as ſoon as Brutus left the room, called for a barber's knife, as if ſhe meant to pair her nails; which being brought her, ſhe let it fall as though by chance, and wounded her thigh. Brutus being brought back into her chamber, by the ſcreams of her maids, mildly rebuked her for endeavouring to perform the barber's office. But ſhe whiſpered him, I wounded myſelf on purpoſe, as a trial of my love for you; for ſhould your enterpriſe fail, I wanted to know with what equanimity I could kill myſelf. Lib. 3.

The laſt line,

Anſaque compreſſos, &c.

Signifies the extreme care Marathus took in making the ſandal ſit neat on his foot, by tightening the ſtraps tied to the anſæ or thongs, which came up on every ſide of the foot, and were faſtened over the inſtep.

Ver. 18. Many editions read " pallentibus," and it is certain, that the epithet is claſſical. But we ſhall not enter into the merits of the two claimants, O and A; but refer thoſe who are fond of ſuch altercation to the Dutch commentator.

Although almoſt every poet of antiquity has left us his teſtimony as to the efficacy of ſpells in producing love, it muſt not, however, be imagined, that they believed it in reality. For how ſhould ſpells excite that harmony,

Attuning all their paſſions into love:
Where friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul, [will
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
With boundleſs confidence.

Which Thomſon makes the eſſence of love to conſiſt in. But though ſpells cannot excite love, yet philtres, by ſtimulating, may raiſe deſire.

Ver. 21. When the moon was eclipſed, the ancients imagined that ſhe ſtruggled with witchcraft; and, therefore, to relieve her, ſtruck upon inſtruments of braſs and other ſonorous bodies, thinking that ſounds would accompliſh her deliverance. In alluſion to this cuſtom, Ovid thus ſpeaks of the bluſhes of Hermaphroditus:

Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebori tincto eſt; aut ſub candore rubenti,
Cum fruſtra reſonant æra auxiliariæ, lunæ.
Met. lib. vi.

A red like this, the ripening apple ſhows;
So with vermilion dyed, fair ivory glows:
Bluſhes like theſe do ſtruggling Cynthia ſtain;
When aiding braſs, and cymbals ring in vain.
Addiſon.

And Juvenal, ſatirically deſcribing a ſcold, ſays, that there was no need of a ſhrill noiſe of inſtruments to relieve the labours of the moon, the tongue of this woman being ſufficiently qualified to produce ſuch an effect. *Dart.*

Travellers inform us, that this ſuperſtition is ſtill practiſed in ſeveral parts of the eaſt, &c.

Ver. 31. Theſe lines are not only extremely indelicate, but gives us a diſpleaſing picture of Pholoe's venality.

Ver. 39. *Alas! when age.*] When the fair ſex found their eſtimation upon beauty only, without aiming at any mental accompliſhment, it is no wonder, in that caſe, that they dread old age, and endeavour, by artifices, to repay the decays of nature. Every ſtage of life has its proper bents and paſſions. A rational attachment to love and pleaſure, is ornamental in youth, allowable in more advanced life, but prepoſterous in age. What character is more ridiculous than that of a coquette of ſixty? But, ſay the fair, can life be agreeable, when the power to raiſe love is gone? Are then the matronly virtues of no conſideration? Are friendſhip and eſteem, which can be enjoyed in full vigour even in the lateſt period of life, of no avail? Mental perfection is the root from whence muſt ſpring all the doceurs of old age; and mental perfection muſt be planted in youth early, if it is ever meant to ſhoot up to maturity.

Ver. 41.

———'Tis vain to try,
Gray ſcanty locks with yellow nuts to dye.

Meurſius and Duport are of opinion, that black is the dye which Tibullus mentions in the text; but Broekhuſius, and eſpecially Arntzenius, prove, that walnut dyed the hair yellow; which, as has been obſerved before, is the claſſical colour. Vid. Diſſert. de Col. Com. p. 114.

Ver. 52. " Sontica cauſa" here is the ſame as " morbus ſonticus," which ſignifies any great diſorder, ſuch as the gods were ſuppoſed to inflict on the wicked: and hence the Greeks call it ἱερὸς; and becauſe it prevented the unhappy ſufferer from attending on buſineſs, they alſo gave it the epithet of ἀλιτὴης.

Vulpius juſtly obſerves, that our author is not the only one who uſes " cauſa" for a diſeaſe; for it is applied by Gratian, no contemptible poet of the Auguſtan age, to ſignify the ſame thing in the following line:

Cauſaſque affectuſque canum tua cura tueri eſt.

Hence thoſe ſoldiers, who by infirmity were diſabled from campaigning, were called "cauſarii milites," and their diſmiſſion "cauſaria miſſio."

When the ſuperſtitious among the Athenians, ſaw a mad or epileptic perſon, they, ſhuddering, ſpit into their boſom to avert the miſchief. And, indeed, while thoſe diſorders were reputed judgments of Heaven upon the perſons affected, no wonder the poor ſufferers were hated and ſhunned; but a ſounder philoſopher has taught us that ſuch objects always deſerve our pity, and have a right to all the relief human ſkill can procure them.

Ver. 70. *And think I bear her.*] J. Secundus has finely imitated this thought.

Dumque ego blanditeaſque tuas, et roſcida menti
Oſcula praecipio multiplicisque viceis,
Dum vacuam falſis complexibus aera capto,
Dum mea in abſenteis porrigo colla manus,
Et quem cumque movet ſtrepitum levis aura per aedes
Dilectos dominæ ſuſpicor eſſe pedes.
El. ii. *B.* 2.

But Broekhuſius very juſtly prefers a deſcription of the ſame kind in the ſeventh canto of the Orlando Furioſo, (Stanz. 24. & 25.)

Ver. 72. *In ruſſet weeds.*] Mattaire and others have injudiciouſly inſerted the original of this line, and the two following ones, at the end of the third elegy of the ſecond book.

When that part of the Roman gown, which was commonly tucked under the right arm, and ſecured by the "umbo" on the left ſhoulder, was allowed to flow about the wearer; the "toga" was then ſaid to be "laxa." This the Romans reputed a ſign of effeminacy. Hence it is not ſurpriſing that Mecænas dreſſed in this manner; but that Julius Cæſar ſhould do ſo, is more unaccountable. And although many inſtances occur in a neighbouring kingdom, ſufficient to convince us, that the ſop and the brave ſoldier are not wholly incompatible; "Væ tamen iſtis!"

Ver. 88. All the ancient editions read,

Ni definis eſſe ſuperba.

Although this may appear odd, ſays Broekhuſius, to thoſe who have ears like King Midas, it is, nevertheleſs, the genuine reading.

The following quotation from Arioſto is remarkable:

Penſò Rinaldo alquanto, e poi riſpoſe:
Una donzella dunque de morire
Perche laſcios fogar ne l'amoroſe
Sue Braccia al ſuo amator tanto deſire!
Sia maledetta chi tal puo patire.
Debitamente muore una crudele
Non chi da vita al ſuo amator fedele.
Cant. iv. *St.* 63.

After all, if Pholoe could find no love-worthy qualities in Marathus, it was ungenerous in our poet to inſult her with ſuch a prognoſtic. Love is the child of obſequiouſneſs, and not the offſpring of menace; accordingly, the fair Egyptian (in Prior) ſays, if not poetically, at leaſt truly,

Soft love, ſpontaneous tree, its parted root
Muſt from two hearts with equal vigour ſhoot;
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleaſing ecſtacy, which each receives.
Cheriſh'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due ſupplies;
Wild with deſpair, or ſick with grief, it dies.
Solomon, Book ii.

ELEGY X.

Why did you ſwear by all the powers above?
Yet never meant to crown my longing love.
Wretch, though at firſt the perjur'd deed you hide,
Wrath comes with certain, though with tardy ſtride;
Yet, yet, offended gods, my charmer ſpare!
Yet pardon the firſt fault of one ſo fair!
For gold the careful farmer ploughs the plain,
And joins his oxen to the cumbrous wain;
For gold, though ſeas that ſtormy winds obey,
By ſtars, the ſailor ſteers his watery way.
Yet, gracious gods, this gold from man remove,
That wicked metal hrib'd the fair I love.
Soon ſhall you ſuffer greatly for your crime,
A weary wanderer in a foreign clime;
Your hair ſhall change, and boaſted bloom decay,
By wintery tempeſts, and the ſolar ray.
"Beware of gold, how oft did I adviſe?
"From tempting gold what mighty miſchiefs riſe?
"Love's generous power, I ſaid, with tenfold pain
"The wretch will rack, who ſells her charms for gain.
"Let torture all her cruelties exert,
"Torture is paſtime to a venal heart.
"Nor idly dream your gallantries to hide,
"The gods are ever on the ſufferer's ſide.
"With ſleep or wine o'ercome, ſo fate ordains,
"You'll blab the ſecret of your impious gains."

Thus oft I warn'd you; this augments my
shame;
My sighs, tears, homage, henceforth I disclaim.
" No wealth shall bribe my constancy, you
" swore,
" Be mine the bard, you sigh'd, I crave no more:
" Not all Campania shall my heart entice,
" For thee Campania's autumns I despise.
" Let Bacchus in Falernian vineyards stray,
" Not Bacchus' vineyards shall my faith betray."
Such strong professions, in so soft a strain,
Might well deceive a captivated swain;
Such strong professions might aversion charm,
Slow doubt determine, and indifference warm.
Nay more, you wept, unpractis'd to betray,
I kiss'd your cheeks, and wip'd the tears away.
But if I tempting gold unjustly blame,
And you have left me for another flame;
May he, like you, seem kind, like you deceive,
And O may you, like cheated me, believe.
Oft I by night the torch myself would bear,
That none our tender converse might o'erhear;
When least expected, oft some youth I led,
A youth all beauty, to the genial bed,
And tutor'd him your conquest to complete,
By soft enticements, and a fond deceit.
By these I foolish hop'd to gain your love!
Who than Tibullus could more cautious prove?
Fir'd with uncommon powers I swept the lyre,
And sent you melting strains of soft desire:
The thought o'erspreads my face with conscious
shame,
Doom, doom them victims to the seas or flame.
No verse be their's, who love's soft fires profane,
And sell inestimable joys for gain.
But you who first the lovely maid decoy'd,
By each adulterer be your wife enjoy'd.
And when each youth has rifled all her charms,
May bed-gowns guard her from your lothed
arms!
May she, O may she like your sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, far more fam'd for love!
'Tis true, the bottle is her chief delight,
She knows no better way to pass the night;
Your wife more knowing can the night improve,
To joys of Bacchus joins the joys of love.
Think'st thou for thee, the toilette is her
care?
For thee, that fillets bind her well-dress'd hair?
For thee, that Tyrian robes her charms enfold?
For thee, her arms are deck'd with burnish'd
gold?
By these, some youth the wanton would entice,
For him she dresses, and for him she sighs;
To him she prostitutes, unaw'd by shame,
Your house, your pocket, and your injur'd fame:
Nor blame her conduct, say, ye young, what
charms
Can beauty taste in gout and age's arms?
Less nice my fair one, she for money can
Cares a gouty impotent old man;
O thou by generous love, too justly blam'd!
All, all that love could give, my passion claim'd.
Yet since thou couldst so mercenary prove,
The more deserving shall engross my love;
Then thou wilt weep when these ador'd you see;
Weep on, thy tears will transport give to me.
To Venus I'll suspend a golden shield,
With this inscription grav'd upon the field:
" Tibullus, freed at last from amorous woes,
" This offering, queen of bliss, on thee bestows:
" And humbly begs, that henceforth thou wilt
" guard
" From such a passion, thy devoted bard."

NOTES ON ELEGY X.

The translator has been obliged to use pretty much the same freedom with this elegy as he used with the fourth. Had the other elegies of Tibullus been like these two, he had never taken the trouble of translating them. But, as both in this version are new-modelled, it is hoped that neither of them can shock the most delicate chastity.

Ver. 3. Although the justness of these moral reflections is not always discoverable on this side the grave, we have all reason to think that the perjured will meet with a deserved punishment in another state. Horace makes a remark, no less just than moral:

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pœna pede claudo.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad, the righteous bleed,
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's
speed.

Ariosto, according to Broekhusius, had this passage of Tibullus in his eye, in the beginning of the sixth canto.

Miser chi mal oprando si confida
Ch' ogn' hor star debbia il maleficio occulto.

Sentences of this sort are to be met with in every author; but are we thence to conclude that they imitated one another? Such observations shoot up in the common of nature, and are to be plucked by every passenger.

Ver. 13. The original, " persolvo," is a very emphatical verb, it importing a discharge of the whole debt, without the smallest diminution.

Broekhus.

Ver. 15. The delicate among the ancients, who had fine hair, were at great pains to prevent it from becoming red *(rufus)*; an effect which they imagined the heat of the ſun might occaſion. Vid. Diſſert. de Color. Com. c. 3. p. 57.

Ver. 23. Almoſt all the old editions read,

Nec tibi celanti fas ſit peccare paranti.

To find out the meaning of which long exerciſed the ingenuity of the learned; and no wonder, for if it is not nonſenſe, it is ſomething very like it. At laſt, however, Scaliger reſtored the text; which, though ſupported by MS. authority, has been cenſured by ſome malevolent critics as an intruſion of his own. *Broekhuſ.*

Ver. 26 In the original,

Ipſe Deus tacito permiſit veſa miniſtro
Ederet ut multa libera verba mero.

For this reading we are alſo indebted to Scaliger; yet the paſſage is far from being void of obſcurity. Accordingly, the commentators, ſince his time, have all of them differed in their explanations of it. And although none of their expoſitions are ſatisfactory, yet that of Broekhuſius is the leaſt liable to objections. He ſays, that the "Tacitus Dei" miniſter, is the deceitful wine, by the vapours of which, drunkenneſs creeping on, obſcures the mind, as with a veil; "tanquam velo quodam, aciem mentis obnubit ſubrepens ſenſim ebrietas" This, it muſt be owned, conveys ſome meaning; yet the idea conveyed by it appears to be farther fetched than thoſe of Tibullus commonly are. Something like this is retained in the verſion.

Ver. 31. Campania was ſo called from its being a champaigne *(campeſtris)* country. It belongs to the kingdom of Naples, and lies ſouth of Abruzzo. It was formerly ſo fertile, that Pliny and Florus elegantly call it, "Liberi Cereriſque certamen." Its preſent name is "Terra de Lavoro." It is ſtill beautiful, though it has loſt much of its claſſic amenity.

Ver. 34. Falernus was one of the moſt fruitful diſtricts in Campania. Its wines were the moſt celebrated of any in Italy; Dart alleges, that it received its name from one Falernus, a huſbandman, who, it ſeems, firſt cultivated the vine there. It was anciently called Amineum; and hence the epithet "aminea" was applied to wines of that country, and not as Servius imagines, becauſe there was no minium in them.

Ver. 35. Though the images in the original, are natural and obvious, yet as they are not appropriated to amorous compoſitions, the tranſlator has ventured to inſert others, which to him appeared to have a better title to the place.

Donec erunt ignes arcuſque, cupidinis arma,

of Ovid, would have been more adapted to the ſubject, from whence the images ought ever to ſpring; and indeed no poet of antiquity has more exactly obſerved this rule than Ovid hath done, in the elegy from which the above line is taken, and in this view cannot be too carefully peruſed. Paſtoral poets frequently err, and even Virgil himſelf is not entirely blameleſs in this particular. Mr. Pope in this, and in moſt other caſes, where correctneſs of judgment is requiſite, has been ſurpaſſed by none. How excellent, for inſtance, are theſe lines in his Rape of the Lock!

This day black omens threat the brighteſt fair,
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight:
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball,
Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Cant. 2.

Ver. 49. This elegy abounds in difficult paſſages; nor is the original of this paſſage the leaſt obſcure: ſhould therefore the tranſlator err here, the critical reader will the more eaſily pardon him. He had, however, in his eye, the following elegant lines of Horace.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo,
Pignuſve dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

The laugh which from the corner flies,
To tell you where the fair one lies;
A ring or bracelet ſnatch'd away,
The ſportive pledge of future joy;
When ſhe with amorous dear delay,
Shall ſtruggling yield the willing toy.

After all, the ſentiment, as it appears in Tibullus, can boaſt of no delicacy.

Ver. 62. *May bed-gowns guard her.*] From this wiſh, and ſome others in Tibullus, many critics have conjectured that our poet's talent was no leſs ſuited to the ſatiric, than to the elegiac muſe. The tranſlator, however, would have been better pleaſed, had his author given no proofs of genius, in that diſagreeable ſpecies of writing He has therefore been leſs ſolicitous in rendering the full force of the original.

Ver. 63. *May ſhe, O may ſhe like your ſiſter prove,*
As fam'd for drinking, &c.]

The Romans entertained ſo great an abhorrence of drunkenneſs in a woman, that the laws of the twelve tables permitted the huſband to puniſh his wife with death, if found guilty of that crime.

Ver. 85. "Faciunt hoc homines," ſays the moral Cicero, "quos, in ſumma nequitia, non ſolum libido et voluptas, verum etiam ipſius nequitiæ fama delectat; ut multis in locis, notas ac veſtigia ſceleruin ſuorum relinqui velint." But Vulpius thinks, that the poet did not mean a ſhield, but a hand (palma); which he proves the ancients uſed ſometimes to hang up in their temples, to denote that it was now freed from the fetters of deceitful love. If this is the interpretation, it may be thus tranſlated:

To love I'll dedicate a hand of gold,
And this inſcription ſhall the cauſe unfold.

ELEGY XI.

Who was the firſt that forg'd the deadly blade?
Of rugged ſteel his ſavage ſoul was made;
By him, his bloody flag ambition wav'd:
And griſly carnage through the battle rav'd:
Yet wherefore blame him? we're ourſelves to blame;
Arms firſt were forg'd to kill the ſavage game:
Death-dealing battles were unknown of old;
Death-dealing battles took their riſe from gold:
When beachen bowls on oaken tables ſtood,
When temperate acorns were our fathers food;
The ſwain ſlept peaceful with his flocks around,
No trench was open'd, and no fortreſs frown'd.
O had I liv'd in gentle days like theſe,
To love devoted, and to home-felt eaſe;
Compell'd I had not been thoſe arms to wear,
Nor had the trumpet forc'd me from the fair:
But now I'm dragg'd to war, perhaps my foe
E'en now prepares th' inevitable blow! [known
Come then, paternal gods, whoſe help I've
From birth to manhood, ſtill protect your own,
Nor bluſh, my gods, though carv'd of ancient wood,
So carv'd in our forefathers times you ſtood;
And though in no proud temples you were prais'd,
Nor foreign incenſe on your altars blaz'd;
Yet white-rob'd faith conducted every ſwain;
Yet meek-ey'd piety ſeren'd the plain;
While cluſtering grapes, or wheat-wreaths round your hair,
Appeas'd your anger, and engag'd your care;
Or dulcet cakes himſelf the farmer paid,
When crown'd his wiſhes by your powerful aid;
While his fair daughter brought with her from home,
The luſcious offering of a honey-comb:
If now you'll aid me in the hour of need,
Your care I'll recompence—a boar ſhall bleed.
In white array'd, I'll myrtle baſkets bear,
And myrtle foliage round my temples wear:
In arms redoubtable let others ſhine,
By Mars protected mow the martial line;
You let me pleaſe, my head with roſes crown,
And every care in flowing goblets drown.
Then when I'm joyous, let the ſoldier tell,
What foes were captur'd, and what leaders fell;
Or on the board deſcribe with flowing wine,
The furious onſet, and the flying line.
For reaſon whiſpers, Why will ſhort liv'd man,
By war contract his too contracted ſpan?
Yet when he leaves the cheerful realms of light,
No laughing bowls, no harveſts cheer the ſight;
But howl the damn'd, the triple monſter roars,
And Charon grumbles on the Stygian ſhores:
By fiery lakes the blaſted phantoms yell,
Or ſhrowd their anguiſh in the depths of hell.
In a thatch'd cottage happier he by far,
Who never hears of arms, of gold, or war,
His chaſte embrace a numerous offspring crown,
He courts not fortune's ſmile, nor dreads her frown;
While lenient baths at home his wife prepares,
He, and his ſons, attend their fleecy cares,
As old, as poor, as peaceful may I be,
So guard my flocks, and ſuch an offspring ſee.
Meantime, ſoft peace, deſcend, O! bliſs our plains!
Soft peace to plough with oxen taught the ſwains.
Peace plants the orchard, and matures the vine,
And firſt gay-laughing preſt the ruddy wine;
The father quaffs, deep quaff his joyous friends,
Yet to his ſon a well-ſtor'd vault deſcends.
Bright ſhine the plough-ſhare, our ſupport and joy!
But ruſt, deep ruſt, the veteran's arms deſtroy!
The villager (his ſacred offerings paid
In the dark grove, and conſecrated ſhade),
His wife and ſons, now darkneſs parts the throng,
Drives home, and whiſtles, as he reels along.
Then triumphs Venus; then love-feuds prevail;
The youth all jealous then the fair aſſail;
Doors, windows fly, no deference they pay,
The chaſteſt ſuffer in th' ungentle fray: [tears;
Theſe beat their breaſts, and melt in moving
The lover weeps, and blames his rage and fears;
Love ſits between, unmov'd with tears and ſighs,
And with incentives fly the feud ſupplies.
Ye youths, though ſtung with taunts, of blows beware;
They, they are impious, who can beat the fair:
If much provok'd, or rend their ſilken zone,
Or on their treſſes be your anger ſhown:
But if nor this your paſſion can appeaſe,
Until the charmer weep, the charmer teaze!
Bleſt anger if the fair diſſolves in tears!
Bleſt youth, her fondneſs undiſguis'd appears!
But cruſh the wretch, O war, with all thy woes,
Who to rough uſage adds the crime of blows
Bland peace, deſcend, with plenty on our plains,
And bleſs with eaſe and laughing ſport the ſwains.

NOTES ON ELEGY XI.

THERE are very few of our poet's elegies, which surpass the following. By the words,

Nunc ad bella trahor,

it would seem that Tibullus was about to depart on some military expedition; Broekhusius conjectures, that it was written soon after his being appointed to follow Messala to Syria: and of course that it ought to take place of the third elegy of this book. But the translator cannot help differing from that learned commentator; for when the third elegy was composed, it is known, that Tibullus had been for some time in love with Delia; and yet in the following poem he makes no mention of Delia: besides Pocchi informs us, that in some of his old MSS. this elegy began the second book, and was intitled De Amoribus Nemesis. But be that as it will, the elegy itself is truly worthy of our poet, and contains a vast deal of the real Tibullus. In the beginning, he draws a fine parallel between the guilty horrors of war, and the innocent pleasures of a country retirement. His invocation to his household gods to preserve his life, in the dangerous employment he was forced into, is no less pious and pathetic, than his reflections on ambition, and its fatal consequences are just and moral.

From the whole of this elegy, it may reasonably be questioned, whether Tibullus was an academic philosopher, as Mr. Francis supposes, or rather whether he was not, at least in practice, if not in theory, of the sect of Epicurus. The cheerful enjoyment of the present hour was their fundamental maxim.

Ver. 1. *Who was the first that forg'd.*] Authors differ greatly in their opinions about this matter. Aristotle asserts, that one Lydus of Scythia first showed the method of tempering and working in brass: Theophrastus ascribes this discovery to Dela a Phrygian. Callimachus, on the other hand, curses the Chalybes as the inventors of iron, and thus addresses Jove to destroy them,

Ζευ πατερ ὡς χαλυβων παν απολοιτο γενος·

While Hesiod lays this to the charge of the Dactyli Idei in Crete; as others say, that the Cyclops were the first who worked in that metal. The Lemnians, on the same account, are branded by many; and hence the proverbial expressions of λημνια κακα, λημνια χειρ, and λημνιον ἑλκειν. Bacchus is also said by some, to have invented the weapons of war; but Diodorus Siculus imputes their discovery to Isis and Osiris. But the true author was probably Jubal Cain.

Ver. 6. *Arms first were forg'd.*] This, in fact, is not true, ambition first taught man the use of arms. Pliny tells us, that Prætus and Acrisius, when at war with one another, invented the shield; and that Midias the Messanian invented a coat of mail; and that the Lacedemonians invented the helmet, sword and spear. Lib. 7. c. 56.

Ver. 8. Poets have generally given full scope to their indignation, when speaking of gold: they have looked upon it to be, what it indeed too often is, the destroyer of love, the support of unjust ambition, and the parent of luxury.

ἡ φιλοχρημοσυνη μητηρ, &c.

The worst of ills from sordid avarice flow;
And gold is but the glittering bait of woe.
Nefarious gold, with virtue's bane replete:
Oh! that thy fatal poison were less sweet!
Of thee are born wars, murders, and alarms,
Paternal curses, and fraternal arms.

Although it must be confessed, that all these mischiefs have, on some occasions, arisen from gold; yet he is but little acquainted with the history of human nature, who does not know that almost all the great passions to which man is subject, have at one time or another occasioned these very mischiefs.

Ver. 9. No poet, except Homer, abounds so much as Tibullus, in descriptions of primitive and rural simplicity of manners. To an unprejudiced mind, these are entertaining, and afford matter of curious speculation. Although our author, by his birth and abilities, might have shone in courts, and the polite scenes of active life, his good sense, poetical turn, and aversion to the villanies of office, led him to prefer the country: accordingly he never appears to more advantage, than when describing its pleasures, and the plain but honest devotion of its inhabitants.

Ver. 15. Almost all the old editions read,

Tunc mihi vita foret, vulgi nec tristia nossem
Arma.

This perplexed the commentators, who knowing, that the commons of Rome, in times of peace, or when acting in their civil capacity, neither wore arms themselves, nor had them to wear, much less to dispose of (for the arms of that people, as well as their military clothing, were placed in the custody of the supreme magistrates, who, from the public armories occasionally delivered them out); at last thus happily restored the passage,

Tunc mihi vita foret dulcis: nec tristia nossem.

An emendation which Broekhusius approves of,

———*A boar ſhall bleed.*] The whole of thi addreſs to his houſehold gods is pathetic and animated. This line has been ſtrangely corrupted in the original; the true reading however is,

Hoſtia erit plena ruſtica porcus hara.

As many from the old reading

Hoſtia e plena, &c.

ſuppoſed ſomething wanting, Pontanus thus boldly endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency;

At nobis ærata lares depellite tela;
Nec petat hoſtili miſſa ſagitta manu;
Neu gladio celer inſtet eques; proſint mihi ad aras
Quæque tuli ſupplex munera quæque feram;
Thure pio callantque ſoci, pinguiſque trahatur
Hoſtia de plena myſtica porcus hara.

But the word "trahatur," as Broekhuſius obſerves, betrays the forgery; for victims were not dragged, but led to the altar. Should not the "plena hara," in the original, have convinced thoſe authors, who affect to repreſent Tibullus as poor, that his circumſtances were far otherwiſe?

The ritual compiled by Numa, preſcribed not only the ceremonies to be uſed, but the ſacrifices to be offered, in the worſhip of each deity. The Romans, however, when they became more powerful and wealthy, added not only to the number of victims originally required, but enlarged alſo the ſpecies, or kinds of offerings. Whence this practice aroſe is not difficult to determine; yet, in ſpite of pontifical juggle, the Roman devotion always retained much of its primitive ſimplicity.

Ver. 35. Servius informs us, that the Roman prieſts always put on the white linen garment, bordered with purple, when they were about to ſacrifice. It was called pure and unpolluted, according to the ſame author, "Quando non obſtita, non fulgurita, non funeſta, neque maculam habens, Φ. K. homine mortuo."

Ver. 36. Hence ſays Broekhuſius, we may remark, that myrtle was no leſs acceptable to the Lares than to Venus herſelf; and Horace informs us, that they were often crowned with this pleaſant evergreen.

——Te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore Deos fragilique myrto, &c.
B. 3. l. 23.

The little gods around thy ſacred fire,
No vaſt profuſion of the victims gore,
But pliant myrtle-wreaths alone require,
And fragrant herbs the pious rural ſtore.
A grateful cake when on the hallow'd ſhrine,
Offer'd by hands that know no guilty ſtain,
Shall reconcile th' offended powers divine,
When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.
Francis.

Ver. 43. There is a fine and elegant improvement of this thought, in Mr. Tickle's poem on the peace of Utrecht.

See the ſond wife, in tears of tranſport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of death relate,
And ſmiles and trembles at his various fate:
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then ſets th' inveſted fort before her eyes,
And mines that whirl'd battalions to the ſkies,
His little liſtening progeny look pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

There are alſo ſome beautiful ſtrokes of the ſame nature in Mr. Addiſon's Latin poem, intituled Pax Gulielmi Auſpiciis Europæ Reddita. Mus. Ang. Tom. 2.

Ovid has inſerted this thought of Tibullus, in ſeveral parts of his writings, particularly in Penelope's letter to Ulyſſes.

At aliquis poſita monſtrat fera prælia menſa,
Pingit et exiguo, pergama tota, mero.

See alſo his Metam. Lib. 9. at the beginning, book xii. ver. 155. Ars Amand. book ii. ver. 127.

Ver. 48. *No laughing bowls.*] The author of the Hercules Furens, has ſtretched this ſingle thought into ten long lines, ver. 698. Not ſo that excellent poet of Italy Sannazario.

Poſt obitum non ulla mihi carcheſia ponet
Æacus, infernis non viret uva jugis.
Ep. Lib. 1. Brock.

Are we then to place the chief joys of life in eating and drinking? Ought not our poet rather to have expatiated on the pleaſures of learned ſociety, or the charms of friendſhip, and the bliſs of love? yet, after all, as the poet was only deſcribing the happineſs of rural life, theſe additional images were the leſs neceſſary.

Ver. 49. The "uſti capilli et exeſæ genæ" of the original, are far from being terrifying images. "Omnes imagines mortuorum calvæ finguntur, comis igne rogi conſumptis." Vid. Luc. in Dialog. Nir. Diogen. et Thers.

Ver. 57. *While lenient baths.*] Shall we ſuppoſe that our poet had Ariadne's fine exclamation to Theſeus in his thoughts.

Quæ tibi jucundo famularer ſerva labore?
Candida permulcens liquidis veſtigia lymphis.
Catull.

Claude Lorraine himſelf could not draw a finer picture of a village-family, than our poet has given us in this place. There is another pleaſing repreſentation of the ſame ſort in the Gentle Shepherd; a dramatic poem, which the tranſlator is perſuaded, every judge of poetry and nature will greatly prefer to the frigid Arcadian Favole Boſcorechie of Italy.

This practice however of preparing warm baths, to eaſe the limbs of the fatigued huſband, was not peculiar to the rural dame. Homer informs us, that Andromache commanded her maids to place on the fire, a large veſſel full of water, to bathe her lord in, when he ſhould return from the battle; ſhe in the mean while, employing herſelf,

as Pope conjectures, in weaving a vestment to adorn him with. But alas, all her care was superfluous, Hector never came back. Il. x. v. 440. Homer is in nothing more admirable, than in his softening the ferocity of his battles, by the apt introduction of tender and domestic circumstances.

Ver. 61. *Meantime, soft peace, descend.*] May not this signify that Tibullus was to have been employed in quelling some Italian commotion, and not in a foreign expedition?

Ver 62. *Soft peace to plough.*] Many editors, and among the rest Broekhusius, read,

Duxit aratores sub juga curva boves.

But the adverb "primum," in the foregoing line, sufficiently authenticates our reading "araturos:" for how could an ox, when first put to the plough, with any propriety be called "arator," a term intimating that he had ploughed before; though he might well be called "araturus," as that gerund only points at his future employment and office. Besides, our reading is supported by the greatest number of manuscripts and editions.

Ver. 94. Casimir has a beautiful ode on peace, and the reader will find many fine thoughts on the same subject, in those poems of Mr. Addison's and Mr. Tickle's, which we have already praised.

Ver. 67. In the original,

Pace bidens, vomerque nitent, &c.

not "vigent," in opposition to Situs. This correction we owe to Heinsius.

Ver. 70. *In the dark grove*] That the Heathens, says Mr. Dart, had their religious rites in thick woods and groves, every one knows; the poet therefore describes those holidays, as the gay part of the farmer's life, when he and his family made merry, not unlike, adds he, to our country wakes and revels, when mirth is at its height, and the scuffles of love grow warm. There is a similar description in the eleventh Æneid, ver. 740.

At non in venerem segnes nocturnaque bella;
Aut, ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes, et plenæ pocula mensæ.
Hic amor, hoc studium; dum sacra secundus Haruspex
Nuntiet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos.

Ver. 75. *Doors, windows fly.*]

——— Scissosque capillos
Fimæna perfractas conqueriturque fores.

On which Scaliger thus superciliously remarks, "Copulativa verbo addita vehementer apud me male audit; quod tametsi a magnis poetis, et a Nobis quoque factum est; nunquam tamen, ac ne tunc quidem, quum facerem, probavi."

If the young rakes of Rome sometimes broke open their mistresses doors, Dr. Bentley informs us from Plautus and Seneca that the women sometimes returned the compliment. This, in Horace's court-language, was called, "expugnare juvenum domos"

Neither was this boisterous method of getting admittance entirely unknown to the old Sicilians, as we may perceive by Daphnis's threat to Simætha.

ει δ' αλλα μ' ωθειτε καὶ ἁ θυρα ειχετο μοχλω
παντως καὶ πελεκεις καὶ λαμπεδες ηνθον εφ' ἡμας.
Theocrit.

Ver. 79. *Love sits between.*] "Totus hic locus," says Broekhusius, very justly, "tam venusto artificio est pertractatus, ut melius non queat pingi. Flet puella, male habita ab ebrio amatore; flet amator, pigetque eum tam turpis victoriæ. Adsidenter utrumque Cupido, nihil motus his lacrymis: quinimo, ut ne pax desubito confiat, insidiose cavet, subjectis utrimque novæ rixæ alimentis. Nihil poterit amænius excogitari, nihil exprimi vividius." He then desires us to compare this short picture of our poet's with another in Ovid. B. 1. El. 7 and adds. "Fallor aut illius (meaning Ovid) artis immensam varietatem magis miraberis; hic vero non minus te dilectabit invidendus ille nitor nativæ simplicitatis.

This picture would afford an excellent subject to a Guido Rheni.

Ver 82. The original literally translated, intimates, that whoever beats his mistress, is of a temper as rigid and inflexible as stone or iron; and were it in his power, he would dethrone the gods themselves, and expel them from heaven. This furnishes us with a strong proof of the want of gallantry of those times! Ovid, according to his own confession, was not over scrupulous in his conduct to the fair sex; the sixth Elegy of the first Book being an apology to Corinna, whom he had been so barbarous as to beat. Many other passages might be adduced from ancient writers to corroborate this assertion. But the subject is unpleasing.

Ver 84. *Or on their tresses.*] This affords another disagreeable proof, that the moderns greatly surpass the ancients in point of gallantry.

Although nothing can be more acceptable to the lover, than a discovery of his being beloved; yet the method here made use of to arrive at that discovery, is wholly illiberal: for in spite of all that Propertius has wrote to the contrary, what pleasure can there be,

Aut in amore dolere, aut audire dolentem;
Sive meas lacrymas, sive videre tuas.

But crush the wretch] From these, and many other passages in Tibullus, it appears, that our author had not one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire, but there is none of the ancients whom the translator should have wished to have been acquainted with so much as Tibullus. One cannot be very conversant in his writings, without acquiring a friendship for the man, and longing, to use Mr. Spence's words, to have just such another as he was for one's friend.

Ver. 91. The various figures which Broekhusius and others who have published antiques, have given us of this goddess, are the best comment upon the original of this passage. Theocritus puts ears of corn blended with poppies into both her hands. See his Idyll. entitled θαλαστια.

BOOK II.---ELEGY I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This book, though ſhorter than the former, is not inferior to it in point of poetical fancy and amorous tenderneſs; the numbers flow with the ſame eaſy correctneſs, and perhaps the ſentiments are more delicate; for, being wholly dedicated to rural devotion, friendſhip, and love, the reader will meet with nothing in it, offenſive to the ſtricteſt chaſtity.

If the verſion of the following books of Tibullus ſhould be found leſs liable to cenſure, than that of the former, it is chiefly to be imputed to the kind obſervations of a friend, who alſo obliged the tranſlator with the elegant notes marked *B.*

Attend! and favour! as our ſires ordain;
The fields we luſtrate, and the riſing grain:
Come, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes ſurround;
Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland crown'd;
This hallow'd day ſuſpend each ſwain his toil,
Reſt let the plough, and reſt th' uncultur'd ſoil:
Unyoke the ſteer, his racks heap high with hay,
And deck with wreaths his honeſt front to-day.
Be all your thoughts to this grand work apply'd!
And lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aſide!
Hence I command you mortals from the rite,
Who ſpent in amorous blandiſhment the night,
The vernal powers in chaſtity delight.
But come, ye pure, in ſpotleſs garbs array'd!
For you the ſolemn feſtival is made!
Come! follow thrice the victim round the lands!
In running water purify your hands!
See! to the flames the willing victim come!
Ye ſwains with olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!
" From ills, O ſylvan gods, our limits ſhield,
" To-day we purge the farmer and the field;
" O let no weeds deſtroy the riſing grain;
" By no fell prowler be the lambkin ſlain;
" So ſhall the hind dread penury no more;
" But gaily ſmiling o'er his plenteous ſtore,
" With liberal hand ſhall larger billets bring,
" Heap the broad hearth, and hail the genial
" ſpring.
" His numerous bond-ſlaves all in goodly rows,
" With wicker huts your altars ſhall encloſe.
" That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance,
" and play,
" And praiſe your goodneſs in their uncouth lay."
The gods aſſent! ſee! ſee! thoſe entrails ſhow,
That heaven approves of what is done below!
Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian wine,
Pour'd from the caſk in maſſy goblets ſhine!
Drink deep, my friends, all, all, be madly gay,
'Twere irreligion not to reel to-day!
Health to Meſſala, every peaſant toaſt,
And not a letter of his name be loſt!
O come, my friend, whom Gallic triumphs grace,
Thou nobleſt ſplendour of an ancient race;
Thou whom the arts all emulouſly crown,
Sword of the ſtate, and honour of the gown;
My theme is gratitude, inſpire my lays!
O be my genius! while I ſtrive to praiſe
The rural deities, the rural plain,
The uſe of foodful corn they taught the ſwain.
They taught man firſt the ſocial hut to raiſe,
And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy ſprays:
They firſt to tame the furious bull eſſay'd,
And on rude wheels the rolling carriage laid.
Man left his ſavage ways; the garden glow'd,
Fruits not their own admiring trees beſtow'd,
While through the thirſty ground meandring runnels flow'd.
There bees of ſweets deſpoil the breathing ſpring,
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman firſt to ſooth the toilſome day,
Chanted in meaſur'd feet his ſylvan lay:
And, feed-time o'er, he firſt in blithſome vein,
Pip'd to his houſehold gods the hymning ſtrain.
Then firſt the preſs with purple wine o'er-ran,
And cooling water made it fit for man.
The village-lad firſt made a wreath of flowers
To deck in ſpring the tutelary powers:
Bleſt be the country, yearly there the plain
Yields, when the dog-ſtar burns, the golden grain:
Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, firſt began,
The painted clown firſt laid the tragic plan.
A goat, the leader of the ſhaggy throng,
The village ſent it, recompenc'd the ſong.
There too the ſheep his woolly treaſure wears;
There too the ſwain his woolly treaſure ſhears;
This to the thrifty dame long work ſupplies;
The diſtaff hence, and baſket took their riſe.
Hence too the various labours of the loom,
Thy praiſe, Minerva, and Arachne's doom!
Mid mountain herds love firſt drew vital air,
Unknown to man, and man had nought to fear;
'Gainſt herds, his bow th' unſkilful archer drew;
Ah my pierc'd heart, an archer now too true!
Now herds may roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's joy,
The brave to vanquiſh, and to fix the coy.
The youth whoſe heart the ſoft emotion feels,
Nor ſighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's heels;
Age fir'd by love is touch'd by ſhame no more,
But blabs its follies at the fair one's door!
Led by ſoft love, the tender trembling fair
Steals to her ſwain, and cheats ſuſpicion's care,

With out-ſtretch'd arms ſhe wins her darkling way,
And tiptoe liſtens that no noiſe betray!
Ah! wretched thoſe, on whom dread Cupid frowns!
How happy they, whoſe mutual choice he crowns!
Will love partake the banquet of the day?
O come—but throw thy burning ſhafts away.
Ye ſwains, begin to mighty love the ſong,
Your ſongs, ye ſwains, to mighty love belong!
Breathe out aloud your wiſhes for my fold,
Your own ſoft vows in whiſpers may be told.
But hark! loud mirth and muſic fire the crowd—
Ye now may venture to requeſt aloud!
Purſue your ſports; night mounts her curtain'd wane;
The dancing ſtars compoſe her filial train;
Black muffled ſleep ſteals on with ſilent pace,
And dreams flit laſt, imaginations race!

NOTES ON ELEGY I.

We may, without heſitation, embrace the opinion of Muretus, that this elegy is a deſcription of the Ambarvalia, a feſtival inſtituted by Acca Laurentia, and honoured with a ſolemn ſacrifice, for procuring a bleſſing on the fields. We may even, with great probability, ſuppoſe this poem to make a very intereſting part of the feſtal entertainments. But it appears from it, that the Romans, in Tibullus's time, had added many a refined improvement from the Grecian ritual, to the plain inſtitution of the good old nurſe of Romulus; ſince we find our poet alluding to all the remarkable cuſtoms of the feſtal ſacrifices of Greece. Firſt the ſacred ſilence is proclaimed, the Ευφημειτε of the Greeks, which reſtrains the worſhippers from the uſe of words of unlucky import. Next follows an addreſs to the deities, to whoſe honour the feſtival is dedicated. The holiday being then proclaimed, and a ſtrict reſt enjoined, there follows the excluſion of all thoſe, who had contracted any pollution, and an invitation of the pure to come with clean hands and veſtments to join in the ſacrifice. The victim is then introduced, going without any force to the altar, attended by a crowd of worſhippers crowned with garlands, from the tree ſacred to the rural deities. After this, is the prayer for bleſſings on the countryman and his fields, and proſperity to the growing crop. The offering up the victim ſucceeds, and lucky omens appearing, the worſhippers are encouraged to indulge themſelves in joy and feſtivity. The ſacred hymn cloſes the whole, celebrating the honours of the rural deities recounting their various gifts, and the bleſſings which they have poured out upon the country. Whoever will look into the collectors of antiquities will find that theſe are the very particulars of the ritual of refined Greece. We may obſerve, that the proceſſions, luſtrations, as well as the buſineſs of the "fratres arvales," whoſe office it was, upon this occaſion, to ſettle boundaries, have found their way into a religion which in its original inſtitution, was little concerned with pomp and ceremony, but has been forced to receive many a ſcenical foolery from Pagan Rome. *B.*

Ver. 1. *Attend! and favour!*] The Roman poets alſo expreſs this by Dicamus bona verba.

Both theſe forms of ſpeech intimate a deſire, on the part of thoſe who prayed at the feſtival, that all who were preſent would ſincerely join with them in putting up the ſame petition.

The mythology of the ancients has been aſſigned as one of the cauſes which have contributed to render their poetical compoſitions ſuperior to thoſe of the modern.

And no doubt, that enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to every true artiſt in the poetical way, was conſiderably inflamed by the whole turn of their religious doctrines. When all nature was ſuppoſed to ſwarm with genii, and every oak and fountain was regarded as the haunt of ſome preſiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of ſuch exalted ſociety; and found himſelf, as a late writer elegantly expreſſes it, hurried beyond the ordinary limits of ſober humanity. Hence aroſe the proſopopeia, which, as it is one of the boldeſt, ſo is it one of the moſt pleaſing figures in poetry. But may not the Omnipreſence of the one true God afford the Chriſtian poet a more exalted aſſiſtance? When true genius is fired with devotion, poeſy then ſhines out in all her ſplendour.

Ver. 2. *The fields we luſtrate.*] Macrobius informs us, that the verb "luſtrare" ſignifies to go round; eſpecially on a religious or myſtical account. The ceremony here alluded to, as has been ſaid, was the "ſacrum ambervale," which in ſome old MSS. is placed as a title to this elegy. This moſt ſolemn of the rural ceremonies had the morning and forenoon allotted for its celebration. Cato, de R. R. cap. 141. and Virgil, have particularly deſcribed it. And as it may not be unpleaſing to moſt of our readers, to compare the different manners of Maro and Tibullus, in repreſenting the ſame objects we ſhall here place before them the picture of this rural ceremony, as drawn by the great Mantuan.

Imprimis venerare Deos, atque annua magnæ
Sacra refer cereri, lætis operatus in herbis,
Extremæ ſub caſum hiemis, jam vere ſereno,
Tum agni pingues, et tum molliſſima vina:
Tum ſomni dulces, denſæque in montibus umbræ,

Cuncta tibi cererem pubes agreſtis adoret,
Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho;
Terque novas circum ſelix eat hoſtia fruges;
Omnes, quam chorus et ſocii comitentur ovantes,
Et cererem clamore vocent in tecta.

Georg. i. *ver.* 338.

Some critics contend, that Tibullus, in this elegy, does not deſcribe the Ambarval ceremony, becauſe he mentions ſome circumſtances relating to it, which Virgil omits, and relates others differently from that poet. This argument needs no confutation.

Ver. 3. *Come Bacchus.*] This god is frequently called Tauricornis by the poets; but why horns were planted on his head mythologiſts are greatly divided. Some of them look upon horns as a mark of divinity; but why then do the other deities appear without this badge? Others of them aſſign horns to Bacchus, becauſe drinking cups were anciently formed of horn; and there are, who contend, that he is thus diſtinguiſhed, becauſe he was the firſt who ploughed with oxen. Thoſe who recollect the old ſentence,

Sine cerere et Baccho friget Venus,

may haply be able to afford as ſatisfactory a reaſon for the cornuted appearance of this deity, as any ſuggeſted above. River gods are frequently repreſented with horns; but on a very different account. Pindar makes Bacchus the παρεδρος, or aſſeſſor of Ceres: and in the Orphic hymn, addreſſed to that goddeſs, ſhe is called Βρομιοισι συνεζιος. They were commonly worſhipped together. See Callimachus's ſixth hymn.

Some critics, ſuperſtitiouſly bent to deduce from ſcripture the origin of every mythological practice, have, from the "cornuta facies," common to Moſes and Bacchus, ſuppoſed, that the lawgiver of the Jews, and that heathen god, were one and the ſame perſon. But theſe perſpicacious critics ſhould have conſidered, that as adoration is natural to man, and ignorance and conjecture were prior to wiſdom and philoſophy, idolatry, which is the offſpring of devotion and blind fancy, never was, nor could be, confined to thoſe few regions bordering on Judea; nor conſequently derived from the Jews, or any of their heroes. Were we permitted, becauſe of ſome faint reſemblances between them, to form one perſon out of two, we ſhould rather chooſe, from the ſimilar circumſtances of their births, deaths, &c. to make a Romulus, than a Bacchus, of Moſes. Chronology indeed forbids this odd incorporation; but writers would do better to interdict their pen, as Lord Bacon expreſſes it, all liberties of this kind, and not offer ſtrange fires at the altar of the Lord. *G.*

The Grecians had moſt probably an hero-god of their own, named Bacchus, to whom they were indebted for ſome of the improvements of life. But it is very certain, that many of the actions, inventions, and ſymbols of the Ægyptian Oſiris, were, in after times, attributed to him. We have here one inſtance of it. The bull was the eſtabliſhed hieroglyphic of Oſiris, as the inventor of agriculture. Greece adopted the invention for their own Bacchus; but not having the uſe of the hieroglyphic characters, they contented themſelves with borrowing an attribute for their deity, and aſſigned him the horns of the animal, by whoſe labours he was ſuppoſed to cultivate and introduce agriculture into the country. I might add, that whenever Bacchus and Ceres are ſpoken of together, as rural deities, almoſt every thing applied to them, more properly belongs to Oſiris and Iſis. See a remarkable inſtance of this, Virgil's Georgics, B. i. L. 5. *et ſeq.* to the 9th.

Vos, oh Clariſſima mundi, &c.

Here Bacchus and Ceres, the humble inventors of wine and agriculture, are exalted into the heavens, and become ſun and moon, the great leaders of the year through its ſeaſons. We know there is nothing in the Grecian mythology to ſupport this; and that thoſe heavenly luminaries are attributed to other deities. But it is certain, that the ſun and moon were worſhipped by the Ægyptians under the denomination of their hero-gods, Oſiris and Iſis. Vid. Div. Legation, B. 4. Sect. 5. *et alibi paſſim.* *B.*

Ver. 7. It was uſual at the time of theſe ſacrifices, to dreſs the cattle with garlands, and to give them a reſpite from labour. Vid. Faſt. lib. i. ver. 663. lib. vi. ver. 311.

The ploughing ox was held in great eſtimation among the ancients; reſpecting this, Varro, de R. R. lib. ii. l. 53. Columella in the preface to his ſixth book, and Pliny, lib. viii. c. 45. may be conſulted. But though we refer to theſe paſſages, the tranſlator cannot deny himſelf the pleaſure of tranſcribing from Ovid the following good natured apoſtrophe, in favour of thoſe uſeful animals.

Quid meruere boves animal ſine fraude doliſque
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi demto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare ſuum; qui trita labore
Illa, quibus toties durum renovaverat annum
Tot dederat Meſſes, percuſſit colla ſecuri.

Met. lib. xv. *ver.* 120.

How did the toiling ox his death deſerve?
A down-right ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt the labouring ſteer who till'd, [field?
And plough'd with pains, thy elſe ungrateful
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to thy hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the year began.

Dryden.

Accordingly we find, that in the ancient times of the Roman republic, a perſon was publicly condemned, for having ſelled a labouring ox "(bos domitus)," in order to gratify the longings of one he was fond of. Valer. Maxim. lib. viii. lin. 1. And, in the declenſion of that empire, Conſtan-

tine ordained, that no ploughing ox ſhould be either diſtrained for debt, or taken from the traveller, to ſupply the place of ſuch as were wanting to complete the number required at the public ſports and races.

Scaliger, on the authority of ſome old MSS. reads the original of the laſt line, as follows:

Plena coronato vertice ſtare boves:

Yet moſt MSS. and the beſt editions read it,

Plena coronato ſtare boves capite.

But without their concurrence, Broekhuſius juſtly obſerves, that Tibullus muſt have thus wrote it, as his ear taught him ſolicitouſly to avoid every combination of harſh hiſſing conſonants, ſuch as SC. SP. SQ. ST.

Ex Tibullo probanda eſt Tibullianæ ſcriptionis conſuetudo.

Ver. 10. There are ſome things, ſays Servius, which, if done on a holiday, pollute it. Hence it was, that the pontiffs, when they were to perform a ſacrifice, ſent out their beadles to prevent artificers from working, leſt the ſacred ceremony ſhould be contaminated. Serv. ad G. lib. i. ver. 268. And Macrobius tells us, that a herald alſo was employed on theſe occaſions to prohibit the people from all ſecular buſineſs. Thoſe, who unknowingly tranſgreſſed, were obliged to purchaſe their expiation by ſacrificing a hog; but the wilful guilt could not be expiated, in the opinion of Scævola the high-prieſt. Sat. lib. c. 16.

Theſe heralds, from their office, had the names of "Præclamitatores et præciæ" beſtowed upon them.

Yet was not all work forbidden to the huſbandman; for as Cato de R. R. informs us, they might, even on the moſt ſacred holiday, clean their ditches, mend the highways, cut down briars, dig their garden, burn thorns, weed their meadows, cleanſe their fiſh-ponds, bind withies, and do every office of cleanlineſs in their houſe. *C. 2. Broekhuſ.*

Pictures of life and manners, when truly copied from nature, however low the ſubject, never fail to delight us. And we have here a very faithful one exhibited to us. When the poet had diſmiſſed man and beaſt to reſt, proclaimed a general holiday, and a vacation from all buſineſs, he recollects that his laſt moſt difficult taſk was, to ſnatch the diſtaff out of the hands of the country houſewife. Whoever has peeped into a farm-houſe, muſt have obſerved the notable miſtreſs, whatever the reſt of the family were doing, always in an hurry, and acting as eagerly upon the leading principle of the country, frugality, as a court lady in purſuit of pleaſure. Perhaps one general reaſon might be aſſigned for the impetuoſity of both. And the fine lady Harriet, with the help of a little change of education, might have made a very notable Amaryllis in the country. *B.*

Ver. 12. All matrimonial converſe with women was ſtrictly prohibited, during a certain number of days preceding the Amberval ſacrifices.

Annua venerunt cerealis tempora ſacri.
Secubat in vacuo ſola puella toro.

Complains the amorous Ovid, El. Lib. iii. El. 9. but not only the unchaſte, but perſons defiled with recent blood, or polluted with the touch of a dead body, were forbidden to approach the altar.

Ver. 14. The pure veſtment mentioned in the original, was white, as Ovid, in that wonderful work of his, the Faſti, informs us.

Alba decent Cererem, veſtes Cerealibus albas
Sumite; nunc pulli velleris uſus abeſt.
Lib. iv. *ver.* 619.

Ver. 16. Although the Ambarval ſacrifice was, generally, either a ſow with pigs, or a lamb, yet the goat and bullock were ſometimes alſo uſed. But whatever was the animal, it was conducted thrice with great ſolemnity round the field! "(ter ambiens agros)" and thence obtained the name Ambarval.

If either in the proceſſion, or at the altar, it ſpurned, or ſhowed the leaſt reluctance, they removed it, as diſpleaſing to the deity; and ſubſtituted another victim in its ſtead. Hence the verb *eat*, in the original, and the epithet *willing*, in the tranſlation. At the altar the victim was unbound; for, as Servius obſerves,

Piaculum eſt, in ſacrificio aliquid eſſe religatum.

There is a ſenſible epigram in the Anthology, which informs us, that not only Ceres and Bacchus, but Hercules and Mercury had offerings made to them by the huſbandman. Hermes indeed was contented with milk and fruits; but, to the former, ſheep and oxen were ſacrificed. This, it ſeems, diſguſted the penurious farmer; who being told, Hercules deſerved victims of that value, he made this ſpirited reply, what difference is there to me, whether my flock is deſtroyed by wolves, or by the keeper?

Τι το πλεον ει το φυλακτεν
Ολλυται ὑπο λυκου εἰθ ὑπο του φυλακος.

Ver. 17. Clean hands were neceſſary in all ſacrifices. Thus Heſiod,

Μηδὲ ποτ' ἐξ ηους Δια λειβειν αιθοπα οινον
Χερσιν ανιπτοισιν, μηδὲ αλλοισ' αθανατοισιν.
Ου γαρ τοιγε κλυουσιν αποπτυουσι δὲ τ' αρας.
Εργ. και Ημερ. *Ver.* 724.

According to Macrobius, when the Romans ſacrificed to the "Di ſuperi," they waſhed the whole body with river water; but, in ſacrifices to the infernal gods, a bare ſprinkling was ſufficient. Sea water was alſo ſometimes uſed for the ſame purpoſes.

Ver. 19. *From ills, O ſylvan gods.*] The following is the form of prayer uſed by a farmer, upon a like occaſion:

"O father, I conjure and entreat you, that you will be propitious to me, to my houſe and family; that you will diſperſe all maladies, known and unknown; calamities, barrenneſs, mortalities, and

peſtilence; that you will give increaſe to my fruits, corn, trees, and vines; that you will preſerve my ſhepherds and my flocks: and give health and ſafety to us all." Vid. Cat. de R. R. c. 141.

Ver. 24. *So ſhall the bind.*] I ſhould not have hazarded an explanation of this paſſage, if I had not obſerved, that the meaning of it had eſcaped the notice of all the commentators. One of them ha produced from Horace, by way of explanation,

Ædificare caſas, ploſtello adjungere mures.

And again,

Ædificante caſas qui ſenior. *Lib.* ii. *Sat.* 3.

This is learning! this is that happy talent of criticiſm which explains a paſſage by authorities from his ſplendid fellows. But could this ſolemn trifler think that an action which Horace repreſents as the play of childhood, which he ſtigmatizes as a glaring mark of an unſound head in any one that had attained to manhood, could be conſidered by ſo exact a writer as Tibullus, as a proper expreſſion of gratitude from a country village to its divine protectors? The words we ſee are part of an addreſs to the "Dii patrii," upon a ſolemn luſtration of the villagers and their fields Firſt, Their protection is invoked for their harveſt and flocks, upon the grant of which, an aſſurance is given, that the happy farmer and his family would ſhow their ſenſe of the bleſſing by heaping high the hearth, and running up haſty huts of twigs; both of which muſt be ſuppoſed to be done in honour of thoſe very deities to whom the promiſe is made. Conſider then, that the Lares, the guardians, and protectors of families, muſt be eſpecially deſigned by, or at leaſt included amongſt the "Dii patrii." Now, comfortable houſes, and warm fires, were conſidered as their proper gifts, as peculiarly under their tutelage: And nothing could be more in the ſpirit of antiquity than for the farmer and his ſportive family, in the midſt of their feſtal joy, and in gratitude to the bounteous givers, to exhibit the repreſentation of the very gifts which they were ſuppoſed to have received from them. The warm hut and the blazing fire were as proper expreſſions of gratitude to the Lares, as arms which had been uſed ſucceſsfully to Hercules the firſt-fruits to Ceres, and the image of a reſtored limb to Æſculapius, or the hermæ to Mercury, the guide and protector of travellers.

Ver 28. *His numerous bond-ſlaves all in goodly rows.*] Theſe certain indications of a wealthy farmer, Horace, with his uſual courtlineſs of expreſſion, calls "Ditis examen Domus;" but as that would have appeared flat in Engliſh, Mr. Francis has judiciouſly paſſed it over in his verſion. So peculiar are languages!

The "vernæ" were ſlaves born of ſlaves.

Ver. 35. The original of this cannot be rendered into intelligible Engliſh. The Romans marked their wine caſks with the name of him who was conſul at the time when they were filled. They then faſtened them down with chains. The older the Falernian and Chian wines were, they became the more eſteemed. They were often mixed together; and this heightened the flavour of both.

Might not theſe lines have convinced Dacier, and the other commentators, who repreſent Tibullus as an indigent perſon, of their miſtake? A poor man could not have afforded to treat a whole village with old Falernian and Chian wines. *G.*

Though the Romans, by a very unlucky proverbial expreſſion, uſed "Græcari" for playing the good fellow, yet I think that debauchery and intemperance were the characteriſtic manners neither of the Greeks nor Romans. At their feſtivals, they indeed thought them an indiſpenſible part of their religious rejoicings. and if they were not wholly confined to theſe, it is certain, that by their means they firſt got footing amongſt them. Athenæus Deipn. l. iii. ch. 3. tells us, that the ancients never indulged themſelves with dainties, nor drank any quantity of wine, but at ſuch times. As a convincing proof of which, he obſerves, that the very names for luxurious eating and drinking have ſome relation to their religious ſacrifices. Thus Θοινη, a banquet, is ſo called, becauſe they thought themſelves obliged δια Θεως οινασθαι, to be drunk in honour of the gods, and to be drunk they called μεθυειν becauſe they were moſt accuſtomed to do it, μετα το θυειν, after ſacrifice. The Romans had adopted the ſame principles and practice, as appears from this very ſober exhortation of the poet. *B.*

Ver. 38. Upon certain occaſions the Romans drank a bumper for every letter of their friend or miſtreſs's name. They received this cuſtom from the Grecians.

Ver. 40. The firſt Romans wore beards, and were repreſented accordingly in their ſtatues and pictures. The "intonſis avis" of the original, therefore, ſhows the antiquity of Meſſala's family. Varro de R. R. informs us, that Fianius Mena was the firſt who introduced barbers into Rome; and he brought them from Sicily, A. U. C. 454. Such circumſtances, though ſeemingly inconſiderable, are yet neceſſary for a thorough underſtanding of the claſſics.

Ver. 28. *And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy ſprays.*] Such were the rude beginnings of architecture! and ſuch wretched hovels are ſtill to be ſeen in the barren and mountainous parts of this great and civilized iſland! See Vitruv. Archit. l. ii. c. 1.

Houſes at firſt being only a defence from the weather, and built of whatever rude materials the country afforded, Rome was originally compoſed of mud-walled, ſtraw-thatched cottages. Even Romulus's palace was a hut, and as ill furniſhed as thoſe of his ſubjects.

Parva fuit ſi prima velis elementa referre,
Roma: ſed in parva ſpes tamen hujus erat.
Mænia jam ſtabant populis auguſta futuris;
Credita ſed turbæ nunc nimis ampla ſuæ;

Quæ fuerit noſtri ſi quæris regia nati,
Adſpice de canna ſtraminibuſque domum:
In ſtipulâ placidi carpebat munera ſomni.
Ov. Faſt. l. iii.

We are certain, that Rome at firſt was only a huddle of cottages, without any regular openings and ſtreets; nay, ſome philologiſts have conjectured, that that city never had regular ſtreets like ours, as there is no Latin word which properly ſignifies a ſtreet: Neither were Rome's firſt places of worſhip much more ſuperb than its houſes, ſince we know, from Pliny, that, till after the conqueſt of Aſia, the Romans had only wooden, or at beſt earthen gods in their temples.

The tranſlator muſt finiſh this note by correcting an error into which he has fallen, in his notes upon the firſt elegy of the firſt book. There, it is aſſerted, that no purchaſer was entitled to the ſpoils with which any houſe he might buy was adorned. But the fact is quite otherwiſe; for Pliny expreſsly ſays, it was unlawful to take down theſe trophies, "Affixis hoſtium ſpoliis, nec emptori refigere liceret."

Nat. Hiſt. l. xxxv. *c.* 2.

Thus it was that the Romans endeavoured to perpetuate the martial glory of their anceſtors.

Ver. 55. Broekhuſius, contrary to the opinion of moſt of the commentators, joins "verno" to "alveo;" and, in a far-fetched manner, juſtifies this conſtruction by a paſſage from Columella. The tranſlator cannot, however, help joining "verno" with "rure." It is certain, that Martial couples "æſtivum" to "rus," lib. viii. Ep. 61. Fruterius reads it,

Rure levis vernos flores, &c.

But the ear may eaſily convince any one, that Tibullus never wrote it ſo.

Ver. 59. *Pip'd to his houſehold gods.*] A noble origin this of poetry! After the hymns and ſacrifices were over, the villagers devoted the reſt of the day to feaſting and merriment. Their merriments, as Horace informs us, chiefly conſiſted in alternate, gay, extempore, innocent, and awkward jokes.

Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit.

This holiday wit, and rude ſpecies of poetry, was called "Feſcennine et Saturnine," from the places in Tuſcany and Latium, where it chiefly prevailed.

From being practiſed by ruſtics, and only on theſe occaſions, this ſpecies of witty raillery ſoon became the entertainment of towns, at their public diverſions. Then it was, probably, that muſic and dancing, with geſtures ſuited to the ſubject, were added, and the raillery levelled not only at the actors, but ſpectators. The ſucceſs of this motely entertainment ſuggeſted in time the idea of another poem, as various and ſarcaſtic as the former.

From the country cuſtom of making preſents of baſkets filled with fruits, flowers, &c. *(ſature lances)* upon particular occaſions, this new entertainment aſſumed the name of "ſatura poemata," or ſatire. By degrees, both theſe kinds of raillery became ſo petulent, that worth and virtue were often treated by them with the ſame ſeverity as vice and folly. This obliged the magiſtrate to interpoſe his authority; in conſequence of which, a law was made, A. U. C. 302. ſubjecting not only the authors of theſe "mala carmina," but thoſe alſo who recited and acted them, to a drubbing; and hence the puniſhment was called "fuſtilegium." Thus was illiberal and dangerous wit reſtrained; and chaſte ſatire, by the ſucceſſive endeavours of Lucilius and others, advanced to an eminent degree of perfection. But as policy ſoon diſcovered that theatrical entertainments of one kind or another was neceſſary, a company of Tuſcan hiſtors, or players (for the Tuſcans were then the beſt actors), were invited to Rome about forty years after the law above-mentioned had paſſed. The language of theſe Tuſcans not being underſtood at Rome, they endeavoured to ſupply this deficiency by a dumb ſort of declamation, or eloquent action, wherein the motions and geſtures of the body were regulated by the flute, in ſuch a manner as to repreſent every ſentiment and paſſion to the eye of the ſpectator. This pantomimical entertainment ſoon, however, fell into diſuſe, either through the death of the Tuſcan performers, or becauſe it poſſeſſed not the poignant raillery of the former pieces. Accordingly, we find, that in A. U. C. 390. when a peſtilence (for ſo hiſtorians call it) raged at Rome, the magiſtrates were admoniſhed to avert the anger of the gods by exhibiting plays. In conſequence of this, a company was ſent for from Tuſcany; and now they began to act (as Mr. Dryden expreſſes it) a kind of civil cleanly farce, the muſic, dancing, and geſtures being retained. Theſe exhibitions, which had ſomething in them to entertain the ſenſes, and were not withal devoid of wit and ridicule, continued in quiet poſſeſſion of the Roman theatre for 124 years. Livius Andronicus was the firſt who brought a regular play upon the Roman ſtage. His plays were divided into acts, and modelled after the old comedy. Andronicus was a Grecian by birth, and had been taken captive by the Romans. Having acquired a competent knowledge of the language of that people, he was preſented with his freedom, by his maſter Salinator, whoſe children he had educated. This grand ſcenical revolution, as Tully informs us, happened a year after the firſt Punic war, and a year before Ennius was born. Now it was that, among the Romans, the learned began to ſtudy the Greek authors: and, as the tragic poets of Greece had carried the buſkin to ſo great perfection, thoſe among the Romans who wrote for the ſtage, thought they could not better employ their talents than in tranſlating thoſe great originals, for the entertainment of their countrymen: And it was not till the age of Auguſtus that any piece, entirely Roman, was introduced upon the ſtage.

Although Horace, as well as our poet, attribute the invention of poetry to the huſbandman,

yet many critics, and especially Scaliger, bestow that honour on the shepherd: And, indeed, when we consider that flocks were tended before the earth was ploughed, their opinion is not improbable. But as poetry is natural to man, and peculiar to no nation, who can ascertain its inventor?

Ver. 64. *Bleſt be the country.*] Broekhusius says, the poet means the sun by the "calidum sidus." It seems rather that he meant the dog-star. Tibullus calls the growing corn the earth's annual hair. This metaphor will not do in English.

Ver. 66. Tragedy was at first nothing but an annual hymn, sung by peasants, in honour of Bacchus; and he who acquitted himself best upon this topic, was rewarded with a goat. Hence the Greek name Τραγῳδία. But as the sameness of the subject must at last have proved irksome, not only to the poet, but to the audience; it was no wonder that this entertainment was afterwards diversified. Thespis, a native of Icaria, a mountainous part of Attica, where this ceremony first obtained, interrupted the Bacchic chorus, A. Mund. 3530, by recitation, on pretence of easing the chorus, and varying the amusement. He happily succeeded; and what at first was only a subsidiary interlude, soon became the principal entertainment. Rude, doubtless, it was; for Thespis, as Aristotle hints, employed but one interlocutor. The entertainment yet scarce merited the name of tragedy, which cannot subsist without dialogue. Succeeding poets saw this; and, by improving on one another, carried tragedy to perfection. The chorus was retained; but then it was no longer a hymn in honour of Bacchus. The subject of the song arose from the subject of the play; and those who performed it in the chorus, became essential persons in the drama.

Although the Greeks fix upon Attica as the place where tragedy made its first appearance, yet as man is an imitative animal, the source of this species of poetry, as well as of the other imitative arts, is to be sought for in human nature. The Chinese, from the earliest antiquity, have had dramatic entertainments; and that excellent historian, Garcilasso de la Vega, informs us, in the first part of his Commentarios Reales, that the Peruvians composed and acted several tragedies and comedies.

The reason for sacrificing a goat to the god of wine, the antiquarians tell us, was this: Bacchus, having found out the secret of cultivating the vine, and of making wine from the grape, taught his discovery to one Icarus (Vid. Bulinger. de Theat. l. i. c. 1.) a native of Icaria, who successfully continued the practice. One day, as Icarus was visiting his vineyard, he caught a goat, which had made great havoc among his vines. Interest, and gratitude to his instructor, equally conspiring, he sacrificed the creature to Bacchus. His peasants, who doubtless had been invited to see the foe immolated, danced around the sacrifice, and joyfully sung the praises of the god. Institutions of this kind need but be begun to make them continual. Hence what at first was merely accidental, became a part of annual devotion.

Ver. 71. See a fine description of wool-shearing in Mr. Thomson's Summer.

Ver. 74. Weaving was held in such estimation by the ancients, that the goddess of wisdom patronized that art. Hence not only the greatest queens of old, but Circe, the daughter of the sun, and a goddess, practised it. The reader who chooses to see this subject treated of, with all the importance it deserves, must peruse that most elegant of didactic poems, the Fleece.

Ver. 76. The author of that delicate poem, the Pervigilium Veneris, also makes the god of love to have been born in the country.

Ipse amor, puer Dionæ, rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, suscepit sinu;
Ipsa florum delicatis educavit oculis.

Which are thus elegantly translated by Parnell,

E'en love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow, pregnant beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
G.

This birth of love is prettily imagined; and the episodical address to him, in a precatory hymn to the rural deities, is not without its propriety. We know, that to gratify the farmer's hopes, his cattle must increase, as well as his grain flourish, and that beasts as well as men were supposed to feel the influence of almighty love. Poetry animates every thing. In an heathen poet's creed, not only hills, trees, fountains, are inhabited by superior intelligencies, but the very passions themselves must be exalted into deities. If we strip the description of Tibullus of its poetical ornaments, it will be found to agree very well with truth and nature. The workings of the passions in minds rude and uncultivated, such as an heathen poet must suppose the first man to have been, must needs be tumultuous and undistinguishing. Love in this case would be mere lust, without either choice or discernment, raised and gratified by the first object that offered; and when exalted into a person, may justly be supposed to have his birth amongst beasts, or men little superior to them, and to throw his arrows about at random. But when the mind begins to admit of refinement, becomes curious about its objects, and delicate in its pursuits, then love will only be excited in it by excellence, either real or imagined; and, despising promiscuous concubinage, and the possession of easier gratifications, it will, with much pain and anxiety, and severe distress upon miscarriage, confine itself to the pursuit of some favourite object. Then it is that the deified passion must be supposed to become skilful in its business, to take exact aim, and neglecting the bestial throng, to wound those hearts deepest that are capable of the most exquisite feeling. Thus does our poet keep close to nature, even when

his language is moſt figurative, and ſpeaks of the paſſions almoſt with as much preciſion as the moſt curious theoriſt. *B.*

Ver. 88. Arioſto, as Broekhuſius remarks, has happily imitated our poet, in his fable of Jocondo and Aſtolphus.

Il Greco, ſi come ella li diſegna
Quando ſente dormir tulla la torma,
Viene a l'uſcio, e lo ſpinge, e quel li cede.
Entra pian piano, e va à tenton col piede.

Fa lunghi paſſi, e ſempre in quel di dietro
Tutta ſi ſerma, e l'altro par che mova
A Guiſa, che di dar tema nel vetro
Non ch'l terreno habbia calcar, ma l'uoua:
E tien la mano inanzi ſimil metro
Va brancolando in fin che'l letto trova, &c.
Cant. 28. *St.* 62, 63.

Which is thus rendered by a late tranſlator,

The Greek, juſt as ſhe had deſigned at night,
When all the crowd he ſleeping did perceive,
Came to the door, and puſh'd it, and it op'd;
He enter'd ſoftly, and on tiptoe grop'd.

He makes long ſtrides, ſtill on his foot behind
Reſts firm, and ſeem'd as if he cautious led
His t'other foot, as fearing glaſs to find,
And that an egg, not ground, he had to tread:
And forward, keeping time, his hand inclin'd,
Still tottering on, until he found the bed, &c.

This ſweetneſs, however, the author of the Pervigilum Veneris has attained to.

Ipſa Nymphas Diva luco juſſit ire Myrteo,
It puer comes puellis, nec tamen credi poteſt
Eſſe amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.
Ite Nymphæ, poſuit arma, feriatus eſt Amor.
Juſſus eſt inermis ire, nudus ire juſſus eſt;
Neu quid arcu, neu ſagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen Nymphæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcer eſt.
Eſt in armis totus idem, quando nudus eſt Amor.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and ſends her tender love.
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go? [bow?
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his mother's will,
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And love that's naked, ſtill is love in arms.

And again,

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, &c.

To fill the preſence of the gentle court,
From every quarter, rural nymphs reſort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles ſeats them round the banks of green,
And "lovely girls, ſhe whiſpers, guard your hearts,
"My boy, though ſtript of arms, abounds in arts."

Ver. 93. *O come—but throw.*]

Come Cupid then, but throw thy ſhafts away,
Thy burning ſhafts, &c.

"Hæc ſunt belliſſima," as Broekhuſius juſtly remarks, "et amænæ ſimplicitatis lenocinio amabiliſſima. Fruſtra ad hanc ſuavitatem adſpirant illi, qui perſpicere non poſſunt, quid ſit pulchritudo naturalis."

Ver. 97. When the ſuperſtitious among the ancients were ſolicitous to obtain what morality forbade them to deſire, they put up private petitions to the gods, and imagined that the gods were, in that caſe, obliged to grant their requeſts; more eſpecially when the offerings they preſented were ſufficiently coſtly. See this abominable ſuperſtition, forcibly redargued by that great moral ſatiriſt Perſius, whom now the Engliſh reader may with pleaſure peruſe, in no leſs faithful than elegant poetical verſion. When the ancients were particularly anxious about the attainment of any thing, they uſed to bribe the keepers of the temple of their favourite god, to let them come neareſt his ſtatue, in order that their petition might be the beſt heard. Senec. Ep. 41.

Ver. 100. Evening and night are variouſly repreſented by both poets and painters: In one of the hymns uſually aſcribed by critics to Orpheus, the ſtars, as in our poet, are called the daughters of night. And Theocritus names them

Ευκηλοι κατ' αντυγα νυκτος οπαδοι.

Id. 2.

Mr. Thomſon's deſcription of a ſummer's eve and night is exquiſitely fine, containing many appropriated and original images: Neither is the following picture, by Mr. Smart, deſtitute of real poetry.

Night, with all her negro train,
Took poſſeſſion of the plain,
In a herſe ſhe rode, reclin'd,
Drawn by ſcreech-owls, ſlow and blind.
Cloſe to her, with printleſs feet,
Crept ſtillneſs, in a winding ſheet.
See his Orig. Poems, p. 13.

Mr. Spence, in the notes on his Dialogue of the Planets, Times, and Seaſons, converts the "Martis" of the original into "Martis," and ſo applies it to the planet Mars. But as this reading is unauthoriſed by any MSS. or good edition, and in truth has no ſort of connection with the context, night being there repreſented as the mother of the ſtars, we have been obliged to reject it.

Ver. 104. Statius and Claudian make ſleep the charioteer of night. But the poſt aſſigned Somnus by our poet, is both more poetical, and more conſonant to truth.

This night-piece is worthy the pencil of a Claude Lorraine or a Guido Reni.

ELEGY II.

Rise, happy morn, without a cloud arise!
This morn, Cornutus blest his mother's eyes!
Hence each unholy wish, each adverse sound,
As we his altar's hallowed verge surround!
Let rich Arabian odours scent the skies,
And sacred incense from his altar rise;
Implor'd, thou tutelary god, descend!
And deck'd with flowery wreaths the rites attend!
Then as his brows with precious unguents flow,
Sweet sacred cakes, and liberal wine bestow.
O genius, grant whate'er my friend desires:
The cake is scatter'd, and the flame aspires!
Ask then, my noble friend, whate'er you want:
What silent still? your prayer the god will grant:
Uncovetous of rural wide domains,
You beg no woody hills, no cultur'd plains:
Not vena!, your request no eastern stores,
Where ruddy waters lave the gemmy shores:
Your wish I guess; you wish a beauteous spouse,
Joy of your joy, and faithful to your vows.
'Tis done! my friend! see nuptial love appears!
See! in his hand a yellow zone he bears!
A yellow zone, that spite of years shall last,
And heighten fondness, even when beauty's past.
With happy sighs, great power, confirm our prayer,
With endless concord bless the married pair.
O grant, dread genius, that a numerous race
Of beauteous infants crown their fond embrace;
Their beauteous infants round thy feet shall play,
And keep, with custom'd rites, this happy day.

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

This elegy celebrates the birth-day of Cornutus; and is addressed to genius, a sort of divinity, who was supposed constantly to attend every man through the whole course of his life. It exhibits a description of the rites usually performed on that occasion.

In some less perfect editions, the person, on whose birth-day this elegy was written, is called Cerinthus; but as the laborious Broekhusius has proved, that Cerinthus is the foreign name of a slave, and slaves, according to him, were not permitted to marry, "servis enim non uxores, sed concubernales erant;" a wife being mentioned by the poet as the chief boon his friend had to demand of his natal god: and as the oldest MSS. and least corrupted editions read Cornutus, we also have retained that name.

After all, as we know nothing certain of either Cerinthus, or Cornutus, the reader may adopt what name he shall think proper.

Ver. 1. The god meant in the text is Genius. Plutarch (in Lib. de Oracul.) and Plato inform us, that being of a middle nature between gods and men, the genii were supposed to be the secret monitors, by whose insinuations mankind were inclined to the practice of goodness. According to Varro, in his book intituled Atticus, the ancients abstained from all bloody sacrifices at the festival of Genius: and the reason given for this conduct is, that they might not deprive other beings of life, on that day, wherefore they themselves joyfully commemorated the reception of it. They offered wine indeed, because that promotes hilarity; as also pulse, which they call "tritilla," that being in ancient times a child's first spoon meat. Vid. Censor de Die natal. & Boxhorn. Quæst. Rom. p. 94.

Genius is derived from "Gigno; and therefore Horace styles him

> Natale Comes qui temperat astrum,
> Humanæ Deus Naturæ.

Vid. Notes on El. viii. B. 1. and El. v. B. 4.

Ver. 2. This Cornutus, if Broekhusius is not mistaken in his conjecture, is he who was prætor of Rome A. U. C. 710. in the consulate of Hirtius and Pansa; who, in their absence, enjoyed the consular authority, and was appointed by the senate "supplicationes per 50 dies ad omnia pulvinaria constituere," for the victory obtained at Modena. Vid. Cicer. Lib. 10. Ep. fam. 12. & 16. See also the notes on El. v. B. 3.

However as this supposition is founded upon the sameness of name only, so the person, whose birth our poet celebrates, may have been some young nobleman of the Sulpician or Cœcilian families, Cornutus being a surname in both these houses.

It was the custom, says Dart, to enjoin silence at all religious invocations; the priest began with the known expression of "Favete linguis," lest

any words of ill omen ſhould injure the ſacrifice. Vid. Hor. Ep. Lib iii. Ode 1 and Virg. Æn. Lib. 5. but as Tibullus enjoins "bona verba," which Ovid calls "bonæ preces:" it would ſeem, that ſilence was not ſo much expected, as that the words and prayers of the ſpectators ſhould have a tendency to further the happineſs of him, for whom the offering was made.

The different manners in which theſe two lines are printed in the original, have occaſioned a variety of interpretations.

See a more particular account of the feſtival of Genius in Ovid. Lib 3. Triſt El. 13. Lib. 5. Triſt. El. 5. alſo Lib. 1. Faſt. V. 72. and Lib. 3. Pont. Epiſt. 4.

Ver. 9. Although among the Romans each perſon was ſuppoſed to have his own diſtinct genius, who was born and died with him, and conſequently, though genius was but a plebeian divinity, yet it appears from this, and ſome other paſſages in the claſſics, that the genii were thought to have a power of beſtowing important favours on thoſe they attended. They ſeem, however, to be nothing elſe, but the particular bent of each perſon, made into a deity; and as every body's own temper is, in a great meaſure, the cauſe of his happineſs or miſery, they were ſuppoſed to ſhare in all the enjoyments and ſufferings of the perſons they attended. Hence, probably, come thoſe expreſſions among the ancients, of indulging or defrauding your genius. The Comes, or preſiding genius of the ſex, was a female, and called Juno. The women, as well as their admirers, uſed to ſwear by this deity. Of the latter we have an inſtance in the laſt elegy of the laſt book of Tibullus: and Petronius gives us a pleaſant inſtance of the former, "Junonem meam iratem habeam," ſays the debauched Quartilla, "ſi me unquam virginum fuiſſe memini!" On medals theſe deities are ſometimes dreſſed, like the perſons over whom they preſided. Thus the Juno of a veſtal was habited like a nun of that order. There was no harm in this; but when the medalliſts repreſent the genius of that monſter Nero, with the inſignia of piety, plenty, and proſperity, we cannot help lamenting at leaſt the depravity of theſe artiſts.

Ver. 16 *Where ruddy waters lave*, &c.] A quotation from that accurate and curious Romao trave'ler Pietro della Valle, will ſhow the propriety of this expreſſion.

"Mi maravigliai ben' aſſai del nome di Roſſo, che ſi dà a queſto more: perche non è come il mar Nero, che per la ſicurezza ſua. che naſce dal fondo cupo e ſporcho, merita degnamente quel nome: in queſt' l'acqua ë chiariſſima, che ſi vede il fundo più, che non ſi fa a Poſilipo la ſtate; ed a vederla di lontano piglia, come gli altri mari, color di turchino. L'arena poi, dalla quale vogliono alcuni che il nome derivi, (ſon tutte bugie) è come le altre; anzi bianca aſſai più delle noſtre: di maniera, che il nome non può venir da altro, che dal nome proprio di quel rè Eythra, ſepolto in un' iſola del oceano meridionale come dice Strabone, che ſignificava Roſſo; dal quale, come ſi vede in uſo appreſſo i Latini, tutto quel mare, e non il ſolo ſeno Arabico, che è una particella di eſſo preſe di Roſſo il nome; che da' moderni poi, forſe perche così lo chiama la Sacra Scrittura nel paſſaggio degli Ebrei, al ſeno Arabico, di cui parliamo più ſpetialmente a ſtato appropriato."—Broekhuſ p 232.

Ver 19. The original of this paſſage Mr. Dart, in conformity to Achilles Statius, interprets,

Alas your prayers are ſlighted, &c.

But the ſubſequent part of the elegy ſhows the miſtake.

Beſides, we know the ancients ſuppoſed, that genius was never complaiſant upon thoſe occaſions, never refuſing any petition. The nuptial bed was conſecrated to this god.

Not only men, but cities and nations had their genii. The concealment of the names of the latter was looked upon as of the higheſt conſequence; it being believed, that when a town was inveſted, or a country haraſſed by wars, if the enemy implored them by their right appellation, they would abandon that city or nation.

Cicero twice uſes the word "cadere" in the ſame ſenſe that our poet uſes it.

Ver. 20. Yellow was conſecrated, by the ancients, to the god of marriage.

Ver. 23. The original of this paſſage is variouſly read. According to Heinſius's correction it is,

"Huc venias natalis avi, prolemque miniſtres."

But Scaliger, and other editors, print it thus,

"Huc veniat Natalis avis prolemque miniſtret."

The natal bird, which this reading ſuppoſes, was, according to them, the crow. It is true, Ælian (de Anim. Lib. iii. c. 9.) tells us, he was informed, that the ancients, in their marriages, were wont to invoke that bird, after their addreſſes to Hymenæus, it being regarded as a ſymbol of concord by thoſe who married on account of children. The paſſage, however, upon which they built this their interpretation, plainly ſhows, that the crow was not looked upon, in the days of Hadrian, as propitious to marriage; and we have the authority of Virgil and Horace, not to mention Pliny the elder, for aſſerting, that the crow was a bird of bad omen. The "hac Avi" then, of the original ſignifies "hoc Augurio," as is expreſſed in the verſion, where ſomething of Scaliger's interpretation is alſo retained

According to Vulpius they uſed to obſerve at the birth of a child, what birds either flew paſt or made a noiſe, and from theſe circumſtances predicted good or bad fortune to their progeny. But as Cupid ſome few lines before is repreſented with "Strepitantibus alis," that critic is of opinion that the "Natalis Avis" mentioned in the text, is the god of love, who, at the birth of Cornutus and his wife, gave happy omens. But though it is true, that Bion has repreſented love as a large bird, the interpretation ſeems too farfetched for Tibullus.

ELEGY III.

My fair, Cornutus, to the country's flown,
Oh how inſipid is the city grown!
No taſte have they for elegance refin'd;
No tender boſoms who remain behind:
Now Cytherea glads the laughing plain,
And ſmiles and ſports compoſe her ſylvan train.
Now Cupid joys to learn the ploughman's phraſe,
And clad a peaſant o'er the fallows ſtrays.
O how the weighty prong I'll buſy wield!
Should the fair wanderer to the labour'd field;
A farmer then the crooked ploughſhare hold,
Whilſt the dull ox prepares the vigorous mold:
I'd not complain though Phœbus burnt the lands,
And painful bliſters ſwell'd my tender hands.
Admetus' herds the fair Apollo drove,
In ſpite of med'cine's power, a prey to love;
Nor aught avail'd to ſooth his amorous care,
His lyre of ſilver ſound, or waving hair.
To quench their thirſt, the kine to ſtreams he led
And drove them from their paſture to the ſhed:
The milk to curdle then, the fair he taught,
And from the cheeſe to ſtrain the dulcet draught.
Oft, oft his virgin-ſiſter bluſh'd for ſhame,
As bearing lambkins o'er the field he came!
Oft would he ſing the lightning vales among,
Till lowing oxen broke the plaintive ſong.
To Delphi, trembling anxious chiefs repair,
But got no anſwer, Phœbus was not there.
Thy curling locks that charm'd a ſtepdame's eye,
A jealous ſtep-dame, now neglected fly!
To ſee thee, Phœbus, thus diſfigur'd ſtray!
Who could diſcover the fair god of day?
Conſtrain'd by Cupid in a cot to pine,
Where was thy Delos, where thy Pythian ſhrine?
Thrice happy days, when love almighty ſway'd!
And openly the gods his will obey'd.
Now love's ſoft power's became a common jeſt—
Yet thoſe, who feel his influence in their breaſt,
The prude's contempt, the wife man's ſneer deſpiſe,
Nor would his chains forego, to rule the ſkies.
Curſt farm! that forc'd my Nemeſis from town,
Blaſts taint thy vines, and rains thy harveſts drown.
Though hymns implore your aid, great god of wine!
Aſſiſt the lover, and neglect the vine;
To ſhades, unpuniſh'd, ne'er let beauty ſtray;
Not all your vintage can its abſence pay!
Rather than harveſt ſhould the fair detain,
May rills and acorns feed th' unactive ſwain!
The ſwains of old, no golden Ceres knew,
And yet how fervent was their love and true?
Their melting vows the Paphian queen approv'd,
And every valley witneſs'd how they lov'd.
Then lurk'd no ſpies to catch the willing maid;
Doorleſs each houſe in vain no ſhepherd pray'd.
Once more ye ſimple uſages obtain!
No—lead me, drive me to the cultur'd plain!
Enchain me, whip me, if the fair command;
Whipp'd and enchain'd, I'll plough the ſtubborn land!

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

Nemesis, to whom the remaining elegies in this book are addreſſed, had gone from Rome, to her eſtate in the country, to be preſent, as is ſuppoſed, at the feſtival of the god Terminus, which was annually celebrated about the 21ſt of February. As the poet was deeply enamoured of Nemeſis, her departure gave him great uneaſineſs; but being informed, that ſhe meant to continue at her ſeat till the vintage and harveſt were paſt, he determined to follow her in the dreſs of a peaſant, and by getting himſelf employed in her fields, thus to enjoy the ſatisfaction of beholding her undiſcovered. Cornutus probably objected to the diſgrace of this metamorphoſis; but to this Tibullus gave an appropriated anſwer; the god of poets, Apollo himſelf, in circumſtances analogous to mine, ſaid he, abandoned heaven, and became the herdſman of Admetus: Nay, ſo thoroughly was that deity maſtered by love, that he withdrew his attention from the Delphian ſhrine, &c. and ſubmitted to perform the meaneſt rural drudgeries.

As Tibullus deemed his friend's approbation of conſequence, he enumerates theſe ſervilities, and therefore the tranſlator cannot help thinking that the line

Ipſe Deus, &c.

and the three following, being deſcriptive of theſe, are genuine. What farther confirms the tranſlator in his opinion of their authenticity, is, that Ovid makes uſe of the ſame argument in his Art of Love.

But probably, the example of Apollo had not all the influence on the uninſpired and laughing Cor-

nutus, that our poet could have wiſhed. Tibullus therefore curſes the occaſion of his amorous traveſty, exclaims againſt agriculture, and wiſhes for a return of the golden age; but ſuddenly changing his tone, he offers himſelf to the meaneſt and moſt laborious employments of the country, to enjoy the felicity of obeying his miſtreſs.

Propertius's ninteenth elegy, Lib. 2. and Ovid's beautiful invitation to Corinna, from his country ſeat, may be compared with this.

Ver. 5. Hercules Strozza, no mean poet of Ferrara, has happily imitated this paſſage of Tibullus;

Rura peto; valeatque forum, valeanque ſodales.
Et Venus et Veneris ceſſit in arva puer.
Paſcit Amor pecus; at numerum Cytherea recenſet:
Vomera dura gravi jugera findit Hymen.
Et dominam mirantur Oves, dominumque volucrem:
Vicinaſque rudis combibit agna faces.
Plus ſolito petulans aries ſalit; ictaque tellus
Sentit aratori numen ineſſe ſuo.

Lib. i. *Am. El.* 2.

Strozza inherited the poetical talent of his father Titus.

Ver. 7. It is not improbable, as Broekhuſius remarks, that Tibullus was indebted to Moſchus's Epigram Εις ἐρωτα αροτριωντα, for this thought.

Ver. 9. Hammond's ſeventh elegy is almoſt a tranſlation of this.

Ver. 15. Mythologiſts aſſign different reaſons for Apollo's abſence from heaven; but whatever the cauſe was, love (according to theſe gentlemen) ſoon made him leſs ſolicitous to regain his native ſkies. Alceſtis, the wife of Admetus was his favourite; but it is probable, that all his endeavours to gain that lady proved ineffectual; for when Admetus, in a dangerous fit of illneſs, conſulted the oracle for a remedy, and was anſwered, that he muſt periſh unleſs another would die in his room, ſhe, with a diſintereſtedneſs and love peculiar to conjugal fidelity, became the willing ſacrifice, and by her death recovered her huſband. It happened fortunately, that Hercules arrived at Admetus's palace the very day that Alceſtis was ſacrificed; and having been well entertained by that prince, expreſſed his gratitude to him by deſcending into hell, foiling death, and bringing back again Alceſtis to her beloved huſband. Upon this fable Euripides has founded one of his moſt pathetic taagedies.

The ladies are not greatly indebted to the mythologiſts, who have unanimouſly repreſented Apollo, though αει καλος καὶ αει νεος, always beauful, and always young, as unſucceſsful in his amours: but whatever reaſon they have to complain, thoſe who are fond of poetry have none; as the repulſe that god met with from Daphne, hath given riſe to a piece in Waller, which for eaſe of numbers, and happineſs of fabulous alluſion, is ſurpaſſed by few modern poems. Vid. his ſtory of Daphne and Phœbus applied.

Ver. 19. If love had ſo much power over Apollo, as to make him undergo, not only the moſt ſervile drudgeries, but alſo to neglect the fate of nations; ſurely, I may be excuſed, argues our poet, when the ſame paſſion obliges me to become a ploughman. But ſhould not Tibullus have added, that as his Nemeſis every way excelled Apollo's flame; ſo he himſelf, in acting the part he did, was more excuſable than the deity? This gallant addition, Mr. Prior, had he produced Phœbus's conduct as an apology for his own, would not have omitted, though Mr. Hammond has.

Ver. 21. Homer, Il. 5. mentions the juice of the fig, as applied to this purpoſe. All acids coagulate milk.

Nor was Apollo only bountiful to the ſwains in thoſe reſpects: Callimachus records many other inſtances of bleſſings, which, in his abſence from heaven, he beſtowed on the country.

Φοῖβον καὶ Νόμιον κικλήσκομεν ἐξ ἔτι κεῖνυ
Ἐξοτ' ἐπ' Ἀμφρήσω ζευγήτιδας ἔτρεφεν ἵππυς
Ηἴθευ ὑπ' ἐρῶτι κεκαύσμενος Αδμήτοιο, &c.

Vid. his Hymn Εις Απολλωνα, V. 46. &c.

Which Prior has thus tranſlated,

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus' herds; ſithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk, and the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder,
And ewes that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their twofold burdens; bleſt the [cattle
On which Apollo caſt his favouring eye.

Ver. 23. Valerius Flaccus has imitated this thought in the firſt book of his Argonauts; a poem, which, however little read, is by no means deſtitute of many ſtriking poetical beauties.

Te quoque dant campi tanto paſtore pheræi
Felices Admeti. Tuis nam pendet in arvis
Delius, irato Steropen quod fuderat arcu.
Ah quoties famulo notis ſoror obvia ſylvis
Flevit, ubi Oſſeæ captaret frigora quercus,
Pecteret et pingui merſos Bæbeide crines!

V. 444.

Ver. 31. As the ancients ſuppoſed, that Apollo ſhowed a particular fondneſs for fine long curling hair, they never failed in their addreſſes to that god, to praiſe him, as poſſeſſing that ornament. Hence, in the hymns aſcribed to Orpheus, Apollo is ſtyled χρυσοκομος, and by other Greek poets ακερεικομης and ακειροκομας, and by the Latins *Crinitus*. In imitation of their patron-god, the bards of old affected to wear long hair. Thus Virgil repreſents Jopas.

Phavorinus, in a quotation which Stobæus has preſerved of his, uſes Ζητειν in the ſame ſenſe as Tibullus uſes "quærere" in this paſſage. Serm. 64.

Ver. 34. Delos is an iſland in the Ægean ſea, the moſt famous of the Cyclades, the birth-place of Apollo and his ſiſter Diana; upon which account it was held in ſuch reverence by the an-

cients, that when the Perſians, in one of their expeditions againſt Greece, anchored there with a thouſand ſhips, nought belonging to the iſland was violated by the army.

Etymologiſts ſay, it obtained the name of Delos, απο τυ Δηλειν, from its ſuddenly emerging from the waves at the command of Neptune. Latona, not daring to remain long during her pregnancy in a known place, the jealous Juno having diſpatched the ſerpent Python in purſuit of her, was here ſafely delivered. Apollo afterwards ſlew this ſerpent. Vid. Ovid's Met. The Athenians, in performance of a vow made by Theſeus, ſent every year a ſacred veſſel to Delos, with offerings to that god. Till this veſſel returned to Athens, the puniſhment of criminals, however guilty they were, was reſpited. As ſoon as Apollo's prieſt crowned the poop of the veſſel, which was the ſignal for ſailing, the city was purified.

Delphi was a city of Phocis, in the neighbourhood of Parnaſſus, built by Delphus the ſon of Apollo, or Neptune. It was of difficult acceſs, being ſituated among rocks and frightful precipices. Here Apollo had a famous temple, to which other nations, as well as the Greeks, repaired in times of public diſtreſs, to learn, how an end might be put to their calamities, as alſo to be informed of the manner in which any enterpriſe ought to be conducted, or what would be the iſſue of any event. The pythoneſs, or prieſteſs of this temple was famed for the ambiguity of her anſwers. As nothing is more profuſe than ſuperſtitious credulity, the riches brought to this temple were immenſe; inſomuch that the retainers to the temple could well afford to maintain ſpies every where, to inform them of what paſſed, or was likely to happen, as well as poets, to verſify their reſponſes. The name by which Delphi now goes, is *Salona*. Vid. Steph. Dict. See alſo the Abbe Banier for the immenſe wealth of this temple.

Ver. 41. Editions in general read,

At tibi dura ſeges, &c.

And the commentators make "ſeges" here to ſignify Nemeſis's eſtate; but as there is no authority for this application of that term in any other claſſic, Broekhuſius adopts Heinſius's correction,

At tibi dura Ceres, &c.

And this the Dutchman thinks warranted by the immediate introduction of Bacchus in the original. The tranſlator, however, has preferred the firſt reading, that being ſupported by moſt MSS.

Ver. 48. *May rills and acorns*, &c.] This thought ſhows the intenſeneſs of our author's paſſion for Nemeſis. The Romans highly eſteemed agriculture. Cicero ſpeaks of it as "proxima ſapientiæ;" and Tibullus ſeems to have been of the ſame opinion.

The wiſe and good Boethius has drawn no contemptible picture of this primeval ſimplicity, Lib. ii. Carm. 5. although we cannot agree with him, when he wiſhes for a return of that ſtate.

Ver. 55. *Once more ye ſimple uſages obtain!*
No—lead me, drive me to the cultur'd plain!

This abrupt refuſal of a ſtate from which he expected ſo much happineſs, is ſo ſtrongly expreſſive of love, that it may be put in competition with any of the moſt boaſted paſſages in the heroic poets, where a ſudden change of impetuous deſire is expreſſed.

Slaves were employed in performing the more ſervile offices of huſbandry; and their moſt faithful labours ſeldom exempted them from the chain. It is indeed ſhocking to humanity to think, with what cruelty theſe unfortunate wretches were treated by their Roman maſters. See Mr. Hume's entertaining Diſcourſe on the Populouſneſs of Ancient Nations.

ELEGY IV.

Chains, and a haughty fair I fearleſs view!
Hopes of paternal freedom all adieu.
Ah when will love compaſſionate my woes?
In one ſad tenour my exiſtence flows:
Whether I kiſs or bite the galling chain,
Alike my pleaſure, and alike my pain.
I burn, I burn, O baniſh my deſpair!
Oh eaſe my torture, too too cruel fair:
Rather than feel ſuch vaſt, ſuch matchleſs woe,
I'd riſe ſome rock o'erſpread with endleſs ſnow!
Or frown a cliff on ſome diſaſtrous ſhore,
Where ſhips are wreck'd, and tempeſts ever roar?
In penſive gloomineſs I paſs the night,
Nor feel contentment at the dawn of light.
What though the god of verſe my woes indite,
What though I ſoothing elegies can write,
No ſtrains of elegy her pride controul;
Gold is the paſſport to her venal ſoul.
I aſk not of the nine the epic lay;
Ye nine! or aid my paſſion or away.
I aſk not to deſcribe in lofty ſtrain,
The ſun's eclipſes, or the lunar wane;
To win admiſſion to the haughty maid,
Alone I crave your elegiac aid;
But if ſhe ſtill contemns the tearful lay,
Ye, and your elegies, away, away!
In vain I aſk, but gold ne'er aſks in vain;
Then will I deſolate the world for gain!

For gold I'll impious plunder every ſhrine;
But chief, O Venus, will I plunder thine!
By thee compell'd, I love a venal maid,
And quit for bloody fields my peaceful ſhade:
By thee compell'd, I rob the hallowed ſhrine,
Then chiefly Venus will I plunder thine!
Periſh the man! whoſe curſt induſtrious toil
Or finds the gem, or dyes the woolly ſpoil;
Hence, hence the ſex's avarice aroſe,
And art with nature not enough beſtows:
Hence the fierce dog was poſted for a guard,
The fair grew venal, and their gates were barr'd.
But weighty preſents vigilance o'ercome,
The gate burſts open, and the dog is dumb.
From venal charms, ye gods! what miſchiefs flow!
The joy, how much o'er-balanc'd by the woe!
Hence, hence ſo few, ſweet love, frequent thy fane,
Hence impious ſlander loads thy guiltleſs reign.
But ye! who ſell your heavenly charms for hire,
Your ill-got riches be conſum'd with fire!
May not one lover ſtrive to quench the blaze,
But ſmile malicious, as o'er all it preys!

And when ye die, no gentle friend be near,
To catch your breath, or ſhed a genuine tear:
Behind the corpſe, to march in ſolemn ſhow,
Or Syrian odours on the pile beſtow.
Far other fates attend the generous maid,
Though age and ſickneſs bid her beauties fade,
Still ſhe's rever'd; and when death's eaſy call
Has freed her ſpirit from life's anxious thrall,
The pitying neighbours all her loſs deplore,
And many a weeping friend beſets the door;
While ſome old lover touch'd with grateful woe,
Shall yearly garlands on her tomb beſtow;
And home returning, thus the fair addreſs,
'Light may the turf thy gentle boſom preſs.'
'Tis truth; but what has truth with love to do?
Imperious Cupid, I ſubmit to you!
To ſell my father's ſeat ſhould you command;
Adieu my father's gods, my father's land!
From madding mares, whate'er of poiſon flows,
Or on the forehead of their offſpring grows,
Whate'er Medea brew'd of baleful juice,
What noxious herbs Emathian hills produce;
Of all, let Nemeſis a draught compoſe,
Or mingle poiſons, feller ſtill than thoſe;
If ſhe but ſmile, the deadly cup I'll drain,
Forget her avarice, and exult in pain!

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

Tibullus, finding all his endeavours to gain the heart of Nemeſis unavailing, determined to conquer his affection for her; he accordingly put his reſolution in practice; but finding his every effort ineffectual, he gave over the ſtruggle, yielded to his deſtiny, and ſent her the foregoing beautiful elegy, in which he acknowledges the ſovereignty which her charms had gained over him, and entreats her to mitigate her cruelty.

The whole poem is a tempeſt (if the expreſſion may be allowed) of amorous and contrary affections. By theſe our author is particularly diſtinguiſhed from Ovid and Propertius. Theſe poets generally begin and end their elegies with the ſame paſſion; whereas, the reader will often find in one of Tibullus's, all thoſe contrarieties and tranſitions, which peculiarly characterize the paſſion of love, and are ſo beautiful in poetry. This juſtifies the elegant encomium, which Joannes Baptiſta Pius beſtows on our author; "Princeps elegorum poetarum eſt dubio procul Al. Tibullus, quia vere amantem agit. Modo ſuperbit, modo ſupplicat, annuit, renuit, minatur, intercedit, dedignatur, devovet, orat, inconſtans eſt, quod voluit, non vult, quod optavit, refugit, ſecum diſſidens, ut in vera Cupidinis rota circumagi credas."

Major Pack's verſion of this elegy, would have been more in the ſpirit of Tibullus, had he mingled leſs wit with it.

Ver. 1. Chains, impriſonment, flames, darts, have been huddled together, by many a gentle writer, who imagined himſelf qualified for telling a curious love-tale; and probably they have drawn much ſelf-complacency from this paſſage of Tibullus, who has expreſſed, and probably felt all the ſoft diſtreſſes of the tender paſſion, ſuperior to every other writer. But whatever Tibullus feels, he never loſes his judgment and correctneſs in writing. A little attention will convince us, that the metaphor here is ſimple, entire, and uniformly purſued throughout. The tyranny of the paſſion of love over reaſon; the waywardneſs of a love-ſtricken mind; and the diſtreſſes which it feels from the caprice and frowns of an haughty miſtreſs, ſuggeſted to Tibullus, that the moſt abject ſtate of ſlavery aptly repreſented the condition of a drooping lover. Let us not eſtimate the ſeverity of this ſervitude by our own cuſtoms and manners. We muſt ſtep into America to ſee cruel inſtances of it: or if we look into ancient times we ſhall find, that thoſe, who were ſervants utterly loſt their liberty, loſt all power over their actions, and almoſt over their thoughts themſelves: that thoſe of them whoſe condition was the worſt, were employed in the heavieſt labours; were conſtantly kept in chains; had ſevere taſk-maſters over them; and upon every ſlight occaſion, were expoſed to ſome of thoſe ſharp torments, which a ſlave in Plautus thus humourouſly deſcribes;

—Stimulos, laminas, crucesque compedesque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres numellas, pedicas, beias,
Indoctoresque acerrimos, gnarosque nostri tergi.

"Laminas" here answers to "faces" in Tibullus. They were heated bars of iron used in the punishment of slaves. Thus Cicero, in his accusation of Verres, for treating a Roman citizen as a slave, charges him, "Quid, cum ignes et ardentes laminæ, ceterique cruciatus admovebantur?" So that when Tibullus cries out, "io remove, sæva puella, faces," he is still describing the metaphorical slavery he was fallen into. We shall now know what to do with the following line,

Et seu quid merui, seu quid peccavimus, uror.

One of the commentators thinking it hard that a man should be burnt for his good deserts, has explained "quid merui" by "quid deliqui;" he might as well have said "peccavi;" but "peccavimus" followed, and the critic was resolved to vary the word, if he could not the image; but Tibullus well knew how to do both. His design was to represent the hardness of his slavery; and to this purpose he declares, that such was the capricious cruelty of his mistress, such the severity of love his task-master and torturer, that he was not only closely kept in chains, but had the torture wantonly applied, whether he was faithful to the offices love enjoined, or was rebellious, mutinous, or negligent; that is, that his mistress was cruel, and love a torment to him, as well when he attempted to please her, as when he was impatient under her harsh usage, and endeavoured to regain his ease and liberty. B.

Ver. 10. As the ancients had but imperfect assurances of a future state, many of them regarded mere animal life, as the greatest of blessings, and dedicated every hour to some sensual gratification. This manner of living, at least, was not unusual among the Epicureans; a sect, from which, we have reason to think, Tibullus was not averse. His misery, therefore, must have been extreme, when it forced him to wish for such a metamorphosis, as not only would have deprived him of every satisfaction of sense, but rendered him an eternal curse and reproach to all seafaring people.

Ver. 17. Some critics contend, that Tibullus here ascribes to Apollo the invention of elegy, and thereby determines the dispute, which so warmly engaged the grammarians of the Augustan age; but others with more reason suppose that the poet, in this place, intended only in general to represent this god as the author and patron of poetry. The translator has given the line a sense different from both; with what propriety the reader will determine

Ver. 29. The "facinus" and "cedes," in the original, allude to the many massacres and proscriptions, which were the dreadful effects of those civil wars, which at last extinguished the liberty of Rome. The butcheries by which Octavius acquired the sovereignty of the world, fixed such disgrace upon himself, and so deeply stained his family with the imputation of cruelty, that even the mercies of Cæsar are become suspected. Indeed, neither Augustus nor Julius are to be accused of having been the first, who subverted the constitution of their country; for this was done in the days of Marius and Sylla: and if we consider the venality of the people, the luxury of the senate, the small number of good men, who survived the public calamities; and add to this, the rapaciousness of the generals, and governors of provinces; we shall be induced, perhaps, to allow, that Augustus had it not in his power to comply with Agrippa's advice, of restoring Rome to its old plan of government.

Ver. 30. Our poet seems here unjustly to accuse the god of love; for no passion is less mercenary than that which he inspires. It must be admitted, however, that Tibullus acts a gallant part at least, in endeavouring to remove an aspersion from his mistress; though his regard for Cupid may be called in question, when he attempts to fix this odium upon him. He seems to be aware of this, and therefore involves also in his censure those who certainly better deserved it.

Ver. 35. Propertius derives female infidelity, and female avarice, from the same sources. See Lib. iii. El. 11. which is a keen and witty, if not a just invective.

Ver. 42. A bawd, in Plautus, thus describes the behaviour of a new lover.

————Ubi de pleno promitur
Neque ille scit quid det, quid damni faciat, illi rei studet.
Volt placere sese Amicæ, volt mihi, volt pedissequæ,
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis, et quoque catulo meo [gaudeat.
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut cum videat,
Asin, Act i. *l.* 5.

Andreas Maranus, a poet of Vicenza, seems to have had this passage of Tibullus in his eye in one of his elegies.

Optamns sero, quæ oblata remisimus ultro.
Utere felici dum licet esse tibi.
Mox subeunt casus, subeuntque pericula mille,
Advigelat custos, advigelatque canis.
Interia obrepunt morbi vel decolor ætas,
Blanditias nec fas dicere, nec facere.
Vulp.

But more correspondent to our poet's sentiments is the following Greek Epigram:

Ην μεν το χαραγμα φερης φιλος οὐτε θυρωρος
Εν ποσιν, ουτε κυων εν προθυροις δεδεται.

Will the reader pardon me one quotation more? It is a humorous epitaph, on a dog which belonged to a married lady of intrigue.

Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes,
Sic placui Domino, sic placui Dominæ.

Ver. 48. By the pronoun "tibi," in the text, the poet seems to have had some particular person in his eye.

The ancients looked upon it as one of the most dreadful misfortunes, which could befal any person, to be deprived of funeral honours.

The inculcating of this, was one of the wiſeſt contrivances of ancient legiſlation, and was tranſmitted originally from Egypt to Greece. By it, not only private murders, but vices of all kinds, were, in a great meaſure, checked or prevented. For, as an ingenious writer obſerves, it was a cuſtom among the Egyptians, before they interred their dead, to canvaſs over their actions, and to bring their whole paſt life to a trial, before judges appointed for that purpoſe. Thoſe who, upon a fair and impartial examination, were found to have lived a virtuous and good life, were diſmiſſed from the tribunal, with praiſes proportionable to their merit, recommended as worthy examples to poſterity, and aſſigned over to the ſociety of the bleſſed in the ſhades below; but others, in whoſe characters vice and miſchief were predominant, were publicly branded with infamy, and aſſigned over to the regions of affliction. (*Diod. Sicul.*) As every one was convinced, that he ſhould undergo this impartial trial after death, wherein his former abilities, power, and fortune, could avail nothing to avert a proper and juſt ſentence; ſuch examples were powerful checks to vice, and pleaſing incentives to virtue. The legiſlators having found their end in this inſtitution, enforced the obſervance of it, by the ſuperſtition already mentioned, that thoſe whoſe bodies were unburied, ſhould wander in a ſtate of reſtleſſneſs a hundred years on the banks of the river Styx. Now, this was invented to obviate by terror, the clandeſtine interment of thoſe whom thou ſurviving parents or relations were afraid to bring to this teſt of juſtice, being deſirous to ſhelter the memory of the defunct from ignominy, by an omiſſion of this ceremony. The public interment of the body, being firſt inſiſted upon, only as concomitant to the rites, and by corruption afterwards, made a neceſſary part of them.

Ver. 62. Joannes Baptiſta Pius (Annot. poſter. c. 115.) imagines that theſe garlands were compoſed ſolely of parſley; but Magius has ſhown the falſity of this. Brockhuſius is of opinion, that the poet, in this place, meant garlands of roſes; and indeed innumerable quotations might be brought from the claſſics to prove, that roſes were uſed of old in the adorning of tombs.

Ver. 65. Propertius ſays,

Sit ſibi terra levis, mulier digniſſima vita.

Hence we often meet with the initial letters S. T. T. L. upon ancient tomb-ſtones.

Ver. 98. Upon ſuch verſes of our author as theſe, have the comentators reared the trite opinion, that Tibullus, by his extravagance, ſquandered away his fortune. The text, however, cannot be conſtrued into any ſuch meaning. Ovid, with more juſtice, might be ſaid to have ſpent his inheritance from the following lines;

Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta, rapina eſt,
Sub titulum noſtros miſit avara lares.
Remed. Amor.

But, in truth, ſmall ſtreſs is to be laid upon ſuch expreſſions in the poets; and therefore Broekhuſius might have ſpared the cenſure he paſſes on Tibullus, on account of this paſſage, elegy delighting in imaginary diſtreſſes.

Ver. 69 Critics are greatly divided in their opinions about the "hippomanes." Theophraſtus, Ariſtotle, and Theocritus mention a plant of that name, the ſmell of which made mares run mad for the ſtallion. While ſome commentators aſſert, that it was a fig-like excreſcence which grew on the forehead of a foal; and which being bit off and ſwallowed by the mother, made her paſſionately fond of her offſpring. Hence it came to be uſed in philtres of old, and to be applied metaphorically, to expreſs love. Others contend, that it was a poiſon, "quod equæ in libidinem excitatæ e locis emittebant."

Ver. 72. The Theſſalians being a wild and uncivilized people, it is no wonder that they were addicted to the follies of witchcraft. Their country produced many powerful plants; and ſome of the firſt phyſicians we read of were born there.

The word "veneum" does not always mean poiſon, ſince Horace, and other approved writers, uſe it often to ſignify the juice of ſuch magical herbs, as were proper to correct the malignity of poiſon. It alſo ſometimes ſignifies a love-potion. In this place, however, it ſtands for poiſon, and not a philtre; for our poet at preſent was in no need of the latter, being already ſufficiently fond of Nemeſis: but whether he would have been in reality as good as his word, let the lover determine.

Mr. Hammond's firſt elegy is an imitation of this.

ELEGY V.

To hear our ſolemn vows, O Phœbus deign!
A novel pontiff treads thy ſacred fane:
Nor diſtant hear, dread power! 'tis Rome's requeſt,
That with thy golden lyre thou ſtand'ſt conſeſt:

Deign mighty bard! to ſtrike the vocal ſtring,
And praiſe thy pontiff; we, his praiſes ſing:
Around thy brows, triumphant laurels twine,
Thine altar viſit, and thy rites divine:

New flush thy charms, new curl thy waving hair;
O come the god in vestment, and in air!
When Saturn was dethron'd, so crown'd with bays,
So rob'd, thou sungst th' almighty victor's praise.
What fate, from gods and man, has wrapt in night,
Prophetic flashes on thy mental sight:
From thee, diviners learn their prescient lore,
On reeking bowels, as they thoughtful pore:
The seer thou teachest the success of things,
As flies the bird, or feeds, or screams, or sings:
The sibyl-leaves if Rome ne'er sought in vain;
Thou gav'st a meaning to the mystic strain:
Thy sacred influence may this pontiff know,
And as he reads them, with the prophet glow.
When great Æneas snatch'd his aged sire,
And burning Lares, from the Grecian fire,
She *, she foretold this empire fix'd by fate,
And all the triumphs of the Roman state;
Yet when he saw his Ilion wrapp'd in flame,
He scarce could credit the mysterious dame.
(Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,
Nor had his brother met his early doom,
Where now Jove's temple swells, low hamlet's stood,
And domes ascend, where heifers crop'd their food.
Sprinkled with milk, Pan grac'd an oak's dun shade,
And scythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the mossy glade;
For help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry bough
Pipes hung, the grateful shepherd's vocal vow,
Of reeds, still lessening, was the gift compos'd,
And friendly wax th' unequal junctures clos'd.
So where Velabrian streets like cities seem,
One little wherry plied the lazy stream,
O'er which the wealthy shepherd's favourite maid
Was to her swain, on holidays, convey'd;
The swain, his truth of passion to declare,
Or lamb, or cheese, presented to the fair.)
The Cumæan Sibyl speaks.
" Fierce brother of the power of soft desire,
" Who fly'st, with Trojan gods, the Grecian fire!
" Now Jove assigns thee Laurentine abodes,
" Those friendly plains invite thy banish'd gods!
" There shall a nobler Troy herself applaud,
" Admire her wanderings, and the Grecian fraud!
" There, thou from yonder sacred stream shalt rise
" A god thyself, and mingle with the skies!
" No more thy Phrygians for their country sigh,
" See conquest o'er your shatter'd navy fly!
" See the Rutulian tents, a mighty blaze!
" Thou, Turnus! soon shalt end thy hateful days!
" The camp I see, Lavinium greets my view!
" And Alba! brave Ascanius! built by you:
" I see thee, Ilia! leave the vestal fire;
" And, clasp'd by Mars, in amorous bliss expire!
" On Tyber's bank, thy sacred robes I see,
" And arms abandon'd, eager god! by thee.
" Your hills crop safe, ye herds! while fate allows;
" Eternal Rome shall rise, where now ye brouze:
" Rome, that shall stretch her irresistless reign,
" Wherever Ceres views her golden grain;
" Far as the east extends his purple ray,
" And where the west shuts up the gates of day.

" The truth I sing; so may the laurels prove
" Safe food, and I be screen'd from guilty love."
Thus sung the Sybil, and address'd her prayer,
Phœbus! to thee, and madding, loos'd her hair.
Nor, Phœbus! give him only these to know,
A farther knowledge on thy priest bestow:
Let him interpret what thy favourite maid,
What Amalthea, what Mermessia said:
Let him interpret what Albuna bore
Through Tyber's waves, unwet, to Tyber's farthest shore.
When stony tempests fell, when comets glar'd,
Intestine wars their oracles declar'd:
The sacred groves (our ancestors relate)
Foretold the changes of the Roman state:
To charge the clarion sounded in the sky,
Arms clash'd, blood ran, and warriors seem'd to die:
With monstrous prodigies the year began:
An annual darkness the whole globe o'er-ran;
Apollo, shorn of every beamy ray,
Oft strove, but strove in vain, to light the day:
The statues of the gods wept tepid tears;
And speaking oxen fill'd mankind with fears!
These were of old: No more, Apollo! frown,
But in the waves each adverse omen drown.
O! let thy bays, in crackling flames ascend;
So shall the year with joy begin and end!
The bays give prosp'rous signs; rejoice ye swains!
Propitious Ceres shall reward your pains.
With must the jolly rustic purpled o'er,
Shall squeeze rich clusters, which their tribute pour,
Till vats are wanting, to contain their store.
Far hence, ye wolves! the mellow shepherds bring
Their gifts to Pales, and her praises sing.
Now, fir'd with wine, they solemn bonfires raise,
And leap, untimorous, through the strawy blaze!
From every cott unnumber'd children throng,
Frequent the dance, and louder raise the song:
And while in mirth the hours they thus employ,
At home the grandsire tends his little boy;
And in each feature pleas'd himself to trace,
Foretells his prattler will adorn the race.
The sylvan youth, their grateful homage paid,
Where plays some streamlet, seek th' embowering shade;
Or stretch'd on soft enamell'd meadows lie,
Where thickest umbrage cools the summer sky:
With roses, see! the sacred cup is crown'd,
Hark! music breathes her animating sound:
The couch of turf, and festal tables stand
Of turf, erected by each shepherd-hand;
And all well-pleas'd, the votive feast prepare,
Each one his goblet, and each one his share.
Now drunk, they blame their stars and curse the maid;
But sober, deprecate whate'er they said.
Perish thy shafts, Apollo! and thy bow!
If love unarmed in our forests go.
Yet since he learn'd to wing th' unerring dart,
Much cause has man to curse his fatal art:
But most have I; the sun has wheel'd his round
Since first I felt the deadly festering wound;

* *The Sibyl.*

Yet, yet I fondly, madly, wiſh to burn,
Abjure indifference, and at comfort ſpurn;
And though from Nemeſis my genius flows;
Her ſcarce I ſing, ſo weighty are my woes!
O cruel love! how joyous ſhould I be,
Your arrows broke, and torch extinct to ſee!
From you, my want of reverence to the ſkies!
From you, my woes and imprecations riſe!
Yet I adviſe you, too relentleſs fair!
(As Heaven protects the bards) a bard to ſpare!
E'en now, the pontiff claims my loftieſt lay,
In triumph, ſoon he'll mount the ſacred way.
Then pictur'd towns ſhall ſhow ſucceſsful war,
And ſpoils and chiefs attend his ivory car:
Myſelf will bear the laurel in my hand;
And pleas'd, amid the pleas'd ſpectators ſtand:
While war-worn veterans, with laurels crown'd,
With Io-triumphs ſhake the ſtreets around.
His father hails him, as he rides along,
And entertains with pompous ſhows the throng.
O Phœbus! kindly deign to grant my prayer;
So may'ſt thou ever wave thy curled hair;
So ever may thy virgin-ſiſter's name
Preſerve the luſtre of a ſpotleſs fame.

NOTES ON ELEGY V

MESSALINUS, to whom the following noble elegy is addreſſed, was the ſon of the illuſtrious Meſſala. This young nobleman, whom both hiſtorians and poets repreſent, as inheriting his father's eloquence, had been appointed one of the quindecemviral prieſts, to whoſe care the keeping and interpretation of the Sibylline oracles were intruſted. As theſe venerable writings had been depoſited by Auguſtus, under the ſtatue of Apollo, in his new temple, erected on Mount Palatine, and as Apollo was ſuppoſed to preſide over vaticination, and in a particular manner, over theſe myſterious volumes, the poet begins his poem with an addreſs to Apollo, whom he earneſtly implores to be preſent at the inauguration of the new pontiff. Moreover, as theſe writings were never conſulted, but in the greateſt emergency, and then only when the ſenate paſſed a decree for that purpoſe; and as their interpretation, even then, was thought to be ſuggeſted by Apollo, Tibullus entreats the god to aſſiſt his young friend, whenever public calamities ſhould render it neceſſary for the prieſts to have recourſe to them

The Romans were proud of being thought the poſterity of the Trojans; and their poets embraced every opportunity of making their court to the people by adopting that notion. Nor was this prejudice confined to the meaner ſort of Romans: Julius Cæſar, and his ſucceſſor, either believed, or effected, from political motives, to believe that they were deſcendants of Æneas, (Vid. in Suet. in Vit. J. Cæſ. et Aug.) Nay, ſo far was this folly carried, that Auguſtus entertained a deſign of transferring the ſeat of empire from Rome to Troy; which city, by his and Julius's attention, was again in a flouriſhing ſituation. This, the Romans dreaded not a little; and to ſuch a height did their apprehenſions increaſe, A. U. C. 734. when Auguſtus was in Syria, that Horace, all courtier as he was, is ſuppoſed to have written that noble ode, "Juſtum et tenacem," lib. 3. ode 5, obliquely to diſſuade the emperor from that meaſure. As this, however, was a very delicate ſubject, and none knew better to flatter his patron than Horace, he abruptly breaks off,

Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt Lyræ.

Tibullus, however, not lying under the ſame obligations to Auguſtus as the lyric poet, and neither courting the ſmiles, nor dreading the frowns of the court, he, like a true patriot, in all the enthuſiaſm of poetry, introduces the Sibyl, puſhing on Æneas to the new ſettlement, deſtined by Heaven for him and his followers, in Italy. This event, ſays the propheteſs, whenever it takes place, will effectually recompenſe you for your preſent loſs, and future diſaſters, you yourſelf being to become a god; as your poſterity, the Romans are predeſtined to conquer the world, of which Rome is to be the capital.

This ſurmiſe, which no commentator has touched on, throws a particular beauty on the whole of the Sibyl's ſpeech, which otherwiſe appears inaptly placed, where it now is inſerted.

Shall we pay a compliment to Horace and Tibullus (who probably let one another into the full ſcope of their patriot-productions), and ſuppoſe, that theſe had ſome weight with the emperor of the world? At all events, as Auguſtus profeſſed a great veneration for the Sibylline books, and was anxious to be thought the ſon of Apollo (ſee the notes), who, he ſaid, fought for him at the battle of Actium; the people (whoſe prejudices, to the removing their ſeat of empire, muſt have been augmented by our poet's well-timed prophecy), would have regarded Auguſtus's breach of the Sybil's orders, as the moſt impious of violations. Beſides ſo flagrant a diſreſpect, and in one too of ſuch eminence, might have produced the moſt fatal conſequences to his government, by weakening the reverence which his ſubjects entertained for the Sybilline writings. This Auguſtus was too ſenſible not to perceive, and too political not to avoid.

But if the tranſlator is deceived in his con-

jecture of the design, which Tibullus proposed to himself, in writing this fine poem, he, however, sincerely wishes, that the nine may always devote their raptures to the service of their country, and never prostitute their talents, in flattering tyranny, or inflaming the passions of guilty greatness. The people shall then joyfully acknowledge the language of the gods, and own the muses for the legitimate daughters of Jove.

The remaining part of the elegy is thrown, we may suppose, on purpose into an artful obscurity of connection. Most of the prodigies, which the poet mentions, are said by historians to have happened at the death of Julius Cæsar; and may we not conjecture, that Tibullus meant, by recapitulating these, to insinuate, that the gods caused the tyrant to be slain, for his attachment to Troy? This circumstance could not fail to alarm his successor, especially too as he must have been conscious, that he even outdid Julius in his affection to that city; and it is certain, that he, by no means, equalled that usurper in point of personal courage.

But if Tibullus wrote with freedom, his freedom was accompanied with decorum; for, as a Roman expresses it, it is always dangerous, "Scribere in eum, qui potest pro scribere."

So the poet supplicates Apollo to avert such presages for the future; by which means, peace would return to bless Italy, and rural devotion again flourish. Tibullus supposes, that the god grants his petition, and describes the joyful ceremonies, practised by the grateful villagers, upon the occasion.

These solemnities concluding, as usual, with mirth and wine, the young peasants begin to disclose their loves, and condemn the cruelty of their mistresses. This leads our poet insensibly into a recollection of his own amorous misfortunes; for Nemesis was still inflexible. This, he says, not only impaired his health, but affected his poetical powers; so that, far from being able to do justice to great subjects, he scarce could write a little elegy. This was an artful apology for the seeming inaccuracy of his present poem. Notwithstanding all the consequences of his ill-requited passion, so thorough a lover was our poet, that he did not wish to shake off his love; but only begged, that Nemesis would at last condescend to abate of her rigour; for, as Messalinus, adds he, is pushing forwards in the lists of fame, the regard and friendship which I profess for his father and himself, absolutely require a total freedom of genius, that I may celebrate those triumphs which his grateful country will soon decree him.

In the conclusion, Messala is introduced as enjoying the felicity of seeing his son triumph; upon which occasion the poet supposes, that his patron will entertain Rome with magnificent spectacles.

The poem ends with a petition to Apollo, that these things might be accomplished.

History informs, that Messalinus, by steadily treading in the footsteps of his father, was honoured with a triumph; and A. U. C. 750, had the consulship conferred upon him; but Tibullus died many years before these things happened.

It is not easy to determine how old Messalinus was, at the time this poem was written. He had not, probably, long put on the manly gown; for we find, that Lentulus, the son of Lentulus, was chosen into the college of augurs at 17 or 18 years of age; and from this college the quindecemvirs were elected. Upon these occasions the friends of the pontiff were invited to a magnificent supper; and it is probable it was at this entertainment, that the following poem was first recited.

Ver. 9. The original here would seem extremely ridiculous to a mere modern reader. Literally translated, it signifies neither more nor less, than an entreaty to his godship to put on his holiday suit, curl his hair, and wash his face. A strange hint this to so great, so young, and beautiful a divinity as Apollo. Is it from their patron god, that some of his modern vassals have derived their ideas of dress and cleanliness? The sublimest geniuses are not exempted from paying an attention to the little decencies of life, respecting which, the fair sex are our best instructors.

The polite Callimachus, in his hymn to Apollo, draws a more amiable picture of the god of poetry, in the following verses;

Τον χορον ὡ πολλων ὁτι οἱ κατα θυμον αειδει
Τιμησει, δυναται γαρ επει Διϊ δεξιος ἡσται.
Ουδε ὁ χορος τον φοιβον εφ' ἑν μονον ἡμαρ αεισει
Εστι γαρ ευϋμνος, τις αν ȣ ρεα φοιβον αειδοι;
Χρυσεα τω πολλωνι τοτ' ενδυτον ἡ τ' επιπορπις
Η τε λυρη, &c. *Ver.* 28, 29. &c.

Immortal honours wait the happy throng,
Who, grateful to the god, resound the song:
And honours well Apollo can command,
For high in pow'r he sits, at Jove's right hand.
But in the god, such beaming glories blend,
The day unequal to his praise will end.
His praise, who cannot with delight resound,
Where such eternal theme for song is found;
A golden robe invests the glorious god,
His shining feet with golden sandals shod:
Gold are his harp, his quiver, and his bow;
Round him bright riches in profusion flow.
His Delphic fane illustrious proof supplies,
Where wealth immense fatigues the wond'ring eyes.
On his soft cheeks no tender down has sprung,
A god for ever fair, for ever young:
His flagrant locks distil ambrosial dews,
Drop gladness down, and blooming health diffuse, &c.

Dodd.

Ver. 12. Ariosto has imitated this passage in the beginning of his third canto. The proper emblems of Apollo the poet, lyrist, or festal Apollo, were a crown of laurel, his hair finely dressed, flowing at full length, a lyre in his left hand, and wearing a magnificent robe that fell down to his feet. In this manner was this god represented in the temple which Augustus dedicated to him in the Palatium: and thus it was,

that the poets of old were habited, when they ſang to the lyre at the tables of the great. Hence, as Mr. Spence obſerves, the propriety of the epithet "crinitus" conferred on Jopas by Virgil, which ſome critics have too haſtily cenſured, as wholly foreign to the purpoſe.

So fond was Auguſtus of Apollo, that, in the medals, and other repreſentations of that emperor, his face is what the Romans called an Apollinean face. This we know from hiſtory, that Auguſtus was really very beautiful; and Suetonius informs us, that ſome writers had even aſſerted, that he was in fact the ſon of Apollo. Vit. Aug. ſect. 94. Accordingly Servius tells us, that there were ſtatues of Auguſtus in Rome, which repreſented him under the character, and with the attributes of that god. We alſo know, that in a certain infamous feaſt made by Auguſtus (at which he and five of his courtiers repreſented the ſix great celeſtial gods, as ſome of the ladies of his court repreſented the ſix great goddeſſes), he himſelf choſe to appear with the emblems of Apollo. All theſe circumſtances but too plainly ſhow, that the ſucceſſor of Julius gave in to the flattery that was paid him, and that he thought himſelf, at leaſt loved to be thought by others, like Apollo. But the greateſt abſurdity of all, as Mr. Spence juſtly obſerves, was, that becauſe Apollo was uſually repreſented with a particular flow of light beaming from his eyes, he muſt needs have it ſuppoſed that his eyes alſo, which were really fine, darted forth ſo ſtrong a brightneſs, as to dazzle thoſe who looked upon them too nearly, or too ſteadily. "Oculos habuit claros, ac nitidos," ſays Suetonius, "quibus etiam exiſtimari volebat ineſſe quoddam divini vigoris, gaudebatque ſi quis ſibi acrius contuenti quaſi ad fulgorem ſolis, vultum ſubmitteret." To ſuch a pitch of extravagance does abſolute power lead even the well meaning!

Ver. 16. For the lots, ſee notes on the third elegy of the firſt book; and who the augurs were, hath been explained already. The Haruſpices, to whom, according to the Tuſcan diſcipline, belong the province of explaining prodigies, by inſpecting the bowels of victims, were ſervants of the public, and had ſalaries for attending the magiſtrates in all their ſacrifices. Hence they never failed to accommodate their anſwers to the political views of thoſe who employed them.

As the order of prieſthood, among the Romans, was, for ſome ages, conferred upon none but ſuch as were of the firſt nobility; by their influence over a people naturally ſuperſtitious, the balance of power was thrown into the hands of the ſenate and optimates, who, by this means, as Cicero obſerves, De Legib. lib. iii. cap 12. were often enabled to check the factious attempts of the tribunes.

Minutius Felix, and other Chriſtian writers, aſcribe oracles, &c. to the intervention of the devil, or other impure ſpirits.

Polybius very ſenſibly deduces that ſuperiority, which the Roman ſtate had over all others, from the ſuperſtition of its vulgar. This was carried by the ſtateſmen, ſays he, to ſuch lengths, and ſo effectually introduced into the private lives of the citizens, and into public affairs, that one cannot help being ſurpriſed at it. This, continues our ſagacious politician, was, as I take it, projected entirely for the ſake of the vulgar; for if a ſociety of wiſe men only could be formed, ſuch a ſcheme would be ſuperfluous: But ſince the crowd is always giddy, and often agitated by the moſt unruly paſſions, ſecret terrors and tragical fictions are neceſſary to reſtrain them within due bounds. Lib. iv.

Nor is the Greek hiſtorian ſingular in his opinion. Appius Claudius Craſſus aſſerts, that the Romans owed the great ſucceſs of their arms to their obſervance of the ſacred chickens, "&c. "Parva ſunt hæc," as Livy makes him ſpeak, "ſed parva iſta non contemnendo, majores noſtri maximam hanc rem fecerunt."

While the augurs were taking the auſpices, or obſerving the heavens, all public buſineſs was intermitted: Julius Cæſar firſt broke through this; and Clodius, to facilitate the baniſhment of Cicero, among other laws to decoy the people, enacted, that no magiſtrate ſhould take the auſpices, or contemplate the heavens, while they were actually aſſembled on public buſineſs. This regulation took place A. U. C. 695. But the people, not content with this, extended the privilege to the uninterrupted proſecution of affairs on the "Dies faſti."

Ver. 20. *The Sybil-leaves, if Rome*, &c.] Theſe writings were kept anciently in a coffer of ſtone, and depoſited in a ſubterranean place in the Capitol. But that noble pile of buildings being deſtroyed by fire, A. U. C. 671, and the Sibylline books along with them, Sylla rebuilt the Capitol, and ſent deputies into Ionia, to collect all the Sibylline verſes, which tradition had ſtill preſerved. They ſucceeded ſo well, that a volume, conſiſting of a thouſand lines, was compoſed from their gleanings, and depoſited in the Capitol. Auguſtus Cæſar, after the death of Lepidus, when he took upon himſelf the office of high prieſt, "quidquid fatidicorum librorum Græci Latinique generis, nullis vel parum idoneis auctoribus vulgo ferebatur, ſupra 2, millia, contracta undique, cremavit ac ſolos retinuit Sibyllinos." Theſe, indeed, when purged of what he ſuppoſed to be ſpurious, Auguſtus placed in two golden lockers, under the ſtatue of Apollo, in the temple he had dedicated to that god on Mount Palatine, A. U. C. 726. Vide Sueton. in Vit. Aug. cap. 31.

According to Lactantius, the only Sibylline verſes which were preſerved ſacred from the imperfection of all, but that of the quindecemvirs, were thoſe of the Cumæan Sibyl. Her verſes, as well as thoſe of her ſiſters, were compoſed in heroic numbers, "ſenis pedibus;" and, if Symmachus may be depended upon, were written on linen volumes. Lib. v.

In the ſecond Punic war, when Rome was reduced to very great difficulties, the Romans conſulted the Sibylline books. Theſe made the expulſion of the enemy from Italy to depend upon

their inſtituting, with extraordinary pomp, certain annual games to Apollo.

The year in which the ſecular games were performed, the Apollinarian were blended with them, as Macrobius informs us, Lib. xvii.

The Sibylline books continued in high reverence, till about the time of Theodoſius the elder, when the greateſt part of the ſenate being converted to Chriſtianity, they began to be regarded as fables; and at laſt, in the reign of Honorius, Stilicho burnt them.

The book which at preſent goes under the name of the Sibylline Oracles (σιβυλλιακοι χρησμοι) is plainly a modern counterfeit.

Ver. 24. Troy was deſtroyed, A. M. 2820, Æneas landed in Italy ſome years after, where he married the daughter of King Latinus, and in her right ſucceeded to his throne. His poſterity enjoyed, from him, the ſovereignty, by regular ſucceſſion, till Aurelius ſeized on the crown, in prejudice of his elder brother Numitor, and continued in quiet poſſeſſion of the regal dignity, till he was ſlain by Romulus and Remus, the ſons of Illa, Numitor's daughter. Theſe ſeated their grandfather upon the throne; and two years after founded Rome. Uſher places this laſt event before the 8th Olympiad, A. M. 3250. Others, with Varro, fix it to the 3d Olympiad, and 433d year after the deſtruction of Troy, in the 3960th of the Julian period, 753 years before the nativity of our Saviour.

Ver. 29. Rome was uſually called "Urbs æterna," as the the antiquaries, poets and medals teſtify. But if Rome was predeſtined by the gods to laſt for ever, how vain, how impious, would it be to remove the ſeat of empire to any other place?

Ver. 31. Such, at that time, was the condition of thoſe hills, on which Rome was founded. But Petrarch and Dyer, in deſcribing their preſent ſtate, preſent us with a very different proſpect.

Qui fu quella di Imperio antica ſede
Temuta in pace e triomphante in guerra.
Fu! perch' altro che il loco hor non ſi vede.
Quella che Roma fu guace, s'atterra
Queſt cui l'herba copre e calca il piede
Fur Moli ad ciel vicine, & hor ſon terra.
Roma che'l mondo vinſe, al tempo cede
Che i piani inalza e che l'altezza alterra.
Roma in Roma non e, Volaano e Marte
La grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta,
Struggendo l'opre e di natura e di arte.
Volio ſoſſopra il mondo e'n polve e volta
E fra queſte ruine a terra ſparte
In ſe ſteſſa cadea morta e ſepolta.

But more ſolemnly picturesque is the following deſcription of the ruins of Rome by Mr. Dyer:

The rough relics of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping, with his oaten reed: as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
When th' humble roof Anthiſe's ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: So revolves the ſcene,
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty!) the ſame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the ſame.

Dodſley's Collect. vol. i.

By Jove's temple, the poet means the Capitol; which in the days of Auguſtus, was, for ſtructure, embelliſhment, and riches, one of the moſt noble and magnificent edifices in the world. When it was deſtroyed by fire, an event which we have already taken notice of, Auguſtus undertook to rebuild it, but died ere it was finiſhed: this, it is ſaid, he, in his laſt moments, regretted as the only thing wanting to complete his felicity. It was not, however, wholly rebuilt till the conſulſhip of Catulus, who had the honour to dedicate it, and to have his name inſcribed upon it. And indeed Catulus well merited that diſtinction; for, beſides many other marks of his munificence, he gilded over with gold all the copper tiles of the temple. Pliny obſerves, that this was the firſt time gold was uſed on the outſide of buildings. Thus the fire, to ſpeak in the beautiful words of Cicero, ſeemed to have been ſent from heaven, not to deſtroy, but to raiſe to Jupiter a temple more worthy of his majeſty. On the firſt of January, the conſuls always went in proceſſion to this temple; and all who entered the city in triumph, repaired thither in pomp to pay their ſolemn thanks to Jove.

Grammarians made a difference between "Arx" and "Capitolium;" but, if we are not miſtaken, they are ſometimes indiſcriminately uſed.

The verſes from line twenty-ninth of the verſion, to that where the Sibyl addreſſes Æneas, may appear too long, as it diverts the attention from the Cumæan Sibyl, who is about to propheſy: But as the propheteſs's alluſion to the particular place, where the deſcendants of Æneas were to found their eternal city, might have, perhaps, appeared obſcure (a defect to which prophetic language is liable) without a previous and more full deſcription; our poet's conduct, it would ſeem, is not ſo foreign to the purpoſe, as might at firſt be imagined.

See Ovid, Faſt. and Propert. lib. iv. for ſimilar deſcriptions.

Ver. 32. In a former note we have taken notice of the meanneſs of infant Rome: Neither did it greatly improve in magnificence till many centuries after. Their temples indeed were adorned with trophies; but theſe, as Plutarch obſerves in his life of Marcellus, made the city rather dreadful than pleaſing. After the conqueſt of Syracuſe by Marcellus, the Romans became acquainted with the finer arts, and no doubt their architecture was alſo improved: And yet Auguſtus boaſted, that he had found Rome ill built of brick, but left a city of marble: "marmoream ſe relinquere, quam lateritiam accepiſſet." Suet. in Aug. § 28.

Ver. 33. It was cuſtomary to ſprinkle the ſylvan gods Pan and Pales with milk.

Plutarch informs us, that Rome was founded on the 21ſt of April; and that on that day a ſolemn feſtival was ever afterwards held. This feſtival was formerly called by the Romans Palilia; but, upon building a temple afterwards to Roma and Venus, they changed the name of this feſtival into that of Romana.

Ver. 36. The curious in antiquities may either conſult Servius, or Virgil's Bucolics, or Julius Scaliger, lib. i. Poet. cap. 4. concerning the ſylvan pipe of the ancient ſhepherds.

Some attribute the invention of it to Pan, and others to Marſyas. It conſiſted of ſeven reeds (joined together by thread and wax) equal at top, where the lips were applied, but unequal below, "qua exibat ſpiritus."

But no words can convey ſo diſtinct an idea of this ancient muſical inſtrument, as the inſpection of its figure upon antiques, of which many are to be found in Boiſſard, Gorlæus, and others. It appears from § 9. of the ſecond epiſtle of that famous Italian traveller, Pietro della Valle, that the Turks, in his time, uſed a pipe, which they called "muſcab," and which very much reſembled that played on by the ancients.

Ver. 39. *So where Velabrian ſtreets*, &c.] This was a large ſtreet in the eighth, or as others ſay, in the eleventh diviſion of Rome. The place which this ſtreet afterwards occupied, had been, in former times, a boggy lake, and expoſed to frequent inundations from the Tyber; but Tarquinius Priſcus having effectually drained it, it became, in proceſs of time, one of the nobleſt ſtreets in the city.

Ver. 45. In Virgil, Creuſa appeared to Æneas, and propheſies to him his future ſettlement. The ancients generally ſuppoſe, that the ſouls of the departed are endowed with a power of predicting future events; but no prophecy was ſo awfully ſtriking, none more to be depended upon, than what proceeded from the mouth of a Sibyl. Hence the reverence paid by the Romans to the Sibylline books; and hence it was that Auguſtus himſelf affected ſo much to rely upon their declarations. Thus has Tibullus happily blended ſublimity with art. The Sibyl concludes her prophecy with a prayer to Apollo, by which ſhe intereſts that god in the events of her prediction: and from this circumſtance, the propriety of our poet's addreſs to Apollo, in the beginning of the elegy, more conſpicuouſly appears.

Poetical prophecy makes the reader acquainted, before hand, with ſome events, which are to happen in the progreſs of the poem: and prevention (as an elegant critic calls it) is when ſuch things are ſpoken of at preſent, which nevertheleſs are not to come to paſs for years or ages.

The ſame critic obſerves, that poetical predictions are generally uttered by ſuperior beings; or if human beings are introduced, they are either ſuch as are already in another ſtate of exiſtence, or juſt on the verge of quitting this. Thus, Hector, in Homer, foretels the death of Achilles; and, in the ſame manner, Orodes, in Virgil, warns Mezentius of his fate. Both theſe kinds of prediction are great: and if the latter, as the ſame author alleges, is the greateſt; the firſt, however, by his own acknowledgement, is the moſt poetical.

Nor are theſe two the only kinds of poetical prophecy. Heroic poets often uſe another, by foretelling the death of a hero, at a time when he is perhaps exulting in victory. Virgil affords us an inſtance of this, Æn. x. in relation to the death of Pallas by Turnus.

That form of prophecy, diſtinguiſhed above by the title of prevention, gives an uncommon greatneſs and energy to the language: It places diſtant actions full before our eyes, and carries a certain boldneſs and aſſurance with it, that is wonderfully pleaſing, prophecy being of great ſtrength in poſſeſſing and captivating the reader, as we love to look into futurity. Thus it flatters the powers and capacity of our own minds, at the ſame time that it gives an air of ſuperior knowledge and authority to the poet. This ſpeech of the Sibyl includes in it all theſe advantages: It is not only preventive, but prophetical. Perhaps there are no ſpeeches in the fourth book of the Odyſſey, or ſixth of the Æneid, more remarkable for their prophetic beauty, than this is. The ſubject of this is loftier, the ſpeaker more venerable, and the deſign of the poet himſelf more truly great.

The terrifying raptures of Theochymenus, Od. xx. which repreſent the fall of the ſuitors, and which contain a higher orientaliſm than any we meet with in any other part of Homer's writings, may be compared, as Mr. Spence obſerves in his excellent Dialogues on the Odyſſey, with what Joel ſays in a truly inſpired language: "I will "ſhow thee wonders in the heavens and in the "earth: Blood, and fire, and pillars of ſmoke: "The ſun ſhall be turned into darkneſs, and the "moon into blood. I will cauſe the ſun to go "down at noon, and will darken the earth in clear "day. All the bright lights of heaven will I make "dark over thee, and ſet darkneſs upon the land." In that truly ſublime paſſage, the ſun and lights ſeem only to have left the heavens to ſhine with all their boundleſs majeſty in the poet's mind.

Ver. 51. *There, thou from yonder ſacred ſtream*
ſhalt riſe
A God thyſelf, &c.] The poet here plainly points out the river Numicius, which, as the Sibyl propheſied, waſhed away from Æneas all that was mortal, and fitted him for the company of the gods, as Ovid beautifully tells the ſtory. Vide Ovid's Metam. book xiv. line 609.

Such is the poetical account of Æneas's departure from life; but antiquaries differ widely as to the manner of his death. Some aſſert, that his body was found drowned in the Numicius, after his rencounter with Mezentius; while others maintain, that he was indeed killed on the banks of that river, but that his body, tumbling into the ſtream, could never be recovered; and that it was hence artfully given out by his ſucceſſors, that the gods had taken him to themſelves. Accordingly he was honoured with the appellation of "Deus

Indiges," or ανθρωποδαιμον; and Dionysius Halicarnasseus (lib. i. p. 40.) informs us, that not only a chapel was dedicated to him, with the following inscription:

PATRI. DEO. INDIGETI.
QVI. NVMICI. AMNIS.
VNDAS. TEMPERAT.

but that he had many monuments erected to him, in divers parts of Italy.

But why is Numicius called sacred? "(veneranda Numici unda)." Servius, in his notes on the seventh Æneid, ver. 150. assigns the following reason: "Numicius ingens ante fluvius fuit; quo repertum est cadaver Æneæ, & consecratum, post paulatim descrescens, in fontem redactus est: qui ipse siccatus est, sacris interceptus. Vestæ enim libari, non, nisi de hoc flumine, licebat." *Broekh.*

Ver. 56. In the first battle, which Æneas carried on against the Latins and Rutulians, "propter fraudatus Laviniæ nuptias," Latinus was slain; upon which, the Rutulian prince, Turnus, implored aid from Mezentius, king of the Tuscans; and fell in the second action: but Æneas never afterwards appeared, as the Scholiast tells us. In the third and last engagement, Ascanius revenged the death of his father, by killing Mezentius.

But why does the poet bestow on Turnus the epithet "Barbaro," since that prince, as Amata, in Virgil, informs us, was of Grecian original? Cyllenius endeavoured to solve this question, by supposing, that Turnus spoke bad Latin, "vel blæsus, vel balbus erat." But there is no occasion for any such hypothesis, since we find, from Plautus, that the Romans called both Italians and Latins, "Barbari." Vide Fest. in voc. Barbar. *Broekh.*

Ver. 57. *Lavinium greets my view.*] This is the city, which Æneas is said to have built in honour of his wife Lavinia. See more of this in the twenty-eight chapter of the first book of Dionys. Halicarnass. in Virgil, Æn. i. ver. 258. in Livy, book i. cap. 1. and 3. in the author of the book intitled, De Orig. Roman. and in Justin. lib. xliii. cap. 1. *Broekh.*

Ver. 59. Broekhusius is ample in citing authorities to prove, that Ilia was neither asleep, or ravished (contrary to what is asserted in the text), when Mars, or whoever was the father of Romulus and Remus, begot these twins upon her. After her delivery she drowned herself in the Tyber; and hence she is said, by the poets, to have been married to that river.

Ver. 62. Mars was so fond of his helmet, shield, and javelin, that he did not quit them, even when going upon his amours, of which he had several; but as the most famous of these was his intrigue with Ilia, or, as others call her, Rhea, Sylvia, the mother of Romulus and Remus, so it became a popular subject for the medalists, statuaries and painters, as well as poets, among the Romans. In a relievo, in the possession of the Mellini family, at Rome, we see Mars descended upon earth, and moving towards Rhea, who is asleep on it. And on the reverse of a medal, which Mr. Addison mentions, and Mr. Spence has given an engraving of, that god is represented in an earlier point of time, in the air, as descending down to her. By means of this medal, that polite scholar, Mr. Addison (Vide Travels, p. 182.) was enabled to explain the two following lines in the eleventh satire of Juvenal, which had puzzled all the commentators:

Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & hasta,
Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.

For the Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus. On these occasions, the figure of the god was made as descending on, that is, as suspended in the air over the vestal virgin; in which sense, the word "pendentis" is extremely poetical.

Ver. 63. This apostrophe to the cattle that were feeding on the seven hills, where Rome afterwards stood, is highly picturesque; it more than places the object before the eyes of the reader: Such is the magic of poetry! The heroic poets, but especially the sacred and prophetic writers, abound with these bold sallies of imagination.

Ver. 65. The Romans were early made to believe the gods had predetermined that their city should be the metropolis of the world. Hence Horace writes,

Gentibus est aliis tellus data limite certo;
Romanæ spatium est urbis et orbis idem.

And Martial calls Rome
Terrarum domina gentiumque Roma.

Into how many misfortunes this belief plunged that state, and especially the nations around, let her own annals testify!

Ver. 69. A frequent chewing of the laurel was supposed to be of great efficacy in raising a spirit of divination and poetry. See Spanheim's learned notes on the ninty-fourth verse of Callimachus's Hymn to Delos. With a view to this, we may suppose it was that Commodus, as Xiphilinus tells the story, eat the laurel leaves with which he was crowned: δάφνης φυλλα ἁ εκ τȣ στεφανȣ ειχον αυτος διεφαγον.

Ver. 71. Critics differ greatly in the number, as well as in the names of the Sibyls; nor are they better agreed with regard to their parentage, country, reputation, and the age in which they lived. Varro makes them to have been ten in number, Suidas, in his catalogue of them, gives us only nine. Ælian and Ausonius limit them to four; while Aulus Gellius and Pliny the elder acknowledge but one. But Rosinus adopted Varro's opinion; and has, from good authority too, given us their several names. Lib. iii. cap. 24.

Our poet mentions four of the Sibyls by name, viz. Herophile, Mermessia, Amalthea, and Albuna. Rosinus makes the first and third of these to be the same with the Cumæan Sibyl; but we have

the authority of Pauſanias for aſſerting that Herophile was born on Mount Ida, of a mortal father, but immortal mother; that ſhe lived before the time of the Trojan war, and predicted the rape of Helen, and the fall of the Trojan empire. In her verſes too, were probably ſcattered ſome admonitions, "admonuit," exciting the Romans, who by Æneas were of Trojan deſcent, to act a friendly part to the Phrygians, and by their good offices compenſate to them all the loſſes they had ſuſtained by the deſtruction of Troy; and therefore our poet mentions her, and deſires Apollo to guide Meſſalinus alſo in the interpretation of her prophetic writings, as well as in thoſe of the other three. This method of explaining

Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermeſſia dixit,
Herophile Phœbo grata quod admonuit:
Quodque Albuna ſacras Tiberis per flumina ſortes
Portarit, ſicco perlueritque ſinu.

removes all the difficulty of connection, which commentators ſaw, but never offered to unriddle, till Vulpius, p. 259. by joining theſe four lines with

Phœbe ſacras Meſſalinum fine tangere chartas
Vatis: et ipſe, precor, quid canat illa, doce.

in one common petition to Apollo, made ſenſe of the paſſage.

Herophile is called in the text, "Grata Phœbo;" and Pauſanias, lib. x. cap. 12. tells us, that in her verſes, ſhe ſometimes called herſelf the wife, ſometimes the daughter, and ſometimes the ſiſter of Apollo. She viſited Claros, Delos, and Delphi, where, from a ſtone, which that ancient Greek traveller ſaw, ſhe uttered oracles: but ſhe paſt moſt of her time at Samos; and, dying at Troas, was buried in the grove of Smintheus, where he read her epitaph, which he has preſerved.

Mermeſſia, although our poet makes her a diſtinct perſon, was probably the ſame as the former, ſince antiquaries inform us that ſhe was born at Mermeſſus, a paſtoral village of Mount Ida. She is alſo called Marpeſſia; and we learn from Pauſanias, lib. x. that in his time the veſtiges of the ancient city of Marpeſſus were ſtill to be ſeen on Mount Ida.

Albuna was worſhipped as a goddeſs at Tibur, upon the banks of the Anio, in whoſe ſtream her image was found, holding in its hand a book, which being uninjured by the water, was conveyed, according to Lactantius, to the Capitol. But our poet ſeems to inſinuate, that ſhe ſwam acroſs the Tyber with her prophecies in her boſom; and that though its waters touched theſe compoſitions, yet had they not the power to wet them.

But though all theſe Sibyls were eminent, the Cumæan Sibyl was chiefly regarded by the Romans; who, according to Livy, brought nine books to Tarquinius Priſcus, offering them to him for three hundred pieces of gold *(Philippi)*. The king deriding her price, ſhe inſtantly burnt three of them in his ſight, and then demanded the ſame ſum for the ſix. Tarquin hereupon calling her an extravagant mad-woman, ſhe committed three more to the flames, and aſked him ſtill the ſame money for the remainder. The king, aſtoniſhed at this, paid her what ſhe demanded; and receiving the volumes, which were ſuppoſed to contain the future deſtinies of Rome, depoſited them in the Capitol, as above related.

Pliny, in talking of the oldeſt ſtatues which were to be found in his time at Rome, has the following paſſage: "Equidem et Sibyllæ juxta roſtra eſſe, non miror, tres ſint, licet; una quam Sex. Pacuvius Taurus ædilis plebis reſtituit: duæ quas M. Meſſala (Corvinus's father) primas putarem has, et Actii Navii, poſitas ætate Tarquinii Priſci, niſi regum antecedentium eſſent in Capitolio." Lib. xxxiv. cap. 5.

Ver. 79. *When ſtony tempeſts fell, &c.*] See inſtances of all theſe prodigies in the ſixth chapter of the firſt book of Valerius Maximus.

A late Italian author ingeniouſly accounts for ſhowers of ſtones, and all the other kinds of ſhowers, which hiſtorians and naturaliſts mention. See alſo Lucan's ninth book.

Ibid. *When comets glar'd.*] Few prejudices are more ancient than that which makes comets portend the downfal of empires. A ſounder philoſophy has at laſt taught us, that though they are leſs known, they are not more ominous than the planets; and yet Mr. Whiſton was of opinion that this earth will be finally deſtroyed by a comet.

Ver. 83. *To charge the clarion, &c.*] Inſtances of this prodigy are frequent in both the Roman poets and hiſtorians, to the diſgrace of the latter.

Ver. 86. Although an eclipſe of the ſun was ever regarded by the Romans as a prodigy; that which Tibullus ſpeaks of, and which happened when Cæſar was killed, was, ſays Broekhuſius, moſt prodigious, ſince it laſted almoſt a whole year.

What? and is nature then to be ſhook with convulſions, to be forced out of her natural courſe, when a tyrant is cut off? This is the language of baſe adulation, but not of ſound philoſophy. When, indeed, a friend to man periſhes, all the elements may with propriety be introduced as lamenting his fall; and yet, as the author of an excellent ode to mankind ſings, it too generally happens, that,

Thoſe have no charms to pleaſe the ſenſe,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the muſes' throng;
Unknown, unſung, unmark'd they lie,
But Cæſar's fate o'ercaſts the ſky,
And nature mourns his wrong.

Ver. 92. Monſtrous births, by way of expiation, were either thrown into the ſea, or burnt with "pyrum ſylvaticum," and ſuch like "plantæ infelices," as the Romans called them, from the ſuppoſed circumſtance of their being under the protection of the "Dii Inferi et Avertentes." See inſtances of this in Livy and Julius Obſequens.

Ver. 102. Ovid, in that aſtoniſhing work of his, intituled Faſti, gives us the following accurate deſcription of the Palilia.

Certe ego de vitulo, cinerem, ſtipulaſque fatales
Sæpe tuli plena februa caſta manu.
Certe ego tranſilii poſitas ter in ordine flammas;
Virgaque lauratas aurea miſit aquas.

And again,

Tum licet, appoſita veluti cratere camella,
Lac niveum potes, purpureamque ſapam:
Moxque per ardentes ſtipulæ crepitantis acervos,
Trajicias celeri ſtrenua membra pede. *Lib.* iv.

Ver. 104. The original of this paſſage cannot be expreſſed in poetical Engliſh. It deſcribes a method of kiſſing, wherein the perſon to be kiſſed, was, by the ſaluter, held and pulled forward by the ears till his lips met the others. This, according to Broekhuſius, the Italians call a Florentine kiſs. *Vide Kemp. Diſſert. de Oſcul.*

Ver. 106. Such domeſtic deſcriptions are often more pleaſing than the boldeſt flights of poetry! Tibullus abounds in them: They are certain ſigns of the goodneſs of a writer's heart.

Ver. 121. The form of deprecation was this: To confeſs that the perſon injured did not deſerve the curſe; that they wiſhed it had not been pronounced; and owned themſelves actuated by a bad diſpoſition: "Mente mala, mala fatebantur." Nennius, as Broekhuſius remarks, was the firſt who explained the former part of the Latin deprecation, as Douza did the laſt. This was a better method ſurely of making ſatisfaction than what we moderns have ſubſtituted in its place, the piſtol and ſword.

Ver. 124. The reader by this time muſt have perceived a frequent recurrence of ideas in Tibullus; yet are both Ovid and Propertius equally reprehenſible on that account.

Ver. 139. Bacchus, or (as Sir Iſaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Seſoſtris, after his return from his Indian conqueſt, gave the firſt inſtance of this ungenerous ceremony, which the Romans afterwards adopted. It is impoſſible to read the deſcription of thoſe arrogant exhibitions of proſperity, without being ſtruck with indignation: and we can never think highly of the humanity of that people who could behold with pleaſure ſuch ſtriking inſtances of calamity, and of the caprice of fortune, as thoſe ſolemnities afforded; when the greateſt monarchs of the earth were ſometimes dragged from their thrones, to attend in chains the inſolent parade of an inſulting conqueror. But it was natural for the Romans to enjoy that with inſolence which they gained by oppreſſion.

Ver. 140. Theſe were at firſt of wood; but in Cæſar's laſt triumph they were of ſilver.

Ver. 144. "Laureati milites (ſays Feſtus Pompeius) ſequebantur currum triumphantis, ut quaſi purgati, a cæde humana intrarent urbem."

Ver. 151. The poet, as Vulpius obſerves, wiſhes eternal chaſtity to Diana, becauſe Orion, one of the giants, had endeavoured, but in vain, to raviſh her.

Teſtis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum notus, et integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ
Virginea domitus ſagitta.
Lib. iii. *Od.* 4.

This truth ſhall hundred-handed Gyas tell,
And warm Orion, who with impious love
Tempting the goddeſs of the ſylvan ſcene,
Was, by her virgin darts, gigantic victim, ſlain.
Francis.

ELEGY VI.

Macer campaigns; who now will thee obey,
O love! if Macer dare forego thy ſway?
Put on the creſt, and graſp the burniſh'd ſhield,
Purſue the baſe deſerter to the field:
Or if to winds he gives the looſen'd ſail,
Mount thou the deck, and riſk the ſtormy gale:
To dare deſert thy ſweetly-pleaſing pains,
For ſtormy ſeas, or ſanguinary plains!
'Tis, Cupid! thine, the wanderer to reclaim,
Regain thy honour, and avenge thy name!
If ſuch thou ſpar'ſt, a ſoldier I will be;
The meaneſt ſoldier, and abandon thee.
Adieu, ye trifling loves! farewel, ye fair!
The trumpet charms me, I to camps repair;
The martial look, the martial garb aſſume,
And ſee the laurel on my forehead bloom!
My vaunts how vain! debarr'd the cruel maid,
The warrior ſoftens, and my laurels fade.
Piqu'd to the ſoul, how frequent have I ſwore,
Her gate ſo ſervile to approach no more?
Unconſcious what I did, I ſtill return'd,
Was ſtill deny'd acceſs, and yet I burn'd!
Ye youths, whom love commands with angry ſway,
Attend his wars, like me, and pleas'd obey.
This iron age approves his ſway no more:
All fly to camps for gold, and gold adore:
Yet gold clothes kindred ſtates in hoſtile arms!
Hence blood and death, confuſion and alarms!
Mankind for luſt of gold, at once defy
The naval combat, and the ſtormy ſky!
The ſoldier hopes, by martial ſpoils, to gain!
Flocks without number, and a rich domain;

His hopes obtain'd by every horrid crime,
He ſeeks for marble in each foreign clime:
A thouſand yoke ſuſtain the pillar'd freight,
And Rome, ſurpris'd, beholds th'enormous weight.
Let ſuch with moles the furious deep encloſe,
Where fiſh may ſwim unhurt, though winter blows:
Let flocks and villas call the ſpoiler lord!
And be the ſpoiler by the fair ador'd!
Let one we know, a whipp'd barbarian ſlave,
Live like a king, with kingly pride behave!
Be ours the joys of economic eaſe,
From bloody fields remote, and ſtormy ſeas!

In gold, alas! the venal fair delight?
Since beauty ſighs for ſpoil, for ſpoil I'll fight!
In all my plunder Nemeſis ſhall ſhine,
Yours be the profit, be the peril mine:
To deck your heav'nly charms the ſilk-worm dies,
Embroidery labours, and the ſhuttle flies!
For you he rifled ocean's pearly ſtore!
To you Pactolus ſend his golden ore!
Ye Indians, blacken'd by the nearer ſun,
Before her ſteps in ſplendid liveries run;
For you ſhall wealthy Tyre and Afric vie,
To yield the purple, and the ſcarlet dye.

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

This elegy is more than commonly difficult; and, what too frequently happens, the commentators, eſpecially Scaliger, have increaſed theſe difficulties, by endeavouring to explain them.

Æmilius Macer, a nobleman, even famous in the Auguſtan age for his gallantry and wit, had been intruſted by the ſucceſſor of Julius, with the execution of ſome military enterpriſe. At his departure from Rome, it is probable, he boaſted to our poet, that however deeply he ſeemed engaged in love, yet was his heart his own, and now only panted for military fame. As Tibullus could not but regard this declaration as a ſecret ſatire on his own conduct, he earneſtly addreſſes Cupid to follow Macer to the field; from which if he did not bring him back, he threatens to deſert his ſervice himſelf, and in the various life of a ſoldier, to diſſipate his tendreſſe for the fair. In fancy our poet becomes a military man, and bids adieu to love and its trifling purſuits; but his ardor ſoon cools; he owns, though Nemeſis was ſtill inſenſible to his ſufferings, that his paſſion for her was as violent as ever. From this, he takes occaſion to adviſe the young noblemen of Rome, who, to get rid of love, might flatter themſelves, that a military life would effectually anſwer, to lay aſide all their martial intentions, and, like him, implicitly ſerve under the banner of Cupid. His advice, however, does not ſeem to have been reliſhed by thoſe for whom it was deſigned: gold, which at that time was chiefly to be obtained by war, having, it would ſeem, corrupted them. This was one of the many diſaſters produced by the civil wars, in which ſuch immenſe fortunes had been amaſſed, that manumitted ſlaves then wallowed in miniſterial fortunes. With this known truth he concludes his panegyric on wealth; and therefore the two lines,

Nota loquor, &c.

which in all editions are placed at the end of this elegy, ſhould immediately follow

Negligat hybernas.

For by this change theſe two lines, which univerſally puzzled the commentators, have a connection, and may be made ſenſe of. But though the love of riches had ſo generally infected even the young, Tibullus only begs that he might enjoy the little he had, in all the ſimplicity of ancient times. Unfortunately, however, for our poet, Nemeſis liked opulence; and, as he was wholly attached to her, he ſuddenly determines to become rich by war; neither could Cupid be offended with this, as with his ſpoils he only meant to adorn his miſtreſs.

Ver. 1. This elegy, and the third and ſeventh of this book, have been miſerably mangled and blended together, in the Variorum edition: for inſtance, all the verſes of this, from "At tu quiſque is es," to the end, are in that edition foiſted into the third elegy, "rura tenent," &c. although theſe lines have no manner of connection with that elegy. But, by way of compenſation, the Variorum editors have not only laid the foreſaid third elegy under a contribution of four lines to this, beginning at "Acer amor fractas," &c. but have alſo tagged to it the next elegy, beginning "Finirent multi leto mala."

Joannes Baptiſta Pius, Achilles Statius and Glandorpius are all of opinion, that Tibullus means here Pompeius Macer, the ſon of Theophanes of Mitylene, to whom Auguſtus intruſted, as Suetonius informs us, the management of his library. The arguments they allege in defence of this, are chiefly taken from Ovid, who, in the eighteenth elegy of his ſecond book, ſpeaks thus of Macer:

Carmen ad iratum dum tu perducis Achillem,
Primæque juratis induis arma viris
Nos, Macer, ignavæ Veneris ceſſamus in umbra.

And again,

Tu canis, æterno quidquid reſtabat Homero
Ne careant ſumma Troica bella manu.
Pont. Ep. lib. ii. *ep.* 10. *ver.* 13.

From whence they conclude, that Pompeius Macer was a poet, and wrote the Paralipomena of Homer. This opinion is however unſupported by claſſical authority. But if there is no cauſe to believe that Theophanes was a poet, we know, that Æmilius Macer was a conſiderable one; and as he made a diſtinguiſhed figure in the court of Auguſtus, it is not unreaſonable to conclude, he was the nobleman whom Tibullus mentions in this elegy.

Æmilius Macer then was born at Verona, a city famous for the births of Lucretius, Catullus, and the architect Vitruvius. Ovid informs us, that Macer was his ſenior, and that he travelled with him through Aſia and Sicily. We alſo know from the ſame poet, as well as from Pliny, that Macer, beſides the pieces already mentioned, wrote likewiſe a poem on birds, ſerpents, and on the virtues of plants. Of this performance, which he uſed often to recite to Ovid, two or three lines only remain. In it he chiefly copied Nicander, a poet of Colophon. Nor were theſe his only poetical performances: he compoſed a piece, intituled Theriaca, of which Iſidorus and others have ſaved near half a dozen verſes. Nonius Marcellus adds, that he wrote a Theogony, of which he mentions one verſe: but ſome learned men think, that the line quoted muſt have belonged rather to his Ornithology. Beſides theſe uſeful works, he publiſhed ſomething on bees (probably in verſe), as Pliny informs us, lib. xi. Quintilian allows both Macer and Lucretius to have been elegant, but ſtigmatizes the one as obſcure, and the other as creeping. "Utinam" (ſays Brockhuſius) "hodie de Macro et nobis arbitrari liceret! Utinam ſaltem Iliaca exſtarent, quas tanti facit Naſo, ut ab his libris, honorificum dederit auctori cognomentum;"

Cum foret et Marſus, magnique Babirius oris,
Iliacuſque Macer ſideriuſque Pedo.
Lib. iv. *Pont. Ep.* 16.

Macer died in Aſia, about the time that Auguſtus adopted Caius and Lucius, the ſons of Agrippa; which, according to the Euſebian Chronicle, happened A. U. C. 737. in the conſulate of C. Furnius, and Juſ. Silanus.

The poem De Viribus Herbarum, which at preſent paſſes under the name of Æm. Macer, is the work of one Odo, who was as wretched a poet, as he was a bad phyſician. Vide Lilio Gyrald, J. C. Scaliger, and Gaudent. Merul. Ital. Illuſtr. We therefore wonder how that elegant ſcholar and excellent anatomiſt, Thomas Bartholin, could be ſo far impoſed upon, as to take this miſerable ſtuff for a poem, which was the delight of the Auguſtan age. See his Diſſert. de Medicis Poeticis.

Ver. 3. This paſſage in the original has mightily puzzled the interpreters. Scaliger and Broekhuſius explain it, as if the poet lamented the fate of little Cupid, who would now be obliged to attend Macer to the field, and to be his armour-bearer. Vulpius, on the other hand, condemns Scaliger's explanation, and ſays, that the poet ſeems to intimate, that Cupid himſelf ſhould put on arms. This ſenſe of the paſſage is what the tranſlator has adopted, as the moſt poetical.

We learn from Ovid, that Macer was not averſe to love, but even mixed ſtrokes of gallantry in his heroic compoſitions.

Nec tibi (qua tutum vati, Macer arma canenti)
Aureus in medio Marte, tacetur amor.
Et Paris eſt illic, et adultera nobile crimen;
Et comes extincto Laodamia viro.
Si bene te novi, non bella libentius iſtis
Dicis, et a veſtris in mea caſtra venis.
Lib. ii. *El.* 18. *ver.* 35.

Ver. 14. Read, inſtead of "facta," in the generality of editions,

& mihi grata tuba eſt.

Hammond has improved upon this elegy in his ſecond.

Adieu, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair!
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound;
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rouzing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.

Few are the maids that now on merit ſmile;
On ſport and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unfated vengeance, and remorſeleſs rage.

To purchaſe ſpoil, ev'n love itſelf is ſold:
Her lover's heart is leaſt Neæra's care.
And I through war, muſt ſeek deteſted gold;
Not for myſelf, but for my venal fair!

That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
And art miſtaken, make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.

But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Her's be the wealth of Tagus golden ſand,
Her's the bright gems that glow in India's ſoil,
Her's the black ſons of Afric's ſultry land.

To pleaſe her eye, let every loom contend;
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
And ſooth with dreams a youthful poet's head!

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part;
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind
In vain—Though reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet love, the coward love, ſtill lags behind.

Ver. 21. This, in the original, is,

pes tamen ipſe redit.

And, as Vulpius obſerves, it appears to have been a colloquial expreſſion, equally idiomatical both to Greeks and Romans.

Horace has a thought of the ſame nature, in his excellent epode to Pettius; where, complain-

ing of the cruelty of Inachia, whom he had reſolved to ſee no more, he thus expreſſes his own impotence of will:

Ubi hæc ſeverus te palam laudaveram
Juſſus abire domum
Ferebar incerto pede
Ad non amicos, heu mihi poſtes, et heu
Limina dura quibus
Lumbos, et infregi latos.

Ep. xi.

When thus, with vaunting air, I ſolemn ſaid;
Inſpir'd by thy advice, I homeward ſped
But, ah! my feet in wonted wandering ſtray,
And to no friendly doors my ſteps betray,
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threſhold lay my tortur'd ſide.

Francis.

But are we, therefore, to conclude, that Horace was indebted to Tibullus for this thought? By no means. For, as one of the beſt critics that ever inſtructed this iſland, obſerves, "Many ſubjects "fall under the conſideration of an author, which "being limited by nature, can admit only of ſlight "and accidental diverſities. All definitions of the "ſame thing, muſt be nearly the ſame; and deſcriptions, which are definitions of a more looſe "and fanciful kind, muſt always have, in ſome "degree, that reſemblance to each other, which "they all have to their object. Different poets, "deſcribing the ſpring and the ſea, would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows "and the rocks: reflecting on human life, they "would, without any communication of opinions, "lament the deceitfulneſs of hope, the fugacity "of pleaſure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and, for palliatives of theſe "incurable miſeries, they would concur in recommending kindneſs, temperance, caution, and "fortitude." Rambler, No. 143.

Ver. 37. Would the reader know to what immenſe extravagance the Romans went in this article of ſea-fiſh-ponds, he may conſult Varro, De Re Ruſt. cap. 17 where he treats of theſe "piſcinæ marinæ."

Ver. 41. It is reported by hiſtorians, that Demetrius, the freed-man of Pompey, by attending that general in his conqueſts, amaſſed greater wealth than his maſter himſelf. It is probable, however, our poet, in this paſſage, glances at ſome of the Cæſarian party.

Ver. 43. *Be ours the joys of economic eaſe.*] From the original,

At mihi læta trahant Samiæ convivia teſtæ
Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.

The tranſlator approves of Scaliger's correction, in inſerting "mihi." Although by rendering it *ours*, he takes in alſo "tibi," which is the other pronoun that contends for a place here. The poet particularly celebrates Samos and Cumæ, as marts of the beſt and cheapeſt earthen ware. Vide Pliny, lib xxxiii. cap. 12.

Ver. 45. Pliny informs us, that gold was not coined at Rome till the year 647, about ſixty-two years after ſilver had been firſt coined there. Until this period, the Romans, it ſeems, ſubſiſted on the money of the nations they conquered.

Ver. 50. *Embroidery labours*, &c.] This in the original is,

Illa gerat veſtes, &c.

The iſland Cos was remarkable of old for gold tiſſues and other luxuries of apparel. The great Hippocrates was born there.

Ver. 55. Authors make a difference between the Tyrian and Lybian dye, though they are ſometimes uſed promiſcuouſly by good claſſic writers. The Tyrian was the richeſt dreſs a lady could wear. The "pretexta" of the Roman magiſtrates was of purple, a colour which they ſometimes permitted ſuch foreign princes as depended on them to aſſume, but never till they had made exorbitant preſents to the conſuls.

ELEGY VII.

THOUSANDS in death would ſeek an end of woe,
But hope, deceitful hope! prevents the blow!
Hope plants the foreſt, and ſhe ſows the plain;
And feeds, with future granaries, the ſwain;
Hope ſnares the winged vagrants of the ſky,
Hope cheats in reedy brooks the ſcaly fry;
By hope, the fetter'd ſlave, the drudge of fate,
Sings, ſhakes his irons, and forgets his ſtate;
Hope promis'd you, you haughty ſtill deny;
Yield to the goddeſs, O my fair! comply.
Hope whiſper'd me, "Give ſorrow to the wind!
"The haughty fair-one ſhall at laſt be kind."
Yet, yet you treat me with the ſame diſdain:
O let not hope's ſoft whiſpers prove in vain!
Untimely fate your ſiſter ſnatch'd away;
Spare me, O ſpare me, by her ſhade I pray!
So ſhall my garlands deck her virgin tomb;
So ſhall I weep, no hypocrite, her doom!
So may her grave with riſing flowers be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on her breaſt.
Ah me! will nought avail! the world I'll fly,
And, proſtrate at her tomb, a ſuppliant ſigh!
To her attentive ghoſt, of you complain;
Tell my long ſorrowing, tell of your diſdain:

Oft, when alive, in my behalf ſhe ſpoke:
Your endleſs coyneſs muſt her ſhade provoke:
With ugly dreams ſhe'll haunt your hour of reſt,
And weep before you, an unwelcome gueſt!
Ghaſtly and pale, as when beſmear'd with blood,
Oh fatal fall! ſhe paſs'd the Stygian flood.
No more, my ſtrains! your eyes with tears o'erflow,
This moving object renovates your woe:
You, you are guiltleſs! I your maid accuſe;
You generous are! ſhe, ſhe has ſelfiſh views.
Nay, were you guilty, I'll no more complain;
One tear from you o'erpays a life of pain!
She, Phryne, promis'd to promote my vows:
She took, but never gave my billet-doux.
You're gone abroad, ſhe confidently ſwears,
Oft when your ſweet-ton'd voice ſalutes mine ears:
Or, when you promiſe to reward my pains,
That you're afraid, or indiſpos'd, ſhe feigns:
Then madding jealouſy inflames my breaſt;
Then fancy repreſents a rival bleſt;
I wiſh thee, Phryne! then a thouſand woes;—
And if the gods with half my wiſhes cloſe,
Phryne! a wretch of wretches thou ſhalt be,
And vainly beg of death to ſet thee free!

NOTES ON ELEGY VII.

Suicide was not only not criminal, but eſteemed heroical by the Romans. We may ſuppoſe but few deſtroyed themſelves from philoſophical motives, although the Stoics permitted it. Under the emperors, indeed, thoſe eſpecially that diſgraced nature, ſelf-murder became too frequent, as then only the beſt men were doomed the victims of their barbarity; for by this means they preſerved their eſtates to their poſterity. Under ſuch circumſtances, ſuicide was in truth leſs blameable; but ſtill no circumſtances can be offered, which wholly abate its iniquity. Be that, however, as it will, even thoſe who condemn ſelf-murder as unjuſtifiable, will own that death ſounds prettily in the mouth of a lover; and this gives ſome countenance to the reading,

Jam mala finiſſem leto,

which makes the beginning of this elegy, in ſome editions; but as our poet everywhere elſe ſhows the utmoſt abhorrence at death, as the beſt MSS. read

Finirent multi leto mala, &c.

and as it appears by the line

Spes facilem Nemeſin, &c.

that he only was enumerating ſome of the many effects of that catholic cordial hope, the tranſlator has adopted the more common reading, and, with Broekhuſius, has made this a diſtinct elegy; which, in not a few editions, is prepoſterouſly tacked to the foregoing poem.

The whole exiſtence of a lover is made up of hope and fears: Though always diſappointed by Nemeſis, our poet ſtill hoped, that his amorous inclinations would at laſt be indulged: for this purpoſe, he entreats her, as was natural, by the things ſhe held moſt dear.—The text informs us, that her ſiſter had unfortunately fallen from a window, and broken her neck: this perſon had always warmly eſpouſed the intereſt of Tibullus; and as it was a point of pagan belief, that their ghoſts continued their attention to their friends on earth, eſpecially if theſe paid proper honours to their tombs, our poet informs his cruel fair one, that he means to repair to her ſiſter's monument, and by oblations of flowers, &c. to implore her aſſiſtance. But, as it was natural for him to imagine, that the mentioning ſo favourite an object would renew all Nemeſis's grief for her unfortunate end, he breaks off, and artfully throwing the blame of what he had ſuffered on her ſervant, he finiſhes the elegy with curſing her.

Ver. 1. Although the Romans looked upon ſuicide as heroical; yet Virgil thus deſcribes the evil condition and remorſe of thoſe who had laid violent hands upon themſelves:

Proxima deinde tenent mæſti loca, qui ſibi letum
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroſi
Projecere animas: quam vellent in æthere alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!
Fas obſtat, triſtique palus inamabilis unda
Adligat, et novies Styx interfuſa coercet.

In Plato's almoſt divine dialogue, intituled, Phædo, Socrates has fully evinced the unlawfulneſs of ſelf-murder. This dialogue Cicero ſeems to have copied in his admirable piece, intituled, Somnium Scipionis. "Quæſo, inquam, pater ſanctiſſime atque optime, quoniam hæc eſt vita, (ut Africanum audio dicere) quid moror in terra? quin hinc ad vos venire propero? Non eſt ita, inquit ille; niſi Deus is, cujus hoc templum eſt omne quod conſpicis, iſtis te corporis cuſtodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non poteſt. Homines enim ſunt hac lege generati, qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur; hiſque animus datus eſt ex illis ſempiternis ignibus, quæ ſidera, et ſtellas vocatis: quæ globoſæ, et rotundæ, circos ſuos orbeſque conficiunt celeritate mirabili. Quare et tibi, Publi, et piis omnibus retinendus eſt animus in cuſtodia corporis: nec injuſſu ejus, a quo ille eſt vobis datus, ex hominum vita migrandum eſt, ne munus humanum adſignatum a Deo defugiſſe videamini."

Ver. 2. Hope is a poetical ſubject, to which

many, both ancient and modern, have done great juſtice. Theognis ſuppoſes, that when the other gods left the earth, hope only ſtaid behind. This thought Ovid has adopted:

Hæc dea, quum fugerent ſceleratas numina terras,
In diis inviſa ſola remanſit humo.

As hope, as well as fear, is one of the barriers implanted in us by nature, to prevent our ruſhing out of life, ought it not to have been taken into the eſtimate of life in Hamlet's Soliloquy?

To be, or not to be;

which, however ſenſible, has, as a late critic well obſerves, nothing to do in the place where it is introduced.

This enumeration of the conſequences of hope, or what it may be productive of, though not frequent in our poet, is yet common in Ovid, and has indeed a fine effect even in perceptive poems; but in ſuch as are impaſſioned or heroic, ſeems eſſentially improper. Hence Marino and Davenant are reprehenſible; neither is Shakſpeare himſelf entirely free from blame on this ſcore.

St. Paul, with no leſs beauty than emphaſis of expreſſion, calls hope our early immortality. The excellent author of the Night Thoughts, thus expreſſes his ſentiments with regard to wiſhing:

Wiſhing of all employments, is the worſt,
Philoſophy's reverſe, and health's decay!
Were I as plump as ſtall'd theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to this ſhade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-Sea dream,
Wiſhing is an expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant hectic of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And ſimpler diet; gifts of rural life!

Ver. 9. The goddeſs, mentioned in the original, is, by ſome commentators, ſuppoſed to be Nemeſis: but as that would be more in the affected mode of Ovid, than in the natural way of Tibullus; and as the context, when carefully conſidered, ſhows that the poet meant hope, the tranſlator has kept to that interpretation in the verſion, notwithſtanding Otway, in his tranſlation of this elegy, retains the former.

Ver. 22. Vulpius has collected almoſt a century of quotations, to prove, that the ancients, when deeply affected with ſorrow generally ſat. "Graviter dolentes, veteri conſuetudine, fere ſemper ſedebant." A wonderful diſcovery this, and well worthy of critical inveſtigation!

Ver. 29. According to ancient ſuperſtition, ghoſts often appeared in the ſame diſmal circumſtances in which they had departed life. Of this we have a ſtriking inſtance in Virgil:

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, et dono divum gratiſſima ſerpit.
In ſomnis, ecce ante oculos mœſtiſſimus Hector
Viſus adeſſe mihi, largoſque effundere fletus;
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, atèrque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillei!
Æn. ii. 268.

Inſtances of the ſame ſort may be found in Ovid, Met. lib. ii. ver 650. Faſt. lib. v. ver. 451. and in Statius, Theb. lib. ii. ver. 120. *Brockh.*

Ver. 31. Baptiſta Guarini, in a ſonnet where he blames his tongue for being unable to expreſs his love, thus addreſſes his eyes:

Ma ſe muta ſe' tu, fien gli occhi noſtri
Loquaci, e caldi; e'n lor le ſue profonde
Piaghe, e l' interno duol diſcopra il core.
Non e ſi chiuſo o ſi ſegreto ardore
Ch'un cigho a l'altro no'l riveli o moſtri
La dove amor vera eloquenza aſconde.
Son. xlv.

Many other paſſages might here be added, wherein ſpeaking eyes are mentioned; for this has been the language of lovers in all ages. But, as the excellent Rambler remarks, "There are flowers "of fiction ſo widely ſcattered, and ſo eaſily cropped, that it is ſcarcely juſt to tax the uſe of "them, as an act by which any particular writer "is deſpoiled of his garland; for they may be "ſaid to be planted by the ancients in the open "road of poetry, for the accommodation of their "ſucceſſors, and to be the right of every one "that has art to pluck them without injuring "their colours or their fragrance."

Ver. 35. *Nay, were you guilty*, &c.] This is nature; but the Arcadian lovers of Italy carry ſuch emotions beyond the bounds of probability.

ogni coſa (ſays Aminta)
O tentato per placarla fuor che morte
Mi reſta ſuol che per placarla io mora,
E morro volontier pur ch' io ſia certo
Ch'ella o ſe ne compiacera, o ſe ne doglia
Ne ſo de tai due coſe qual piu brami.

A mighty difficulty, in truth!

Ver. 37. If the reader is deſirous to know the ſtratagems practiſed by the bawds of antiquity, he may peruſe Ovid's El. viii. lib. i. and Propertius, lib. iv. el. 5. In this particular, however, the modern ſiſterhood, if the modeſt editor of a late juſtly famous romance deſcribes them aright, greatly ſurpaſs their ancient predeceſſors.

BOOK III.—ELEGY I.

INTRODUCTION.

Some words in the elegies of this book are of that ſort, which are frequently uſed by the beſt writers catachreſtically, ſometimes denoting more lax, ſometimes more intimate relations. The difficulty of aſcertaining the ſenſe in which Tibullus has uſed them, has thrown a ſeeming obſcurity on a poet, who will ever have the firſt place amongſt the wits of Greece and Rome, for elegant ſimplicity; and has cauſed ſuch illuſtrious annotators, as Scaliger, Lipſius, and Muretus, to ſtumble. The great difficulty is contained in the following lines; and if this can be cleared up, all the reſt will be eaſy and intelligible. El. i. lin. 23.

Hæc tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, caſta Neæra,
Mittit, et accipias munera parva, rogat.
Teque ſuis jurat carum magis eſſe medullis,
Sive ſibi conjunx ſive futura ſoror.
Sed potius conjunx hujus ſpem nominis illi
Auferet extincto pallida ditis aqua.

Where it is firſt inquired, what is meant by "frater," and "ſoror?" It is readily ſeen, that they cannot be underſtood in their primitive ſenſe, becauſe a marriage betwixt brother and ſiſter would never have been tolerated at Rome: the very thoughts of it would have been regarded with abhorrence. Theſe words ſometimes mean couſin-germans, and in this ſenſe Muretus here underſtands them; but this is too cold and unanimated, to be admitted into poetry, or to flow from the pen of Tibullus, when he is expreſſing the tender feelings of a fond doating lover. It is much more probable, that he deſigned to repreſent by them one of thoſe delicate connections, which have their foundation in the will and the affections; that by "frater" he would have us to underſtand a fond admirer; and by "ſoror," a beloved miſtreſs, who had entertained a reciprocal kindneſs and eſteem for her lover. This ſenſe of the words is familiar to moſt languages. Nothing can be more full to this purpoſe than what we meet with in the Canticles of Solomon,—"Thou haſt raviſhed my heart, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe,"—ch. iv. ver. 9. and in ſeveral other places.

Ovid alſo has uſed the words in this ſenſe:

Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem, nomen conjugis alter habet.

And the Greeks had ſo accuſtomed themſelves to this uſe of them, that we find their Venus has a title given her by Lycophron, which his Scholiaſt explains by "την αδελφοπρεπειαν, the author of brotherly aſſociations." And aſſigns this pretty whimſical reaſon for it: "For a commerce in love matters makes thoſe who were ſtrangers, brothers: and thoſe who would carry on an amorous commerce ſecretly, ſay of one they favour, he is my brother, he is my relation."

Having ſolved, we hope, this difficulty, we ſhall next conſider what is the import of "vir" and "conjunx." They certainly were deſigned to expreſs ſome nearer connection, ſome cloſer tie, than mere friendſhip, or whatever elſe is comprehended in "frater" and "ſoror." The epithet "caſta" given to Neæra, will not permit us to underſtand them of any looſe amour; that title never could belong to a jilt, who had granted favours to one lover, and, upon ſome caprice, had thrown herſelf into the arms of another: but divorces were common enough at Rome, ſo that even a wife might diſmiſs her huſband upon ſome diſpleaſure taken, at leaſt before actual matrimony without hurting her reputation by it: ſo that I think huſband and wife are the true meaning of "vir" and "conjunx."

This interpretation, however, is not without difficulties; the ſilence of antiquity, and ſeveral other circumſtances, make the marriage of Tibullus appear improbable; it has therefore been ſuppoſed by Lipſius, that "quandam" was intended to expreſs future, and not paſt time. It cannot be denied,

that it is ſometimes thus uſed; but it more commonly ſignifies the time paſt, or formerly; and to underſtand it otherwiſe here, would make the conſtruction harſh and ungrammatical. In further confirmation of this, it appears that the following elegies of this book relate to the ſame perſons and the ſame diſtreſs: they were probably the new-year's gift which Lygdamus, by the advice of the Muſes, propoſes to ſend to Neæra: now theſe furniſh us with paſſages which can be underſtood of nothing elſe but a marriage-contract, and a ſubſequent ſeparation: thus, in El. 2. we find,

Sed veniat caræ matris comitata dolore,
Mæreat hæc genero, mæreat illa viro.

And again,

Lygdamus hic ſitus eſt, dolor huic & cura Neæræ
Conjugis ereptæ cauſa perire fuit.

In the third elegy,

Oh niveam quæ te poterit mihi reddere lucem.

And again,

Aut, ſi fata negant reditum triſteſque ſorores.

In El. 4.

Nec gaudet caſta nupta Neæra domo.

One muſt torture theſe paſſages extremely, to make them conſiſtent with any thing elſe but a previous marriage, or at leaſt a very ſolemn contract. Was Tibullus then married? or did he intend at all to marry Neæra? I am not inclined to think ſo, as none of the ancient writers has given us the leaſt hint of it. But the poet is not tied down to actual life:

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.

The ſacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, is probably a mere fable: and yet what noble, what affecting, what intereſting ſcenes of diſtreſs have both the tragedian and painter formed upon it? And might not Tibullus, to indulge his plaintive humour, and to diſplay the ſoft feelings of his ſoul, chooſe to repreſent himſelf in a ſituation that forms one of the moſt melting and agonizing diſtreſſes, to be found amongſt thoſe beds of thorns and roſes which love prepares for his capricious votaries? A beloved wife, grown dearer by more intimate acquaintance, charming without the help of artifice, and rooted in the ſoul by a thouſand repeated endearments, torn from the arms of an enraptured huſband, whilſt he ſtill doats upon her, and ready to be ſacrificed to another;—what feeling heart but ſhudders at the thought?—eſpecially when the delicate affecting colours are laid on by the pencil of Tibullus? The names certainly are fictitious; Neæra was as trite a name for a miſtreſs in Rome, as Phyllis or Cloe with our modern ſonnetteers, And what confirms me in the opinion, that the diſtreſs painted in theſe elegies is alſo fictitious, ſo far as Tibullus is concerned in it, is, that Ovid, in his poem on Tibullus's death, takes notice of no other miſtreſs but Delia and Nemeſis; to one of whom he aſſigns the laſt, to the other the firſt intereſt in him, without any intermediate favourite.

Sic Nemeſis longum, ſic Delia nomen habebit.
Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.

Ovid ſeems to have carefully ſearched out every curious particular of Tibullus's life, and therefore could not have overlooked ſo ſtriking a circumſtance as the diſtreſſes celebrated in theſe elegies, if they had really happened to Tibullus. He, and his cotemporaries of the Auguſtan age, were probably well informed of the true reaſon of Tibullus's compoſing the following book. Some ſuch diſtreſs might have happened, and been much talked of in Rome; and Tibullus might ſeize upon it as a favourable opportunity for diſplaying his elegiac genius in its full luſtre. Propertius has made the ſame uſe of the misfortunes of a noble family, in the twelfth elegy of book 4. It is a common artifice with delicate writers, to ſigh and tell a piteous tale, while their hearts are not at all affected. *B.*

Poet.

THY calends, Mars! are come from whence of old,
The year's beginning our forefathers told:
Now various gifts through every houſe impart,
The pleaſing tokens of the friendly heart.

To my Neæra, tuneful virgins! ſay,
What ſhall I give, what honour ſhall I pay?
Dear, e'en if fickle; dearer, if my friend!
To the lov'd fair, what preſent ſhall I ſend?

Muſes.

Gold wins the venal, verſe the lovely maid:
In your ſmooth numbers be her charms diſplay'd.
On poliſh'd ivory let the ſheets be roll'd,
Your name in ſignature, the edges gold.
No pumice ſpare to ſmooth each parchment ſcroll,
In a gay wrapper then ſecure the whole.
Thus to adorn your poems be your care;
And thus adorn'd, tranſmit them to the fair.

Poet.

Fair maids of Pindus! I your counſel praiſe:
As you adviſe me, I'll adorn my lays:
But by your ſtreams, and by your ſhades, I pray,
Yourſelves the volume to the fair convey.
O let it lowly at her feet be laid,
Ere the gilt wrapper, or the edges fade;
Then let her tell me, if her flames decline,
If quite extinguiſh'd, or if ſtill ſhe's mine.
But firſt your graceful ſalutations paid,
In terms ſubmiſſive thus addreſs the maid:
" Chaſte fair! the bard, who doats upon your charms,
" And once could claſp them in his nuptial arms,
" This volume ſends; and humbly hopes, that you,
" With kind indulgence, will the preſent view.
" You, you! he prizes more, he vows, than life;
" Still a lov'd ſiſter, or again his wife.
" But oh! may Hymen bleſs his virtuous fire,
" And once more grant you to his fond deſire!
" Fix'd in this hope, he'll reach the dreary ſhore,
" Where ſenſe ſhall fail, and memory be no more."

NOTES ON ELEGY I.

Romulus, who divided the year into ten months, dedicated the firſt to his father Mars: on the firſt day of this month the veſtal virgins lighted anew the ſacred fire, freſh laurels were hung up in the ſenate, and at the doors of the high-prieſts's houſe, &c. the comitia began, the revenues were farmed, and ſervants not only had their wages paid them (and hence theſe days were called "Mercedoniæ"), but, for one night this month, were attended upon at ſupper by their maſters.

The poet inquires of the muſes, what preſent he ſhould ſend to Neæra, who, as ſhe was ſtill the ſole object of his wiſhes, ſo he yet hoped to be again poſſeſſed of her in marriage.

The muſes anſwer (for with Muretus the tranſlator reads

Gaudeat, ut digna eſt, verſibus illa tuis),

that, as Neæra was a very competent judge of poetry, ſo he ought to preſent her with his performances in that way. Our author, however ſelf-denied, was yet too much of the poet not to reliſh their advice; but as the dignity of thoſe who carry a preſent, enhances the value thereof, he entreats the muſes to take the trouble themſelves of delivering into the hands of Neæra his poems; and to aſſure her, that he ſhall never forego the pleaſing expectation of being one day again united to her in marriage.

Scaliger, in his poetics, calls the beginning of this elegy "Plebeian," on account of its ſpondees, "& tantus ejuſdem vocalis ſonus."

His own correction, however, is not much better:

Romani feſtæ Martis, &c.

It is remarkable that this hypercritic does not find fault with one ſingle line of the two former books.

Ver. 1. Numa Pompilius, in imitation of the Greeks, added January and February to Romulus's calendar, and began the year with January. From the time of Numa to that of Julius Cæſar, the Roman year was lunar, and conſiſted of three hundred and fifty-five days. But as this fell about eleven days ſhort of the true ſolar courſe, table of intercalation or inſertion were invented, to adjuſt time as nearly as poſſible to the motions of the ſun and moon. The pontifex Maximus and college of prieſts had the care of inſerting theſe intercalary days; and they, from negligence, ſuperſtition, but chiefly from an arbitrary abuſe of their power, by which they could make the year either longer or ſhorter, as ſuited their own or friends intereſt, did not punctually inſert them; inſomuch that in Julius's time, the winter months became autumnal; and thoſe of autumn had fallen back into ſummer. This gave riſe, A. U. C. 707. to the Julian correction, or ſolar year, adjuſted to the exact meaſure of the ſun's revolution in the zodiac, and conſiſting of three hundred and ſixty-five days and ſix hours. This method of computing time continued in Europe till 1582, when Pope Gregory, by ſinking ten days between the 4th and 15th of October, reduced the vernal equinox to the 21ſt of October, the day which it had fallen upon, when the feſtivals were regulated by the council of Nice, and made the year conſiſt of three hundred and ſixty-five days, five hours, and forty-nine minutes. This new ſtyle, as it was called, to diſtinguiſh it from the Julian, being the moſt correct calculation of the flow of time, is authorized every where by law, and prevails now in almoſt all the kingdoms of Europe.

Ver. 3. It has been obſerved by the writers on antiquities, that a feaſt called "Matronalia," was celebrated on the calends of March, when ſolemn

ſacrifices were offered up to Juno by the Roman ladies, to whom alſo preſents were then ſent by their friends, in grateful remembrance of the interpoſition of the Sabine women betwixt their fathers and huſbands. But it is not this cuſtom which Tibullus alludes to. The beginning of the year in ancient times on the calends of March would have been an idle circumſtance here, if the preſents Tibullus ſpeaks of, were not what we call new year's gifts, the "ſtrenæ" of ancient Rome, which flew about in every corner, and which emperors themſelves did not diſdain to accept of. Ovid, indeed, and Suetonius, expreſsly aſſign the calends of January for theſe expreſſions of benevolence: but even two ſuch authorities are not ſufficient to convict Tibullus, in the judgment of one converſant with his writings, of either writing idly, or falſifying ancient cuſtoms. It ſhould ſeem, then, that the Romans continued to diſtribute theſe preſents as earneſts of their good wiſhes for their friends, on the calends of March, according to the inſtitution of Romulus, even after Numa had added two months to the year, and placed them at the head of it; that this remained thus, till the calendar took a more ſettled form, under Julius Cæſar, by whoſe directions the beginning of the year being certainly fixed to the calends of January; and the emperors being jealous of their authority, even in trifles, it became the court faſhion to confine this diſtribution of new year's gifts to that time only. No wonder then, that Ovid, who was a court-flatterer, and Suetonius, who wrote when the powers of the emperors had ſwallowed up all law and cuſtom, ſhould mention that obſervance only, which the firſt Cæſar had eſtabliſhed; nor that Tibullus ſhould honour that uſage which prevailed when his darling liberty flouriſhed, and diſdained to take notice of a change which was introduced by a tyrant. We know the obſtinacy of many of our own countrymen in favour of the old ſtyle; but amongſt the Romans it had ſomewhat of virtue in it; it was a generous indignation againſt the authority which had robbed their country of every valuable privilege. Suetonius himſelf ſeems to confirm this opinion: we find Tiberius, who thought his power undermined by the ſlighteſt deviation from the inſtitution of his predeceſſors, at the pains of making an edict to confine the new year's gifts to the calends of January: "edicto prohibuit—ſtrenarum commercium, ne ultra calend. Januarias exerceretur." The hiſtorian indeed aſſigns a different reaſon—that Tiberius did it for his own eaſe, as numbers, who could not get at him the firſt day, were plaguing him the whole month through: but what occaſion for a ſolemn edict, extended to all the people, for the eaſe of the emperor, when the bare notice of his pleaſure, ſupported by a few Prætorian guardſmen, would have ſufficiently ſecured it? Might not then the edict remain upon record, and the reaſon of it be forgot at ſuch diſtance of time; or be thought improbable by the hiſtorian, when the caprices which uſually attend the ſtruggles betwixt prerogative and liberty were buried in oblivion? *B.*

Ver. 9. The whole beauty of this elegy is loſt, by Scaliger and Broekhuſius's reading

gaudeat illa meis.

Whatever the wits allege, wherever "meum" and "tuum" contend for pre-eminence, it is a logomachia of real importance.

Ver. 11. To underſtand the original, it muſt be conſidered, that the ancients had very few "libri quadrati," or ſquare books, like ours; as they generally wrote on "membranæ," or ſuch large ſheets as reſembled our parchment: faſtening theſe, therefore, one to another, they rolled them up, when finiſhed, on a long piece of wood, which was tipped at both ends with horn or ivory, and ſometimes decorated with paint. Theſe are what the poet means by his "cornua." By "geminæ frontes" are to be underſtood the two ends of the wood next the "cornua," where the author's name was inſcribed on a label.

As the ancients, therefore, only wrote on one ſide of their "volumina," the other was generally ſtained with yellow or purple, both to preſerve them, and make the writing more legible. Add to this, that they wrapped up the folded ſcroll in a proper envelope. That wherein our poet here was to ſend his "volumina, was to be of a ſaffron colour, "lutea membrana."

The ſheets were ſmoothed with pumice, and hence "pumex" came metaphorically to ſignify an elaborate performance. The "ſtylus" was an inſtrument with one end of which they wrote, and with the other eraſed inaccuracies; hence "invertere ſtylum" ſignifies, in claſſical writers, to correct. But when not words only, but whole ſentences were to be changed, they uſed a ſponge, and hence, to ſponge out, even in our days, means to obliterate. The ink the ancients wrote with, was the juice of the loligo.

Ver. 25. In the original it was,

Sed primum nympham larga donate ſalute,

till Scaliger firſt changed it into

Sed primum meritam longa, &c.

And afterwards, in his poetics, read

Sed dominam rara primum donate ſalute,

to avoid the word "nympha," which, according to him, always ſignifies the daughter of a god and a mortal, or "vice verſa." Might, however, the tranſlator make any farther alteration upon this unhappy paſſage, he would read

Sed nympham facili primum donate ſalute.

As νυμφη, in Greek, ſignifies "nupta;" and as even ſome paſſages might be produced to ſhow, that "nympha" ſometimes meant a wife, among the Romans.

Ver. 35. The beauty of this paſſage has not, it is preſumed, been ſufficiently attended to. The literal tranſlation is, "The pale water of Pluto ſhall raviſh the hope of this title from him when he is dead," "extincto." Where it ſhould ſeem, that Tibullus, in this aſſumed character of a lover

and diſcarded huſband, in order to convince Neæra of his fond attachment to her, aſſures her, that not only life, but memory itſelf muſt fail him, before he can quit the pleaſing hope of being again united in marriage to her. Plato's metempſychoſis was at that time a faſhionable doctrine at Rome: which Virgil has thus repreſented, book vi. line 748, & ſeq.

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad flumen Deus evocat agmine magno:
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant,
Rurſus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

And as Tibullus, even in the midſt of a love tale, ſhows himſelf to be maſter of all the learning of his times, it is propable, that by "pallida Ditis aqua," is meant the river Lethe; and that the deſign of the whole paſſage is to aſſure Neæra, that he ſhould always, even in death, retain a fond remembrance of her charms: that in the ſeparate ſtate of his ſoul, he ſhould ſtill indulge the hope of a re-union with her, when they ſhould enter again upon the ſcene of life: and that he would not ſuffer this hope to be raviſhed from him by any thing elſe but the ſame waters of oblivion, in which he ſhould loſe the memory of every thing he had formerly been acquainted with. *B.*

ELEGY II.

Hard was the firſt, who ventur'd to divide
The youthful bridegroom, and the tender bride:
More hard the bridegroom, who can bear the day,
When force has torn his tender bride away.
Here too my patience, here my manhood fails;
The brave grow daſtards, when fierce grief aſſails:
Die, die I muſt! the truth I freely own;
My life too burdenſome a load is grown.
Then, when I flit a thin, an empty ſhade,
When on the mournful pile my corſe is laid,
With melting grief, with treſſes looſe and torn,
Wilt thou, Neæra! for thy huſband morn?
A parent's anguiſh will thy mother ſhow,
For the loſt youth, who liv'd, who dy'd for you?
But ſee the flames o'er all my body ſtray!
And now my ſhade ye call, and now ye pray
In black array'd; the flame forgets to ſoar;
And now pure water on your hands ye pour;
My lov'd remains next gather'd in a heap,
With wine ye ſprinkle, and in milk ye ſteep.
The moiſture dry'd, within the urn ye lay
My bones, and to the monument convey.
Panchaian odours thither ye will bring,
And all the produce of an eaſtern ſpring:
But what than eaſtern ſprings I held more dear,
O wet my aſhes with a genuine tear!
Thus, by you both lamented, let me die,
Be thus perform'd my mournful obſequy!
Then ſhall theſe lines, by ſome throng'd way, relate
The dear occaſion of my diſmal fate:
"Here lies poor Lygdamus; a lovely wife,
"Torn from his arms, cut ſhort his thread of life."

NOTES ON ELEGY II.

Lygdamus having by force been deprived of Neæra, he ſays in this elegy, that he can no longer ſupport life; and dwells, with ſuch a ſeeming ſatisfaction, on the rites which he deſires may attend his funeral, that we may ſuppoſe the loſs greatly affected him.

The beginning of this poem diſcovers a kind of animated indifference, befitting his ſituation of mind; for here wit, or too much care about language, would have been extremely improper: becauſe, as Cicero ſomewhere obſerves, "quædam etiam negligentia eſt diligens."

Although the tranſlator is afraid, that this elegy will afford but ſmall entertainment to the mere Engliſh reader, the ſcholar will not be ſurpriſed to be told, that it coſt him more trouble to tranſlate, than moſt of the other elegies.

Ver. 1. *Hard was the firſt*, &c.] This ſentiment is finely expreſſed by Hammond, El. 9.

He who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And robe a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill, who died not of deſpair.

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art;
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

* * * *

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in ſilent grief, I weep alone;
Delia is loſt! and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

What follows is an improvement on Tibullus:

Where is the wit, that heightned beauty's charms?
Where is the face, that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape, that might have bleſt my arms?
Where all thoſe hopes, relentleſs fate denies?

Ver. 3. What ſays the ſagacious Broekhuſius? "Sic mulier mutet mentem non nolens, tralato in alium amore; an & tunc moriendum miſero illi, ſpreto, atque rejecto? Quid ſi ſtupro alieno polluta fidem fallat?"

Ver. 10. This rite, which is altogether foreign to Engliſh manners, Mr. Hammond has, we fear, rather injudiciouſly transferred into his ninth elegy:

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend?
With eyes averted light the ſolemn fire!
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire.

If the reader is deſirous to know the manner in which the funeral pile was conſtructed, he may conſult Boxhornius, Quæſt. Rom. p. 99. who, by a figure explains the method the Romans took to diſtinguiſh between the aſhes of the burnt body, and the aſhes of the wood and other combuſtibles, which were thrown upon the fire: The ſolution of this formerly occaſioned mighty controverſies amongſt the critics; which might have been prevented, had they conſidered, that burning, or, as the chemiſts call it, calcination, does not change the figure of the bones.

Ver. 12. There is a thought ſimilar to this, in that beautiful paſtoral ballad called *Colin*.

At the funeral of their parents, the ſons attended "velatis capitibus," but the girls went uncovered and with diſhevelled hair, wearing white garments and white fillets. See Plutarch's Ῥωμαϊκα. Black, however, came afterwards to be the mourning colour, as it was in the time of our poet.

Ver. 15. When a perſon died at Rome, a branch of cypreſs was hung over the door of the houſe, that the pontiff, and others of the ſacred college, might not pollute themſelves by entering it. The old Commentator on Virgil ſays, that the bodies of the better ſort were kept ſeven days, burnt on the eighth, and buried on the ninth. By this, the moſt dreadful of calamities was prevented, that of coming to life on the pile, after it was ſet on fire. And that the bodies might not putrefy by being kept ſo long, they were waſhed with proper drenches, and anointed with antiſeptic unguents; after this they were ſplendidly clothed, and ſome pieces of money put into their mouths.

The body was attended by the male and female relations of the deceaſed; and ſometimes, as Homer mentions, by hired mourners. The attendants were called together by ſound of trumpet; and the body, preceded by the ſtatues of the deceaſed's anceſtors, was carried through the forum, to the place where it was to be burnt. Trumpets were blown on at the funerals of the men, during the proceſſion; as were flutes at thoſe of children, &c. The laws of the twelve tables limited the number of muſical inſtruments to twelve. While the pile was erecting, the praiſes of the deceaſed were ſung in melancholy ſtrains, accompanied with muſic ſad and ſolemn: and being kindled, the neareſt relations flung cypreſs and perfumes upon it both to feed the flames, and abate the ſtench, the dirge ſtill proceeding. When the body was burnt, the chief mourners, after waſhing their hands in water, ſeparated the bones from the aſhes; and, pouring new milk, old wine, and ſometimes blood upon them, wrapt them up in fine lawn, and then inurned them, placing ſometimes in the urn a bottle of tears (hence on old monuments; "cum lacrymis poſui)", but always ſome perfume, according to the quality of the deceaſed. When inurned, they conveyed them to a monument, in the building of which, in the times of the old republic, a certain ſum was not to be exceeded, without forfeiting an equal ſum to the ſtate. Theſe monuments the Greeks ſometimes anointed with rich unguents. The funeral ceremony being finiſhed, the relations were entertained with a ſupper: beſides which, antiquaries make alſo mention of three other kinds of mortuary banquets. The fulleſt, as well as moſt ancient account of funeral rites, is that contained in the 23d Iliad.

The "Venus Infera, or Ἐπιθυμβία, preſided over funerals. The Roman undertakers lived in a ſtreet called Libitina. If the reader is deſirous to inform himſelf of the funeral ceremonies of different nations, he may conſult Lucian's excellent diſcourſe Περὶ πενθους, and the notes in the Baſil edition, an. 1563, as alſo Kirchmannus "De funeribus."

Ver. 21. Vopius and others, authoriſed by all the MSS. read

carbaſeis humorem tollere ventis.

And farther ſupport their reading by the authority of that witty mimographer Publius Syrus, where the "carbaſei venti" ſignify a tranſparent covering of fine linen. Vulpius alſo finds great fault with the common interpretation of this paſſage: Quid enim frigidius excogitari potuit," ſays he, "quam oſſa in linteo ventilari ſolita, ut exſugeretur humor, quo ſparſa erant? Noſtra tempore," adds he, no doubt very archly, "ab oleribus ita guttas excutiunt coqui." And thus in particular he cenſures Scaliger: "Nullum præterea idoneum auctorem producat, quo ſententiam ſuam tueatur, ſed quaſi ex tripode ac lauro conſulentibus reſponſa daret, ſibi credi jubet." But notwithſtanding all this zeal, Broekhuſius underſtands the paſſage in the ſame ſenſe as Vulpius does, only he reads "carbaſeis velis," which he ſupports by two paſſages from Cicero's oration againſt Verres; adding, that though ſuch an expreſſion as "carbaſei venti" might be uſed on the

ſtage, or in ſatire, yet in ſerious compoſitions it would be as cold as Varro's "vitreæ togæ." The verſion includes both meanings.

Ver. 22. The monuments of the more wealthy were erected of marble; and in ſuch a one Tibullus deſires Neæra to place the aſhes of Lygdamus.

There are many inſcriptions in Gruterus, and ſome in Reinetius, which ſhow, that the Romans called a tomb "domus" (as in the original), with the adjective "æterna" annexed to it.

Ver. 29. It is certain that the Romans had often their monuments erected by ſome public road; and Broekhuſius interprets the "celebri fronte" of the original in this ſenſe. Although the tranſlator has adopted that meaning, he is alſo of opinion, that the "celebri fronte" may ſignify the fore part of the monument, which was to be rendered famous by its architecture, and eſpecially by the epitaph which was to be inſcribed on it.

Ver. 31. The ancients, as Broekhuſius obſerves, had the cauſe of their death inſcribed on their tombs, ſometimes that they might acquire glory hereby, and ſometimes to gain compaſſion. Theocritus affords us an inſtance of the latter, pretty ſimilar to that in our poet:

Τυτον ερως εκτεινεν οιδοιπορε μη παραδευσης
Αλλα στας τοδε λεξον, Απηνεα ειχεν ἑταιρον.

ELEGY III.

Why did I ſupplicate the powers divine?
Why votive incenſe burn at every ſhrine?
Not that marble palaces might own,
To draw ſpectators, and to make me known;
ot that my teams might plough new purchas'd plains,
And bounteous autumn glad my countleſs ſwains:
I begg'd with you my youthful days to ſhare,
I begg'd in age to claſp the lovely fair;
And when my ſtated race of life was o'er,
I begg'd to paſs alone the Stygian ſhore.
Can treaſur'd gold the tortur'd breaſt compoſe?
Or plains, wide cultur'd, ſooth the lover's woes?
Can marble-pillar'd domes, the pride of art,
Secure from ſorrow the poſſeſſor's heart?
Not circling woods, reſembling ſacred groves,
Not Parian pavements, nor gay-gilt alcoves,
Not all the gems that load an eaſtern ſhore,
Not whate'er elſe the greedy great adore,
Poſſeſs'd, can ſhield the owner's breaſt from woe,
Since fickle fortune governs all below:
Such toys, in little minds, may envy raiſe;
Still little minds improper objects praiſe.
Poor let me be; for poverty can pleaſe
With you; without you, crowns could give no eaſe.
Shine forth, bright morn! and every bliſs impart,
Reſtore Neæra to my doating heart!
For if her glad return the gods deny,
If I ſolicit ſtill in vain the ſky,
Nor power, nor all the wealth this globe contains,
Can ever mitigate my heart-felt pains;
Let others theſe enjoy; be peace my lot,
Be mine Neæra, mine a humble cot!
Saturnia, grant thy ſuppliant's timid prayer!
And aid me, Venus! from thy pearly chair!
Yet, if the ſiſters, who o'er fate preſide,
My vows contemning, ſtill detain my bride,
Ceaſe, breaſt, to heave! ceaſe, anxious blood to flow!
Come, death! tranſport me to the realms below.

NOTES ON ELEGY III.

This elegy contains a fine picture of a true philoſophical lover; ſuch truly know the unſatiſfactorineſs of riches or ambition, to remove the diſeaſes of the mind. Of this happy complexion was our poet; for a legitimate ſon of Apollo can ſcarce ſtoop to the mean purſuits of ſordid intereſt, but being enthuſiaſtically enamoured of the muſes, finds more rapture in their eaſy converſe, than in all the preferments which kings can beſtow (ſee Mr. Hurd's excellent notes on Horace's Epiſtle to Auguſtus, p, 109). The genuine poet not only immortalizes himſelf, but hands down the virtue of others, a fair example to lateſt poſterity, and thus he becomes the undoubted guardian of the temple of fame. But can wealth or grandeur effectuate this? Of difficult acquirement, and precarious in poſſeſſion, death inevitably bereaves us of both. No wonder then that our poetical inamorato only requeſted of the gods ſucceſs in his addreſſes to Neæra. In that one wiſh all his happineſs was centred: with her, any ſtation of life could pleaſe; without her, no ſtation, however ſplendid, could afford him the ſmalleſt comfort.

Ver. 3. How little theſe things are capable of making the poſſeſſors of them happy, has logn

been known; and yet how keenly buſy are the great vulgar and the ſmall in the purſuit of them? Had mankind eſtimated the value of poſſeſſions, or the extenſiveneſs of them, by the felicity they conſer, and regulated their own conduct accordingly, how many diſaſtrous wars and other calamities would have been prevented?

Ver. 10. Not ſo my Lord Lyttleton, in his fine eclogue, intituled, Poſſeſſion:

When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties ſpare,
And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
At one ſoft ſtroke, deprive us both of breath:
May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade.
Perhaps ſome friendly muſe, in tender verſe,
Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe;
And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

Ver. 13. Tibullus mentions three kinds of marble; the Phrygian, which was then moſt in eſteem, the Lacedemonian, and the Eubœan. The Romans ran into immenſe expence in the article of marble pillars; although it appears, that the Julian law endeavoured, by taxes, to reſtrain that luxury; for they, not content with the native colours of the marble, not only painted, but ſtained it. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account how the latter proceſs may be performed. Pliny tells us, that Mamurra, who commanded Cæſar's artificers *(præfectus fabrorum)* in Gaul, was the firſt who incruſted the whole inſide of his houſe with marble. This Mamurra, who was a Roman knight, and born at Formiæ, is he whom Catullus laſhes in his verſes.

Ver. 15. The ancients diſtinguiſhed, according to Servius, between "nemus, lucus" (the words of the original), and "ſylva;" the firſt ſignifying a regular plantation of trees; the ſecond the ſame, but devoted to religion; and the third a foreſt *(diffuſa et inculta arborum multitudo)*. Roman writers, however, often uſe "nemus" and "ſylva" ſynonymouſly.

The inhabitants of Rome were even more expenſive in this article than they were with regard to marble itſelf. Take the following inſtance: Cheius Dometius having objected to Lucius Craſſus, in a public debate, that the portico of his houſe was ſupported by Kymettian pillars, was aſked by the latter, what price he put upon his own houſe? And being anſwered, "ſexagies ſeſtertia;" Craſſus again demanded, how much leſs it would be worth ſhould he cut down the ten little trees that ſtood before it; "tricies ſeſtertia," replied Domitius. To whom Craſſus, Whether am I then, who bought ten columns "centum millibus nummum," or you who value the ſhade of ten ſhrubs at "tricies ſeſtertium," the moſt extravagant man? And yet, adds the ſenſible miſcellany writer, from whom I copy here, all this was nothing when compared to the luxury of after-times, both in their buildings and groves. And, indeed, if it is conſidered, that a knight's houſe, in the upper part of Rome, would ſell for thirty thouſand pounds Sterling, a grove of ſmall extent to ſuch a houſe, muſt be vaſtly expenſive in a city, which, according to the moſt moderate calculation, contained as many people as any city at preſent in Europe.

Ver. 17. Horace has illuſtrated this with his uſual felicity of expreſſion:

Non enim Gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantis.

Nor wealth, nor grandeur can controul
The ſickly tumults of the ſoul;
Or bid grim care to ſtand aloof,
Which hovers round the vaulted roof.

The truth is, virtue is the ſole parent of happineſs. See Mr. Johnſon's admirable poem, intituled, the Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

Ver. 34. A critic of no ſmall learning, whom the Dutch editor mentions, ſuppoſes that our poet in this paſſage alludes to the ſtatue of Venus, which Phidias made of gold and ivory, for the Elians. In this work of Phidias, the goddeſs was repreſented as treading with one of her feet upon a tortoiſe; by which ſymbol the unpolite ſtatuary meant to inſinuate, that the ladies ought to keep ſilence, and mind their domeſtic affairs. Upon this, Broekhuſius wiſely obſerves, "non omnes ſapimus horis omnibus;" and, indeed, if it is conſidered, that Venus was, by the mythologiſts, ſuppoſed to ſpring from the ſea, and often to ride in a chair of ſhell, what occaſion was there for making Tibullus, who always thought naturally, allude to ſo remote an object? But thus it is to play the fool with learning! or, as an excellent poet better expreſſes it, we have here

Much hard ſtudy without ſenſe or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
Verbal Criticiſm.

If Venus had her ſhell of old, a modern Latin poet, Hadrian Marius, has beſtowed a barge on love, in a beautiful poem he calls Cymba Amoris, on which his brother, Johannes Secundus, thus compliments him:

Ingenioſe Mari, ventura in ſæcula tecum
Me tua cymbat vehat, non grave pondus ero.
Cymba, renidentem qua mutet Cypria conchâm,
Quamque columbino præferat ipſa jugo.
Lib. ii. *El.* 1.

ELEGY IV.

Last night's ill-boding dreams, ye gods avert!
Nor plague, with portents, a poor lover's heart!
But why? From prejudice our terrors rise;
Vain visions have no commerce with the skies:
Th' event of things the gods alone foresee,
And Tuscan priests foretel what they decree.
Dreams flit at midnight round the lover's head,
And timorous man alarm with idle dread:
And hence oblations to divert the woe,
Weak superstitious minds on heaven bestow.
But since whate'er the gods foretel is true,
And man's oft warn'd, mysterious dreams! by you;
Dread Juno! make my nightly visions vain,
Vain make my boding fears, and calm my pain!
The blessed gods, you know, I ne'er revil'd,
And nought iniquous e'er my heart defil'd.
Now night had lav'd her courses in the main,
And left to dewy dawn a doubtful reign;
Bland sleep, that from the couch of sorrow flies,
(The wretch's solace) had not clos'd my eyes;
At last, when morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
A downy slumber shut my labouring sight:
A youth appear'd, with virgin-laurel crown'd,
He mov'd majestic, and I heard the sound.
Such charms, such manly charms, were never seen,
As fir'd his eyes, and harmoniz'd his mien;
His hair, in ringlets of an auburn hue,
Shed Syrian sweets, and o'er his shoulders flew;
As white as thine, fair Luna, was his skin,
So vein'd with azure, and as smoothly thin;
So soft a blush vermilion'd o'er his face,
As when a maid first melts in man's embrace;
Or when the fair with curious art unite
The purple amaranth, and lily white.
A bloom like his, when ting'd by autumn's pride,
Reddens the apple on the sunny side;
A Tyrian tunic to his ancles flow'd,
Which through its sirfled plaits his godlike beauties show'd.
A lyre the present Mulciber bestow'd,
On his left arm with easy grandeur glow'd;
The peerless work of virgin gold was made,
With ivory, gems, and tortoise interlaid;
O'er all the vocal strings his fingers stray,
The vocal strings his fingers glad obey,
And, harmoniz'd, a sprightly prelude play:
But when he join'd the music of his tongue,
These soft, sad elegiac lays he sung:
" All hail, thou care of Heaven! (a virtuous bard,
" The god of wine, the muses, I regard);
" But neither Bacchus, nor the Thespian nine,
" The sacred will of destiny divine:
" The secret book of destiny to see,
" Heaven's awful sire has given alone to me;
" And I, unerring god, to you explain
" (Attend and credit) what the fates ordain.
" She who is still your ever constant care,
" Dearer to you than sons to mothers are,
" Whose beauties bloom in every soften'd line,
" Her sex's envy, and the love of thine:
" Not with more warmth is female fondness mov'd,
" Not with more warmth are tenderest brides be-lov'd.
" For whom you hourly importune the sky,
" For whom you wish to live, nor fear to die,
" Whose form, when night has wrapp'd in black the pole,
" Cheats in soft vision your enamour'd soul;
" Neæra! whose bright charms your verse dis-plays,
" Seeks a new lover, and inconstant strays!
" For thee no more with mutual warmth she burns, [spurns,
" But thy chaste house, and chaste embrace, she
" O cruel, perjur'd, false, intriguing sex!
" O born with woes poor wretched man to vex!
" Whoe'er has learn'd her lover to betray,
" Her beauty perish, and her name decay!
" Yet, as the sex will change, avoid despair;
" A patient homage may subdue the fair.
" Fierce love taught man to suffer, laugh at pain;
" Fierce love taught man, with joy, to drag the chain;
" Fierce love, nor vainly fabulous the tale,
" Forc'd me, yes forc'd me, to the lonely dale:
" There I Admetus' snowy heifers drove,
" Nor tun'd my lyre, nor sung, absorb'd in love.
" The favourite son of Heaven's almighty fire,
" Preferr'd a straw-pipe to his golden lyre.
" Though false the fair, though love is wild, obey;
" Or, youth, you know not love's tyrannic sway.
" In plaintive strains address the haughty fair;
" The haughty soften at the voice of prayer.
" If ever true my Delphian answers prove,
" Bear this my message to the maid you love.
" Pride of your sex, and passion of the age!
" No more let other men your love engage;
" A bard on you the Delian god bestows,
" This match alone can warrant your repose."
He sung. When Morpheus from my pillow flew,
And plung'd me in substantial griefs anew.
Ah! who could think that thou hadst broke thy vows,
That thou, Neæra! sought'st another spouse?
Such horrid crimes, as all mankind detest,
Could they, how could they, harbour in thy breast?

The ruthleſs deep, I know, was not thy ſire;
Nor fierce chimæra, belching floods of fire;
Nor didſt thou from the triple monſter ſpring,
Round whom a coil of kindred ſerpents cling;
Thou art not of the Lybian lions' ſeed,
Of barking Scylla's, nor Charybdis' breed;
Nor Afric's ſands, nor Scythia gave thee birth;
But a compaſſionate, benignant earth.
No! thou, my fair, deriv'ſt thy noble race
From parents deck'd with every human grace.
Ye gods! avert the woes that haunt my mind,
And give the cruel phantoms to the wind.

NOTES ON ELEGY IV.

This is one of the fineſt poems in Tibullus. Our dreams are commonly the imperfect images of our waking thoughts, eſpecially when the mind is under the influence of ſome violent paſſion. Thus, in particular, it fares with the genuine inamorato, and ſuch a one at this time was the lover of Neæra. Swallowed up in his affection for that fair one, and diſtracted at her affected delays to make him happy, he one night ſolicited ſleep; but the drowſy god long reſiſted his importunities: at laſt, however, the lover being fatigued with the want thereof, but more with the ſucceſſion of unpromiſing forebodings, dropped into a ſlumber about the morning, but did not long enjoy this pleaſing ſtate of inſenſibility; for, ſoon after, Apollo appeared, and informed him, that Neæra was about to deſert him for another. As this news was of a moſt alarming nature, and could not fail to rouſe his indignation againſt the ſex; Apollo, by artfully adopting his ſentiments on that ſcore, paves the way for his recommending patience as his only remedy. Apollo's ſpeech concludes with a meſſage to Neæra, that if ſhe ever expected happineſs, ſhe muſt think of none elſe for her huſband but her former lover. This was a very dexterous way of reclaiming his miſtreſs; and it may with propriety be obſerved, that if Apollo did not appear to our poet, he certainly inſpired the deſcription which Tibullus gives of that god; as we half pardon Neæra her infidelity, in conſideration of this beautiful elegy.

Propertius has a fine viſion upon his miſtreſs's propoſing to go abroad.

Ver. 6. The Roman haruſpices, of whom before (Book ii. El. 6.) were called Tuſcan, becauſe their art was founded on the religious practice of Tuſcany. The firſt ſixteen lines of this elegy are an introduction to the viſion: reaſon and philoſophy ſeemed to perſuade our lover, that dreams were not to be minded; but ſuperſtition, and thoſe fears which are ſo natural to love, won him over to the other ſide. He therefore entreats Lucina, that as he was not conſcious of having acted any otherwiſe than as became a man of probity, ſhe would be pleaſed (ut velit) to render all his fears groundleſs.

Ver. 9. The oblations mentioned in the text are the holy cake (farre pio) and ſalt (et ſaliente ſale). This the Romans alſo learn from the Tuſcans, for whoſe application to haruſpicy, &c. Cicero aſſigns ſome extraordinary reaſons. "Etruſci autem (ſays that incomparable writer and good man) quod in religione imbuti, ſtudioſius et crebrius hoſtias immolabant, extorum cognitioni ſe maxime dediderunt: quodque propter aeris craſſitudinem de cœlo apud eos multa fiebant, et quod ob eandem cauſam multa inuſitata partim ex cœli, alia ex terra oriebantur, quædam etiam ex hominum pecudumve conceptu et ſatu; portentorum exercitatiſſimi interpretes extiterunt."

Ver. 13. Some interpreters underſtand Diana to be the Lucina of the original; but the poet certainly meant Juno Lucina, or the goddeſs of light and of matrimony. Feſtus and Varro derive the appellation Lucina from "lux, lucis;" but Pliny, with whom Ovid alſo, in one place of his Faſti, agrees, thinks that Juno was called Lucina from "lucus." Both etymologies, however, at laſt turn out to be the ſame. "Nam lucem (ſays Broekhuſius) dici a luce luminum religionis cauſa ex arboribus ſuſpenſorum ſatis conſtat."

Ver. 17. Tibullus is the only poet of antiquity who beſtows on night a chariot and four; as Marini is the only one among the moderns who has imitated him. This he does in a prologue, prefixed to a wretched paſtoral drama, intituled Filli de Sciro, compoſed by Count Giudubaldo de Bonarelli.

Chiunque haver deſia
Di mia condition piena contezza,
Quæſta bruna quadriga
Miri, e queſti aurei fregi: e ſoprà poi
Qual è quanta i' mi fia.

Our poet, in imitation of Homer, calls the ocean "cœruleus amnis," or a cærulean ſtream.

Ver. 21. The ancients thought that thoſe viſions were truly prophetic which appeared in the morning. "Certiora et colatiora (ſays Tertullian) de anima ſomniari affirmant ſub extremis noctibus;" or, as Ovid expreſſes it in his epiſtle of Hero to Leander,

ſub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
Somnia quo cerni tempore vera ſolent.

Mr. Pope begins his intellectual viſion of the Temple of Fame at the ſame time:

What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings.

Ver. 25. This is not a verſion of the hexameter and pentameter, which make the twenty fifth and twenty-ſixth lines of the original in all the editions the tranſlator ever ſaw: for, as Vulpius well obſerves, theſe lines,

Non illo quidquam formoſius ulla priorum
Ætas humanum nec videt illud opus,

cannot be applied to the beauties of Apollo. "Certe (ſays he) latet malignum ulcus, quod Chironis auxilio indigeat: ego lubens depono, et peritiori manui committo." Broekhuſius paſſes them over without any remark, although he muſt have ſeen the abſurdity of the paſſage. But are we to think that Tibullus wrote nonſenſe? By no means. Place the lines after the thirty-eighth (in the original), and you will find they exactly correſpond with that ſtation; and that there is no occaſion to change the "videt" in the pentameter, into "fuit," as Achilles Statius propoſes.

Ver. 27. The "myrtea coma" which Tibullus beſtows on Apollo, Ovid thus explains:

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureis illis,
Sed quamvis neuter, miſtus uterque color.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue,
They were, but of a dye between the two.

But as the painters (for thus Athenæus informs us) drew Apollo with black hair, and the poets gave him yellow or golden locks; why does Tibullus make the god's hair auburn? Neæra's own hair, ſay ſome critics, was of that colour,

Dic et argutæ properet Neæræ
Myrteum nodo cohibere crinem.
Hor. lib. iii. *Od.* 14.

For ſo Porphyrio, and Cunningham, upon the authority of ſeveral MSS. read it. This, therefore, add they, was a delicate compliment to his miſtreſs But this ſolution is more ingenious than ſolid; for though Horace's Neæra had "myrteus crinis," it by no means follows, that Tibullus's Neæra had hair of that colour; nor indeed is it of any conſequence. The emperor Commodus uſed to powder his hair, of which he was paſſionately fond, with gold-duſt.

Ver. 29. The whiteneſs of the moon has been a favourite reſemblance ſince the days of Solomon; the ſun, however, for ſome centuries paſt, appears to have been the more common ſimile. Taſſo, however, has a beautiful addreſs to the moon, which the reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee.

In bianca e vaga Luna,
C'hai tanti ſpecchi quanti ſono i mari
Mira queſto candor, ch'è ſenza pari.
A lei mena i tuoi balli, a lei diſtilla
Le tue dolci rugiade;
Specchiati con lei con amoroſo affetto.

But, beſides this general reſemblance, there is a farther propriety in Tibullus's comparing Apollo to Diana, as ſhe was his ſiſter.

Ver. 30. As poetry is a great aſſiſtant to painting and ſtatuary, thoſe who have excelled in theſe arts, have always particularly cultivated the muſes. Thus Phidias obtained the idea of his Olympian Jove from the Iliad of Homer, and probably was indebted to Pindar's firſt Pythian ode for placing an eagle on the ſceptre of the ſame god. On the other hand, again, painting has been of uſe to poetry; thus, in this century, an excellent Italian poem was compoſed from the drawings of the famous Bolognian painter Spagnoletto.

Ver. 31. This is one of the ſtrokes which ſeems to me, ſays the author of the Polymitis, to have been borrowed from ſome painting in Rome, in which the mixture of colours here mentioned to be blended together, was remarkably well executed. Pliny, in ſpeaking of the beſt pieces by Echion there, inſtances in one on this ſubject; "nova nupta, verecundia notabilis," lib. xxxv. 10. The famous picture of the Aldobrandine palace in Rome is on the ſame ſubject, and the air of the new bride in it is remarkably modeſt. As that is ſo good, though done when the art of painting was extremely fallen at Rome, it was very probably copied from ſome celebrated picture there, and poſſibly from that piece of Echion's. The colours are all ſo faded in it (as one may well expect, after the courſe of almoſt ſeventeen hundred years), that we can ſee nothing of the beautiful bluſh, that was probably on the face of the bride. Dialogue 8.

Ver. 32. The word "deducta," in the original, has a peculiar beauty, being only applied to the modeſt, in oppoſition to "producta," a term uſed for women of the town.

Ver 33. Charmed with the beauties of his viſion, Tibullus here, contrary to cuſtom, multiplies his illuſtrations: the lily and the amaranth furniſhed the ancients with favourite alluſions; but, as the fineſt ſimiles, by repetition, become unaffecting, the moderns labour under great difficulties in this reſpect. It is true, they have exchanged the amaranth for the roſe; but that has been now ſo long employed, that it is grown ſtale, and the poets of this age may exclaim, with the old grammarians, "pereant iſti, qui, ante nos, noſtra dixerunt." It is a pity that Tibullus, who was ſo excellent an artiſt, did not leave more pictures of beauty behind him.

Although Ovid and others paint Apollo in much the ſame colours as our poet does, we are not, therefore, to ſuppoſe that they copied from one another. The figure, features, dreſs, &c. of the heathen gods, were as well known to the ancients from ſtatues, paintings, &c. of them, formed according to a common ſtandard, as St. Peter is now a-days to any Roman Catholic!

Ver. 36. Broekhuſius makes our poet indebted to the great Sicilian ſhepherd, Idyll. vii. for this ſimile. But why need we ſuppoſe this? It is only ſuch as grows in the poetical common of nature; and what no traveller, however little inſpired, could fail to pluck as he paſſed.

Ver. 37. The word, in the original is "palla," the name of a robe, with which not only Apollo,

but the poets and muſicians of old, were veſted. Valerius Flaccus clothes his bard Mopſus with a white "palla:" but the more common colour of it was purple, "Tyrio bis murice tincta."

Ver. 39. Who the inventor of the lyre was, is uncertain: ſome attribute it to Apollo, and others to Mercury. Diodorus informs us, that this inſtrument, in conformity to the ſeaſons, aſſumed at firſt four ſtrings; but ſoon after, it mounted ſeven, in imitation of the planets; and hence Pindar's epithet, when he calls it ſeven-tongued. It was at firſt made of gold, ſilver, or ivory, ornamented with precious ſtones; but, in the Auguſtan age, the ſhell of the ſea-tortoiſe coming into very high eſtimation, the body of the lyre was principally compoſed of it, yet ſtill adorned with gold, ſilver, &c. Hence Horace ſays,

O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cygni, ſi libeat, ſonum.

Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys;
Who canſt the finny race, though mute,
To Cygnets' dying accents raiſe.
Francis, Book iv. *Od.* 3.

The lyre was played upon with a plectrum of ivory. See a curious diſſertation on this ſubject, preſented by Mr. Molyneux to the Royal Society.

Ver. 50. In this paſſage Bacchus is deprived of the power of preſcience; and yet we know that many of the ancients regarded him as a prophetical deity. Thus Pauſanias tells us, that Bacchus had an oracle in Thrace. But eſpecially (book x. chap. 33.) a cave (ἄδυτον) at Ophitea, corruptly called Amphiclea, in which were performed his orgies. This cave was acceſſible by one road only; and there was in it no ſtatue of the god. There the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood were, in their ſleep, informed by the divinity, of remedies appropriated to their diſeaſes; and his prieſt, inſpired by him, acquainted them with future events.

Ver. 70. There is a deſigned harſhneſs in theſe lines, as in the original. Engliſh tranſlators can never be at a loſs for unharmonious combinations; theſe however, like diſcord in muſic, when properly introduced, greatly increaſe the harmony.

The tranſlator cannot help thinking this a very unjuſt deſcription of the fair ſex, as they are commonly more conſtant than men.

Ver. 75. The poſture of a ſuppliant and vanquiſhed perſon is happily expreſſed in the original,

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece,

but could not be preſerved in the verſion. Achilles Statius and Douza miſunderſtood this paſſage.

Ver. 79. See the notes to Elegy iii. Book 2.

Ver. 92. The original paſſage was incomprehenſible, till Muretus reſtored it, from an old MS. thus,

Felix. Hoc alium deſine velle virum.

The ſenſe of which according to him, is, that Neæra muſt think of no other huſband but this, "alium ab hoc." But Scaliger and Douza allege, that the "felix hoc" alludes to the old form of nuptial contracts; as if they had ſaid, "feliciter felix hoc ſit." Salmaſius, however, and Broekhuſius interpret it in this manner: as this marriage is, on the word of Apollo, to be productive of perfect happineſs to you, Neæra; preſume not to wiſh for another lover; "felix hoc conjugio deſine alium virum velle."

Ver. 106. Theſe were the ſtrongeſt poetical emblems of barbariſm and infidel ferocity. The thought is originally Homer's (Il. xvi. ver. 34.) but adopted by Catullus and Virgil, traveſtied by Glambattiſta Lalli, often uſed by Ovid, and parodied by Boileau in his admirable Lutrin:

Non ton pere a Paris ne fut pas Boulanger, &c.

In the famous interview of Glaucus and Diomed, Glaucus thus deſcribes chimæra:

Firſt dire chimæra's conqueſt was enjoin'd;
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire,
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire. *Pope.*

Verſes nothing inferior to the original.

Ver. 108. This was an artful method of ſtill farther intereſting Neæra's family in favour of her lover.

ELEGY V.

While you at Tuſcan baths for pleaſure ſtay,
(Too hot when Sirius darts his ſultry ray,
Though now that purple ſpring adorns the trees,
Not Baia's more medicinal than theſe,)
Me harder fates attend, my youth decays;
Yet ſpare, Perſephone! my blameleſs days:

With ſecret wickedneſs unſtung my ſoul;
I never mix'd nor gave the baneful bowl;
I ne'er the holy myſteries proclaim'd;
I fir'd no temple, and no god defam'd;
Age has not ſnow'd my jetty locks with white,
Nor bent my body, nor decay'd my ſight;

(When both the conſuls fell, ah fatal morn!
Fatal to Roman freedom! I was born)
Apples unripe, what folly 'tis to pull,
Or cruſh the cluſter e'er the grapes are full!
Ye gloomy gods! whom Acheron obeys,
Diſpel my ſickneſs, and prolong my days!
Ere to the ſhades my dreary ſteps I take,
Or ferry o'er th' irremeable lake,
Let me (with age when wrinkled all my face)
Tell ancient ſtories to my liſtening race;
Thrice five long days and nights conſum'd with fire,
(O ſooth its rage!) I gradually expire;
While you the Naiad of your fountain praiſe,
Or lave, or ſpend in gentle ſport your days:
Yet, O my friends! whate'er the fates decree,
Joy guide your ſteps, and ſtill remember me!
Meantime, to deprecate the fierce diſeaſe,
And haſten glad returns of vigorous eaſe,
Milk, mix'd with wine, O promiſe to beſtow,
And ſable victims, on the gods below.

NOTES ON ELEGY V.

Some critics are of opinion, that this elegy was written by Tibullus when very young, and diſengaged from any amorous attachment, as in it he makes no mention of any of his former miſtreſſes. And indeed it muſt be confeſſed, that their conjectures are not always ſo well founded; for had his heart been engaged, his ſickneſs, which makes the ſubject of the poem, would have ſupplied him with as many pathetic thoughts as it did when he was left behind in the iſland of Corſu. But be this as it will, the elegy itſelf is valuable, for being the only one wherein our poet gives us any hints of his own perſon, which, as it really was amiable, is no ſmall proof of his modeſty.

It is addreſſed to ſome of his friends, who were then at the hot baths of Tuſcany, where, probably, our poet was to have been of the party, had not a violent fever prevented him. However deſirous the commentators may ſhow themſelves to diſcover the names of the poet's friends, that diſcovery is now impoſſible; but if we are not ignorant of this, the poem itſelf informs us, that Tibullus compoſed it on the fifteenth day of his diſorder, which he entreats Perſephone ſpeedily to bring to a happy criſis, as he was then young, and by his conduct had never merited any chaſtiſement from heaven.

Ver. 1. Critics have in vain endeavoured to determine which of the Tuſcan baths are here meant. Schoppius believes them to have been the Cluſin; but theſe were cold, as we learn from Horace, Ep. 15. lib. i. wherein thoſe, at which Tibullus's friends appear to have been, were warm.

Ver. 4. Baia was the moſt remarkable warm bath in Italy. The name of it came in time to ſtand for "therme" in general.

Ver. 9. The myſteries here meant, were thoſe of Ceres, the moſt revered of any in ancient times. As it was piacular to divulge them, the reader muſt not expect to find them deſcribed with the ſame exactneſs as the other religious ceremonies of paganiſm. But what is known of certainty of them, ſhall here briefly be collected.

The Eleuſinian myſteries, for ſo they were alſo called, were divided into the greater and the leſſer, and celebrated at Athens, at ſtated ſeaſons, with great pomp of machinery and ſolemn ſhows. Theſe drew together a vaſt concourſe of people from all nations; and many earneſtly deſired to be initiated, but that favour was beſtowed upon none but thoſe of the firſt rank and figure. The reverence with which Cicero ſpeaks of them, and the hints he drops of their uſe and end, ſeem to confirm Dr. Warburton's conjecture about them, viz. that they were intended to inculcate God's unity and the immortality of the ſoul. The ſhows are ſuppoſed to have repreſented Heaven, Hell, Elyſium, and whatever concerned a future ſtate. The poets often alluded to them; and we find Cicero, at the requeſt of Chilius a famous poet, requeſting Atticus to ſend him from Athens a detail of them. This intimates, that theſe ſhows were occaſionally varied; and Dr. Middleton conjectures, that the detail here deſired from Atticus was intended by the poet as epiſodes to ſome of his poetical performances. Is Virgil's ſixth Æneid a repreſentation of this kind? The ſuppoſition is highly ingenious, and Dr. Warburton has ſupported it with no leſs fancy than learning.

So cautious were the Athenians, in Cicero's time, of violating the ſolemnity of theſe myſteries, that the famous orator Craſſus, coming to Athens two days after the proceſſion was over, could not prevail on the magiſtrates to re-exhibit the ſhows, although he was one of the firſt ſenators of Rome.

Whoever divulged the Eleuſinian myſteries, was expelled the ſociety of human kind, and abhorred as a monſter unworthy the common benefits of life. It was eſteemed dangerous to converſe with him, leſt Jupiter, in his wrath, ſhould make no diſtinction between the innocent and the guilty. Thus Horace,

——vetabo, qui cereris ſacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, ſub iſdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaſelum. *Horat. Lib.* iii. *Ode* 2.

He who can friendſhip's ſecrets tell,
Or Ceres' hallow'd rites reveal;

The wretch with me shall never dwell.
With me shall never hoist the doubtful sail.
Francis.

The Greeks, according to Dacier, not only punished with death those who revealed, but those also to whom the mysteries were imparted. When the Athenians for two years were baffled in their attempts against Sicily, Alcibiades, who not only advised, but conducted that war, was accused by that superstitious people of having divulged the mysteries of Ceres.

Numenius, the celebrated Pythagorean, having published an account of the mysteries, some goddesses, in the wanton dress of courtesans, appeared to him. The philosopher, with surprise, asking the reason, was told by them in an angry tone, "Ab se, ipso adyto pudicitiæ abstractas, et passim adeuntibus prostitutas:" That he himself dragged them from the shrine of chastity, and prostituted their charms to every comer. Macrob. Somn Scip. cap. 2.

Ver. 10. Nothing tends so much to soften the horrors of death, as the consciousness of a well-spent life. Upon a death-bed, every object appears in its genuine colours: as the mind then often has the nicest perception of right and wrong.

Ver. 13. *When both the consuls fell, ah fatal morn! Fatal to Roman freedom! I was born.*] At the end of the year U. C. 709, the famous Mark Antony, under the specious pretext of revenging the murder of Cæsar, left Rome. Decimus Brutus (whose name, next to that of Marcus Brutus, the patrons of liberty will ever reverence for his glorious share in the death of Julius), was to feel the first effects of his bloody rage. Although Gaul had cheerfully declared in favour of Brutus, and had levied a considerable force, yet was that patriot, at the approach of Antony, obliged to throw himself into Modena. As Antony knew the aversion of the better and wiser senators to his conduct; how devoted the veterans were to his political, though young enemy. Octavius; and the levies that were vigorously carrying on by decree of the senate, to support the consuls elect, Hirtius and Pansa; he easily saw that no time was to be lost in the reduction of that city: accordingly he invested it with a formidable body of troops, posted to so great advantage, that even after Octavius and the consul Hirtius arrived with a veteran army, the place too defending itself with no less art than courage, he reduced the besieged to very great straits, and seldom was worsted in his rencounters with the consular army. Modena had now stood out near four months, when, on the 15th of April, U. C. 710, Antony having intelligence that the other consul, Pansa, with four legions, was to join the confederate chiefs, he resolved to attack him on his march, with two legions, two Prætorian cohorts, and part of the Evocati. It is scarce to be imagined but the plan would have succeeded; as the enemy was made up of raw levies, had not Hirtius privily in the night detached the martial legion and two Prætorian cohorts, to cover their march to the camp. By the eagerness of that reinforcement, which run forward to attack Antony, Pansa was obliged to follow after with two of the new legions, and a brisk engagement was fought at Castel-Franco, in which Pansa was mortally wounded, and the victory, by the retreat o his enemies, inclined to Antony. His joy, however, was short, for Hirtius, hearing of the engagement, marched out with twenty veteran cohorts, met Antony, entirely routed and put to flight his whole army, in the very plain so lately the scene of his glory. Antony, though now obliged to lie on the defensive in his strongly fortified camp, still hoped to make himself master of Modena, which was now reduced to the greatest difficulties. Octavius and Hirtius saw this; and, flushed with their late success, were determined at all hazards, to relieve the town. To effectuate this, after two or three days spent in finding out the weakest part of Antony's camp, they attacked the entrenchments with such vigour, that Antony, rather than suffer the town to be snatched at last from him, drew out all his forces, and came to a general battle. Little advantages were gained on either side, both armies fought like Romans, till D. Brutus, taking the opportunity, sallied out of the town at the head of his garrison, and helped greatly to determine the victory on the side of the republic. Hirtius pushed his advantages with great spirit, drove all before him to the middle of the enemy's camp, where he was unfortunately killed, near the general's tent. This probably would have turned the fortune of the day, had not Octavius made good the attempt, by keeping possession of Antony's camp, while that general, after the destruction of his best troops, fled precipitately, with his horse, towards the Alps. The other consul died the day after, of his wounds, at Bologna. This was the greatest loss the republic could possibly sustain at that time; as the death of the two consuls placed Octavius above all controul, left him sole master of their armies, especially the veterans, and first inspired him with the design of succeeding to his uncle's power as well as to his estate. That with inferior martial virtues, the successor of Julius was equally successful; and that after the most bloody proscriptions of the best families of the empire, he reigned quietly, nay gloriously; are particulars which our present purpose calls not upon us to explain: we only beg leave to remark, that if the two lines which gave rise to this note, are genuine, Tibullus must have been born A. U. C. 710, some time between the 14th and 15th of April, and perhaps on the very same day with Ovid. This was the opinion of Petrus Crinitus and Lelio Giraldi, and of every biographer till the time of Josephus Scaliger. That great scholar could not well reconcile that date to some other passages in Tibullus: but the affair remained undetermined, till Janus Douza the younger, attempted to prove, that the "cum cecidit fato." &c. was stolen from Ovid, and inserted in Tibullus. The reasons on which he, and those of his party, ground their opinion, and the

objections which may be urged againſt them, are as follow:

In the firſt place, it appears from the ſeventh elegy of the firſt book, that our poet not only attended Meſſala to the war of Aquitaine, but that he was alſo rewarded with military honours for his behaviour at that time. Now it is known, that the reduction of that province was accompliſhed A. U. C. 725: of courſe, if Tibullus was born 710, he muſt have had thoſe marks of ſucceſsful bravery conferred on him when he was only fifteen years of age; but the Romans did not put on the "toga virilis" at ſooneſt till the fifteenth year of their age; therefore, ſay they, Tibullus could not, if no older, ſerve with Meſſala. This argument, however, is more ſpecious than ſolid; for it is certain that ſome Roman youths had the manly gown conferred on them before their fifteenth year: and experience ſhows us, that young men at that age often behave with as much intrepidity, as thoſe who are more advanced in life.

Again, Horace, in the ode addreſſed to Tibullus, has the following lines:

Albi ne delas plus nimio memor, &c.

No more in elegiac ſtrain
Of cruel Glycera complain;
Though ſhe reſigns her faithful charms
To a new lover's younger arms.
Francis, Lib. i. *Ode* 33.

Now, argues Douza, as Horace was but about forty when this ode was wrote, Tibullus could only be about fifteen; and how could one at thoſe years write mournful elegies? or how could Glycera well prefer one younger than himſelf? To obviate this objection, Dacier explains *junior* by *a new lover*. But there is no occaſion for this ſtrained interpretation; for it will afterwards be proved, that younger folks have written, and with applauſe too, poems of a more difficult nature than elegy; and he muſt know little of life, who has not obſerved ſome women, even in our cold climate, prefer a lover of fourteen even to one of twenty; and Julius Cæſar divorced Coſſutia in the ſixteenth year of his age. But not to inſiſt on theſe arguments; the critics may be defied to prove Horace's age when the thirty-third ode of his firſt book was written: for though that poet was juſt forty when ſome of the odes of the ſecond book were compoſed, we know that his odes are not placed in the order they were written: hence there is no neceſſity of alleging, with ſome critics, that this ode was written to our poet's father.

But, ſays Vulpius, Horace, when upwards of forty "(octo luſtra prætergeſſum)", uſed to conſult Tibullus upon his ſatire, as appears from the following line,

Albi noſtrorum ſermonum candide judes.
Ep. 4. *Lib.* i.

Albius, in whom my ſatires find
A candid critic, and a kind. *Francis.*

Now this, adds the Italian editor, is not to be ſuppoſed; as Tibullus, at that time, muſt, if born in 710, have been nineteen years younger than the poet. To this it may be anſwered, that a perſon of nineteen, if endowed with good ſenſe, and ſome practice in poetry, may be capable of correcting the writings of a man of forty: thus Pope, when younger than Tibullus is ſuppoſed to be, amended Wycherley's poems, when that gentlemen was upwards of fifty; and even wrote the Eſſay on Criticiſm at twenty. But, what is of more conſequence, the critics are not agreed about the time when the fourth epiſtle of the firſt book was written: thus Sanadon ſays, it was compoſed about the year 720, when Horace was thirty-one, and Tibullus thirty years old. And the truth is, the preciſe time of it cannot be determined. Beſides, the commentators have proved, that Horace wrote an epiſtle to Lollius, when that nobleman attended Auguſtus in the Cantabrian war, A. U. C. 727, and was only ſixteen years of age.

Again, ſays Broekhuſius, our Roman knight fell ſick at Phæacia, in his voyage with Meſſala to Syria. Now it is certain, that excellent general went thither with an extraordinary command, A. U. C. 724; therefore Tibullus, if born 710, could only then be fourteen: and yet it appears from the elegy itſelf (which is much too fine a piece for a boy of theſe years), that he had been ſome time in love with Delia. To this argument, this ſhort reply may be made: that it cannot be proved that Meſſala was upon his Syrian expedition when our poet was left behind ſick in Phæacia; and, could that even be eſtabliſhed, inſtances are not wanting to prove, that poems, not inferior to the third elegy of the firſt book, have been the production of youths not much older. L. Valerius Prudens gained the prize of poetry, and was crowned, in the reign of Domitian, when only thirteen years old; Johannes Secundus was not twenty-five years old when he died; and there is good reaſon for aſſerting, that Cardinal Rovera, when only ten years of age, publiſhed at Pavia, a collection of his own poems; nay, it is a fact, that Cowley printed a volume of poems, all which were written before his fifteenth year.

Well; but, ſays Vulpius, it is not to be believed, that Ovid, who was ſo ſtudious of the memory of Tibullus, and ſo minutely exact in other things of leſs moment, would have paſſed by an event which did ſuch honour to his own birth, had Tibullus and he been born at the ſame time. To this it may be anſwered, that he had but a ſhort acquaintance with our poet, as he himſelf informs us,

——nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitiæ fata dedere meæ.

It may, however, be objected, ſay Douza and others, that Domitius Marſus calls Tibullus a youth when he died:

Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
Mors juvenem compos miſit ad Elyſios.

Now as Marſus lived at that time, Tibullus muſt have died when twenty-four or twenty-five years

of age, and therefore must have been born A. U. C. 710.

To this it may be opposed, that by the laws of Servius Tullus, the Romans considered every citizen as a *juvenis* till his forty-sixth year. After that time indeed they called them *seniores;* and therefore, as Tibullus was only forty-five when he died, Marsus might call him *juvenis*. Doubtless he might, according to the Tullian computation; but then, it may be observed, that Marsus does not say that Tibullus died the same year with Virgil, i. e. in his forty-fifth year; but only, that he was the first poet who died after him: and therefore he must either have been out of the class of *juvenis;* or born in 710, and consequently then only twenty-five or twenty-six when he died.

But had our author been so young, Ovid would not have omitted that circumstance, as it would have greatly added to the pathos of his famous elegy on his death; especially since, in that very poem, he mentions the youth of Catullus, who, by the by, was upwards of forty when he died, contrary to the common opinion.

Obvius huic venies, hedera juvenilia cinctus
Tempore, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

This argument, indeed, is of moment; but the same poet affords some other arguments of still greater weight to prove that Tibullus could not be born in 710. In the first place, he says, that our poet was eminent for his reputation as a writer, when Augustus Cæsar was prince,

———jam te principe notus erat.

that is, when Cæsar was "princeps senatus," after having had the glorious but undeserved title of "pater patriæ" bestowed on him by Messala and the senate, A. U. C. 727. But how could a youth of seventeen be known as a poet? The answer to this has in part been anticipated; and when we add, that Heinsius reads "natus," it rather is an argument in support of Tibullus's being born in 710. as Octavius Cæsar and Pedius succeeded Hirtius and Pansa in the consulate. It must here, at the same time, be confessed, that Cæsar could not be styled "princeps," far less "princeps senatus," for being made consul: yet could even this be granted, Heinsius's reading is supported by MS. authority.

But the argument to which the least objection can be made, is that which follows, and Ovid furnishes it. It runs thus,

Virgilium vidi tantum; nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitiæ fata dedere meæ:
Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle; Propertius illi;
Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.
Trist. Lib. iv. *el.* 10.

That is, I only saw Virgil, and the cruel fates did not long indulge me with the friendship of Tibullus. He (viz. Tibullus), was thy successor, Gallus; Propertius followed Gallus, and, in order of time, I myself was the fourth. Now, as Gallus was born A. U. C 681; and Propertius, by his own confession, did not put on the "toga virilis" till after the division of the municipal lands among the veterans, A. U. C. 711, when he was at least fifteen; Tibullus must have been born between the year 681, and the year 696, that is, about the year 690, one year after Horace. But why might he not be five years younger, as well as one year? And indeed, as this corresponds more with Marsus's epigram, it seems as likely that Tibullus was born 695. Some, indeed, object to the quotation from Ovid, as if that poet meant poetical fame, or the order in which the poets he there mentions were known to the world by their writings; and indeed, were it not for the former passage from Ovid, such a suggestion might invalidate the argument upon which Douza chiefly builds his opinion.

But (add Douza, and the rest who espouse his opinion), what if we can prove, from Tibullus himself, that he was not born A. U. C 710? Had he been so young when sick at Corfu, would he not, in a particular manner, have mentioned it? And would not a youth of twenty-five years, have expressed himself differently in the poem before us from

Et nondum cani nigros lædere capillos
Nec venit tardo curva senecta pede.

Besides, in his panegyric, which we know was written 722 (vide l. 121, &c.) he has the following lines,

———nam cura novatur,
Cum memor ante actos semper dolor admonet annos.

which could not be proper from a boy of twelve years of age. Nay, that poem itself, though inferior in every respect to his elegiac compositions, is yet too great a work for one so young. And if to this we add, that in this poem he talks of the old warrior of Arupinum, and of his having attended Messala in his Pannonian expedition; and if we consider, that this expedition took place A. U. C. 718, or 719. it must appear that 710 could not be the year of Tibullus's birth, and that, therefore, the

Cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari

is spurious, and foisted in by some librarian from Ovid. Nay, Vulpius, not content with putting a mark of reprobation on that line, even suspects the following one, as it is, according to him, not only languid, but interrupts the sentence, which is complete without it.

However immaterial these remarks may appear to the generality, the translator hopes, that the critical reader will pardon their length, as they may be found of some service to future biographers.

Ver. 15. *Apples unripe, what folly 'tis to pull?*] This sentiment would answer in pastoral; and were it not what every man might have thought, it might be said, that Ovid had almost transcribed it.

Quid plenam fraudas vitem crescentibus uvis?
Pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu?
El 14. *Lib.* 2,

The "tolle cupidinem immitis uvæ" of Horace, is almost the same; but as the lyric bard in the ode where he uses these expressions describes Iaiage as a young frisking heifer, and her lover as a bull, the metaphor is not so happily exact.

Ver. 17. This and the foregoing thought are thus imitated by Mr. Hammond:

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with her iron hand;
Ah why so soon the tender blossom tear?
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye gods who dwell in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound:

O let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I rifle life away,
And tell how much I lov'd ere I grew old.

The whole fourth elegy, from which these stanzas are taken, is an improvement upon our author. In the original, the poet joins two adjectives to one noun, which Servius, in his notes on Virgil, blames as a vice in writing; and yet not only instances of this may be produced from the ancient Roman authors, but also from Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil.

Ver. 21. That man should be so solicitous for old age, is really astonishing, when we consider, with a great moral poet,

That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower.
With listless eyes the dotard views the store;
He views, and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury, with sighs, her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sound, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near:
Nor lute, nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong:
The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions, till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade:
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away:
Whose peaceful days benevolence endears,
Whose nights congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite, as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New sorrow rises as the day returns;
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate;
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise;
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

Its great beauty will, it is presumed, excuse the length of this quotation.

Ver. 26. Swimming was much practised by the Romans; an exercise which they, as a military people, found serviceable to them on many accounts, and which Britons, both on that account, and as a naval people, would do well to practise more; for as the poet of the seasons sings,

This is the purest exercise for health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
E'en from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Summer.

Ver. 28. Tibullus was as warm in his friendship as in his love, and certainly, if the love of fame is ever allowable, the wishing to be remembered after death, by one's friends, is highly natural. The

Oblitus meorum, obliviscendus et illis,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

of some authors, is too misanthropical for the love of fame being natural to man, and the source

from whence have ſprung moſt of the good actions which have aſtoniſhed or benefited humanity, the tranſlator cannot join iſſue with thoſe who condemn its exertion.

Ver. 31. The old Scholiaſt on Statius, whoſe comment Barthius had in his poſſeſſion, calls blood, honey, and milk, the banquet of the infernal powers, "inferorum paſtus." But this paſſage in our poet ſhows, that wine was alſo part of their cheer.

Black cattle were the only victims ſacrificed to the "dii inferni." The ancients, ſay the critics, generally offered to their gods, thoſe beaſts which they were ſuppoſed to hold in the greateſt abhorrence. When they ſacrificed to the infernal powers, they turned their palms downwards. There are two or three inſtances in the legendary part of the Roman ſtory, of the ceaſing of plagues at Rome, upon immolating on the altars of Pluto and Proſerpine. Pluto's altars at Tarentum were chiefly remarkable for miracles of this kind. Theſe ſacrifices, which in time gave riſe to the ſecular games, the jubilee of Paganiſm, were performed in the evening; as thoſe to the celeſtial powers were in the morning. The prieſts were ſprinkled with water, when offerings were made to the infernal deities. See the old Scholiaſt on the fourth Iſthmian ode of Pindar. And it is certain from Homer (Iliad ix. lin. 564.) that thoſe who addreſſed theſe powers, fell on their knees when they prayed to them.

ELEGY VI.

Lover.

COME, Bacchus, come! ſo may the myſtic vine
And verdant ivy round thy temples twine!
My pains, the anguiſh I endure, remove;
Oft haſt thou vanquiſh'd the fierce pangs of love.
Haſte, boy, with old Falernian crown the bowl,
In the gay cordial let me drench my ſoul.
Hence, gloomy care! I give you to the wind;
The god of fancy frolics in my mind!
My dear companions! favour my deſign,
Let's drown our ſenſes all, in roſy wine!

Companion.

Thoſe may the fair with practis'd guile abuſe,
Who, ſourly wiſe, the gay diſpute refuſe:
The jolly god can cheerfulneſs impart,
Enlarge the ſoul, and pour out all the heart.

Lover.

But love the monſters of the wood can tame,
The wildeſt tygers own the powerful flame:
He bends the ſtubborn to his awful ſway,
And melts inſenſibility away:
So wide the reign of love!

Companion.

Wine, wine, dear boy!
Can any here in empty goblets joy?
No, no, the god can never diſapprove,
That thoſe who praiſe him ſhould a bumper love.
What terrors arm his brow? the goblet drain:
To be too ſober is to be profane!
Her ſon, who mock'd his rites, Agave tore,
And furious ſcatter'd round the yelling ſhore!
Such fears be far from us, dread god of wine!
Thy rites we honour, we are wholly thine!
But let the ſober wretch thy vengeance prove:

Lover.

Or her whom all my ſufferings cannot move!
—What pray'd I raſhly for? my madding prayer,
Ye winds, diſperſe, unratified, in air:
For though, my love! I'm blotted from your ſoul,
Serenely riſe your days, ſerenely roll!

Companion.

The love-ſick ſtruggle paſt, again be gay:
Come crown'd with roſes, let's drink down the day!

Lover.

Ah me! loud-laughing mirth how hard to feign!
When doom'd a victim to love's dreadful pain:
How forc'd the drunken catch, the ſmiling jeſt,
When black ſolicitude annoys the breaſt!

Companion.

Complaints, away! the blithſome god of wine
Abhors to hear his genuine votaries whine.

* * * * *

Lover.

You, Ariadne! on a coaſt unknown,
The perjur'd Theſeus wept, and wept alone;
But learn'd Catullus, in immortal ſtrains,
Has ſung his baſeneſs, and has wept your pains.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Companion.

Thrice happy they, who hear experience call,
And ſhun the precipice where others fall.
When the fair claſps you to her breaſt, beware,
Nor truſt her, by her eyes although ſhe ſwear;
Not though, to drive ſuſpicion from your breaſt,
Or love's ſoft queen, or Juno ſhe atteſt;
No truth the women know; their looks are lies.

Lover.

Yet Jove connives at amorous perjuries.
Hence ſerious thoughts! then why do I complain?
The fair are licenc'd by the gods to feign.
Yet would the guardian powers of gentle love,
This once indulgent to my wiſhes prove,

Each day we then ſhould laugh, and talk, and toy,
And paſs each night in Hymeneal joy.
O let my paſſion fix thy faithleſs heart!
For ſtill I love thee, faithleſs as thou art!
Bacchus the Naiad loves; then haſte, my boy!
My wine to temper cooler ſtreams employ.
What though the ſmiling board Neæra ſlies,
And in a rival's arms perfidious lies,
The live-long night, all ſleepleſs, muſt I whine?
Not I—

Companion.

Quick, ſervants! bring us ſtronger wine.

Lover.

Now Syrian odours ſcent the feſtal room,
Let roſy garlands on our foreheads bloom.

NOTES ON ELEGY VI.

We have ſeen, with what cruelty Neæra had treated her lover, all his endeavours to fix her ſolely his, having proved hitherto ineffectual. But his miſery being now extreme, ſome remedy muſt be attempted; and wine, by the joint approbation of antiquity, being eſteemed the certain antidote of affliction, his friends ſtrongly recommended his making an experiment of its virtues: he follows their advice, and begins the preſent elegy with an addreſs to the god of wine, in full confidence of his being able to free him from his amorous inquietude.

This poem, which is one continued ſtruggle between the powers of love and wine, but in which the latter triumphs over the former, the tranſlator has thrown into a dialogue between the lover and one of his boon companions. This gives it a more ſpirited air, but does not entirely remove all its obſcurities; and hence the tranſlator has been led to believe, that it is imperfect; unleſs with ſome judicious critics, it is ſuppoſed, that as the author was agitated with a diverſity of paſſions at the time of his compoſing it, ſo the hyperbaton and diſorderly connection was the reſult of judicious choice, and not the fault of imperfection.

In ſome editions this elegy is improperly ſplit into two.

Ver. 1. *—ſo may the myſtic vine.*] Why myſtic? Becauſe thoſe who were initiated in the myſteries of Ceres and Bacchus carried *thyrſi*, round which were twiſted vine branches; or, becauſe theſe who aſſiſted at the orgies of Bacchus wore vine garlands. See a deſcription of theſe frantic ceremonies in the ſixth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis, ver. 587.

Ver. 2. Bacchus wore grapes on his horns. See notes on the firſt elegy of the ſecond book; and ivy round his temples.

Cur hedera cincta eſt? hedera eſt gratiſſima Baccho:
Hoc quoque cur ita ſit, dicere nulla mora eſt.
Nyſiades Nymphæ, puerum quærente noverca,
Hanc frondem cunis appoſuere novis.
Lib. iii. *Faſt. ver.* 769.

But Conſtantius Cæſar, in the eleventh book of his Geopon, ſays, that Bacchus loved the ivy becauſe his favourite boy Ciſſus was metamorphoſed into that plant. *Brockh.*

The true reaſon however ſeems to have been, that the ancients thought ivy chaplets had a power of preventing intoxication.

Thoſe who conquered in poetical conteſts, had, of old, a wreath of ivy beſtowed upon them. Andreas Alciatus gives the following reaſon for it:

Haud quaquam areſcens hederæ eſt arbuſcula, Ciſſo
Quæ puero Bacchum dona dediſſe ferunt:
Errabunda, procax, auratis, fulva corymbis,
Exterius viridis, cætera pallor habet.
Hinc aptis vates cingunt ſua tempora ſertis;
Paleſcunt ſtudiis, laus diuturna viret.
Emb 204.

Ver. 15. The two great Italian paſtoral poets have enlarged upon this thought in their tragi-comedies.

Van le tigre in amore
Ama il leon ſuperbo, &c. *Amynt.*

Rugge il leon al boſco
Ne quel rugito è d'ira
Coſi d'amor ſoſpira, &c. *Paſt. Fido.*

Ver. 21. When the gods appeared in anger to mortals, they were ſuppoſed to become much taller than uſual. Thus Ceres, when ſhe appeared to Eryſychton, who had violated her ſacred grove, trod indeed on the ground, but with her head ſhe touched the ſkies.

Δαμαλὴς δ' ἀφελὸν, &c.
Callim. Hymn. in Cerer. ver. 58.

Ver. 23. Penthus, King of Thebes, was torn in pieces by his mother and the other Mænades, for having ridiculed the newly-introduced orgies of Bacchus. See Ovid, Met. lib. iii. and Theocritus, Idyll. 26. See alſo the Βακχαι of Euripides.

Ver. 29. This is a fine inſtance of amorous irreſolution; and the prayer the poet puts up to Heaven for the happineſs of his inconſtant fair, makes us compaſſionate him more, than if he had broke out into the moſt direful execrations.

Taſſo has given us a no leſs beautiful inſtance of this paſſionate figure in his Gierusalem. Liberat. Canto xx. where Armida, being abandoned by Rinaldo, breathes fury and revenge; and, purſuing him through the ranks of the battle, aims an arrow at his heart; but ſcarce had the ſhaft left the bow, when returning love compelled her to wiſh it might miſs its aim:

Lo ſtral volo; ma con lo ſtral, un voto
Subito uſcì, che vada il copo a voto.

Swift flies the ſhaft, as ſwiftly flies her prayer
That all its vehemence be ſpent in air.

Spence.

Such ſudden changes of paſſion give a vaſt energy to poetical compoſitions. They are frequent in the elegiac poets: but no inſtance of this kind ever afforded the tranſlator more pleaſure than the following of Lotichius, who deſiring his deceaſed miſtreſs's ſhade often to appear to him, ſuddenly checks himſelf:

Quid precor imprudens? non fas ita velle priumve
Otia ſint cineri, ſit ſopor uſque tuo.
Et tumulum myrti virides, & amaricus ornet;
Et ſedeat cuſtos ad tua buſta Venus.

B. iii. *El.* 3.

Ver. 37. This double paſſion is aptly termed diſſimulation, by Mr Spence, in his ingenious Obſervations on Pope's Odyſſey. Such figures are viewed in a juſter light, when we look upon them as naturally expreſſive of what we feel within us, than when we regard them only as the artful machineries of writing.

Ver. 43. Catullus is here called learned; and antiquity, with one conſent, beſtows upon him that diſtinguiſhed epithet. He certainly underſtood the Greek language, and tranſlated, with ſome applauſe, Callimachus's beautiful poem on Berenice's hair: but his verſion from Sappho is very indifferent. Yet theſe perhaps obtained him the reputation of learning; or perhaps it aroſe from his frequent uſe of cramp words. Men are often called learned, even now-a-days, for no better reaſons. The tranſlator, however, is not of opinion, that he merited that diſtinction, ſo much at leaſt as ſome of his Roman predeceſſors. Nay, are not the beſt critics now agreed, that had all his poems periſhed, the world would have been at no very great loſs, except for the piece here alluded to, his Epithalamium on Peleus and Thetis, and one or two more?

The moſt remarkable part of Catullus's character is, the freedom with which, in his writings, he attacked Julius Cæſar, at a time when he was the ſovereign maſter of the world. That great, but wicked Roman, underſtood the importance of having the men of abilities and learning on his ſide, and therefore invited the poet to ſup with him on the night his Paſquin was publiſhed. Could the poet ſatirize after ſuch an act of condeſcenſion? Something of the ſame kind is alſo told us, of that moſt conſummate of politicians, Philip, who more than paved the way for his ſon's conqueſt of the Eaſt. See Dr. Leland's excellently written Life of that monarch.

In the poem which Tibullus here had in his eye, there is an exquiſite ſtroke of nature, where Ariadne runs into the ſea, as if to reach Theſeus, who was ſailing off.

Tum tremuli ſalis adverſas percurrere undas
Mollia nundatæ tollentem tegmina ſuræ, &c.

Ovid has written on the ſame ſubject but there is more real beauty in the pathetic exclamations and frantic behaviour of Catallus's Ariadne, than in the witty, but unaffected epiſtle of Naſo.

There appears no connection between this ſtory of Ariadne, and what either goes before or follows it. But if the tranſlator durſt venture upon a tranſpoſition, he would join

Thrice happy they,

and ſo on, to

Hence, ſerious thoughts!

to the forty-ſecond line, and make it part of the advice which our poet's companion gave him. The manner of diſpoſing and connecting theſe verſes, would make the ſtory of Ariadne appear as part of Tibullus's anſwer, by which he would inſinuate, that if the women were deceitful, the men are not much better, as witneſs the treatment which Theſeus, whom they all deemed a hero, gave Ariadne.

Ver. 50. The common editions read

Junonemque ſuam, perque ſuam venerem.

But Broekhuſius is of opinion that Tibullus wrote

Junonemque ſuam, per Veneremque ſuam,

and produces ſeveral inſtances of his uſing the "que" in that manner. He cloſes his quotations on that ſubject with the following ſentence, which is in the true ſpirit of a verbal critic: "Hæc palæmonibus noſtris exila videbuntur, neque ſatis digna in quibus otium ponatur: mihi vero, quæ mea eſt humilitas, nihil exile habetur, quod faciat ad inluſtrationem ſermonis Latini."

Ver. 51. Female infidelity has been a common topic of invective with the wits of all ages; and yet, had they looked into their own conduct with the ſame virulent penetration, they would have found that the lion made a juſt obſervation to the man, who vauntingly ſhowed him a picture wherein one of the lion-kind was repreſented as conquered by a man, when that monarch of the woods ſaid, "We lions are not painters."

Ver. 52. Plato aſſigns a whimſical reaſon for Jupiter's good-nature in this affair; the pleaſures (ſays he) are infants, incapable of underſtanding and judgment, and therefore not liable to puniſhment for perjury, or breach of promiſe.

Ver. 59. "Nobis merenti," in the original, as Broekhuſius obſerves, is an elegant Græciſm (archaiſmus), which Terence and the moſt correct Roman poets have admitted. There are many ſuch Græciſms in both Milton and Shakſpeare; the former, no doubt, thought the joining a ſin-

gular with a plural an elegance; but it is a queſtion whether the inſtances of this kind which occur in the tragic bard are not the effect of chance, or fault of tranſcribers, &c. This pentameter is the only turn on words to be found in Tibullus. When ſparingly admitted, ſuch turns are doubtleſs beauties. Mr. Dryden makes Virgil the parent of this elegance in compoſition: that critic, however, is miſtaken, as Homer has a turn on the words, Il. 20, where Hector ſays, that at all events he will attack Achilles:

και ει πυρι χειρας εοικεν
Ει πυρι χειρας εοικε· μενος αιθωνι σιδηρω.

Not from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire:
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave the vengeful heart, and dreadful hand.

So very attentive was Mr. Pope not to loſe any of the beauties of his original. And if Mr. Dryden (Dedicat. to Juvenal) had looked, he would have found that Catullus uſed this charm in writing before Virgil.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulſus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat ſol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara ſuis eſt.
Cum caſtum amiſit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.
Carm. Nup. 60.

It muſt indeed be owned, that Virgil and Ovid more frequently uſe turns, both on words and thoughts. Neither is Milton wholly deſtitute of that beauty, though Mr. Dryden ſays, he could find none ſuch in his poems, as witneſs the following charming verſes, where Eve addreſſes our general anceſtor:

With thee converſing, I forget all time!
All ſeaſons, and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earliſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew: nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.

This quotation Mr. Addiſon has inſerted in one of the Tatlers (No. 114.), and indeed Mr. Maſon makes this turn on words characteriſtical of Milton's manner, in that beautiful poem of his, intituled Muſæus.

Various this peaceful ſcene, this mineral roof;
This 'ſemblance meet of coral, ore, and ſhell;
Theſe pointed cryſtals fair, 'mid each obſcure
Bright gliſtering; all theſe ſlowly-dripping rills,
That tinkling ſtray amid the cooly cave.
Yet not this various peaceful ſcene, with this
Its mineral roof, nor this aſſemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and ſhell; nor 'mid th' obſcure
Theſe pointed cryſtals glittering fair; nor rills
That ſtraying tinkle through the cooly cave,
Deal charms more various to the raptur'd ſenſe,
Than thy mellifluous lay.

Ver. 61. Bacchus was brought up by the nymphs; which, ſays Vulpius, is a poetical figment, ſignifying that wine ought to be mixed with water.

Αι Νυμφαι τον Βακχον οτ' εκ πυρος ηλαθ' ὁ κουρος
Νιψαν, ὑπερ τεφρης αρτι κυλιομενον
Τουνεκα σην Νυμφαις βρομιος φιλος, ην δε νιν ειρξης
Μισγεσθαι δεξη πυρ' ετι καιομενον.
Ανθολογια.

E cincere ut Bacchum nymphæ ceſſere ſorores,
Membraque lavarunt fonte perennis aquæ,
Junctus amicitia eſt Nymphis Si forte repellas,
Natum de flammis experiere Deum.

And Plato, in his poetical language, calls the mixing of wine with water, the taming a mad god with a ſober one.

Ver. 68. "Jam dudum" in the original, ſays Broekhuſius, "formula venuſta de tempore non longo in re præſente & ſcriptoribus elegantibus adamata."

Feſtus obſerves, that the boon companions of old uſed ſometimes to tie birds to their garlands, not only to amuſe themſelves with their ſongs, but alſo to be kept awake by their pecking; ſo ingenious were they in the article of drinking!

The garlands uſed at firſt upon theſe occaſions, were made of fine wool; and therefore Theocritus calls them *ειος αωτον*, the flower of the ſheep.

Parſley, roſes, ivy, &c. came afterwards to be worn; for which, as well as for the introduction of eſſences in drinking, the topers of antiquity were indebted to the fair ſex. Lipſius has given us the "leges convivales" of the ancients.

ELEGY VII.

To you my tongue eternal fealty ſwore,
My lips the deed with conſcious rapture own;
A fickle libertine I rove no more,
You only pleaſe, and lovely ſeem alone.

The numerous beauties that gay Rome can boaſt,
With you compar'd, are uglineſs at beſt;
On me their bloom and practis'd ſmiles are loſt,
Drive then, my fair! ſuſpicion from your breaſt.

Ah no! ſuſpicion is the teſt of love:
I too dread rivals, I'm ſuſpicious grown;
Your charms the moſt inſenſate heart muſt move;
Would you were beauteous in my eyes alone!

I want not man to envy my ſweet fate,
I little care that others think me bleſt;
Of happy conqueſts let the coxcomb prate!
Vain-glorious vaunts the ſilent wiſe deteſt.

Supremely pleas'd with you, my heavenly fair!
In any trackleſs deſert I could dwell;
From our receſs your ſmiles would baniſh care,
Your eyes give luſtre to the midnight cell.

For various converſe I ſhould long no more,
The blithe, the moral, witty, and ſevere;
Its various arts are her's, whom I adore;
She can depreſs, exalt, inſtruct, and cheer.

Should mighty Jove ſend down from heaven a maid,
With Venus' ceſtus zon'd, my faith to try,
(So, as I truth declare, me Juno aid!)
For you I'd ſcorn the charmer of the ſky.

But hold! you're mad to vow, unthinking fool!
Her boundleſs ſway you're mad to let her know:
Safe from alarms, ſhe'll treat you as a tool—
Ah, babbling tongue! from thee what miſchiefs flow!

Yet let her uſe me with neglect, diſdain;
In all, ſubſervient to her will I'll prove;
Whate'er I feel, her ſlave I'll ſtill remain,
Who ſhrinks from ſorrow, cannot be in love!

Imperial queen of bliſs! with fetters bound,
I'll ſit me down before your holy fane;
You kindly heal the conſtant lover's wound,
Th' inconſtant torture with increaſe of pain.

NOTES ON ELEGY VII.

Although this poem is uſually publiſhed at the end of the fourth book, yet as ſome old critics aſſert, that Tibullus wrote only three books of elegies, and as this piece, in the opinion of Broekhuſius, has all the marks of Tibullian legitimacy, the tranſlator has taken the liberty to place it here; not ſtrictly rendered, but more paraphraſtically, as, in his opinion, better ſuited to the genius of the alternate ſtanza. What induced the tranſlator to turn paraphraſt with this elegy, was, that though the critics unanimouſly aſcribed it to Tibullus, yet did he think, that the thoughts had not that ſimplicity, which conſtitutes one of the characteriſtical beauties of our poet. And though Tibullus is mentioned in the poem, no argument can thence be drawn of it being the work of our poet, as in after-times, thoſe who excelled in elegy affected to ſtyle themſelves Tibullus: and it is known that Nero uſed to call the poet Nerva by that appellation.

Ver. 11. *Your charms the moſt inſenſate heart muſt move;*
Would you were charming in my eyes alone!]

This, exclaims the polite Dutch commentator, is ruſticity itſelf! For what more cruel, to a fine woman, could he wiſh, than that ſhe ſhould pleaſe one man only? And what do the ladies aim at, in all their finery and variety of dreſs, but to appear amiable even to thoſe whom they neither can, nor wiſh to love?

Delectant etiam caſtas præconia formæ.

And what woman did you ever ſee, however vile and wretched, whoſe face or perſon you dared, in her own preſence, to contemn with impunity; or who thought herſelf ugly? Beauty they prefer to life itſelf; and death they view without diſmay, if they carry their charms along with them. Thus far Broekhuſius.

D'Urſey, who was the firſt, that gave the

French an idea of paſtoral romance, has copied this thought of our author; and, indeed, it better ſuited ſuch languid unnatural compoſitions as the Aſtrea, than the ſerious ſenſibility of the elegiac muſe.

Ver. 12. Cowley has imitated this; or rather, ſuch conceits were in his way.

How happy here, ſhould I
And one dear ſhe, live, and embracing die;
She who is all the world, and can exclude
From deſerts, ſolitude.
I ſhould have then this only fear,
Leſt men, when they my pleaſure ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a city here.

How much more truly does Prior repreſent the contentment which lovers feel in one another's company?

My conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her; with her alone, in her alone
It ſought its peace and joy; while ſhe was gone,
It ſigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her ſtay;
Return'd, ſhe chas'd thoſe ſighs, that grief away;
Her abſence made the night, her preſence made the day.

The paſtoral writers often aſcribe ſtill greater force to the charms of their Galateas and Phylliſes, perhaps very impertinently.

Ver. 25. Thus finely imitated by Croxal:

Were I invited to a nectar feaſt
In heaven, and Venus nam'd me for her gueſt;
Though Mercury the meſſenger ſhould prove,
Or her own ſon, the mighty god of love;
At the ſame inſtant let but honeſt Tom
From Sylvia's dear terreſtrial lodging come,
With look important ſay—"deſires—at three,
"Alone—your company—to drink ſome tea."
Though Tom were mortal, Mercury divine,
Though Sylvia gave me water, Venus wine; [far
Though heaven was here, and Bow-ſtreet lay as
As the vaſt diſtance of the utmoſt ſtar;
To Sylvia's arms with all my ſtrength I'd fly:
Let who would meet the beauty of the ſky.

THE POEMS OF SULPICIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some of the beſt modern commentators contend, that the little poems which compoſe this fourth book, are not the work of Tibullus. Their chief arguments are derived from the language and ſentiment; in both which, it is ſaid, and with more juſtice than is common on ſuch occaſions, that they bear no reſemblance to our poet's productions.

But if the following little pieces are not the compoſition of Tibullus, to whom ſhall we impute them? Shall we, with Caſpar Barthius, and Brockhuſius, aſcribe them to Sulpicia, the wife of Calenus, who flouriſhed in the reign of Domitian? This opinion is by no means improbable, for we know from Martial and Sidonius Apollinaris, that Sulpicia was eminent in thoſe days for her poetry.

Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ,
Uni quæ cupiunt viro placere.
Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptæ.
Non hæc Colchidos adferit furorem,
Diri prandia nec refert Thyeſtæ;
Scyllam, Byblida, nec fuiſſe credit:
Sed caſtos docet & pios amores,
Luſus, delicias, facetiaſque.
Cujus carmina qui bene æſtimarit,
Nullam dixerit eſſe nequiorem,
Nullam dixerit eſſe ſanctiorem.
Tales egregiæ jocos fuiſſe.
Udo crediderim Numæ ſub antro.
Hac condiſcipula, vel hac magiſtra
Eſſes doctior & pudica Sappho:
Sed tecum pariter ſimulque viſam
Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amaret.
Fruſtra: namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,
Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella,
Erepto ſibi viveret Caleno.

Mart. Lib. x. *Ep.* 35.

But to this proof, it is objected by Vulpius, that as the following pieces are of a ſtrain different from thoſe celebrated by Martial, ſo they could not be written by the wife of Calenus, but are Tibullus's; and that the Sulpicia they praiſe, was the daughter of Servius Sulpicius, the famous lawyer, ſome of whoſe epiſtles to Cicero, are ſtill extant: For, ſhe who is called Sulpicia in this book, adds he, certainly lived in the reign of Auguſtus, as Horace himſelf mentions Cerinthus, and Meſſala is named in the eighth poem. To this it may be anſwered, that it cannot be proved, that Sulpicia had never been in love before ſhe married Calenus; or had never compoſed any other poems, beſides thoſe of the conjugal kind, ſo much extolled by Martial? Nay, have we not our own teſtimony, that ſhe wrote ſome thouſands of pieces?

Cetera quin etiam, quot denique millia luſi!

And we know from ſome of Sulpicia's lines, preſerved by the old Scholiaſt on Juvenal, that ſhe ſometimes wrote in a manner the very reverſe of that which the epigrammatiſt celebrates: and of courſe ſhe may ſtill be the author of theſe poems. Nor does it follow from Horace's having made mention of one Cerinthus (lib. i. ſat. 2. line 81.) who was fond of a rich miſtreſs, that therefore this miſtreſs was Sulpicia; unleſs it could be proved, that Cerinthus never loved any but Sulpicia; and that there never was a perſon of the name of Cerinthus, but in the age of Auguſtus. Again, though Meſſala is mentioned in the eighth poem of this book, it cannot thence be inferred, that this was our poet's patron; unleſs it could be proved that the name Meſſala (which is not true) expired with that illuſtrious Roman. Therefore the following poems may ſtill be the off-ſpring of Martial's Sulpicia.

But againſt this opinion it is farther urged by Vulpius, that Quintilian (lib. i. cap. 11.) plainly alludes to,

Illam quidquid agit, quoque veſtigia movet
Componit, furtim ſubſequiturque decor,

in the following ſentence: "Neque enim geſtum oratoris *componi* ad ſimilitudinem ſaltationis volo, ſed ſubeſſe aliquid ex hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes, *furtem decor* ille diſcentibus traditus proſequatur." But that eloquent rhetorician, ſays Vulpius, would have been aſhamed to uſe the words of a woman, who was then alive; and therefore it is more probable, that he borrowed his illuſtration from Tibullus, a poet of an eſtabliſhed reputation.

We cannot ſee any reaſon, however, why Quintilian ſhould be more aſhamed to borrow from a cotemporary poeteſs, if her words ſuited his purpoſe, than from a dead poet, let his character be ever ſo great. Nay, the great rhetorician, we apprehend, would rather have choſen to have expreſſed himſelf in the words of a woman, who was honoured with the epithet of learned, which was Sulpicia's caſe, than to have uſed the language of Tibullus or any other perſon, when treating of a ſubject (viz Decency of Geſture) wherein the fair ſex muſt be allowed to be the moſt competent judges. But why might not Quintilian ſtumble upon "componit" and "furtim decor" without having ever read this poem? Can any reaſon be aſſigned to the contrary? Or, rather, did not his ſubject naturally lead him to expreſs his ſentiments of oratorial geſture in theſe very words?

Some critics, however, whom the tranſlator has conſulted, and who acknowledge the futility of Vulpius's arguments, are yet of opinion, that the firſt, third, and fifth poems of this book cannot be of Sulpicia's writing, but muſt be the works of Cerinthus, or ſome poet; as Sulpicia, they ſay, could not, with any grace, write the encomium on her own perſon; nor can the poem on her birth-day be, with any more propriety, aſcribed to her; and it is evident, they think, that the fifth poem is the compoſition of a common friend.

Nor, granting this, every difficulty is not yet ſurmounted: the twelfth poem, according to ſome others, cannot be Sulpicia's, for from the following lines:

Nunc licet, e cœlo, mittatur amica Tibullo;
Mittetur fruſtra, deficietque Venus.

it is, they aſſert, plainly the compoſition of Tibullus. "Tibulli carmen arbitror (ſays Broekhuſius) ipſa dictione ita perſuadente & numeris ad Albianum characterem artificioſe conformatis;" adding, that it has certainly ſlipped out of its place, and muſt belong to the third book, as the old critics inform us, that Tibullus wrote no more than three books of elegies.

Although we have ſo far admitted this opinion, as to place that poem at the end of the third book, yet that our poet certainly wrote more elegies than we have of his at preſent, is obvious, both from his works themſelves, and from Horace: nor can the tranſlator help being of opinion, that, however ſimilar the metrical compoſition in the twelfth poem may be to that of Tibullus, yet the mode of thinking is very different from his; and, therefore, if Tibullus is the author, he either in this piece, imitated Ovid, or the piece itſelf was written by ſome body elſe, perhaps in the age of Domitian, who was ſo fond of Tibullus, as to be willing to uſher his own productions into the world under the ſanction of his name.

But if the fourth book was compoſed by Sulpicia, how comes it, objects Vulpius, to be found in all the ancient MSS. of Tibullus? To this it may be anſwered, that the old librarians uſed commonly, in order to enhance the price of their MSS. to join to an author, who had not left many works behind him, any writer who compoſed in what they thought a ſimilar taſte. By this means, a ſatire, which our Sulpicia certainly wrote, was long aſcribed by ſome to Juvenal, and by others to Auſonius, from having been found in the MS. works of thoſe two poets; till ſome critics of more underſtanding * proved to the learned, neither Juvenal, nor Auſonius, but Martial's Sulpicia wrote it.

Such are the arguments by which the commentators ſupport their different opinions. The reader muſt determine for himſelf. But if the tranſlator might be permitted to pronounce on the ſubject, he would ſay, that if any weight might be laid on difference of ſtyle, and eſpecially of thought, the following poems cannot be the work of Tibullus:—but whether Martial's Sulpicia, or who elſe wrote them, is not in his power to determine. But as Sulpicia is the only perſon to whom the critics attribute them, the tranſlator, not knowing any one elſe, who can ſhow a preferable claim, has retained her name in the title page.

Notwithſtanding, however, it cannot be abſolutely aſcertained (and how can controverſies of this ſort be abſolutely aſcertained?) who was the perſon to whoſe happy talent we owe the following poems; every reader of taſte will allow, that

* *Scaliger, &c.*

they abound with ſtriking beauties; and that, upon the whole, thoſe critics do no great injury to Tibullus, who ſtill aſcribe them to that poet.

As Sulpicia and Cerinthus perfectly underſtood one another, we muſt not expect in their poems thoſe ſallies and tranſitions of paſſion, that frantic and deſpondent air, ſo obſervable in Tibullus: for theſe are the natural emanations of a heated fancy and a diſtracted heart. But the poems before us abound in what the moderns denominate gallant flattery. Moſt of them ſhow the poet and happy lover. They give us little anecdotes of their paſſion, and make us regret we have no more.

POEM I.

Great god of war! Sulpicia, lovely maid,
To grace your calends, is in pomp array'd.
If beauty warms you, quit th' etherial height,
E'en Cytherea will indulge the ſight:
But while you gaze o'er all her matchleſs charms,
Beware your hands ſhould meanly drop your arms!
When Cupid would the gods with love ſurpriſe.
He lights his torches at her radiant eyes.
A ſecret grace her every act improves,
And pleaſing follows whereſoe'er ſhe moves:
If looſe her hair upon her boſom plays;
Unnumber'd charms that negligence betrays:
Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd care,
Alike the labour'd plaits become the fair.
Whether rich Tyrian robes her charms inveſt,
Or all in ſnowy white the nymph is dreſt,
All, all ſhe graces, ſtill ſupremely fair,
Still charms ſpectators with a fond deſpair.
A thouſand dreſſes thus Vertumnus wears,
And beauteous equally in each appears.
The richeſt tints and deepeſt Tyrian hue,
To thee, O wonderous maid! are ſolely due:
To thee th' Arabian huſbandman ſhould bring
The ſpicy produce of his eaſtern ſpring:
Whatever gems the ſwarthy Indians hoaſt,
Their ſhelly treaſures, and their golden coaſt,
Alone thou merit'ſt! come, ye tuneful choir!
And come, bright Phœbus! with thy plauſive lyre!
This ſolemn feſtival harmonious praiſe,
No theme ſo much deſerves harmonious lays.

POEM II.

Whether, fierce churning boars! in meads ye ſtray,
Or haunt the ſhady mountain's devious way;
Whet not your tuſks, my lov'd Cerinthus ſpare!
Know, Cupid! I conſign him to your care.
What madneſs 'tis, ſhagg'd trackleſs wilds to beat,
And wound, with pointed thorns, your tender feet:
O! why to ſavage beaſts your charms oppoſe?
With toils and blood-hounds why their haunts encloſe?
The luſt of game decoys you far away;
Ye blood-hounds periſh, and ye toils decay!
Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove
Through dreary deſarts, and the thorny grove:
The cumbrous meſhes on my ſhoulders bear,
And face the monſters with my barbed ſpear:
Could track the bounding ſtags through tainted grounds,
Beat up their cover, and unchain the hounds:
But moſt to ſpread our artful toils I'd joy,
For while we watch'd them, I could claſp the boy!
Then, as entranc'd in amorous bliſs we lay,
Mix'd ſoul with ſoul, and melted all away!
Snar'd in our nets, the boar might ſafe retire,
And owe his ſafety to our mutual fire.
O! without me ne'er taſte the joys of love,
But a chaſte hunter in my abſence prove.
And O! my boars the wanton fair deſtroy,
Who would Cerinthus to their arms decoy!
Yet, yet I dread!—Be ſports your father's care;
But you, all paſſion! to my arms repair!

POEM III.

Come, Phœbus! with your looſely floating hair,
O ſooth her torture, and reſtore the fair!
Come, quickly come! we ſupplicant implore,
Such charms your happy ſkill ne'er fav'd before!
Let not her frame, conſumptive pine away,
Her eyes grow languid, and her bloom decay;
Propitious come! and with you bring along
Each pain ſubduing herb, and ſoothing ſong;
Or real ills, or whate'er ills we fear,
To ocean's fartheſt verge let torrents bear.
O! rack no more, with harſh, unkind delays,
The youth, who ceaſeleſs for her ſafety prays;
'Twixt love and rage his tortur'd ſoul is torn;
And now he prays, now treats the gods with ſcorn.
Take heart, fond youth! you have not vainly pray'd
Still perſevere to love th' inchanting maid:
Sulpicia is your own! for you ſhe ſighs,
And ſlights all other conqueſts of her eyes:
Dry then your tears; your tears would fitly flow
Did ſhe on others her eſteem beſtow.
O come! what honour will be yours, to ſave
At once two lovers from the doleful grave?
Then both will emulous exalt your ſkill;
With grateful tablets, both your temples fill:
Both heap with ſpicy gums your ſacred fire;
Both ſing your praiſes to th' harmonious lyre:
Your brother-gods will prize your healing powers,
Lament their attributes, and envy yours.

POEM IV.

On my account, to grief a ceaſeleſs prey,
Doſt thou a ſympathetic anguiſh prove?

I would not wish to live another day,
If my recovery did not charm my love:
For what were life, and health, and bloom to me,
Were they displeasing, beauteous youth! to thee.

POEM V.

With feasts I'll ever grace the sacred morn,
When my Cerinthus, lovely youth was born.
At birth, to you th' unerring sisters sung
Unbounded empire o'er the gay and young:
But I, chief I! (if you my love repay),
With rapture own your ever-pleasing sway.
This I conjure you, by your charming eyes,
Where love's soft god in wanton ambush lies!
This by your genius, and the joys we stole,
Whose sweet remembrance still enchants my soul!
Great natal genius! grant my heart's desire,
So shall I heap with costly gums your fire!
Whenever fancy paints me to the boy,
Let his breast pant with an impatient joy:
But if the libertine for others sigh
(Which love forbid!) O love! your aid deny.
Nor, love! be partial, let us both confess
The pleasing pain, or make my passion less.
But O! much rather 'tis my soul's desire,
That both may feel an equal, endless fire.
In secret my Cerinthus begs the fame,
But the youth blushes to confess his flame:
Assent, thou god! to whom his heart is known,
Whether he public ask, or secret own.

POEM VI.

Accept, O natal queen! with placent air,
The incense offer'd by the learned fair.
She's rob'd in cheerful pomp, O power divine!
She's rob'd to decorate your matron-shrine;
Such her pretence; but well her lover knows
Whence her gay look, and whence her finery flows.
Thou, who dost o'er the nuptial bed preside,
O! let not envious night their joys divide,
But make the bridegroom amorous as the bride!
So shall they tally, matchless lovely pair!
A youth all transport, and a melting fair?
Then let no spies their secret haunts explore,
Teach them thy wiles, O love! and guard the door.
Assent, chaste queen! in purple pomp appear;
Thrice wine is pour'd and cakes await you, here.
Her mother tells her for what boon to pray;
Her heart denies it, though her lips obey.
She burns, that altar as the flames devour;
She burns, and slights the safety in her power.
So may the boy, whose chains you proudly wear,
Through youth the soft indulgent anguish bear;
And when old age has chill'd his every vein,
The dear remembrance may he still retain!

POEM VII.

I.

At last the natal odious morn draws nigh,
When to your cold, cold villa I must go;
There, far, too far from my Cerinthus sigh:
Oh why, Messala! will you plague me so?

II.

Let studious mortals prize the sylvan scene;
And ancient maidens hide them in the shade;
Green trees perpetually give me the spleen;
For crowds, for joy, for Rome, Sulpicia's made!

III.

Your too officious kindness gives me pain.
How fall the hailstones! hark! how howls the wind!
Then know, to grace your birth day should I deign,
My soul, my all, I leave at Rome behind.

POEM VIII.

At last the fair's determin'd not to go:
My Lord! you know the whimsies of the sex.
Then let us gay carouse, let odours flow;
Your mind no longer with her absence vex:
For O! consider, time incessant flies;
But every day's a birth-day to the wise!

POEM IX.

That I, descended of Patrician race,
With charms of fortune, and with charms of face,
And so indifferent grown to you of late,
So little car'd for, now excites no hate.
Rare taste, and worthy of a poet's brain.
To prey on garbage, and a slave adore!
In such to find out charms a bard must feign
Beyond what fiction ever feign'd of yore.
Her friends may think Sulpicia is disgrac'd;
No! no! she honours your transcendent taste.

POEM X.

If from the bottom of my love-sick heart,
Of last night's coyness I do not repent,
May I no more your tender anguish hear,
No longer see you shed th' impassion'd tear.
You grasp'd my knees, and yet to let you part—
O night more happy with Cerinthus spent!
My flame with coyness to conceal I thought,
But this concealment was too dearly bought.

POEM XI.

Fame says, my mistress loves another swain;
Would I were deaf, when fame repeats the wrong!
All crimes to her imputed, give me pain,
Not change my love: Fame, stop your saucy tongue!

POEM XII.

Let other maids, whose eyes less prosperous prove,
Publish my weakness, and condemn my love.
Exult, my heart! at last the queen of joy,
Won by the music of her votary's strain,
Leads to the couch of bliss herself the boy;
And bids enjoyment thrill in every vein:
Last night entranc'd in ecstasy we lay,
And chid the quick, too quick return of day!

But ſtop, my hand! beware what looſe you ſcrawl,
Leſt into curious hands the billet fall.
No—the remembrance charms!—begone, gri-
Matrons! be yours formality of face. [mace!

Know, with a youth of worth, the night I
ſpent,
And cannot, cannot, for my ſoul repent!

NOTES ON SULPICIA'S POEMS.

POEM I.

Ver. 4. One of the critics has obſerved upon this paſſage, that Venus muſt either have had great confidence in her own charms; or have been little ſolicitous what became of her paramour Mars, to indulge him in this interview.

Ver. 6. When Euryclea, in the Odyſſey (lib. xix) diſcovers Ulyſſes (whom ſhe was bathing) by the ſcar in his leg, her joyful ſurpriſe is finely imagined, by her being ready to faint, and her dropping the jar of water. Nor leſs beautiful is the ſurpriſe teſtified by Paris, when by chance he beheld the fair boſom of Helen:

Dum ſtupeo viſis (nam pocula ſorte tenebam)
Tortilis e digitis excidit anſa meis.
Ep. Her. lin. 251.

Menage, in his Bird-Catcher and Adonis, gives a no leſs fine inſtance of aſtoniſhment; but Milton has ſurpaſſed them all, in the picture he has drawn of Adam's conſternation and horror, upon being told by Eve that ſhe had eaten of the forbidden fruit, which is a beautiful contraſt to the joy which ſhe ſhowed in narrating the fact:

Thus Eve, with count'nance blithe, her ſtory told,
But in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtoned ſtood, and blank; while horror dull
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale; till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
Book ix. *l.* 886.

What the author of this poem aſcribes to the power of beauty, Pindar aſcribes (perhaps no leſs truly) to the force of harmony.

Χρυσεα φορμιγξ Απολλων, &c. *Pyth. Od.* 1.

which the late Mr. Weſt has thus poetically rendered:

Hail, golden lyre! whoſe heaven-invented ſtring
To Phœbus and the black hair'd nine belongs,
Who, in ſweet chorus, round their tuneful king,
Mix with thy ſounding chords their ſacred ſongs.
The dance, gay queen of pleaſure! thee attends;
Thy jocund ſtrains her liſtening feet inſpire:
And each melodious tongue its voice ſuſpends,
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly choir!
With wanton art preluding, giv'ſt the ſign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their ſtreaming lightnings all diſarm'd,
The ſmouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the muſic of thy numbers charm'd,
The birds fierce monarch drops his vengeful ire;
Perch'd on the ſceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eye-lid ſeals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in looſe array,
To every balmy gale, the ruffling feathers play.

But what gave riſe to this quotation follows Decade III.

Ev'n Mars, ſtern god of violence and war,
Sooths with thy lulling ſtrains his furious breaſt,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance conſigns to peaceful reſt.

Which image, as well as that of the eagle, are thus imitated by two excellent poets of our own days.

O! ſovereign of the willing ſoul
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen cares
And frantic paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſcepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.
Ode by Gray.

What follows, is from Dr. Akenſide's Hymn to the Naiads:

With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty wings: thoſe awful ſtrings,
That charm the mind of gods; that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares;
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire, with ſlacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle, by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd, and ſatiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels

That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe.
Dodſley's Collect. vol. vi.

While ſuch imitations make it doubtful to whom the palm of preference ſhould be given, all complaints of decay of poetical genius among us, muſt be imputed, either to ignorance or malice.

Ver. 8. Andreas Schottus makes our authoreſs indebted to Euripides for this thought; and yet what he quotes from that excellent tragic poet, has little or no reference to the text. The words are,

Ερως ερως, ὁ κατ' ομματων
Σταξεις ποθον, εισαγων γλυκειαν
Ψυχα χαριν ȣς επιστρατευση *Hippol. ver.* 525.

Broekhuſius has collected moſt of the paſſages from the ancient and modern (Latin) poets, where love is either ſaid to lurk in the eye, or baſk in the cheek of a fine woman, but gives juſtly the preference to the text. Thoughts of this kind, however, are now-a-days too threadbare even to pleaſe a chambermaid.

Ver. 9 Cardinal Bembow and Count Caſtiglione have both imitated this paſſage. The latter inſerted his imitation in a poem he addreſſed to his wife Elizabeth Gonzaga, on her ſinging, and is as follows:

Quidquid agit, certant pariter componere furtim
Et Decor & charitis, & pudor ingenuus.

Elizabeth had a fine genius for poetry.

Ver. 13. "Comæ," απο τȣ κοσμειν, "dicuntur Capilli aliqua cura compoſiti; teſte Feſto." And Servius adds, that "coma" belongs to women's, as "cæſariis" does to men's hair: but this diſtinction is too refined; Tibullus himſelf applies "coma" to the hair of a boy. Vide Book i. El. 10.

Ver. 17. Lord Lanſdown has ſome thoughts analogous to theſe of our poeteſs.

When Myra walks, ſo charming is her mien,
In every motion every grace is ſeen.

And again,

With charms ſo numerous Myra can ſurpriſe
The gazer knows not by what darts he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.

Ovid's Vertumnus is a maſterpiece. See Metamorphoſis, lib. 14.

Ver. 21. This and the remainder of the poem are alſo imitated by Caſtiglione; and though he hath well performed, yet Francius, who has alſo adopted the ſentiments of our author, hath ſurpaſſed the Count in a poem addreſſed to that great ſcholar, but middling poet, Monſ. Menage

Ver. 23. It was ſo commonly believed, in the time of Auguſtus, that Arabia, beſides ſpices, contained immenſe quantities of gold, that the emperor marched thither a conſiderable army, A U. C. 729. which periſhed by ſickneſs. A like fate attend every army, which invades any country on ſuch an account.

POEM II.

Ver. 3. The Cerinthus whom Horace mentions, was a beautiful ſlave from Chalcis; and under this name, applied only to the handſome, Sulpicia probably veiled her regard for ſome young perſon of faſhion.

Ver. 4. Mr. Gay, in his fine ballad, intituled William and Suſan, has the following pretty if not true thought,

Love will ward off the bullets as they fly,
Leſt precious drops ſhould fall from Suſan's eye.

Ver. 11. However diſagreeable field-ſports were to the amiable Sulpicia, yet to have the pleaſure of Cerinthus's company, ſhe was willing to undergo all the fatigues and dangers of boar-hunting. Such is the nature of love!

Had Guarini our Sulpicia in his mind, when he made Dorinda thus addreſs Sylvio?

Te ſeguiro compagna
Del tuo fido, Melampo aſſai piu fida:
E quando ſarai ſtanco
T' auſchiugerò la fronte:
E ſovra queſto fianco,
Che per ti mai non poſa, havrai ripoſo.

It is thus that Prior deſcribes the diſguiſes which Henry aſſumed, in order to obtain the affection of the beautiful Emma:

When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt;
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears,
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears, &c.

Again,

A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks;
Upon his wriſt the towering merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to run, and ſtoop, at her commands, &c.

Again,

A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves:
The neighbouring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong, &c.

And laſtly,

A frantic gypſy, now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants:
With the fond maids in palmeſtry he deals;
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals, &c.

POEM III.

Ver. 1. Would not a long enumeration of the epithets of Apollo have been extremely improper here? and does not his immediate call for aſſiſtance ſhow the greatneſs of the writer's concern?

When Laura was at the point of death, how very coldly does Petrarch place her next to Jupiter, inſtead of breaking forth into paſſionate exclamations? and how poorly conſolitary is his viſion? Prim. Part. Canzon. 12, 13, 14, &c.

Ver. 9. Hence Apollo, from the Greeks, had the appellation of Θεος αλεξικακος, (deus malorum depulsor), bestowed on him; as the Latins called him *Averruncus*.

Ver. 10. All expiations and "purgamenta" were, by the ancients, performed either on the brink of a river, or on the sea-shore: this practice continued long after the introduction of Christianity, for we are informed by Petrarch, that he saw the women of Cologne, with garlands on their heads, wash their arms in the Rhine, while they muttered some foreign charm. The poet, wondering both at the crowd and the action, inquired the reason, and was told, that it was a very ancient rite, the common people believing that all the calamities of the ensuing year were prevented by the solemn ablution of that day. Vide lib i. Ep 4

Petrarch flourished in the fourteenth century, and was no less eminent for his Latin (insomuch that he obtained the appellation of the restorer of that language), than for his Italian compositions. In propriety, exactness, elegance, and melody he surpassed all his poetic predecessors; and so much was he esteemed, that a man, for having shot, out of wantonness, at his statue in Padua, and broke its nose, was hanged by the Venetians. Vindelino Spira published the first edition of his Rime, at Venice, A. D. 1470.

Ver. 18. Some editions read "fedula;" and indeed the epithet is more consonant to the interpretation which Broekhusius and the translator have given of the passage. Vulpius explains the "credula turba" to be those, who, either about Sulpicia's bed, or in the temples of the gods, put up petitions for her recovery.

Ver. 27. This is an elegant compliment on the professors of medicine.

POEM V.

Ver. 19. In this manner he prayed, lest any of the auditors should envy him, say the commentators; or lest a fascinating tongue "(lingua fascinatrix)" should prevent the completion of his prayers. None, add they, chose in an audible voice to lay open their real wants to the gods, lest the bystanders should overhear them; and therefore, all those, who desired of the gods what was extravagant, or what was immodest, or in short what they did not choose to own, either muttered their vows, or whispered them in the ear of their deity. And thus the ancients, as Seneca expresses it, told that to God, which they were ashamed a mortal should be made privy to. "Quanta dementia est hominum? turpissima vota Diis insusurrant: si quis admoverit aurem contiscescent; et quod scire hominem nolunt, Deo narrant." Ep. 10. See this impiety severely treated by Persius, in his second satire.

POEM VI.

Ver. 2. Sulpicia had a good title to that epithet; for in the following line, she said no more of her poetical endowments, than she modestly might,

Primaque Romanos docui contendere graiis.

That the Romans should have produced not one poetess before Sulpicia, to put them more upon a level with the Greeks, is matter of no small astonishment; since, as Cato observed, the Romans governed the world, but the women governed the Romans. How many fair poetesses has this island produced? and in particular, how many does Britain at present boast of, whose writings, both in prose and verse, may be compared, much to their advantage, with all the female productions of antiquity?

Besides Sulpicia, the poets mention Perilla and Theophila. Perilla lived in the Augustan age, and is praised by Ovid, Trist. lib. iii. el. 7. The other was a cotemporary of Martial's, who celebrates her, lib. 7. ep. 68. Their works, if ever they published any, are now lost. But we have a Virgilian canto on the life of our Saviour, written in the reign of Theodosius and Honorius, by Proba Falconia. This poetess, who was married to a person of proconsular dignity, is accused by some of having betrayed Rome into the hands of Alaric the Goth; but Cæsar Baronius has fully cleared her from that disloyal imputation.

Juvenal, Boileau, and others, have expressed, in their writings, a vast aversion to learned women; and indeed were all of the sex, who have learning, to be such as they represent them, the translator would heartily join with the satirists: but how can he do it, whilst he has the honour to know some ladies, who possess as great a fund of erudition, as most men are enriched with, and who, nevertheless, are entirely free from all those disagreeable concomitants, with which those poets have loaded their armed women? In short, when we consider in what manner the welfare of society depends upon the fair sex, we cannot but own, that their understandings ought to be cultivated with much assiduity: a fine woman, with a good heart, and an improved head, is the loveliest object in the creation.

Ver. 9. The word *componère*, in the original, is a metaphor taken from gladiators, who were then said *componi*, when they fought together, and were well matched. VULPIUS.

Ver. 3. ——*in purple pomp appear.*] That is, in a palla of purple; which not only Apollo and his votaries, with Osiris, wore, but in which also Bacchus, Mercury, Pallas, Night, the Furies, Discord, and even rivers were habited. "Adeo semper," says Macrobius, "ita se et sciri et coli numina maluerunt, qualiter in vulgus antiquitas fabulata est; quæ et imagines et simulacra formarum talium prorsus alienis, et ætates tam incrementi quam diminutionis ignaris, et amictus ornatusque varios corpus non habentibus adsignavit." BROEKH.

Ver. 16. Vulpius retains the old reading,

jam sua mente rogat,

and explains it, as if Sulpicia were now "sui juris

et arbitrii," of age, and fit to make vows for herſelf; but had that ingenious commentator attended to the words "clam et tacita" in the ſame line, he would have ſeen that the true reading was that which is retained in the text.

Ver. 17. Menage obſerves of the original of this paſſage. that an active ſhould not follow a paſſive verb; and therefore contends that the "urunt" ſhould be "uruntur:" and yet we know that the contrary practice is warranted by ſome of the pureſt writers of the Auguſtan age; and, if the tranſlator is not miſtaken, that learned grammarian himſelf has, in his Latin poems, fallen into the mode of expreſſion, which he here condemns in Sulpicia.

POEM VII.

Ver. 2. The villa, mentioned in the original, is Eretum, now Monte Ritondo. It was ſituated upon a high hill, not far from the banks of the Tiber, and was therefore cool, even in the midſt of ſummer. Cluverius places it at the diſtance of fourteen miles from Rome; but Holſtenius, in his Annot. Geogr. on the authority of Antoninus's Itinerary, and Ferrarius removes it four miles farther off.

POEM IX.

Ver. 1. From the original, the commentators conclude, that Sulpicia was the daughter of that famous Servius Sulpicius, who died at Modena, whilſt he was engaged in an embaſſy to Antony, which he had undertaken at the requeſt of the conſuls Hirtius and Panſa, and of the ſenate: but then they ſeem to forgot that Servius was a prænomen common to all the males of the Sulpician family and therefore not diſtinguiſhingly characteriſtic of any one of them. Thoſe who ſuppoſe that Tibullus wrote theſe poems, and believe he was born in 710, make him a poet before his birth; for, ſays Broekhuſius, Sulpicia ſpeaks of her parents as if both were alive. Although the tranſlator is perſuaded that the pieces in this book are not Tibullus's, yet he can ſee nothing in the poem to ſupport this aſſertion. Sure Sulpicia might call herſelf the daughter of Servius Sulpicius, notwithſtanding her father's death; and the two laſt lines of the original may be applied to her neareſt relations or guardians, with as much propriety as to her parents.

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